00047603

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

THE

# Ancient

# BRITISH DRAMA.

VOLUME FIRST.

1933

THE

# Ancient

# BRITISH DRAMA.

## IN THREE VOLUMES.

47603

ROYAL LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC S

## VOLUME FIRST.

LLB.a.1

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE STREET,

BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1810.

46703

822.08
Anc / Anc
47603

00047603

# PREFACE.

THE present Publication is intended to form, with *The British Drama*, and *Shakspeare*, a complete and uniform Collection, in Ten Volumes, of the best English Plays. The distinction of *Ancient* and *Modern* will be found to consist chiefly in reference to their having lost or retained possession of the Stage. *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, for example, cannot, in this sense, be termed *ancient* Plays, although prior in date to many, or indeed to most of those which will be found in the following Volumes. It is unnecessary to inform the lovers of the Drama, that although the later and more fashionable department of the Collection will be found most useful to the frequenters of the Theatre, yet that which we are now prefacing will be the most acceptable to the admirers of poetry. From the latter end of the sixteenth century to the breaking out of the civil war, the best Poets of England were engaged in dramatic composition; and DRAYTON and SPENCER are the only authors of eminent reputation, who have not written for the Stage.

It must be recollected, that, besides the immortal SHAKSPEARE, there flourished, during this period, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, JONSON,

FORD, MASSINGER, and WEBSTER; and the lesser, yet respectable names of SHIRLEY, DANIEL, BROME, MARSTON, DEKKAR, and others, adorn the same age. All of whom either derived their principal subsistence from, or at least dedicated most of their time to, dramatic composition. Nor are the monuments of their labour unworthy of the associates, perhaps the friends, of SHAKSPEARE. These efforts of the earlier dramatic Muse are in general free from the licentiousness which invaded the Stage after the Restoration. Coarse and indelicate passages may be found by those who love to glean for them; but the general tenour of our more ancient Plays is highly virtuous: nor had the Stage at any time, or in any country, so good a title to be considered as a school of morals, as in England, during the reigns of ELIZABETH, JAMES, and CHARLES THE FIRST. Such being the case, little apology is necessary for introducing to the public, in a compendious and at the same time an elegant form, those works in which genius has aided virtue; and an elegant and classical amusement is combined with lessons of morality, and a knowledge of the human heart.

The ground-work of the present Collection is the excellent Selection known by the name of DODSLEY's *Old Plays*. Some variations, however, have been introduced; and particularly all the Plays ascribed to SHAKSPEARE, but left out in the later editions of his works, have been extracted from JOHNSON and STEEVENS's *Supplement* of 1780. Some other Plays have been added, and some of DODSLEY's Collection omitted; either because they appeared to possess but little interest, or on account of their being lately republished. The Plays of MASSINGER, for example, have been left out, on account of the excellent edition of Mr. GIFFORD:

and for those of FORD, the reader is referred to that which is now prepared for publication by Mr. HENRY WEBER.

With these few preliminary remarks, the Publisher offers to the world THE ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA.

---

N. B. Where references are made in this Work to the Plays of SHAKSPEARE, it was considered unnecessary to repeat his name, as the Plays of our immortal Bard are known to almost every reader. It may, however, be proper to observe, that it is the edition of 1778, which is uniformly meant.——References are also made, in some of the notes, to DODSLEY's *Old Plays*, without mentioning the title—'DODSLEY's *Old Plays*,' edit. 1780—but the intelligent reader will find no difficulty in discriminating them.

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA.

## VOLUME FIRST.


| | | Year | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| *The Four P's* | HEYWOOD | 1547 | 1 |
| *Ferrex and Porrex* | SACKVILLE | 1561 | 23 |
| *The Returne from Pernassus* | ANONYMOUS | | 46 |
| *Damon and Pithias* | EDWARDS | 1571 | 69 |
| *Gammer Gurton's Needle* | ANONYMOUS | 1575 | 100 |
| *Alexander and Campaspe* | LYLY | 1584 | 132 |
| *Edward II* | MARLOW | 1598 | 157 |
| *The Heir* | MAY | 1633 | 193 |
| *The Bird in a Cage* | SHIRLEY | 1633 | 219 |
| *The Jew of Malta* | MARLOW | 1633 | 250 |
| *The Wits* | DAVENANT | 1636 | 280 |
| *Sir John Oldcastle* [*Part the First*] | ANONYMOUS | 1600 | 318 |
| *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell* | DITTO | 1602 | 350 |
| *London Prodigal* | DITTO | 1605 | 371 |

| | | Year | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| *The Puritan; or, The Widow of Watling Street* | ANONYMOUS | 1607 | 397 |
| *A Yorkshire Tragedy* | DITTO | 1608 | 426 |
| *George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield* | DITTO | 1599 | 440 |
| *Jeronimo, [Part the First]* | DITTO | 1605 | 459 |
| *The Spanish Tragedy; or, Hieronimo is Mad again* | DITTO | 1623 | 475 |
| *The Honest Whore* | DEKKAR | 1604 | 518 |
| ——— *[Part the Second]* | DITTO | 1630 | 559 |


## VOLUME SECOND.


| | | Year | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| *The Malcontent* | MARSTON | 1604 | 1 |
| *All Fools* | CHAPMAN | 1605 | 37 |
| *Eastward Hoe* | JONSON, &c. | 1605 | 65 |
| *The Revenger's Tragedy* | TOURNEUR | 1607 | 100 |
| *The Dumb Knight* | MACHIN | 1608 | 132 |
| *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage* | WILKINS | 1607 | 160 |
| *Lingua; or, The Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority* | BREWER | 1607 | 195 |
| *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* | ANONYMOUS | 1617 | 238 |
| *A Mad World, my Masters* | MIDDLETON | 1608 | 258 |
| *Ram Alley; or, Merry Tricks* | BARRY | 1611 | 288 |
| *The Roaring Girl; or, Moll Cut-Purse* | MIDDLETON | | 325 |
| *The City Match* | MAYNE | 1639 | 363 |
| *The Muse's Looking-Glass* | RANDOLPH | 1638 | 399 |
| *A Woman killed with Kindness* | HEYWOOD | 1617 | 431 |
| *A Match at Midnight* | ROWLEY | 1633 | 458 |
| *The Gamester* | SHIRLEY | 1637 | 489 |
| *Microcosmus* | NABBES | 1637 | 519 |
| *Greene's Tu Quoque; or, The City Gallant* | COOK | 1614 | 538 |
| *Albumazar* | TOMKIS | 1615 | 576 |

## VOLUME THIRD.


| | | Year | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| *The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona* | WEBSTER | 1612 | 1 |
| *The Hog hath lost his Pearl* | TAILOR | 1614 | 47 |
| *The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem* | HEYWOOD | 1615 | 71 |
| *The Antiquary* | MARMION | 1641 | 106 |
| *The Ordinary* | CARTWRIGHT | 1651 | 142 |
| *A Jovial Crew; or, The Merry Beggars* | BROME | 1641 | 179 |
| *The Old Couple* | MAY | 1658 | 217 |
| *Andromana; or, The Merchant's Wife* | SHIRLEY | 1660 | 242 |
| *The Mayor of Quinborough* | MIDDLETON | 1661 | 266 |
| *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* | ANONYMOUS | 1599 | 297 |
| *The City Night-Cap* | DAVENPORT | 1661 | 324 |
| *The Parson's Wedding* | KILLEGREW | 1663 | 354 |
| *The Adventures of Five Hours* | TUKE | 1663 | 405 |
| *Elvira; or, The Worst not always True* | DIGBY | 1667 | 446 |
| *The Widow* | JONSON, &c. | 1652 | 478 |
| *The Dutchesse of Malfy* | WEBSTER | 1640 | 508 |
| *The Rebellion* | RAWLINS | 1640 | 544 |
| *The Witch* | MIDDLETON | 1778 | 573 |

THE

# ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA.

## THE

# FOUR P's.

BY

*J. HEYWOOD.*

JOHN HEYWOOD, *or Heewood, one of the most ancient dramatic writers in the English language, was born in the city of London,*[1] *and educated in the university of Oxford, at the ancient Hostle called Broadgate's, in St Aldgate's Parish. He was in his time more celebrated for his wit than his learning; and having some fair possessions at North Mims, he resided there after he left Oxford, and became intimately acquainted with Sir Thomas More, who lived in that neighbourhood.*[2] *Here the latter wrote his celebrated work called Utopia, and is supposed to have assisted Heywood in the composition of his Epigrams.*[3] *Through Sir Thomas More's means, it is probable our author was introduced to the knowledge of King Henry VIII., and of his daughter the princess, afterwards Queen Mary: by the former of whom, he was held in much esteem for the mirth and quickness of his conceits; and so much*[4] *valued by the latter, that he was often, after she came to the throne, admitted to the honour of waiting upon and exercising his fancy before her, even to the time she lay languishing on her death-bed. His education having been in the Roman Catholic faith, he continued steadily attached to the tenets of that religion; and during the reign*[5] *of Edward VI., fell under the suspicion*

[1] Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. I. p. 149, positively fixes his birth at this place. Other writers have made him a native of North Mims, in Hertfordshire, but apparently without any authority. Bale, who lived nearest to the author's time, calls him *Civis Londinensis*; which words, though they do not absolutely prove that he was born in London, yet surely are sufficient, in a matter of this uncertainty, to warrant any one to conclude that he was a native of that city, as no circumstance appears to induce a belief that he acquired the title of citizen of London otherwise than by birth.

[2] Peacham's Complete English Gentleman, 4to, 1627, p. 95.

[3] Gabriel Harvey's MS. Note to Speyght's Chaucer, as quoted in Mr Steevens's Shakespeare, Vol. V.

[4] Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 149.

[5] "But to step backe to my teske, (though everie place I step to, yeeldes me sweeter discourse,) what "thinke you by Haywood, that scaped hanging with his mirth; the king being graciously, and (as I "thinke) truly perswaded, that a man that wrate so pleasant and harmelesse verses, could no have any "harmefull conceit against his proceedings, and so, by the honest motion of a gentleman o[illegible]chambe

*of practising against the government, and narrowly escaped the halter. After the death of his patroness the queen, he left the nation, says Wood,*[6] *for religion sake, and settled at Mechlen, in Brabant, where he died about the year* 1565, *leaving several children; one of whom, Jasper Heywood, translated three of Seneca's plays, and wrote several poems, printed in the Paradise of Dainty Devises,* 4to, 1578. *This Jasper Heywood was, according to Fuller, executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but more probably, as Sir Richard Baker asserts, was among those who were taken in* 1585, *and sent out of England.*

*John Heywood*[7] *appears to be the second English dramatic writer. Oldys*[8] *says he began to write about the year* 1530, *but that he could not find he published any thing so early. The following is a list of his works:*

"*A Play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wyfe, and Sir Johan the Priest, by John Heywood,* 4to. *Imprynted at London by William Rastall, the* 12*th day of February,* 1533." (*Oldys's MS. Notes, and Companion to the Playhouse.*)

"*A Mery Play betwene the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate, and neybour Pratte,* 4to. *Imprynted by William Rastall,* 5*th of April,* 1533." (*Ames,* 182. *Oldys's MS. Notes, and Companion to the Playhouse.*)

"*The Playe called the Foure P. P. A newe and a very mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary, A Pedler. Made by John Heewood,* 4to. *Imprynted at London, in Flete Strete at the synge of the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton,* 4to. *no date.*" *Also,*

"*A Play of Gentelness and Nobilitie. An Interlude in two Parts,* 4to, *no date.*" (*Companion to the Playhouse.*)

"*A Play of Love. An Interlude,* 4to, 1533." (*Companion to the Playhouse*).

"*A Play of the Weather, called A new and a very merry Interlude of all manner of Weathers,* 1533 *folio.*" (*Companion to the Playhouse. Oldys's MS.*) *Also in* 12mo, *printed by Robert Wyer, no date.* (*Ames,* 157.)

"*The Spider and the Flie, a Parable, made by John Heywood. Imprinted by Thomas Powell,* 1556, *B. L.* 4to."

"*John Heywood's Woorkes, A Dialogue conteyning the Number of the effectual Proverbes in the English Tongue, compacte in a matter concerning two Maner of Mariages: with one Hundredth of Epigrammes; and three Hundredth of Epigrammes uppon three Hundred Proverbes, and a fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Whereunto are newly added, a sixte hundred of Epigrammes, by the said John Heywoode. Imprinted by Thomas Marshe,* 1576, 4to. *B. L.*"

*Another edition was printed by Felix Kyngston, in* 4to. *B. L.* 1598.

"*A Brefe Balet, touching the traytêrous takynge of Scarborow Castle. Imprinted at London by Thomas Powel.*" *On a broad side of two columns, B. L.* (*Among the Folio Volumes of Dyson's Collections, in the Library of the Society of Antiquarians.*) *Thomas Stafford, who took that castle* 23*d April,* 1557, *and proclaimed himself protector of the realm, was beheaded* 28*th May following, and three of his accomplices were hanged. Oldys's MS.*

"*A Balade of the Meeting and Marriage of the King and Quenes Highness. Imprinted by W. Ryddel.*" *One side of a large half sheet. Oldys.*

*Winstanly*[9] *hath expressed a doubt, whether the author of the Epigrams, and of the Plays, were not different persons. The following Epigram will be sufficient to set that fact beyond contradiction, and at the same time exhibit a specimen of the author's manner:*

Art thou Heywood, with thy mad merry wit?
Yea, forsooth, master, that name is even hit.
Art thou Heywood, that appliest mirth more than thrift?
Yes, sir, I take merry mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood, that hast made many mad plays?
Yea, many plays, few good works in my days.
Art thou Heywood, that hath made men merry long?
Yea, and will, if I be made merry among.
Art thou Heywood, that wouldst be made merry now?
Yes, sir, help me to it now, I beseech you.

---

"saved him from the jerke of the six-stringed whip."—HARRINGTON's *Metamorphoses of Ajax,* 1596, p. 25.

[6] Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 149.

[7] Dr Palsgrave, whose play of Acolastus was printed in the year 1529, seems to have been the first. See *Ames,* 166.

[8] MS Notes on Langbaine.

[9] Lives of the English Poets, p. 45.

*Winstanly and Philips ascribe to him, I think falsely, The Pinner of Wakefield* and Philotus, printed at Edinburgh,* 1603.

*Dr Fuller† mentions a book written by our author, intitled,* Monumenta Literaria; *which are said to be* Non tam labore condita, quam lepore condita.

---

# THE FOUR P's.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| *A Palmer,* | *A Poticary,* |
| *A Pardoner,* | *A Pedler.* |

[1] *Palmer speaketh.*

Now God be here; who kepeth this place?
Now by my fayth, I crye you mercy;
Of reason I must sew for grace,
My rewdness sheweth me so homely.
Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,
I sew you,[2] as curtesy doth me bynde,
To tell this whiche shalbe begonne,
In order as may come beste in mynde.
I am a Palmer, as ye[3] se,
Whiche of my lyfe muche part have[4] spent
In many a fayre and farre[5] cuntrie,
As pilgryms do of good intent.
At Hierusalem[6] have I bene
Before Chryste's blessed sepulture:
The mount of Calvary have I sene,[7]
A holy place ye may be sure.
To Josaphat and Olyvete,[8]
On fote, God wote, I went ryght bare:
Many a salte tere dyd I swete,
Before thys carkes coulde[9] come thare.
Yet have I bene at Rome also,
And gone the statyons,[10] all a row.
Saynt Peter's shryne, and many mo,
Than yf I told all ye do know.
Except that there be any suche,
That hath ben there, and diligently
Hath taken hede, and marked muche,
Then can they speke as muche as I.

---

* Vol. III. † Worthies, p. 221.

[1] *Palmer*—"The difference between a pilgrim and a palmer was thus: The pilgrim had some home, or dwelling place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place, or places; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed willful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be constant till he had obtained the palm, that is, victory over all spiritual enemies, and life by death, and thence his name *Palmer*; or else from a staff, or boughs of palm, which he always carried along with him."—STAVELEY'S *Roman Horseleech*, 1769, p. 93.

[2] *Sew you*—sue now, edition 1569.

[3] *Ye*—you, edit. 1569.

[4] *Have*—hath, 1st edit.

[5] *Fayre and farre*—far and faire, edit. 1569.

[6] *Hierusalem*—Jerusalem, edit. 1569.

[7] *Have I*—I have, edit. 1569.

[8] *To Josaphat and Olyvete*—Maundevile thus mentions these places: "And towards the est syde, withoute the walles of the cytee (*i. e.* Jerusalem) is the vale of Josaphathe, that touchethe to the walles, as thoughe it were a large dyche. And anen that vale of Josaphathe out of the cytee, is the chirche of Seynt Stevene, where he was stoned to dethe."—*Voiage and Travaile*, 8vo, 1725, p. 96. "And above the vale is the mount of *Olyvete*: and it is cleped so for the plentee of olyves that growen there. That mount is more highe than the cytee of Jerusalem is; and therefore may men upon that mount see many the stretes of the cytee. And betwene that mount and the cytee is not but the vale of *Josaphathe*, that is not fulle large. And fro that mount steighe oure Lord Jesu Crist to heven upon Ascension-day; and zit there schewethe the schapp of his left foot in the stone."—*Voiage and Travaile*, 8vo, 1725, p. 116.

[9] *Coulde*—would, edit. 1569.

[10] *The statyons (stationes, or journee)*—Answered to the stages between London and Rome, or Holy Land; of which there is a map in a MS. of Math. Paris, Roy. Lib. 14. C. VII. and Bennet. Coll. c. ix. and Pl. VII. Brit. Topog. Vol. I. p. 85. G.

Then at the Rodes [10] * also I was;
And rounde about to Amias.[11]
At Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion: [12]
At Saynt Bothulph, [13] and Saynt Anne of Buckston.[14]
On the hylles of Armeny, where I saw [15] Noe's arke; [16]
With holy Job, and Saynt George in Southwarke;[17]
At Waltam,[18] and at Walsyngham; [19]
And at the good rood [20] of Dagnam; [21]

---

[10] * *Rodes*—Rhodes, an island to which the Knights Hospitallers, now Knights of Malta, retired, on being driven out of Jerusalem.

[11] *Amias*—probably Emaus, near Jerusalem.

[12] *Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion*—Of these saints, or places, I can give no account.

[13] *Saynt Bothulph*—Saint Bothulph is said to have been born in Cornwall, and was eminent for working miracles about the time of Lucius. He was buried at Boston, in Lincolnshire.

[14] *Saynt Anne of Buckston*—"Within the parish of Bacwell, in Derbyshire, is *a chappel, (sometyme dedicated to St Anne,)* in a place called *Bucston*, wheare is a hotte bathe, of such like qualitie as those mentioned in Bathe be. *Hyther they weare wont to run on pilgrimage*, ascribinge to St Anne miraculously, that thinge which is in that and sondrye other waters naturally."—LAMBARDE's *Dictionarium*, p. 48. Drayton says,

> "—I can again produce those wondrous wells
> Of *Bucston*, as I have that most delicious fount
> Which men the second Bath of England do account,
> Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began
> To have her virtues known unto the blest St Anne,
> Was consecrated then."
>
> *Poly Olbion*, Song xxvi.

[15] *Saw*—see, 1st edition.

[16] *Hylles of Armeny, where I saw Noe's arke*—"And so passe men be this *Ermonie*, and entren the see of *Persie*. Fro that cytee of *Artyroun* go men to an hille that is clept *Sobissocolle*. And there besyde is another hille that men clepen *Ararathe*; but the Jewes clepen it *Taneez*; where *Noe's* schipp rested, and zit is upon that montayne; and men may seen it a ferr in cleer wedre; and that montayne is wel a 7 myle highe. And sum men seyn, that thei han seen and touched the schipp, and put here fyngres in the parties where the feend went out, whan that *Noe* seyde, *Benedicite*. But they that seyen suche wordes, seyen here wille; for a man may not gon up the montayne for gret plentee of snow that is alle weys on that montayne, nouther somer ne wynter; so that no man may gon up there, ne nevere man dide, sithe the tyme of *Noe*, saf a monk, that, be the grace of God, broughte on of the plankes doun, that zit is in the mynstre at the foot of the mountayne."—MAUNDEVILE's *Voiage and Travaile*, 1727, p. 179.

[17] *Saynt George in Southwarke*—Formerly belonging to the priory of Bermondsey. See Stow's *Survey*.

[18] *Waltam*—The famous holy Cross of Waltham, which tradition says was discovered in the following manner: A carpenter, in the reign of Canute, living at Lutegarsbyry, had a vision in the night of Christ crucified, by whom he was commanded to go to the parish priest, and direct him to walk, accompanied with his parishioners, in solemn procession to the top of an adjoining hill, where on digging they would find a cross the very sign of Christ's passion. The man, neglecting to perform the orders of the image, was visited by it a second time, and his hands were then griped in such a manner, that the marks remained some time after. He then acquainted the priest, and, as they were ordered, they proceeded to the place pointed out, where they discovered a great marble, having in it of black flint the image of the crucifix. They then informed the lord of the manor of the transaction; and he immediately resolved to send the cross first to Canterbury, and afterwards to Reading; but on attempting to draw it to these places, although with the force of twelve red oxen, and as many white kine, it was found impracticable, and he was obliged to desist. He then determined to fix it at Waltham, and immediately the wain began to move thither of itself. In the way many persons were healed of disorders; and the relick soon became much resorted to by the pilgrims on account of the miracles performed by it. LAMBARDE's *Dictionarium Angliæ Topographicum et Historicum*, 4to. 1730, p. 431.

[19] *Walsyngham*—"Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humourous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his Account of the *Virgo Parathalassia*, in his Coloquy, intitled, *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible; there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to our Lady of Walsingham. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners."—See PERCY's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 79. Robert Longland, in *Pier's Plowman's Visions*, 1550, p. 1. says,

At Saynt Cornelys;[22] at Saynt James in Gales;[23] | At our Lady of Boston;[25] at St Edmund's Bury;[26]
And at Saynt Wynefrede's well[24] in Walles; | And streyght to Saynt Patrike's purgatory;[27]

---

"Hermets on a heape, wyth hoked staves,
Wenten to *Walsingham*, and her wenches after.
Great loubies and longe, yt loth were to swinke,
Clothed him in copes to be knowen from other,
And shopen hem her mets, her ease to have."

See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 131.

[20] *Rood*—Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544, under the word *cross*, observes, that, although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross, so as to represent both the cross and the figure of our blessed Saviour as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines, that were styled *Rood-lofts*. "*Rood-loft*," saith Blount, "a shrine, whereon was placed the cross of Christ. The *rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel." But *rood-loft* sometimes also signifies a shrine, on which was placed the image or relicks of a saint; because generally a crucifix, or a cross, used likewise to attend such image or relicks.

[21] *Dagnam*—i. e. Dagenham, in Essex.

[22] *Saynt Cornelys*—Saint Cornelys, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, succeeded Fabian in the papacy, and was beheaded in the reign of Decian, for refusing to sacrifice in the temple of Mars. There was a fraternity in his honour at Westminster. See their pardon, *Brit. Top.* I. 772.

[23] *Saynt James in Gales*—Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, p. 172, observes, that "the Italians, yea those that dwell neare Rome, will mocke and scoffe at our English (and other) pilgrims that go to Rome to see the Pope's holinesse, and St Peter's chaire, and yet they themselves will runne *to see the reliques of St James of Compostella in the kingdom of Galicia*, in Spaine, which is above twelve hundred English *miles*." See also Dr Geddes's *Tracts*.

[24] *Saynt Wynefrede's well*—Saint Wenefrede's well, near Holywell, in the county of Flint, is a spring which rises, at the foot of a steep hill, out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, supported by pillars; the roof exquisitely carved in stone; over the fountain, the legend of St Wenefrede on a pendent projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. Numbers of fine ribs secure the arch, whose intersections are coupled with some sculpture. To this place the resort of pilgrims was formerly very great; and, though considerably diminished, there are still to be seen, in the summer, a few in the water, in deep devotion, up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers; or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well; or threading the arch between well and well a prescribed number of times. The legend of St Wenefrede is well known. Those who desire more information on this subject, may be referred to the *Legenda Aurea*, Bishop Fleetwood's *Works*, or Mr Pennant's *Tour into Wales*, p. 28.

[25] *At our Lady of Boston*—Or Botolph's town, in Lincolnshire, where St Botolph was buried.

"Delicious Wytham leads to *holy Botolph's* town,"—*Poly Olbion*, Song XXV.

[26] *At Saynt Edmund's Bury*—"——is named of Kinge Edmunde, whom the comon chronicles call St Edmund, or Edmund the Martyr, for Bury, is but to say a court or palace. It was first a colledge of priestes, founded by Athelstane, the kinge of Ingland, to the honour and memorye of Edmund, that was slayne at Hoxton (then called Eylesdund [or Eglesdon] as Leland thinketh,) whose bones he removed thyther. The hole hystorie of this matter is so enterlaced with miracles, that Polydor himselfe (who beleaved them better than I) began to dalye with it, sayinge, *that monkes were muche delighted with them*."—LAMBARDE'S *Dictionarum*, p. 35.

[27] *Saynt Patrike's purgatory*—This place, which was much frequented by pilgrims, was situated on a lake called Logh Derg, in the southern part of the county of Donegall, near the borders of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It was surrounded with wild and barren mountains, and was almost inaccessible by horsemen, even in summer time, on account of great bogs, rocks, and precipices, which environed it. The popular tradition concerning it, is as ridiculous as is to be found in any legend of the Romish Martyrology. After continuing in great credit many years, it began to decline; and, in the 13th of Henry the Seventh, was demolished with great solemnity, on St Patrick's day, by the Pope's express order. It, however, afterwards came into reputation again; insomuch, that, by an order of the Privy-council, dated 13th of September, 1632, it was a second time destroyed. From this period, as pilgrimages grew less in fashion, it will appear extraordinary, that the place should be a third time restored to its original state, and as much visited as in any former period. In this condition it continued until the second year of Queen Anne, when an act of the Irish Parliament declared, that all meetings and assemblies there should be adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and inflicted a penalty upon every person meeting or assembling contrary to the statute. The ceremonies to be performed by the pilgrims are very exactly set forth in Richardson's *Great Folly, Superstition, and Idolatry, of Pilgrimages in Ireland, especially of that to St Patrick's Purgatory*.—Dublin, 8vo, 1727.

At Ridybone,[28] and at the blood of Hayles;[29]
Where pilgrymes paynes ryght moche avayles;
At Saynt Davys,[30] and at Saynt Denis;[31]
At Saynt Matthew, and Saynt Mark in Venis;[32]
At Mayster Johan Shorne in Canterbury;[33]
The graet God of Katewade,[34] at Kynge Henry[35]

---

It is mentioned in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, sign. A.—"Whereas before ye satte all heavie and glommyng, as if ye had come lately from Troponius cave, or *Saint Pattricke's purgatorie*."

[28] *Ridybone*—i. e. Redburne, within three miles of St Alban's. "At this place," says Norden, "were founde the reliques of Amphiball, who is saide to be the instructour and convertour of Alban from Paganisme, of whose reliques such was the regard that the abbottes of the monasterie of Alban had that they should be devoutly preserved, that a decree was made by Thomas, then abbott, that a pryon and three munckes should be appointed to this holie function, whose allowance in those dayes amounted, yearely, to twenty pound, or upwards, as much as three hundred pound in this age."—*Description of Hertfordshire*, p. 22. See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*. p. 585.

Dr Middleton, in his *Letter from Rome*, says, Bishop Usher has proved that this saint never existed, and that we owe the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the legend of St Alban, where the *Amphibolus*, there mentioned, is nothing more than *a cloak*.

[29] *Blood of Hayles*—The abbey of Hailes, in Gloucestershire, was founded by Richard, king of the Romans, brother to Henry the Third. This precious relick, which was commonly called *the blood of Hailes*, was brought out of Germany by Richard's son Edmund, who bestowed a third part of it upon his father's abbey of Hailes, and, some time after, gave the other two parts to an abbey of his own foundation at Ashrug, near Berkhamstead. It was given out, and believed to have this property, that if a man was in mortal sin, and not absolved, he could not see it; otherwise, he might see it very well; therefore, every man that came to see this miracle, this most precious blood, confessed himself first to one of the priests there, and then, offering something at the altar, was directed to a chapel where the miracle was showed. The priest, who confessed him, in the mean time, retiring to the back part of the said chapel, and putting forth a little cabinet, or vessel, of crystal; which, being thick on the one side, that nothing could be seen through it, but on the other side thin and transparent, they used diversely, as their interest required. On the dissolution of the abbey, it was discovered to be nothing more than honey clarified and coloured with saffron;—"an unctowse gumme coloured; which, in the glasse, apperyd to be a glisterynge red, resemblyng partlie the color of blood; and, owte of the glasse, apparaunte glystering yelow colour, like ambre or basse gold."—*Certificate of Visitors*, printed at end of Hearne's *Benedictus Abbas II.* 751.

[30] *Saynt Davys*—i. e. Saint David. Drayton, in his *Poly Olbion*, song xxiv. says,

"Whose Cambro-Britons so their saints as duly brought,
"To advance the Christian faith, effectually that wrought;
"Their *David*, (one derived of the royal British blood,)
"Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damned opinions stood;
"And turned Menenia's name to *David's* sacred see,
"The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be."

See an account of him in an extract from Bale, in *Godwin de Præsulibus Angliæ*, p. 573. edit. 1743.—He is said to have been bishop 65 years, and to have lived 146. He died, according to some accounts, in the year 546; according to others, in the year 542. His shrine, I am informed, remains in the wall of his cathedral in Pembrokeshire.

[31] *Saynt Denis*—St Denis, the patron of France, is said to have been the disciple of St Paul, and the first who preached the gospel to the French. The legend concerning him affirms, that after he was beheaded, near Paris, he walked four miles with his head in his hands. His body was said to be entombed very magnificently at the abbey of St Denis, to which the pilgrims used to resort.

[32] *Saynt Mark in Venis*—At the church of St Mark, in Venice, they pretend to have the body of that evangelist, which was brought thither by certain merchants from Alexandria, in Egypt, in the year 810. Coryat says, that the treasure of this church was of that inestimable value, that it was thought no treasure whatsoever in any other place in Christendom might compare with it, neither that of St Denis in France, nor St Peter's in Rome, nor that of Madonna de Loretto in Italy, nor that of Toledo in Spain, nor any other.—See Coryat's *Crudities*, p. 214. and *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, by Contareno, translated by Lewes Lewknor, Esq. 1599, p. 175.

[33] *Mayster Johan Shorne in Canterbury*—Who this *John Shorne* was, I can give no account. In the preface to *The Accedence of Armorie*, 4to, 1597, a story is told of one who had been called to worship in a city within Middlesex, and who being desired by a herald to show his coat [*i. e.* of arms,] "called unto his mayd, commanding her to fetch his coat, which, being brought, was of cloth garded with a burgunian gard of bare velvet, well bawdefied on the halfe placard, and squalloted in the fore quarters. Lo, quoth the man to the heraught, here it is; if ye will buy it, ye shall have time of payment, as first to pay halfe in hand, and the rest by and by. And with much boste he said, he ware not the same since he came last from *Sir John Shorne*," &c.

[34] *Katewade*—Catwade Bridge is in Sampford hundred, in the county of Suffolk, where there may have been a famous chapel and rood. G.

[35] *Henry*—Herry, edit. 1569.

At Saynt Savyour's;[36] at our Lady of Southwele;[37]
At Crome,[38] at Wylsdome,[39] and at Muswel;[40]
At Saynt Rycharde,[41] and at Saynt Roke;[42]
And at our Lady that standeth in the oke.
To these, with other many one,
Devoutly have I prayed and gone,
Prayeing to them, to pray for me
Unto the blessed Trynytye,
By whose prayers and my dayly payne,
I truste the sooner to obtain[43]
For my salvacyon, grace and mercy.
For be ye sure I thynke assuredly,[44]
Who seketh sayuts for Chryste's sake,
And namely suche as payne do take
On fote, to punish their[45] frail body,
Shall therby meryte more hyely
Then by any thyng done by man.
*Pard.*[46] And when ye have gone as far as ye[47] can,

---

[36] *Saynt Savyour's*—"In September, the same yeare, (says Weever, p. 111.) viz. an. 30. Hen. VIII. by the special motion of great Cromwell, all the notable images, unto the which were made any especiall pilgrimages and offerings, as the images of our *Lady of Walsingham*, Ipswich, Worcester, the *Lady of Wilsdon*, the rood of grace of our Lady of Boxley, and the image of the rood of *Saint Saviour at Bermondsey*, with all the rest, were brought up to London, and burnt at Chelsey; at the commandment of the foresaid Cromwell, all the jewels, and other rich offerings to these, and to the shrines (which were all likewise taken away, or beaten to pieces) of other saints, throughout both England and Wales, were brought into the king's treasure."

[37] *At our Lady of Southwele*—The church dedicated to *Saint Mary* at Southwel, in Nottinghamshire.

[38] *Crome*—In the county of Kent, near Greenwich.

[39] *Wylsdome*—In Finsbury hundred, Middlesex, the chapel dedicated to *St Mary*. See above, note 36.

[40] *At Muswel*—"*Muswell-hill*, called also Pinsenall-hill; there was a chapple sometime bearing the name of our Ladie of Muswell, where now Alderman Roe hath erected a proper house, the place taketh name of the well and of the hill, Mousewell-hill; for there is on the hill a spring of faire water, which is now within the compass of the house. There was some time an image of the Ladie of Muswell, whereunto was a continuall resort in the way of pylgrimage, growing, as is (though, as I take it, fabulouslie) reported, in regard of a great cure which was performed by this water upon a king of Scots, who being strangely diseased, was, by some devine intelligence, advised to take the water of a well in England, called *Muswell*; which, after long scrutation and inquisition, this well was found, and performed the cure."—NORDEN'S *Speculum Britanniæ*, p. 36. edit. 1723. I am informed, that the mosaic pavement, and other ruins of this well and its chapel, were to be seen about twenty-five years ago.

[41] *Saynt Rycharde*—This was probably Richard Fitznige, bishop of London, and treasurer of England, in the time of Henry the Second. His shrine was, as Weever observes, p. 714. in St Paul's church; and, as he contributed largely to the building of the church, he conjectures it to have been erected there on that account. Drayton, however, in his *Poly Olbion*, song xxiv. speaks of others of that name; as,

"*Richard*, the dear son to Lothar, king of Kent,
When he his happy days religiously had spent;
And, feeling the approach of his declining age,
Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,
Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life;
Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife."

Again,

"So countries more remote with ours we did acquaint;
As *Richard*, for the fame his holiness had won,
And for the wondrous things that through his prayers were done;
From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
And of St Andrew's there the bishop was install'd;
For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land."

Again,

"So other southern sees, here either less or more,
Have likewise had their saints———
———we have of Chichester
*Saint Richard*, and with him Saint Gilbert, which do stand
Inroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band."

[42] *Saynt Roke*—Saint Roke, or Roch, was born at Montpelier, in France; and died in prison at Anglerye, in the province of Lombardy, where a large church was built in honour of him. See *Legenda Aurea*, p. 238.

[43] *Obtain*—obtaye, 1st edit. [44] *Assuredly*—surely, 1st edit. [45] *Their*—thy, 1st edit.

[46] *Pardoner*—"Pardoners were certain fellows that carried about the Pope's Indulgences, and sold them to such as would buy them; against whom Luther, by Sleydan's report, incensed the people of Germany in his time, exhorting them *ne merces tam viles tanti emerent*."—COWEL.

[47] *Ye*—you, edit. 1569.

For all your labour and gostely entente,
Ye will come home[48] as wyse as ye wente.
*Palm.* Why, syr, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?
*Pard.* Nay, fore[49] God, syr, then dyd I rage;
I thynke ye ryght well occupyed,
To seke these saynts on every syde.
Also your paynes[50] I nat dyspraise it;
But yet I discomende your wit:
And or[51] we go even so shall ye,
If you in this wyl answere me.
I pray you shew what the cause is,
Ye wente all these pylgrymages?
*Palm.* Forsoth, this lyfe I did begyn,
To rydde the bondage of my syn:
For whiche these sayntes rehersed or this:
I have both sought and sene, I wys;
Besechynge them to bear recorde
Of all my payne, unto the Lord,
That gyveth all remyssion,
Upon eche man's contricyon:
And by thyr good mediacion,
Upon myne[52] humble submyssion,
I trust to have in very dede,
For my soule helth the better spede.
*Pard.* Nowe is your owne confessyon lykely
To make yourselfe[53] a fool quickly.
For I perceyve ye wolde obtayn
No other[54] thynge for all your payne,
But onely grace your soule to save:
Now mark in this what wyt ye have.
To seke so farre, and helpe so nye;
Even here at home is remedy:
For at your dore myselfe doth dwell,
Who coulde have saved your soule aswel,
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,
Though ye wente thryes to Jericho.
Nowe syns ye myght have spedde at home,
What have ye wonne by running[55] to Rome?

*Palm.* If this be true that you have moved,
Then is my wyt in dede reproved.
But let us here fyrste what ye are?
*Pard.* Truly I am a Pardoner.
*Palm.* Truly a Pardoner! that may be true;
But a true Pardoner doth nat ensew.
Ryght seide is it sene, or never,
That trueth and Pardoners dwell together.
For be your pardons never so great,
Yet them to enlarge ye wyl nat let,
With suche lyes, that oft tymes, Cryste wot,
Ye seme to have that ye have nat.
Wherfore I went myselfe to the selfe thynge
In every place, and without faynyng:
Had as muche pardon there assuredly,
As ye can promyse me here doutefully.
Howe be it, I thynke ye do but scoffe:[56]
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speak[57] of,
And no whyt of pardon graunted
In any place, where I have haunted;
Yet of my labour I nothynge repent;
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent.
And as in his knowledge all is regarded;
So by his goodness all is rewarded.
*Pard.* By the[58] fyrste parte of this laste tale,
It seemeth ye came of late[59] from the ale:
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle,
That ye leve reasoning,[60] and begyn to rayle;
Wherin you[61] forget your owne part clerely,
For you[62] be as untrue as I:
And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,
For you[63] may lie by aucthoryte,
And all that have[64] waudred so farre,
That no man can be theyr controller.
And where you[65] esteme your labour so muche;
I say yet agayne my pardons are[66] suche,
That yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,
I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe,[67]

---

48 *Ye will come home*—Yet welcome, 1st edit.
49 *Fore*—for, 1st edit.
50 *Paynes*—payne, 1st edit.
51 *Or*—ere, edit. 1569.
52 *Myne*—my, edit. 1569.
53 *Yourselfe*—you, edit. 1569.
54 *No other*—nother, 1st edit.
55 *Running*—ronnying, 1st edit.
56 *Scoffe*—scofte, 1st edit.
57 *Speak*—kepe, 1st edit.
58 *The*—this, edit. 1569.
59 *Ye came of late*—you come late, 1st edit.
60 *Reasoning*—sonyng, 1st edit.
61 *You*—ye, 1st edit.
62 *You*—ye, 1st edit.
63 *You*—ye, 1st edit.
64 *Have*—hath, 1st edit.
65 *You*—ye, 1st edit.
66 *Are*—be, 1st edit.

67 *I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe—Cheap*, as Dr Johnson observes, is *market*, and *good cheap*, therefore, is *bon marche*. The expression is very frequent in ancient writers, as in Churchyard's *Worthyness of Wales*. Evans's edition, 1776, p. 3.

"Victuals *good cheape* in most part of Wales."

"Seeing thou wilt not buie counsayle at the first hande *good cheape*, thou shalt buy repentance at second hand, at such an unreasonable rate, that thou wilt curse thy hard penyworth, and ban thy hard heart."—*Euphues*, 1581, p. 8. "He bueys other men's cunning *good cheape* in London, and sels it deare in the countrey."—DEKKAR's *Belman's Night-walks*, H. 4. See other instances in Mr Steevens's Note on *First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 3.

As ye have brought yourselfe on pylgrymage,
In the last[68] quarter of your voyage,
Which is[69] far a this side heaven, by God:
There your labour and pardon is od.
With smale cost without any payne,
These pardons bring[70] them to heven playne.
Geve me but a peny or two pens,
And assone as the soule departeth hens,
In halfe an houre, or thre quarters at the moste,
The soule is in heven with the Holy Ghost.
*Pot.* Send ye any souls to heaven by water?
*Pard.* If we doo,[71] sir, what is the mater?
*Pot.* By God, I have a drye soule shulde thyther;
I pray you let our soules go to heven togyther;
So bysy you twayn be in soules helth,
May nat a Potycary come in by stelth?
Yes, that I wyl,[72] by Saynt Antony;
And by the leve of thys company,
Prove ye false knaves bothe, ere[73] we goo,
In parte of your sayings, as thys, lo:
Thou, by thy travayle, thynkest heven to gete;
[*To the Palmer.*
And thou by pardons and reliques countest no let,[74]
[*To the Pardoner.*
To sende thyne owne soule to heven sure,
And all other whome thou lyste to procure.
If I toke an accion, then were they blanke;
For lyke theeves the knaves rob,[75] away my thanke.
All soules in heven, havynge releefe,
Shall they thanke your craftes? nay, thanke myn chefe.
No soule, ye knowe, entreth heven gate,
Tyll from the bodye he be separate:
And whome have ye knowen dye honestly,[76]
Without helpe of the Potycary?
Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge,
Except ye happe to come to hangynge;
That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myster
To go to heven without a glyster.
But be ye sure I wolde be wo,[77]
If[78] ye shulde chaunce to begyle me so.
As good to lye with me a nyght,
As hang abrode in the mone light.
There is no choyse to fle my hand;
But, as I sayd, into the bande.
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heaven, when all is vewd,
Who shulde but I then all togyther
Have thanke of all their comynge thyther?
*Pard.* If ye kyl'd a thousande in an houre space,
When come they to heven dyenge out of grace?[79]
*Pot.* If a thousande pardons about your necks were teyd;
When come they to heven, yf they never dyed?
*Palm.* Long lyfe after good workes in dede
Doth hinder manne's receyt of mede;
And deth before one dewty done
May make us thynke we dye too sone;
Yet better tary a thing then[80] have it,
Then go to sone, and vaynly crave it.
*Pard.* The longer ye dwell in communicacion
The lesse shall ye lyke thys ymagynacion.
For ye[81] may perceyve even at the fyrst chop
Your tale is trapt in such a stop,
That, at the leste, ye seme worse than we.
*Pot.* By the masse, I holde us nought all thre.
*Ped.* By our Lady, then have I gone wronge
And yet to be here I thought it longe.
*Pot.* Brother, ye have gone wrong no wyt,
I prayse your fortune and your wyt,
That can dyrecte you so discretely,
To plante you in this company.
Thou a Palmer, and thou a Pardoner,
I a Poticary.
*Ped.* And I a Pedler.
*Pot.* Nowe, on my fayth, full well watched
Where the devyll were we foure hatched?
*Ped.* That maketh no mater, since we be matched,
I coulde be mery yf that I had catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.
*Pot.* What the devyll hast thou there at thy back?
*Ped.* What dost thou nat knowe, that every Pedler
In all kinde of trifles[82] must be a medler?
Specyally in women's tryflinges;
Those use we cheefly[83] above all thynges.
Whiche thyngs to se, yf ye be disposed,
Beholde what ware here is disclosed:
This gere sheweth itself in suche bewte,
That eche man thynketh[84] it saith come bye me.

---

[68] *Last*—leste, 1st edit. least, edit. 1569.
[69] *Is*—as, 1st edit.
[70] *Bring*—bryngeth, 1st edit.
[71] *Doo*—dyd, 1st edit.
[72] *Iwyl*—we will, ed. 1569.
[73] *Ere*—or, 1st edit.
[74] *Let*—i. e. hindrance.
[75] *Rob*—they rob, ed. 1569.
[76] *Honestly*—hostely, 1st edit.
[77] *I wolde be wo—To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify *to be sorry*. So Shakspeare's *Tempest*, A. 5. S. 1.

"*I am woe* for't, Sir."

Chaucer's *Court of Love*:

"———— *I wolde be wo*,
That I presume to her is writin so."

See Mr Steevens's Note on Shakspeare, Vol. I. p. 106.
[78] *If*—that, edit. 1569.
[79] *Dyenge out of grace*—from state of grace, 1st edit.
[80] *Then*—Mr Dodsley reads, *and*.
[81] *Ye*—you, edit. 1569.
[82] *All kinde of trifles*—every tryfull, 1st edit.
[83] *Cheefly*—chefe, 1st edit.
[84] *Thynketh*—thinks, edit. 1569.

Loke were yourself can lyke to be chooser,
Yourselfe shall make pryce, though I be a looser.
Is here [85] nothynge for my father Palmer?
Have ye nat a wanton in a corner?
For all your walkyng to holy places,
By Cryste, I have herde of as straunge cases:
Who lyveth in love, and love wolde wynne,
Even at this packe he must begynne.
Wherein [86] is ryght many a proper token,
Of which by name parte shall be spoken:
Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses unspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted; [87]
Broches, rynges, and all manner of bedes;
Laces [88] rounde and flat for women's heades;
[89] Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers, and all suche knackes,
Where lovers be, no suche thynges lacks;
Sypers,[90] swathbonds,[91] rybandes, and sleve laces,
Gyrdyls, knives, pursses, and pyncaces.

*Pot.* Do women bye their pyncaces of you?

*Ped.* Ye, that they do, I make God a vow.

*Pot.* So mot I thryve then for my parte,
I beshrewe thy knave's nakyd herte,
For makynge my wifys pyncace so wyde,
The pynnes fall out, they cannat abyde:
Yet pynnes she must have, one or other;
Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde another.
Wherein I fynde cause to complayne;
New pynnes to her pleasure, but to my payne.

*Pard.* Syr, ye seme wel sene in women's causes;
I pray you tell me what causeth this:
That women after theyr arysynge,[92]
Be so longe in theyr appareleng?

*Ped.* Forsoth, women have many lettes,
And they be masked in many nettes:
As frontlettes,[93] fyllettes, partlettes,[94] and bracelettes;
And then theyr bonettes and theyr poynettes [95]
By these lettes and nettes, the lette is suche,
That spede is small, whan haste is muche.

*Pot.* Another cause why they come nat forwarde,
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde;
And yet [96] is a thynge they cannat forbere;
The trymmynge and pynnynge up of theyr gere;
Specyally theyr fydling with the tayle pyn;
And when they wolde have it prickt [97] in,
If it chaunce to double in the clothe,
[98] Then be they [99] wode, and swere [100] an othe.
Tyl it stande reght they wyll nat forsake it,
Thus though it may not, yet wyll [101] they make it.
But be ye sure they do but defarre it;
For when they wolde make it, ofte times they marre it.
But prycke them, and pynne them, as nyche as ye wyll,
And yet wyll they loke for pynnynge styll.
So that I durste bolde with you a joynt,
Ye shall never have them at a ful [102] point.

---

[85] *Here*—there, edit. 1569.
[86] *Wherein*—where, 1st edit.
[87] *Knotted*—unknotted, edit. 1569.
[88] *Laces*—lace, 1st edit.
[89] *Nedles, thred, thimbles, and such other knacks*—Edition, 1569.
[90] *Sypers*—i. e. *Cyprus*; thin stuff of which women's veils were made. So, in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
*Cyprus* black as any crow."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"———— a *cyprus*, not a bosom
Hides my poor heart." S.

[91] *Swathbonds*—i. e. rollers in which infants were *swath'd*. So, in *Tymon of Athens*:

"Had thou, like us, from thy first *swath*," &c. S.

[92] *Arysynge*—uprising, edit. 1569.
[93] *Frontlettes*—*Frontal*, Fr. A *frontlet*, or *forehead-band*. COTGRAVE. A *frontlet* is mentioned as part of a woman's dress, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling irons, periwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair laces, ribbons, rolls, knotstrings, glasses," &c. See also Mr Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4.
[94] *Partlettes*—Ruffs or bands for women. See Glossary to Douglas's Translation of Virgil.
[95] *Poynettes*—Little bodkins or puncheons. Cotgrave, voce *Poinçonnet*.
[96] *Yet*—it, edit. 1569.
[97] *Prickt*—prycke, 1st edit.
[98] *Then be they wode*—*Wode* signifies *mad, furious*, or *violent*. So, in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, Bennet's edition, 4to. p. 86. "How will you thincke that suche furiousnesse, with *woode* countenance, and brenninge eyes, with staringe and braggynge, with hart redye to leape out of the bellye for swellinge, can be expressed the tenthe-part to the uttermost." Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 103. Evans's edition, 1776.

"It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,
And swelles like sea, with waves and foming flood:
A wonder sure, to see this river Dee,
With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and *wood*,
Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,
And shewe such life, as though some spreete it had."

[99] *They*—they be, edit. 1569.
[100] *Swere*—swereth, 1st edit.
[101] *Wyll*—wil, edit. 1569.
[102] *Ful*—fall, 1st edit.

*Ped.* Let women's maters passe, and marke myne;
What ever theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.
Wherfore yf ye be wyllynge to bye,
Lay downe money, come off [103] quyckely.
*Palm.* Nay, by my trouth, we be lyke fryers;
We are but beggars, we be no byers.
*Pard.* Syr, ye may showe your ware for your mynde,
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.
*Ped.* Well, though this journey acquyte no coste,
Yet thynke I nat my labour loste:
For, by the fayth of my body,
I lyke ful well thys company.
Up shall this packe; for, it is playne,
I came not hyther al for gayne.
Who may nat play one day in a weke,
May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seyke.
Devyse what pastyme that ye thynke beste,
And make ye sure to fynde me prest. [104]
*Pot.* Why, be ye so unyversall
That ye can do what so ever ye shall?
*Ped.* Syr, yf ye lyste for to appose me;
What I can do, then shall you se.
*Pot.* Then tell me thys; are you perfyt in drynkynge?
*Ped.* Perfyt in drynkynge, as may be wysht by thynkynge.
*Pot.* Then, after your drynkynge, how fall ye to wynking?
*Ped.* Syr, after drynkynge, whyle the shot [105] is tynkynge,
Some hedes be swymmyng, [106] but myne wyll be synkyng;
And, upon drynkynge, my eyse wil be pynkynge;
For wynkynge to drynkynge is alway lynkynge.
*Pot.* Then drynke and slepe you can well do;
But, yf ye were desyred therto,
I pray you tell me, can you synge?
*Ped.* Syr, I have some syght in syngynge.
*Pot.* But is your brest [107] any thynge swete?
*Ped.* What ever my breste be, my voyce is mete.
*Pot.* That answere showeth you a ryght syngynge man.—
Now what is your wyll, good father, than?
*Palm.* What helpeth wyll, where is no skyll?

---

[103] *Come off*—i. e. pay down.

[104] *Prest*—i. e. ready; *pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*What* must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all."

See a note on *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. scene 1. S.
Again, Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 80:

"Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen, and all,
Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call."

Cynthia's *Revels*. act v. scene 4:

"I am *prest* for the encounter."

[105] *Shot*—i. e. the reckoning. See Mr Steevens's note to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* act v. sc. 3.
Again, in Churchyard's *Worthynesse of Wales*:

"Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheap cheare they have that may be found;
The *shot* is great when each mans pais his groate,
If all alike the reckoning runneth round."

[106] *Stoymmyng*—The second edition reads, *swynking*.

[107] *But is your* brest *any thynge swete*—In Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, Vol. III. p. 466. a passage, in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*, 1580, is cited, in which this line occurs:

"The better *brest*, the lesser rest:"

upon which he makes this observation: "In singing, the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good *breast* was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms, *voce de petto*, and *voce di testa*, to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's comedy of *Twelfth Night*, after the clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

"By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*."

"And in the statutes of Stoke college, in Suffolk, founded by Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words: Of which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed, (*i. e.* their voices broke,) we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibitions of forty shillings," &c.
See also the notes of Mr Warton and Mr Steevens to *Twelfth Night*, act ii. scene 3.
Again, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act i. scene 1. Dondolo, after a song by his page, says, "Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and enticing! Well, go thy ways, for as *sweet a brested* page as ever lay at his master's feet, in a truckle-bed."
*Women beware of Women*, act iii. scene 2.

"*Duke.* Yea, the voice too, sir?
*Fab.* I, and a *sweet brest* too, my lord, I hope;
Or I have cast away my money wisely."

*Pard.* And what helpeth skyll, where is no wil?[108]
*Pot.* For wyll or skyll what helpeth it,
Where frowarde knaves be lackynge wit?[109]
Leve off thys curiositie;
And who that lyste, synge after me.
[*Here they synge.*
*Ped.* Thys lyketh me wel, so mot I the.
*Pard.* So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me.
Where company is met, and well agreed,
Good pastyme dooth ryght well indede.
But who can syt in dalyaunce,
Men set in suche a variaunce?
As we were set, or[110] ye came in,
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne;
Alledgynge, that suche men as use,
For love of God, and not[111] refuse
On fot to goo, from place to place,
A pylgrimage, callynge for grace,
Shall in that payne with penitence,
Obtayne discharge of conscyence;
Comparynge that lyfe for the beste
Enduccion to your endless rest.
Upon these workes our mater grewe;
For yf he could avow them true,
As good to be a gardener,
As for to be a Pardoner.
But when I harde hym so farre wyde,
I then aproched, and replyed:
Sayenge this, that this[112] indulgence,
Havyng the foresaid penitence,
Dyschargeth man of all offence,
With muche more profyt then this pretence.
I aske but two pens at the moste;
I wys this is nat very great coste,
And from[113] all payne without dyspayre,
My soule for his kepe[113*] even his chayre.
And when he dyeth, he may be sure
To come to heven even at plesure.
And more then heven he can[114] nat get,
How farre so ever he lyste to jet.
Then is hys payne more then hys wit,
To walke[115] to heven, syns he may syt.
Syr, as we were in this contencion,
In came thys daw with hys invencyon;
Revelynge us, himselfe avauntynge,
That all the soules to heven assendynge,
Are most bounde to the Poticary,
Because he helpeth moste men to dye;
Before whiche deth, he sayeth in dede,
No soule in heven can have hys mede.
*Ped.* Why? do Poticaries kyll men?
*Pot.* By God! men say so now and then.
*Ped.* And I thought ye wolde nat have myst,
To make them lyve as longe as ye lyste.
*Pot.* As longe as we lyste? nay, as longe as they can.
*Ped.* So myght we lyve without you than.
*Pot.* Ye; but yet it is[116] necessary
For to have a Poticary;
For, when ye fele your conscyens redy,
I can sende you to heven very[117] quyckly.
Wherfore, concernynge our mater here,
Above these twayne I am best, clere;
And yf ye lyste to take me so,
I am content; you, and no mo
Shal be our judge, as in thys case,
Whiche of us thre shall take the best place.
*Ped.* I neyther wyll judge the beste nor worste;
For be ye bleste, or be ye curste,
Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght,
To be a judge in maters of weyght.
It behoveth no Pedlers, nor proctours,
To take on them judgemente as doctours;
But yf your myndes be onely set
To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met;
For eche of you somwhat doth showe
That soules towarde heven by you doe growe.
Then yf ye can so well agree,
To contynue togyther all thre;
And all you thre obay one wyll,
Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll.
As yf ye came all to one man,
Who shulde goo pylgrymage[118] more then he can?
In that ye Palmer, as debite,
May clerely dyscharde hym, parde.
And for all other syns ones had contryssyon,
Your pardons geveth hym full remyssyon.
And then ye Mayster Poticary,
May sende hym to heven by and by.
*Pot.* Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,
By the masse, he is in heven or even-songe tyme!
My craft is suche, that I can ryght well,
Sende my fryndes to heven, and myselfe to hell.
But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse;
Who[119] coulde devyse suche a devyse?
For yf we thre may be as one,
Then be we[120] lordes everych one;
Betwene us all coulde nat be myste,
To save the soules of whome we lyste.
But, for good order, af a worde,
Twayne of us must wayte on the thyrde.
And unto that I do agree,

---

108 *Wil*—wyt, 1st edit.
109 *Wil*—wyll, 1st edit.
110 *Or*—ere.
111 *And not*—not and, 1st edit.
112 *This*—his, edit. 1569.
113 *From*—for, edit. 1569.
113* *His kepe*—for to keep even in his chair, edit. 1569.
114 *Can*—may, edit. 1569.
115 *Walke*—wake, 1st edit.
116 *Yet it is*—it is very, edit. 1569.
117 *Very*—added in, edit. 1569.
118 *Shulde goo pylgrymage*—should go on pilgrimage, edit. 1569.
119 *Who*—Howe, 1st edit.
120 *Be we*—were we as, edit. 1569.

[121] For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.
*Pard.* What chaunce is this, that suche an elf
Commaund two knaves beside himself?
Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;
I am to good to wayt on the.
*Palm.* By our Lady, and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better of you both!
*Ped.* Yet, be ye sewer, for all thys dout,
This waytynge must be brought about.
Men cannat prosper wylfully ledde;
All things decay [122] where is no hedde.
Wherfore, doubtlesse, marke what I say,
To one of you thre twayne must obey.
And, synnes ye cannat agree in voyce,
Who shall be hed, there is no choyce,
But to devyse some maner of thynge,
Wherin ye all be lyke connynge:
And in the same who can do beste,
The other twayne to make them preste,
In every thynge of hys entente,
Holy [123] to be at commaundement.
And now have I founde one mastry, [124]
That ye can do indyfferently;
And is nother sellynge nor byenge,
But even onely very lyeng:
And all ye thre can lye as well,
As can the falsest devyll in hell.
And though, afore, ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your judge;
Yet in lyeng I can boste some skyll,
And yf I shall be judge, I wyll.
And be you sure, without flattery,
Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye,
Ther shall my judgement strayt be founde,
Though I myght wynne a thousande pounde.
*Palm.* Syr, for lyeng, though I can do it,
Yet am I loth for to goo to it.
*Ped.* Ye have no [125] cause to fear: Be bolde; [126]
For ye may here [127] lie uncontrolde.
And ye in this have good avauntage,
For lyeng is your comen usage.
And you in lyeng be well spedde,
For all your craft doth stande in falshed.
Ye nede nat care who shall begyn;
For eche of you may hope to wyn.
Now speke all thre even as ye fynde,
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde?
*Palm.* Ye, by my troth, I am contente.
*Pard.* Now, in good fayth, and I assente.
*Pot.* If I denyed, I were a nody;
For all is myne, by Goddes body.
[*Here the Poticary hoppeth:*
*Palm.* Here were a hopper to hop for the rynge!
But, syr, [128] this gere goth nat by hoppynge.
*Pot.* Syr, in this hoppynge I wyll hop so well,
That my tonge shall hop better [129] then my hele:
Upon whiche hoppynge, I hope and not doute it,
To hop [130] so that ye shall hop [131] without it.
*Palm.* Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne brawll,
But take suche fortune as may fall;
And yf ye wynne this maystery,
I wyll obaye you quietly;
And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great richesse.
In any manner of company,
To rule or be ruled [132] *indifferently.*
*Pard.* By that bost thou semest a begger indede;
What can thy quietnesse helpe us at nede?
Yf we shulde starve, thou hast nat, I thynke,
One peny to bye us one potte of drynke.
Nay, yf richesse myghte rule the roste,
Beholde what cause I have to boste:
Lo, here be [133] pardons halfe a dosyn,
For gostely ryches they have no cosyn;
And moreover to me they brynge
Sufficient succour for my lyvynge.
And here be [134] relykes of suche a kynde,
As in this worlde no man can [135] fynde:
Knele down all thre, and when ye leve kyssynge,
Who lyst to offer shall have my blyssynge.
Frendes, here shall ye se evyn anone,
Of All-hallowes, the blessyd jaw-bone, [136]

---

[121] *For bothe*, &c.—First edition reads,

"For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.
What chaunce is this, that suche an clfe
Commaunded two knaves besyde hymselfe."

[122] *Things decay*—thynge decayèd, 1st edit.
[123] *Holy*—Holly, 1st edit.
[124] *One mastry*—i. e. one magisterium; a chemical term, expressive of the highest powers of transmutation, and sometimes used for any *masterly* performance. S.
[125] *No*—not, 1st edit.
[126] *Be bolde*—beholde, edit. 1569.
[127] *May here*—may here, 1st edit.; may lie, edit. 1569.
[128] *Syr*—sirs, edit. 1569.
[129] *Better*—as well as, 1st edit.
[130] *Hop*—hope, 1st edit.
[131] *Hop*—hope, 1st edit.
[132] *Be ruled*—to be rulde, edit. 1569.
[133] *Here be*—here are, edit. 1569.
[134] *Be*—are, edit. 1569.
[135] *Can*—may, edit. 1569.
[136] *All-hallowes*, the blessyd *jaw-bone*—*All-hallowes* is *All-saints*. Mr Steevens, in his Note on *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 1. S. 2. remarks on the absurdity of appropriating a word formed to express a community of saints to a particular one of the number.

Kysse it hardely with good devocion.
*Pot.* Thys kysse shall brynge us much promocyon.
Fogh, by Saynt Savyour I never kyst a wars;
Ye were as good kysse All-hallowe's ars;
For by All-hallowes, yet me thynketh,
That All-hallowe's breth stynketh.
*Palm.* Ye judge All-hallowes breth unknowen;
Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.
*Pot.* I knowe myne owne breth from All-hallowes,
Or els it were tyme to kisse the galows.
*Pard.* Nay, sirs, beholde, here may ye se
The great toe of the Trinitye,
Who to thys toe any money vowcth,
And ones may role it in his moueth,
All hys lyfe after, I undertake,
[137] He shall never be vext with the tooth ake.
*Pot.* I praye you torne that relyke aboute;
Either [138] the Trinite had the goute,
Or elles, bycause it is three toes in one,
God made it asmuche [139] as thre toes alone.
*Pard.* Well, lette that passe, and loke upon thys;
Here is a relyke that doth nat mys
To helpe the leste as well as the moste:
This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste.
*Pot.* By Chryste, and yet for all your boste,
This relyke hath beshyten the roste.
*Pard.* Mark well thys; thys relyke here is a whipper,
My frendes [140] unfayned, here [141] is a slypper
Of one of the seven slepers be sure; [142]
Doutlesse thys kysse shall do you great pleasure:
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you,
That none other savours shall displease you.
*Pot.* All these two dayes! nay, all these [143] two yere;
For all the savours that may come heer
Can be no worse; for at a worde,
One of the seven slepers trode on a torde.
*Ped.* Syr, me thynketh your devocion is but smal.
*Pard.* Small! mary me thynketh he hath none at all.
*Pot.* What the devyll care I what ye thinke?
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?
*Pard.* Here is an eye-toth of the great Turke:
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese part of his eye-syght,
But nat all tyll he be blynde outryght.
*Pot.* What so ever any man seeth,
I have no devocion unto [144] Turkes teeth:
For although I never sawe a greter,
Yet me thynketh I have sene many better.
*Pard.* Here is a box ful of humble bees,
That stonge Eve as she sat on her knees
Tastynge the frute to her forbydden:
Who kysseth the bees within this hidden,
Shall have asmuche pardon of ryght,
As for any relyke he kyst this nyght.
*Palm.* Syr, I will kysse them with all my herte.
*Pot.* Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,
For I am nat worthy; nay, lette be,
Those bees that stonge Eve shall nat stynge me.
*Pard.* Good frendes, I have yet here [145] in thys glas,
Which on the drynke at the weddynge was
Of Adam and Eve undoubtedly:
If ye honour this relyke devoutly,
Although ye thurste no whyt the lesse,
Yet shall ye drynke the more, doubtlesse.
After whiche drynkynge ye shal be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete.
*Pot.* Ye mary, now I con [146] you thanke; [147]
In presens of thys the rest be blanke.
Wolde God this relyke had come rather;
Kysse that relyke well, good father.
Suche is the payne that ye Palmers take,
To kisse the pardon bowle for the drynke sake.
O holy yeste, that loketh full sowr and stale,
For Goddes body, helpe me to a cuppe of ale.
The more I beholde [148] thee, the more I thurste:
The oftener I kysse the, the more lyke to burste.
But sins I kysse the so devoutely,
Hyre me and helpe me with drynke tyll I dye.
What, so muche prayeing and so lytell spede?
*Pard.* Ye, for God knoweth when it is nede
To sende folkes drynke; but by Saynt Antony,

---

[137] *He shall never be vext with the tooth ake*—He shall be rid of the tooth ake, 1st edit.
[138] *Either*—Other, 1st edit.
[139] *Asmuche*—muche, 1st edit.
[140] *Frendes*—freend, edit. 1569.
[141] *Here*—this, edit. 1569.
[142] *One of the* seven slepers *be sure*—These seven sleepers are said to have lived at Ephesus in the time of the Emperor Decian. Being commanded to sacrifice according to the Pagan manner, they fled to a cave in Mount Celyon, where they fell asleep, and continued in that state 372 years, as is asserted by some, though, according to others, only 208 years. They awoke in the reign of the Emperor Theodosian, who, being informed of this extraordinary event, came from Constantinople to see them, and to satisfy himself of the truth of the relation. Having communicated to him the several circumstances of their case, they all, as the *Legenda Aurea* expresses it, "enclyned theyr hedes to th'erth, and rendred their spyrites at the commaundement of our Lorde Jesu Cryst, and soo deyed." See *Legenda Aurea*, 196.
[143] *These*—thys, 1st edit.
[144] To, 1st edit.
[145] Yett, edit. 1569.
[146] Can, 1st edit.
[147] *Con you thanke*—See Note 34 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, in Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 28.
[148] *Beholde*—see, edit. 1569.

I wene he hath sent you to much alredy.
*Pot.* If I have never the more for the,
Then be thy relykes no ryches to me;
Nor to thy self, excepte they be
More benefycyall then I can se.
Rycher is one boxe of this tryacle,[149]
Then all thy relykes, that do no myrakell.
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me,
As I have prayed to thy relykes and the,
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion,
But streyght shulde have wrought one[150] operation.
And as in value I pas you an ace,
So here lyeth muche rychesse in a lytell space.
I have a boxe of rebard here,
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.
So[151] helpe me God, and hollydam,
Of this I woulde not geve a dram
To the beste frende I have in England's grounde,
Though he wolde give me twentie pounde.
For though the stomake do it abhor,
It pourgeth you clene from the coler;
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,
That ye shall never come to the halter.
*Ped.* Then is that medycyn a soverayn thinge
To preserve a man from hangynge.
*Pot.* If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye see,
*If ever ye be hanged never truste me.*
*Here have I Diapompholicus,*
*A speciall oyntmente, as doctours discuse,*
For a fistela or for a canker,
[152] Thys oyntment is even shot anker:
For this medecyn[153] helpeth one and other,
Or bringeth them in case that they nede no other.
Here is a *Syrapus de Byzansis,*
A lytell thynge is enough of this;
For even the weyght of one scryppal
Sall[154] make you as strong as a cryppul.
Here are other, as Diosialos,
Diagalanga and Sticados,
Blanka, Manna, Diospoliticon,
Mercury sublyme, and Mitridaticon;
Pelitory and Arse fetita,
Cassy and Colloquintida.
These be[155] the thynges that breke all stryfe
Betwene manne's syckness and his lyfe.
From all payne these shall you delever,
And set you even at reste for ever.
Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same,
Whiche comenly is called thus by name,
Alikakabus or Alkagengy:
A goodly thynge for dogges that be[156] mangy:
Suche be these medycines, that I can
Helpe a dogge as wel as a man.
Nat one thynge here partyculariy
But worketh universally;
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it,
As all the byers that taste it, or smell it.
Now syns my medycyns be so speciall,
And in one operacion so generall,
And redy to worke when so ever they shall,
So that in ryches I am principall:
If any rewarde may entreat ye,
I besech your mast'ship be good to[157] me,
And ye shall have a boxe of *marmelade,*
So fyne that you may dyg it with a spade.
*Ped.* Syr, I thanke you, but your rewarde
Is nat the thynge that I regarde.
I muste and wyll be indifferent:
Wherfore procede in your intente.
*Pot.* Nowe yf I wyst thys wysh no synne,
I wolde to God I myght begynne.
*Pard.* I am content that thou lye fyrste.
*Palm.* Even so am I; now[158] say thy worste.
Now let us here of all thy lyes,
The greatest lye thou mayst devyse,
And in the fewyst wordes thou can.
*Pot.* Forsooth, ye be[159] an honest man.
*Ped.* There sayde ye muche, but yet no lye.
*Pard.* Now lye ye bothe, by our Lady.
Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie;
And he hath lyed in affirminge the.
*Pot.* Yf we both lye, and ye say true,
Then of these lies your parte adew.
And if ye wyll, make none avaunt;
For you are sure of one yll servaunte:
You may perceyve by the wordes he gave,
He taketh your mashyp[160] but for a knave.
But who tolde truth,[161] or lyed in dede,
That wyll I knowe or[162] we procede.
Syr, after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man,
When ye affyrmed it for no lye:[163]
Now, by your[164] fayth, speke even truely;
Thought ye your affyrmacyon true?

---

[149] *Tryacle—theriaca*, a remedy against poison. *Blount.*
[150] *One—in*, 1st edit.
[151] *So*—Addition.
[152] *Thys ointment is even* shot anker—I should suppose we ought to read *sheet anchor.* The *sheet anchor* is the largest belonging to a ship, and is the last refuge of mariners; for, when that fails to take hold of the ground, the vessel is left at the mercy of the storm. The *sheet anchor* was called by the ancients, *anchora sacra;* and by the French, *maitresse ancre.* S.
[153] *Medecyn*—ointment, edit. 1569.
[154] *Sall*—Will, edit. 1569.
[155] *Be*—are, edit. 1569.
[156] *Be*—are, edit. 1569.
[157] *To*—unto, edit. 1569.
[158] *Now*—and, 1st edit.
[159] *Ye be*—you are, edit. 1569.
[160] *Your mashyp*—i. e. your *mastership.* S.
[161] *Truthe*—true, 1st edit.
[162] *Or*—ere, edit. 1569.
[163] *For to lye*—for no lye, edit. 1569.
[164] *Your*—our, 1st edit.

*Palm.* Ye mary, for I wolde ye knewe,
I thynke my selfe an honest man.
*Pot.* What thought ye in the contrary than?
*Pard.* In that I sayde the contrary;
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.
*Pot.* And what of my wordes?
*Pard.* I thought ye lyed.
*Pot.* And so thought I, by God that dyed.
Nowe have you twayne eche for hym selfe layde,
That none [165] hath lyed, but bothe true sayd.
And of you twayne none hath denyed,
But bothe affyrmed that I have lyed.
Now syns bothe ye [166] the trouthe confes,
[167] How that I lyed, doo bear witnes,
That twain of us may soon agree,
And that the lyer the wynner must be.
Who coulde provyde suche evydens,
As I have doue in this pretens?
Me thynketh this matter sufficient
To cause you to gyve judgement;
And to gyve me the mastrye:
For ye perceyve these knaves cannat lye.
*Palm.* Though neyther [168] of us as yet had lyed;
Yet what we can do is untryed.
For as yet we have devysed nothynge,
But answered you, and geven you hearing.
*Ped.* Therfore I have devysed one waye
Wherby all thre your mindes may saye:
For eche of you one tale shall tell;
And whiche of you telleth most mervell,
And most unlikest [169] to be true,
Shall most prevayle, what ever ensew.
*Pot.* If ye be set on mervaylinge,
Then shall ye here a mervaylouse thynge.
And though in deed all be nat true,
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.

I dyd a cure no longer ago,
But in *Anno Domini Millesimo*,
On a woman yonge and so fayre,
That never have I sene a gayre.
God save all women of [170] that lyknes.
This wanton had the falleu syknes,
Whiche by dissent came lynyalty,
For her mother had it naturally:
Wherfore this woman to recure
It was more harde ye may be sure.
But though I boste my craîte is suche,
That in suche thynges I can do muche.
How ofte she fell were muche to reporte;
But her hed so gydy and her helys so shorte,
That with the twynglynge of an eye,
Downe wolde she falle evyn by and by:
But or [171] she wolde aryse agayne
I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne;
For the tallest man within thys towne
Could [172] nat with ease have broken her swowne.
Although for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,
Yet I dyd take more paines [173] about her,
Then I wolde take with mine owne syster:
Syr, at the last I gave her a glyster.
[174] I thrust a thampyon in her tewell,
And bad her kepe it for a jewell.
But I knew there [174*] it was to heevy to cary,
That I sure was it wolde nat tary:
For where gonponder is ones fyerd,
The thampyon there wyll no lenger be hyerd,
Whiche was well sene in tyme of this chaunce;
For when I had charged this ordynaunce,
Sodeynly, as it had thonder'd,
Even at a clap losed her bumberd.[175]
Now marke, for here begynneth the revell:
This thampion flew ten longe myle levell,

---

[165] *None*—one, edit. 1569.
[166] *Ye*—your, 1st edit.
[167] *How*, &c.—First edition reads,

And that we both my lye so witnes,
That twayne of us thre in one agree.

[168] *Neyther*—nother, 1st edit.
[169] *Unlikest*—unlyke, 1st edit.
[170] *Of*—from, 1st edit.
[171] *Or*—ere, edit. 1569.
[172] *Could*—Shulde, 1st edit.
[173] *Paynes*—payne, 1st edit.
[174] *I thrust a* thampyon *in her* tewel—The allusion is to gunnery. *Thampion* (*tampon*, Fr. a bung, cork, or plug of wood) is now written *tompion*, and signifies the stopper with which the mouths of cannon are closed up, to prevent the admission of rain, or sea-water, whereby their charges might be rendered incapable of service.—A *tewel* (*tuyau* or *tuyal*, Fr.) is a *pipe*; and is here used (for the sake of continuing the metaphor) for *bore* or *caliber*. Moxon, in his *Mechanic Exercises*, defines the *tewel* to be that *pipe* in a smith's forge into which the nose of the bellows is introduced; and in a MS. fragment, said to be written by Sir Francis Drake, concerning the stores of one of the ships under his command, the word *tewel* is applied to a gun. S.

In Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum et Historicum*, p. 129. it is said, "It happened in the reigne of Quene Marye, that the master of a shippe passinge by while the court lay theare, and meaning (as the manner is) with sayle and shot to honour the place, unadvisedly gave fire to a piece charged with a stone instede of a *tampion*, which, lightinge on the quene's house, ranne through a chamber, and did no further harme."
[174*] *There*—Addition in the 2d edit.
[175] *Bumberd*—A piece of ordnance. S.

To a fayre castell of lyme and stone,
For strength I know nat suche a one;
Whiche stode upon a hyll full hye,
At fote wherof a ryver ranne bye,
So depe tyll chaunce had it forbydden,
[176]Well myght the Regent there have ryden.
But when this thampyon at this [177] castell did lyght,
It put the castell so farre to flyght,
That downe they came eche upon other,
No stone left standynge, by Goddes mother,
But rolled downe so faste the hyll
In suche a nomber, and so dyd fyll
From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,
Thys foresayd ryver, so depe before,
That who lyste nowe to walke thereto
May wade it over and wet no shoo.
So was thys castell layd wyde open,
That every man myght se the token.
But in a good houre maye these [178] wordes be spoken:
After the thampyon on the walles was wroken,
And pece by pece in peces broken,
And she delyvered, with suche violens,
Of all her inconveniens,
I left her in good helth and luste;
And so she doth continew, I truste.
*Ped.* Syr, in your cure I can nothynge tell;
*But to your* [179] *purpose ye have sayd well.*
*Pard.* Well, syr, marke what I can say:
I have ben a pardoner many a day,
And done more cures gostely,
Then ever he dyd bodely;
Namely thys one, whiche ye shall here
Of one departed within thys seven yere,
A frende of myne, and lykewyse I
To her agayne was as frendly;
Who fell so syke so sodeynly,
That dede she was even by and by,
And never spake with preste nor clerke,
Nor had no whyt of holy warke.
For I was thens, it coulde nat be;
Yet harde I say she asked for me.
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,
And that I have to heven avaunced
So many soules to me but straungers,
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,
But she to dy so daungerously,
For her soule helth especially;
That was the thynge that greved me soo,
That nothynge could release my woo
Tyll I had tryed, even out of hande,
In what estate her soule dyd stande.
For which tryall, short tale to make,
I toke thys journey for her sake.
Geve ear, for here begynneth the story:
From hens I went to purgatory,
And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
Whereby I may do there what I lyste.
I knocked, and was let in quyckly;
But Lorde, how lowe the souls made curtesy!
And I to every soule agayne
[180]Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne,
And axed them thys question than,
If that the soule of such a woman
Dyd late among them there appere?
Wherto they sayd, she came nat here.
Then ferd I muche it was nat well;
Alas, thought I, she is in hell.
For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted,
That sure, I thought, she was nat sayated.
With thys, it chaunced me to snese;
Christe help, quoth a soule, that ley for his fees.
Those wordes, quoth I, thou shalt nat lees;
Then with these pardons of all degrees,
I payed his tole, and set hym so quyght,
That strayt to heven he toke his flyght;
And I from thens to hell that nyght,
To help this woman yf I myght:
Nat as who sayth by authorite,
But by the waye of entreate.
And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate
I came, and spake after this rate:
All hayle, Syr Devyll; and made lowe curtesy:
Welcome, quoth he, thus [181] smillyngly.

---

[176] *Well myght the Regent there have ryden*—The *Regent* was one of the largest ships of war in the time of King Henry the Eighth. In the fourth year of his reign, Sir Thomas Knevet, master of the horse, and Sir John Carew of Devonshire, were appointed captains of her, and, in company with several others, she was sent to fight the French fleet near Brest haven. An action accordingly ensued, and the Regent grappled with a French Carrick, which would have been taken had not a gunner on board the vessel, to prevent her falling into the hands of the English, set fire to the powder-room. This communicating the flames to both ships, they shared the same fate together, being both burnt. On the part of the French 900 men were lost, and on that of the English more than 700. See Hall's *Chronicle*, tempore Henry VIII. fol. 21.

[177] *This*—on thys castell lyght, 1st edit.

[178] *These*—this, edit. 1569.

[179] *Your*—our, 1st edit.

[180] *Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne*—A *beck*, among other significations, has that of a salutation with the head. So, in Shakspeare's *Timon of Athens*:

"A serving of *becks*, and jutting out of bums." S.

[181] *Thus*—thys, 1st edit.

He knew me well; and I, at laste,
Remembred him syns longe time paste.
For, as good happe wolde have it chaunce,
This devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;
[182] For oft, in the play of Corpus Cristi,
He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.
By his acqueyntance, and my behavoure,
He showed to me ryght frendly favoure.
And, to make my returne the shorter,
I sayd to this devyll, Good mayster porter,
For all olde love, yf it lie in your power,
Helpe me to speke with my lorde, and your.
Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
What tyme thou coudest have come so well.
For, as on [183] thys daye Lucyfer fell,
Whiche is our festyvall in hell,
Nothynge unreasonable craved thys day,
That shall in hell have any nay.
But yet be ware thou come nat in,
Tyll tyme thou may [184] thy pasporte wyn;
Wherfore stand styll, and I will wyt, [185]
Yf I can get thy save condyt.
He taryed nat, but shortely gat it
Under seale, and the devyl's hande at it,
In ample wyse, as ye shall here.
Thus it began: I, Lucifere,
By the power of God chefe devyll of hell,
To all the devyls that there do dwell,
And every of them, we sende gretynge,
Under streyght charge and commaundynge,
That they aydynge and assystent be
To such a Pardoner, and named me,
So that he may, at lybertie,
Passe save without any [186] jeopardy,
Tyll that he be from us extyncte,
And clerely out of helle's precincte.
And, hys pardons to kepe in savegarde,
We wyll they lye in the porter's warde.
Gevyn in the fornes of our palys,
In our high courte of maters of malys,
Suche a day and yere of our reyne.
God save the devyll.—Quoth I, amain. [187]
I truste thys wrytynge to be sure:
Then put thy truste, quod he, in euer, [188]
Syns thou art sure to take no harme.
Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme,
So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,
Where all the devyls of hell togyther
Stode in aray, in suche apparell
As for that day there metely fell.
Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
Theyr taylles wel kempt, and, as I wene,
With sothery [189] butter theyr bodyes anoynted;
I never sawe devylls so well appoynted. [190]
The mayster devyll sat in his jacket;
And all the soules were playinge at racket.
None other rackettes they hadde in hande,
Save every soule a good fyre-brand;
Wherwith they played so pretely,
That Lucyfer laughed merely.
And all the resedew of the feends, [191]
[192] Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
But of my frende I sawe no whyt,
Nor durst not ax for her as yet.
Anone all this rout was brought in silens,
And I by an usher brought to presens
[193] Of Lucyfer; then lowe, as wel I could,
I knelyd, whiche he so well alowde,
That thus he beckte, and by Saynt Antony
He smyled on me well favouredly,
Bendynge his browes, as brode as barne durres;
Shakynge hys eares, as ruged as burres;
Rolynge his eyes, as rounde as two bushels;
Flastynge the fyre out of his nosethryls;
Gnashinge hys teeth so vaynglorioussly,
That me thought tyme to fall to flattery,

---

[182] *For oft, in the play of Corpus Cristi,*
*He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.*—"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city (*i. e.* Coventry) was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day, (this is one of their ancient faires,) which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theaters for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators, and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. entitled, *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*, in Bibl. Cotton. (sub Effigie Vesp. D. 9.)."—DUGDALE'S *Warwickshire*, p. 116.

[183] *As on*—Add. in the 2d edit.
[184] *May*—maist, edit. 1569.
[185] *Wyt*—Mr Dodsley's has *write*.
[186] *Any*—hys, 1st edit.
[187] *Amain*—for playne, 1st edit.
[188] *Euer*—cure, edit. 1569.
[189] *Sothery*—Sweet, or fresh, made from the old word *sote*.
[190] *Well appointed*—See note 3. to *The Ordinary*, in Dodsley's Old Plays.
[191] *Feends*—frendes, 1st edit.
[192] *Did*, &c.—First edition reads,

"Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke frendes."

[193] *Of Lucyfer*, &c.—First edition reads,

"Then to Lucyfer low as I coude."

Wherwithe I tolde, as I shall tell:
O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!
Feutred [194] in fashyon abominable,
And syns that it is inestimable
For me to prayse the worthyly,
I leve of prayse, as unworthy
To geve the prayse, besechynge the
To heare my sewte, and then to be
So good to graunt the thynge I crave;
And, to be shorte, thys wolde I have:
The soule of one which hyther flytted,
Delivered [195] hence, and to me remitted.
And, in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,
Yet in some parte I shall [196] deserve it;
As thus, I am a pardoner,
And over soules as controller,
Throughout the erthe my power doth stande,
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
That spede in maters as I use them,
As I receyve them, or refuse them.
Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
Ye [197] shall requyre any part of this,
The leste devyll here that can come thyther,
Shall chose a soule, and brynge him hyther.
Ho, [198] ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased;
What is hys name thou woldest have eased?
*Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,*
*My comynge is for a she-devyll.*
What calste her, (quoth he,) thou whoorson? [199]
Forsooth, (quoth I,) Margery Coorson.
Now, by our honour, sayd Lucyfer,
No devyll in hell shall withholde her;
And, yf thou woldest have twenty mo,
Wert not for justyce, they shulde goo.
For all we [200] devylls, within thys den,
Have more to do with two women,
Then with all charge we have besyde;
Wherfore, yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
Aply thy pardons to women so,
That unto us there come no mo.
To do my beste I promysed by othe;
Whiche I have kepte, for, as the fayth goth
At thys day, [201] to heven I do procure
Ten women to one man, you may be sure.
Then of Lucyfer my leave I toke,
And streyght unto the mayster coke
I was hadde, into the kechyn,
For Margerie's offyce was therin.
All thynges handled there discretely,
For every soule bereth offyce metely:
Woiche myght be sene to se her syt
So bysely turnynge of the spyt.
For many a spyt here hath she turned;
And many a good spyt hath she burned;
And many a spyt ful hote hath tosted;
Before the meat coulde be halfe rosted.
And or [202] the meate were halfe rosted in dede,
I toke her then fro the spyt with spede.
But, when she sawe thys brought to pas,
To tell the joy wherin she was,
And of all the devylls, for joy, how they
Did rore at her delyvery,
And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge,
And how all the soules therin dyd synge,
And how we were brought to the gate,
And how we toke our leve therat,
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the twentie parte of that.
Wherfore, thys tale to conclude brevely,
Thys woman thanked me chyefly,
That she was ryd of thys endles deth,
And so we departed on Newmarket heth.
And, yf that any man do mynde her,
Who lyste to seke her, *there shalle he fynde her.*
*Ped.* Syr, ye have sought her wunderous [203] well;
And where ye founde her as ye tell,
To here the chaunce ye had [204] in hell,
I find ye were in great peril. [205]
*Palm.* His tale is all muche perilous; [206]
But parte is muche more mervaylous.
As where he sayde the devylls complayne,
That women put them to suche payne.
Be theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,
Frowardly fashonde, so wayward and wrabbed, [207]
So farre in devision, and sturryuge suche stryfe,
That all the devylls be wery of theyr life?
This, [208] in effect, he tolde for [209] trueth;
Wherby muche marvell to me ensueth,
That women in hell suche shrewes can be,
And here so gentyll as farre as I se.
Yet have I sene many a myle,
And many a woman in the whyle.
Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough,
In Cristendom, but I have been thorough,
And this I wolde ye shulde understande,
I have sene women five hundred thousande;

---

194 *Feutred in fashyon abominable—Feutrer*, Fr.; faire de *feutre*; garnir de *feutre*.—To stuff with *felt*. *Feutre* d'herbe, overgrown with grass. S.
195 *Delivered*—deliver, edit. 1569.
196 *Shall*—wil, edit. 1569.
197 *Ye*—I, 1st edit.
198 *Ho*—Nowe, 1st edit.
199 *Whoorson*—horyson, 1st edit.
200 *We*—the, edit. 1569.
201 *Day*—dayes, 1st edit.
202 *Or*—ere.
203 *Wunderous*—wonders, 1st edit.
204 *Had*—founde, 1st edit.
205 *Peril*—parell, 1st edit.
206 *Perilous*—parellous, 1st edit.
207 *Wayward and wrabbed*—I suppose *wrabbed* to be a word coined for the sake of rhyme.
208 *This*—thus, edit. 1569.
209 *For*—of, edit. 1569.

And oft with them have longe tyme taried.[210]
Yet in all places where I have ben,
Of all the women that I have sene,
I never sawe, nor knewe, in my consciens,
Any one woman out of patiens.
*Pot.* By the masse, there is a great lye!
*Pard.* I never harde a greater, by our Lady!
*Ped.* A greater! nay, knowe ye any so great?
*Palm.* Syr, whether that I lose or get,
For my parte judgement shall be prayd.
*Pard.* And I desyer as he hath sayd.
*Pot.* Procede, and ye shall be obeyd.
*Ped.* Then shall nat judgement be delayd.
Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale
In Paule's churche-yarde were set on sale,
In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte,
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght:
For as they wey, so be they worth,
But whiche weyth beste, to that now forth.
Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell,
I bere in mynde, and yours as well.
And as ye sawe the mater metely,
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.
Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me;
For yf ye had said, that ye had made fle
Ten thampyons out of ten womens tayles,
Ten tymes ten myle, to ten castels or jayles,
And fild ten ryvers ten tymes so depe,
As ten of that whiche your castell stones did kepe;
Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
[211] Fet ten soules out of purgatory,
And ten tymes so many out of hell;
Yet, by these ten bonnes, I coulde right well,
Ten tymes sooner all that have beleyved,
Then the tenthe parte of that he hath meved.
*Pot.* Two knaves before one, lacketh two knaves of fyve;
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaves alyve.
Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast,
Thou knave, and thou knave, and thou knave at laste.
Nay, knave, yf ye tryme by nomber,
I will as knavyshly you accomber.[212]
Your mynde is all on your pryvy tythe;
For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe.

[213] Now ten tymes I beseche hym that hye syttes,
Thy wives ten commaundementes may serch thy five wyttes.
Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth;
And ten on thy nose, whiche every man seth;
And twentie tymes ten, this wyshe I wolde,
That thou haddest been hanged at ten yere olde;
For thou goest about to make me a slave;
I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentleman,[214] knave;
And here is another shall take my parte.
*Pard.* Nay fyrst I beshrew your knave's herte,
Or I take parte in your knavery.
I wyll speak fair, by our[215] Lady.
Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be
As good as ye can[216] be unto me.
*Ped.* I wolde be glade to do you good;
And hym also, be he never so wood.[216*]
But dout you not, I wyll now do
The thynge my consciens ledeth me to.
Both your tales I take farre unpossyble,
Yet take I his farther incredyble.
Not only the thynge itselfe alloweth it;
But also the boldenes therof avoweth it.
I knowe nat where your tale to trye;
Nor yours, but in hell or purgatorye.
But hys boldnes hath faced a lye,
That may be tryed evyn in thys companye.
As yf ye lyste to take thys order,
Amonge the women in thys border.
Take thre of the yongest, and thre of the oldest,
Thre of the hotest, and thre of the coldest,
Thre of the wysest, and thre of the shrewdest,
Thre of the chastest, and thre of the lewdest,[217]
Thre of the lowest, and thre of the hyest,
Thre of the farthest, and thre of the nyest,
Thre of the fayrest, and thre of the maddest,
Thre of the foulest, and thre of the saddest;
And when all these thres be had asonder,
Of eche thre, two justly by nomber
Shall be founde shrewes, excepte thys fall,
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all.
Hymselfe, for trouth, all this doth knowe;
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe.
And yet he swereth by his consciens,
He never saw woman breke patiens.

---

[210] *Taried*—maryed, 1st edit.
[211] *Fet ten soules*, &c.—i. e. fetched. The word is used by Tusser, Spenser, and Shakespeare. S.
[212] *Accomber*—overcome.
[213] *Now ten tymes I beseche hym that hye syttes,*
*Thy wives ten commaundementes may serch thy five wyttes.*—So Eleanor, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* act i. scene 3. says,

"I'd set my *ten commandments* in your face."

*Ten commandments* seem to have been cant terms for the nails of the hands. See also Mr Steevens's note on the above passage.
[214] *Gentleman*—gentle, edit. 1569.
[215] *Our*—one, 1st edit.
[216] *I'e can*—you may, edit. 1569.
[216*] *Wood*—mad, furious.
[217] Addition in the second edit.

Wherfore, consydered with true entente,
Hys lye to be so evident,
And to appere so evydently,
That both you affyrmed it a lye;
And that my consciens so depely,
So depe hath sought thys thynge to try,
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent;
Thus I awarde by way of judgement:
Of all the lies ye all have spent,
Hys lie to be most excellent.
*Palm.* Syr, though ye were bounde of equite
To do as ye have done to me;
Yet do I thanke you of your payne,
And wyll requyte some parte agayne.
*Pard.* Mary, syr, ye can no les do,
But thanke hym asmuche as it cometh to;
And so wyll I do for my parte:
Now a vengeance on thy knave's hearte,
I never knewe a Pedler a judge before,
Nor never wyll truste pedlynge knave more.
What doest thou there, thou horson nody?
*Pot.* By the masse, lerne to make curtesy,
Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,
And then, on eche syde, the devyll blynde hym.
Nay, when ye[218] have it perfytly,
Ye shall have the devyll and all of curtesy.
But it is nat sone lerned, gentle[219] brother,
One knave to make curtesy to another.
Yet when I am angry, that is the worste,
I shall call my mayster knave at the fyrste.
*Palm.* Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt you,
But, as for me, ye nede not doute you:
For I had lever[220] be without ye,
Then have suche besynesse about ye.
*Pot.* So helpe me God, so were ye better!
What, shulde a begger be a jetter?[221]
It were no whyt your honestie,
To have us twayne jet after ye.
*Pard.* Syr, be you sure he telleth you true,
Yf we shulde wayte thys wolde ensew;
It wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,
Two knaves made[222] curtesy to the thyrde.
*Ped.* Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde,
Syns they be so loth to be assyned,[223]
To let them lose I thynke it beste;
And so shall ye lyve the better[224] in rest.
*Palm.* Syr, I am nat on them so fonde,
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde.
And, syns ye lyste nat to wayte on me,
I clercly of waytinge do dyscharge ye.
*Pard.* Marry, syr, I herteily thanke you.
*Pot.* [225] And likewise I, to God I vow.
*Ped.* Now be ye all even as ye begoon;
No man hath loste, nor no man hath woon.
Yet in the debate, wherewith ye began,
By waye of advyce I wyll speke as I can.
I doo perceyve, that pylgrymage
Is chyefe[226] the thynge ye have in usage;
Wherto, in effect, for the love of Chryst,
Ye have, or shulde have been, entyst.
And who so doth with suche intent,
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent.
And so do ye in your pretence,
If ye procure thus[227] indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charytably,
For love of them in God onely.
All thys may be ryght well applyed
To show[228] you both well occupyed.
For though ye walke nat bothe one waye,
Yet walkynge thus, thys dare I saye,
That bothe your walkes come to one[229] end;
And so for all that do pretende
By ayde of Goddes grace to ensewe
Any maner kynde of vertue.
As some, great almyse for to gyve;
Some, in wyllfull povertie to lyve;
Some to make hye wayes, and suche lyke warkes;[230]
And some to mayntaine prestes and clarkes,
To synge and praye for soule departed;
These, with all other vertues well marked,
Although they be of sondry kyndes,
Yet be they nat used with sondry myndes;
But as God only doth all those move,
So every man onely for his love,
With love and dred obediently,
Worketh in these vertues unyformly.
Thus every vertue, yf we lyste to scan,
Is pleasaunt to God, and thankfull to man.
And who that, by grace of the Holy Goste,

---

[218] *Ye*—I, 1st edit.
[219] *Gentle*—Addition in the second edit.
[220] *Lever*—rather, edit. 1569.
[221] *A jetter*—i. e. one who struts or agitates his body in a pompous manner. So, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*:
"How he *jets* under his advanced plumes." S.
[222] *Made*—make, edit. 1569.
[223] *Assyned*—I believe we should read *affin'd*, i. e. joined by affinity to each other. So, in *Othello*,
"If partially *affin'd* or leagued in office." S.
[224] *Better*—beste, 1st edit.
[225] *And likewise I*, &c.—First edition reads,
"And I lykewyse, I make God a vowe."
[226] *Chyefe*—cheefest, edit. 1569.
[227] *Thus*—this, edit. 1569.
[228] *Shew*—shewell, 1st edit.
[229] *One*—on, edit. 1569.
[230] *Like*—other, 1st edit.

To any one vertue is moved moste,
That man, by that grace, that one apply,
And therin serve God moste plentyfully,[231]
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,
So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste.
For who so wresteth, his worke is in vayne;
And, even in that case, I perceive you twayne,
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse,
That eche other's vertue ye doo dyspyse.
Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,
The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another,
Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother.
*Pot.* [232] For fere lest suche parels to me myght fall,
I thanke God I use no vertue at all.
*Ped.* That is, of all, the very worste waye:
For more harde it is, as I have harde saye,
To begynne vertue where none is pretended,
Then where it is begonne th' abuse to be mended.
How be it, ye be[233] nat all to begynne,
One syne of vertue ye are entred in.
As thys, I suppose, ye did saye true,
In that ye sayd ye use no vertue,
In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,
You are well beloved of all thys sorte;
By your ralyynge here openly
At pardons and relyques so leudly.
*Pot.* In that I thinke my faute nat grete,
For all that he hath, I knowe, is counterfete:
*Ped.* For his, and all other that ye knowe fayned,
You be not[234] counceled, nor constrayned,
To any suche thynge in any suche case,
To give any reverence in any suche place.
But, where ye dout, the truthe nat knowynge,
Belevynge the beste, good may be growynge.
In judgynge the beste, no harme at the leste;
In judgynge the worste, no good at the beste.
But beste in these thynges, it semeth to me,
To make[235] no judgement upon ye.
But, as the churche doth judge or take them,
So do ye receyve or forsake them;
And so be you sure ye cannat erre,
But may be a frutfull folower.
*Pot.* Go ye before; and, as I am true man,
I wyll follow as fast as I can.
*Pard.* And so wyll I; for ye hath sayd so well,
Reason wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.
*Palm.* Then, to our reason, God gyve us his grace,
That we may folowe, with fayth, so fermely
Hys commaundements, that we may purchace
Hys love, and so, consequently,
To byleve hys churche faste and faythfully;
So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse.
And all that hath scaped[236] us here by neglygence,
We clerely revoke and forsake it.—
To passe the tyme in thys without offence,
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;
And so we humbly beseche you to take it:
Besechynge our Lorde to prosper you all,
In the fayth of his churche universall.

---

[231] *Plentyfully*—plenteously, edit. 1569.
[232] *For fere lest suche parels to me myght fall*—Perhaps by *parels* is meant *pareilles*, Fr. i. e. things similar or *parels*. Or it may be only a corruption of *perils*. S.
[233] *Be*—are, edit. 1569.
[234] *Not*—nother, 1st edit.
[235] *Make*—take, edit. 1569.
[236] *Scaped*, escapte, edit. 1569.

## EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Playe called the Foure PP. A newe and a very mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary, A Pedler. Made by John Heewood. Imprynted at London, in Fletestrete, at the synge of the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton."

This edition must have been printed at least as early as the year 1547, at which time William Middleton either died, or retired from business. See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 218. 258.

(2.) "The Play called the Foure P. A very mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Poticary, A Pedler. Imprinted at London, at the long Shop adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Churche in the Pultrie, by John Allde, Anno Domini 1569, Septembris 14."

Both these editions are in the collection of Mr Garrick.

# FERREX AND PORREX.

BY

## T. SACKVILLE.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, *Lord Buckhurst, was related to Queen Elizabeth, by her mother Anne Bolcyn. He was born in* 1536, *and educated at Hart-Hall, in the University of Oxford, from whence he went to Cambridge, and afterwards to the Temple. In his younger days he travelled into France and Italy; and, at the early period of his life only, he was, as Mr Spence*[1] *observes, what perhaps all persons of his birth ought to be, a poet. His father, dying in* 1566, *left him a large fortune, the greatest part of which he soon spent by his magnificent manner of living; but in the end became a better economist. He served in parliament both in the reign of Queen Mary and Elizabeth. In* 1567, *he was created Baron Buckhurst; in* 1571, *was sent ambassador to Charles IX., king of France; and in* 1587, *to the States of the United Provinces. In* 1588, *he was made one of the Knights of the Garter; in* 1591, *Chancellor of the University of Oxford; and in* 1598, *Lord High Treasurer of England. He was continued in that office by King James; and, in* 1603, *advanced by him to the dignity of Earl of Dorset: He died suddenly at the council board, in* 1608, *of a fit of the apoplexy.*

*He was the author of*

*The Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates. First published by William Baldwin in 4to,* 1550; *again, with the Second Part, in 4to,* 1563; *re-published, with additions, in* 1575; *and a fourth time further augmented and published, by Richard Nicols, in* 1610. "*The wurke (says the original "publisher) was begun, and parte of it paynted in Queene Marie's tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde "Chancellour that then was; nevertheles, through the meanes of my Lord Stafford, the fyrst parte "was licenced and imprynted the fyrst yeare of the rayne of our most noble and vertuous Queene. "Since whych time, although I have bene called to an other trade of lyfe, yet my good Lord Staf-"forde hath not ceased to call upon me to publish so much as I had gotten at other men's hands, so "that through his Lordshippe's earnest meanes I have now also set furth an other parte, conteyning as "little of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth of other men's.*" *In this second part, Lord Buckhurst's "Induction" first appeared. The cause of writing it was as follows:—"After that he (Lord "Buckhurst) understode that some of the counsayle would not suffer the booke to be printed in "suche order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with himselfe to have gotten at my "handes al the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckingham's, which he would have preserved "in one volume; and from that time backward, even to the time of William the Conquerour, he "determined to continue and perfect all the story himselfe, in such order as Lydgate, (folowing "Bocchas) had already used; and, therefore, to make a meete induction into the matter, he devised "this poesye." We are informed, that this design was laid aside on the author's being called to a more serious expence, in the great state affairs of his most royal Lady and Sovereign. The "Induction," in* 1759, *was reprinted by Mr Capel, in his "Prolusions."*

*Those praises which were bestowed on the poetry of Lord Buckhurst, by his contemporaries, are not to be ascribed to his rank or fortune. The best judges have ratified the sentence passed by the critics of the time, and even gone beyond them in their commendations. Mr Warton, speaking of the "Mirror for Magistrates," says, (Observations on Spenser, Vol. II. p.* 109.) "*There is one*

---

[1] Some account of Lord Buckhurst, and his writings, prefixed to the edition of "Gorboduc" printed in 1736.

*"poem, indeed, among the rest, which exhibits a groupe of imaginary personages, so beautifully "drawn, that, in all probability, they contributed to direct, at least to stimulate, Spenser's imagi- "nation in the construction of the like representations. Thus much may be truly said, that Sack- "ville's 'Induction' approaches nearer to the 'Fairy Queen,' in the richness of allegoric description, "than any previous or succeeding poem."*

2. *The Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham, in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

3. *A Latin Letter to Dr Bartholomew Clerke, prefixed to his Translation of Balthazar Castilio,* De Curiali sive Aulico, *first printed at London about* 1571.

4. *Verses prefixed to Hobby's Translation of Castilio's Courtier, 4to,* 1577, *in commendation of the Work.*

5. *Letters in the Cabala, and one to the Earl of Sussex, in Howard's Collection, p. 297.*

*Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing this play, was, according to Wood,[2] who gives him the title of a forward and busy Calvinist, a native of, or resident at, Sharpenhaule, otherwise Sharpenhoe, in the county of Bedford. He lived some time in the Temple, became a barrister[3] at law, and solicitor for the city of London.[4] He translated some of the psalms in Sternhold and Hopkin's version, and was the author and translator of several polemical and political works, which are enumerated in Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses."[5]*

## ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE.

Gorboduc, king of Brittaine, divided his realme, in his life-time, to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the yonger. The people moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the Growne became uncertaine, they fell to civil warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

## THE P. (PRINTER) TO THE READER.

WHERE this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner-Temple, first written, about nine yeares agoe, by the right honourable Thomas, now Lord Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her Majestie, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published; yet one W. G. getting a copy therof at some yong man's hand that lacked a little money, and much discretion, in the last great plage, an. 1565, about five years past, while the said Lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made privie, put it forth excedingly corrupted, even as if by meanes of a broker for hire he should have entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all so bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight, after long wandering, she came at length home to the sight of her frendes, who scant knew her, but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They, the authors I meane, though they were very much displeased that she ranne abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do; yet seeing the case, as it is, remedilesse, have, for common honestie and shamefastnesse, new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such a forme as she was

---

[2] Athenæ Oxonienses, 77. [3] Ibid.
[4] Marbury's Book of Monarchy, as quoted by Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine.
[5] Pages 77, 155.

before. In which better forme, since she hath come to me, I have harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne; and I do not dout her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement, and others, somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her, because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently enterteined in favor of the house from whence she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by envious persons, she, poore gentlewoman, will surely play Lucrece's part, and of herself die for shame; and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did never put me to more charge, but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white, that I have now geven her to goe abroad among you withall.

# FERREX AND PORREX.[6]

## NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, *king of Great Brittaine.*
VIDENA, *queene and wife to king Gorboduc.*
FERREX, *elder sonne to king Gorboduc.*
PORREX, *yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.*
CLOYTON, *duke of Cornewall.*
FERGUS, *duke of Albanye.*
MANDUD, *duke of Loegris.*
GWENARD, *duke of Cumberland.*
EUBULUS, *secretarie to the king.*
AROSTUS, *a counsellor to the king.*
DORDAN, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne Ferrex.*
PHILANDER, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his youngest sonne Porrex.*
[*Both being of the olde kinges counsell before.*
HERMON, *a parasite remaining with Ferrex.*
TYNDAR, *a parasite remaining with Porrex.*
NUNTIUS, *a messenger of the eldest brother's death.*
NUNTIUS, *a messenger of duke Fergus rising in arms.*
MARCELLA, *a lady of the queenes privie-chamber.*
CHORUS, *foure auncient and sage men of Brittaine.*

The ORDER of the Domme Shew before the First Act, and the SIGNIFICATION therof.

*First, the musicke of violenze began to play, during which came in upon the stage sixe wilde men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all, both severallye and together, assayed with all their strengthes to breake; but it could not be broken*

[6] This play, we are told by the printer of the second edition, was first acted at the Inner-Temple, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth. Its first appearance was at a grand Christmas, celebrated with unusual magnificence, as may be seen by the description of it in Dugdale's "*Origines Juridiciales*," p. 150. It is here printed from the second edition; the third, of 1590, from which it was published, in 1736, by Mr Spence and by Mr Dodsley, appearing to be only a republication of the first imperfect copy complained of by the authors, as published in their absence, without their knowledge or consent. The testimony of Sir Philip Sidney, concerning this play, is as follows:—"Gorboduc is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the heighth of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality; which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry." And Mr Pope was of opinion, "that the writers of the succeeding age might have improved as much in other respects, by copying from him a propriety in the sentiments, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and in an easy flow in the numbers. In a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected."

*by them. At the length, one of them plucked out one of the sticks, and brake it; and the rest plucking out all the other stickes, one after another, did easely breake the same, being severed; which, being conjoyned, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state, knit in unitie, doth continue strong against all force; but being divided, is easily destroyed, as befel upon King Gorboduc dividing his lande to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and upon the discention of the brethren, to whom it was divided.*

## ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

VIDENA, FERREX.

*Vid.* THE silent night, that bringes the quiet pawse,
From peinefull travailes of the wearie day,
Prolonges my careful thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe Aurora, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renewes my griefull plaint.
*Fer.* My gracious lady, and my mother deare,
Pardon my griefe for your so grieved minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.
*Vid.* So great a wrong, and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kinde—
*Fer.* Such causelesse wrong, and so unjust despite,
May have redresse, or, at the least, revenge.
*Vid.* Neither, my sonne: such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mischappe and thine.
*Fer.* Mine! know I none, but grief for your distresse.
*Vid.* Yes; mine for thine, my sonne. A father? no:
In kinde a father, not in kindliness.[7]
*Fer.* My father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace.
*Vid.* Therefore, the more unkinde to thee and mee.
For knowing well, my sonne, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and beare to thee,
He greved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight, my chiefest joye,
But thee of thy birth-right and heritage,
Causelesse, unkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right he will bereave;
Halfe of his kingdome he will geve away.
*Fer.* To whom?
*Vid.* Even to Porrex, his yonger sonne,
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That being raised to equall rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his envious hart to swell,
Filled with disdaine and with ambicious hope,
The end the goddes do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vaine of cattel slaine,
To send the sacred smoke to heaven's throne,
For thee, my sonne, if thinges do so succede,
As now my jelous minde misdemeth sore.
*Fer.* Madam, leave care and carefull plaint for me:

---

[7] *In kinde a father, not in kindliness*—*kind* is *nature*. Hamlet has almost the same sentiment:

"A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind*."

In several other places of this play, the same word, in the like sense, occurs. Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, act i. scene 3.:

"But if you would consider the true cause,
Why birds and beasts from quality and *kind*,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and presumed faculties,
To monstrous quality."———

*Titus Andronicus*, act ii. scene 1.:

"The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by *kind* for rape and villainy."

*Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. scene 2.:—"You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his *kind*."

For these instances, I am indebted to a writer in the *Saint James's Chronicle*, November 5, 1774. See also Mr Steevens's note on *Hamlet*, act ii. scene 2.

Just hath my father bene to every wight,
His first unjustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that geve no cause therof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himselfe, not me.
*Vid.* So graunt the goddes: but yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved minde,
That plaintes and prayers can no whit availe,
(For those have I assaid,) but even this day
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his counsell to his fonde devise.
*Fer.* Their ancestors, from race to race, have borne
True fayth to my forefathers; and their seede,
I trust, they eke will beare the like to me.
*Vid.* There resteth all; but if they faile thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill successe,
On them and theirs the mischiefe shall befall.
And so I pray the goddes requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be
When lordes and trusted rulers under kinges,
To please the present fancie of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance:
Murders, mischief, or civill sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returnes again
By Jove's just judgement and deserved wrath,
Bringes them to cruell, and reprochfull death,
And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.
*Fer.* Mother, content you, you shall see the end.
*Vid.* The end? Thy end I feare: Jove end me first!

## SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, PHILANDER, EUBULUS.

*Gorb.* My lords, whose grave advise and faithfull aide
Have long upheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
Guidyng so great estate with great renowme:
Nowe more importeth me than erst[8] to use
Your fayth and wisdome whereby yet I reigne;
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdome yet may with unbroken course
Have certayne prince, by whose undoubted right
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay:
And eke that they whome nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in princely seate,
While in their father's tyme their pliant youth
Yeldes to the frame of skilfull governaunce,
Maye so be taught, and trayned in noble artes,
As what their fathers, which have reigned before,
Have with great fame derived downe to them,
With honour they may leave unto their seede:
And not be thought for their unworthy life,
And for their lawlesse swarvynge out of kinde,
Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gave;
But that they may preserve the common peace,
(The cause that first began and still maintaines,
The lyneall course of kinges inheritance,)
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
Whereof both I and you have charge and care.
Thus do I meane to use your wonted fayth
To me and myne, and to your native lande.
My lordes, be playne without all wrie respect,
Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedyng thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.
*Arost.* Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
Of suche our faithfulnesse, as heretofore
We have employed in dueties to your grace,
And to this realme, whose worthy head you are,
Well proves that neyther you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe
Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our native lande.
Wherefore, O kyng, I speake as one for all,
Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith:
Doubt not to use our counseils and our aides,
Whose honours, goods, and lyves, are whole avowed,
To serve, to ayde, and to defende your grace.
*Gorb.* My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.
Ye know, the gods, who have the soveraigne care,
For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
Gave me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they lyve and spende their hopefull daies
With me and with their mother here in courte:
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an other chaunge;
Theirs to more travaile, myne to greater ease:
When fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twaine,
The realme divided in two sondry partes:
The one, Ferrex myne elder sonne shall have;
The other, shall the yonger Porrex rule.
That both my purpose may more firmely stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in summe, what I would have ye wey:
First, whether ye allowe[9] my whole devise,

---

[8] *Erst*—formerly, heretofore.
[9] *Allowe*—*i. e.* approve. So, in *King Lear*, act ii. scene 4.:

——"If your sweet sway
*Allow* obedience."

See Mr Steevens's note thereon.

And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our countrey, mother of us all:
And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
Then for their guydinge and their governaunce,
Shew forth such means of circumstance,
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept:
Loe, this is all; now tell me your advise.
*Arost.* And this is much, and asketh great advise:
But for my part, my soveraigne lord and kyng,
This do I thinke:—Your majestie doth know,
How under you, in justice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour longe we have enjoyed,
So as we cannot seeme with gredie mindes
To wishe for change of prince or governaunce;
But if we lyke your purpose and devise,
Our lyking must be deemed to proceede
Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care,
Not for ourselves, but for our common state:
Sithe our owne state doth neede no better change.
I thinke in all, as erst your grace hath saide:
Firste, when you shall unlode your aged mynde
Of hevye care and troubles manifolde,
And laye the same upon my lordes your sonnes,
Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
And long I pray the goddes to graunt it so:
And in your life while you shall so beholde
Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth[10] to us all,
Great be the profites that shall growe thereof;
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.
For cares of kynges, that rule as you have ruled,
For publique wealth, and not for private joye,
Do waste mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face, and with enfeebled lymmes,
To draw on creepyng death a swifter pace.
They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
With greater ease than one, now olde, alone
Can welde the whole, for whom much harder is
With lessened strength the doubled weight to beare.
Your eye, your counsell, and the grave regarde
Of father, yea of such a father's name,
Now at beginning of their sondred reigne,
When is the hazarde of their whole successe,
Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
And so restreine the rage of insolence,
Which most assailes the yong and noble mindes,
And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
Their yet greene bending wittes with reverent awe,
As now inured with vertues at the first,
Custome, O kyng, shall bring delightfulnesse,
By use of vertue, vice shall grow in hate:
But if you so dispose it, that the daye
Which ends your life shall first begin their reigne,
Great is the perill, what will be the ende,
When such beginning of such liberties,
Voide of such stayes as in your life do lye,
Shall leave them free to randon[11] of their will
An open praie to traiterous flatterie,
The greatest pestilence of noble youthe:
Whiche perill shall be past, if in your life
Their tempred youthe with aged father's awe
Be brought in ure[12] of skilfull stayednesse,
And in your life their lives disposed so
Shall length your noble life in joyfulnesse.
Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weale
Hath bred this thought, so to divide your lande,
And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule
While you yet lyve to see their rulinge well,
That you may longer lyve by joye therein.
What furder meanes behovefull are and meete,
At greater leisure may your grace devise,
When all have said, and when we be agreed
If this be best, to part the realme in twaine,
And place your sonnes in present governement:
Whereof as I have plainely said my mynde,
So woulde I here the rest of all my lordes.
*Phil.* In part I thinke as hath ben saide before:
In parte agayne my minde is otherwise.
As for dividing of this realme in twaine,
And lotting out the same in egall partes
To either of my lordes your grace's sonnes,
That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
For profite and advauncement of your sonnes,
And for your comfort and your honour eke:

---

[10] *Behighteth*—*i. e.* promiseth. So Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. 11. s. 6.:

"And for his paines a whistle him *behight*,
That of a fishe's shell was wrought with rare delight."

[11] *Randon*—to go without any restraint. *Randonner*, Fr.

[12] *In ure*—*ure* is an old word, signifying *habit, practice.* It is used by Spenser and others. So, in *Edward Third*, act i. scene 1.:

——"Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And *ure* thy shoulders to an armour's weight."

Ascham's *Toxophilus*, p. 87, Bennet's edition:

"What thing a man in tender age hath most in *ure*,
That same to death always to kepe he shall be sure."

But so to place them while your life do last,
To yelde to them your royall governaunce,
To be above them onely in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor us.
This kingdome since the bloudie civill fielde,
[13] Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part
Unto his cosin's sworde in Camberland,
Conteineth all that whilome did suffice
Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute;
So your two sonnes it may suffice also,
The moe[14] the stronger, if they gree in one:
The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
The nearer justice to the wronged poore,
The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
And when the region is divided so
That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both
In sondrie bodies by conjoyned love,
That not as two, but one of doubled force,
Eche is to other as a sure defence:
The noblenesse and glory of the one
Doth sharpe the courage of the other's mynde
With vertuous envie to contende for praise.
And such an egalnesse[15] hath nature made
Betweene the brethren of one father's seede,
As an unkindly wrong it seemes to be,
To throwe the brother subject under feete
Of him, whose peere he is by course of kinde;
And nature, that did make this egalnesse,
Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
That ofte she rayseth up a grudging griefe
In yonger brethren at the elder's state:
Whereby, both townes and kingdomes have been rased,
And famous stockes of royall blood destroied;
The brother that shoulde be the brother's aide,
And have a wakefull care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres,
That draw not forth his ende with faster course;
And, oft impacient of so longe delayes,
With hatefull slaughter he prevents the fates,
And heapes a just rewarde for brother's bloode,
With endlesse vengeaunce on his stocke for aye.
Such mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
If egall state may nourishe egall love,
Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.
But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them both,
Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
And oft it hath ben seene, where nature's course
Hath ben perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
And children cease to know they should obey,
That often over kindly tendernesse
Is mother of unkindly stubbornesse.
I speake not this in envie or reproche,
As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
Whose honour I besech the goddes encrease:
Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted children of so good a kyng;
Onelie I mean to shewe by certaine rules,
Which kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
That nature hath her ordre and her course,
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
Of myndes and thinges, even in the best of all.
My lordes, your sonnes may learne to rule of you,
Your owne example in your noble courte
Is fittest guyder of their youthful yeares.
If you desire to see some present joye
By sight of their well-rulynge in your lyfe,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
Longe may they rule I do beseche the goddes,
But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule;
If kinde and fates would suffre, I would wishe
Them aged princes and immortal kynges:
Wherfore, most noble kynge, I well assent,
Betwene your sonnes that you divide your realme,
And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
But while the goddes prolong your royall life,
Prolong your reigne, for therto lyve you here,
And therfore have the goddes so long forborne
To joyne you to themselves, that still you might
Be prince and father of our common weale:
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them roume, and will remove you hence,
That yours in right ensuynge of your life
May rightly honour your immortall name.

*Eubul.* Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes

---

[13] *Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part*
*Unto his cosin's sworde in Camberland.*—See Geoffry of Monmouth, b. ii. c. 15. He is there called Margan, and is said to have been killed by his brother Cunedagius, in a contest similar to the present between Ferrex and Porrex.

[14] *Moe—i. e.* more. The ancient way of spelling and pronouncing this word.

[15] *Egalnesse—i. e.* equality. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. D:—"And friendship is never properly knitte, but betweene men of *egall* estate and condition."
Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry IV. p. 24.:—"Affirming farther, that no kyng anointed of very dutie was either bound or obliged to answere any challenge, but to his pere of *egall* estate and equivolent dignitie."

Makes me, O kynge, the bolder to presume
To speake what I conceive within my brest,
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here my lordes have said,
Nor which yourselfe have seemed best to lyke.
Pardon I crave, and that my wordes be demed
To flowe from hartie zeale unto your grace,
And to the safetie of your common weale.
To parte your realme unto my lordes your sonnes
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worste of all for this our native lande:
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Divided reignes do make divided hartes,
But peace preserves the countrey and the prince.
Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and justice, and all kindly love,
Do yelde unto desire of soveraigntie,
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres,
The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lande,[16]
Possessed the same, and ruled it well in one;
He thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine:
But how much British bloud hath since bene spilt,
To joyne again the sondred unitie!
What princes slaine before their timely houre!
What waste of townes and people in the lande!
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles!
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
The gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe!
And you, O kynge, geve not the cause thereof.
My lord Ferrex, your elder sonne, perhappes,
Whome kinde and custome geves a rightfull hope
To be your heire, and to succede your reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffer greater wronge
Then he perchaunce will beare, if power serve:
Porrex, the younger, so upraised in state,
Perhappes in courage will be raysed also;
If flatterie then, which fayles not to assaile
The tendre mindes of yet unskilfull youth,
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,
And envie in the other's harte enflame;
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.
I wish not this, O kynge, so to befall,
But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
Geve no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
Kepe them in order and obedience,
And let them both, by now obeying you,
Learne such behaviour as beseemes their state;
The elder myldenesse in his governaunce,
The yonger, a yelding contentednesse:
And kepe them neare unto your presence still,
That they, restreyned by the awe of you,
May live in compasse of well tempred stave,
And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
Your aged life drawes on to feble tyme,
Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
The travailes that in youth you have susteyned,
Both in your person's and your realme's defence.
If planting now your sonnes in furder partes,
You sende them furder from your present reach,
Lesse shall you know how they themselves demeane:
Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth
Shall have unspied a much more free accesse:
And if ambition, and inflamed disdaine,
Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
To civill warre, or to usurping pride,
Late shall you rue that you ne recked[17] before.
Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
But not to live still dreadlesse of the worst.
So truste the one, that the other be forsene,
Arme not unskilfulnesse with princely power.
But you, that long have wisely ruled the reynes
Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the gods for our avayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.
To soone he clambe into the flaming carre,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire:
Time and example of your noble grace,
Shall teache your sonnes both to obey and rule:
When time hath taught them, time shall make them place,
The place that now is full; and so I pray
Long it remaine, to comforte of us all.

*Gorb.* I take your faithfull harts in thankful part;
But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde,
To feare the nature of my loving sonnes,
Or to misdeme that envie or disdaine
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth love
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth egally to both,
My lande suffiseth for them both also:
Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes
The sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
The northerne shall Porrex, the yonger, rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the travaile and the painefull cares
That hasten age upon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth
And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To climyng pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge
Lewdely to live in wanton recklessnesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,

---

[16] *The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lande.*—See Geoffry of Monmouth, book i.
[17] *Recked*—supposed, feared.

Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or favour false deceite,
I meane to joyne to either of my sonnes,
Some one of those, whose long approved faith
And wisdome tryed may well assure my harte,
That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into their seused eares with grave advise.
This is the ende, and so I pray you all
To beare my sonnes the love and loyaltie
That I have founde within your faithfull brestes.
*Arost.* You, nor your sonnes, our soveraign lord, shall want
Our faith and service, while our lives do last.

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth holde the royall throne,
In stedfast place by knowen and doubtles right;
And chiefely when discent on one alone
Makes single and unparted reigne to light;
Ech chaunge of course unjoints the whole estate,
And yeldes it thrall to ruine by debate.
The strength that knit by faste accorde in one,
Against all forrein power of mightie foes,
Could of itselfe defend itselfe alone,
Disjoyned once, the former force doth lose.
The stikes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine.
Oft tender minde, that leades the parciall eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroyes the wrongly loved childe therby:
This doth the proud sonne of Apollo prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heaven's fire.
And this great king, that doth divide his lande,
And chaunge the course of his discending crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his children's hande,
From blisful state of joy and great renowne,
A myrrour shall become to princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of such a fall.

## The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shew before the Second Act.

*First, the musicke of cornettes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a king, accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offred up a cuppe unto him of wyne in a glasse, which the king refused. After him commes a brave and lustie yong gentleman, and presentes the king with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell downe dead upon the stage, and so was carryed thence away by his lordes and gentlemen, and then the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clere, and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any arte; so, a faythfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeldeth to anie undiscrete affection, but geveth holesome counsell, which the yll advised prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with poyson, betokeneth flattery, which, under faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes, beareth deadly poyson, which destroyed the prince that receyveth it, as befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the holesome advise of grave counsellours, credited these yong parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

FERREX, HERMON, DORDAN.

*Fer.* I MERVAILE much what reason ledde the king,
My father, thus without all my desert
To reve me half the kingdome, which by course
Of lawe and nature should remayne to me.
*Her.* If you, with stubborne and untamed pryde,
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had envied
So slow a slidyng of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatall death upon his royal head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn;
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.
*Fer.* The wrathful gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and never-dying woes:
The hellish prince adjudge my dampned ghost
To Tantales thirste, or proud Ixion's wheele;
Or cruell gripe[18] to gnaw my growing harte
To during tormentes, and unquenched flames;
If ever I conceyved so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.
*Dor.* Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever thinke so fowle a thing of you;
For he with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,
(Who long might lyve to see your ruling well,)
To you, my lorde, and to his other sonne,
Lo, he resigns his realme and royaltie,
Which never would so wise a prince have done,

[18] *Gripe*—a *gripe* is a griffin, perhaps used here for a vulture. See Cotgrave. S.

If he had once misdemed that in your harte
There ever lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre love, my lord, and setled truste
Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
And now to geve you half his realme to guide,
Yea and that halfe, which in abounding store
Of things that serve to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in fruitful soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
In things of nedefull use, which frendly sea
Transports by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne:
Such is your case, such is your father's love.

*Fer.* Ah! love, my friends: love wrongs not whom he loves.

*Dor.* Ne yet he wrongeth you that geveth you
So large a reigne ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

*Fer.* Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
My native right of halfe so great a realme,
And thus to match his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
Woulde never yelde one pointe of reverence,
When I the elder and apparaunt heire
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole:
Yea, and that sonne which from his childish age
Envieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindfull malice, or his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

*Her.* Was this not wrong, yea yll advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great missehappe,
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

*Dor.* Alas, my lord, what griefull thing is this
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I never saw him utter likelie signe
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you, ne such unyelding pride:
Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That raysing such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such unkindly hate,
Travaile by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthie to welde a large and mighte realme,
So much a stronger frende have you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

*Her.* If nature and the goddes had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
Of princelie qualities from you, my lorde,
And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone;
Perhappes there be that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yeld to worthinese:
But sithe in eche good gift and princelie arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildnesse and in sobre governaunce,
Ye farre surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse,
To weld the whole and match your elders prayse;
I see no cause why ye should loosse the halfe,
Ne would I wishe you yelde to such a losse,
Lest your milde sufferaunce of so great a wronge
Be deemed cowardise and simple dreade:
Which shall geve courage to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to invade the whole.
While yet therfore stickes in the peoples minde
The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,
And ere your brother have by settled power,
By guilefull cloke of an alluring showe,
Got him some force and favour in the realme;
And while the noble queene your mother lyves,
To worke and practise all for your availe,
Attempt redresse by arms, and wreake yourself [19]
Upon his life that gayneth by your losse,
Who nowe to shame of you, and griefe of us,
In your owne kingdome triumphes over you.
Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
That they which have avowed to spend theyr goods,
Their landes, their lives, and honours, in your cause,
May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte
When they do see that cowarde feare in you
Shall not betray, ne faile their faithfull hartes.
If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
And pay the price of his usurped reigne,
Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
The lords your frends eke shall appease his rage;
For they be wise, and well they can forsee,
That ere longe time your aged father's death
Will bryng a time when you shall well requite
Their friendlie favour, or their hateful spite,
Yea, or their slacknesse to avaunce your cause.
"Wise men do not so hang on passing state
Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
But they will further cast their reaching eye
To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come."
Ne is it likely though the king be wrothe,
That he yet will, or that the realme will beare
Extreme revenge upon his onely sonne;
Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placed in your owne,
Amyd your frendes, your vassalles, and your strength,
We shall defende and kepe your person safe,
Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age or sorrow ende his werie dayes.
But if the feare of goddes, and secret grudge
Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt;

[19] *Wreake yourself—i. e.* revenge yourself.

Know ye that *lust of* kingdomes hath no law,
The goddes do beare and well allow in kinges
The thinges that they abhorre in rascall routes.
" When kinges on slender quarrels runne to warres,
And then in cruell and unkindely wise
Commaund theftes, rapes, murder of innocents,
The spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realms,
Thinke you such princes do suppose themselves
Subject to lawes of kinde and feare of gods?"
Murders and violent theftes in private men
Are hainous crimes, and full of foule reproach;
Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
Of noble conquestes in the handes of kinges.
But if you like not yet so hote devise,
Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,
But, though with perill of your owne estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade,
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safetie stand upon your garde.
*Dor.* O heaven, was there ever heard or knowne,
So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
This hainous tale, what mischiefe it contanes,
Your father's death, your brother's, and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame:
Heare me, O king, and suffer not to sinke
So high a treason in your princely brest.
*Fer.* The mighty goddes forbid that ever I
Should once conceave such mischiefe in my hart!
Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde,
Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my father's life,
That gave me life? The gods forbid I say:
Cease you to speake so any more to me,
Ne you my friend with answere once repeate
So foule a tale. In silence let it dye:
What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
That under me they safely shall enjoye
Their goods, their honours, landes, and liberties,
With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
Ne father dearer, could enjoye their lives?
But sith, I feare my yonger brother's rage,
And sith perhappes some other man may geve
Some like advise, to move his grudging head
At mine estate; which counsell may perchaunce
Take greater force with him, then this with me,
I will in secrete so prepare myselfe,
As if his malice or his lust to reigne,
Breake forth in arms, or sodeine violence,
I may withstand his rage, and keepe mine owne.
*Dor.* I feare the fatal time now draweth on,
When civill hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute, and of his royall seede:
Great Jove defend the mischiefes now at hand!
O that the secretaries wise advise
Had erst bene heard, when he besought the king
Not to divide his land, nor send his sonnes
To further partes from presence of his court,
Ne yet to yeld to them his governaunce.
Lo such are they now in the royall throne
As was rashe Phæton in Phœbus carre;
Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame
*With wilder randon through the kindled skies,*
Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
The youthfull heades of these unskilfull kinges.
But I hereof their father will enforme,
The reverence of him perhappes shall stay
The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene;
If this helpe not, then woe unto themselves,
The prince, the people, the divided land.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

PORREX, TYNDAR, PHILANDER.

*Por.* AND is it thus? and doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged father lives?
Neither regardes he him, nor feares he me?
Warre would he have? and he shall have it so.
*Tyn.* I saw myselfe the great prepared store
Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there,
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
Without the ground of seen and searched trouth,
Loe secrete quarrells runne about his court,
To bring the name of you, my lorde, in hate:
Ech man almost can now debate the cause,
And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he so noble, and so wise a prince,
Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage.
And why the king, misseledde by craftie meanes,
Divided thus his land from course of right?
The wiser sorte holde downe their griefull hedes,
Eche man withdraws from talke and company
Of those that have bene knowne to favour you
To hide the mischiefe of their meaning there.
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascall numbers of unskilfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secrete I was counselled by my frendes
To hast me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truely tell,
And would not write unlesse they knew it well.
*Phi.* My lord, yet ere you move unkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause:
Perhappes some traiterous tales have filled his eares
With false reportes against your noble grace,
Which once disclosed shall end the growing strife,
That els not stayed with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your lives:
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.
*Por.* Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all,
Ne will to him, ne to my father send;
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?
In mischiefes such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not observed, which in just warre they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him
That hath disclosed his treason unto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not:
Or shall I to the king, my father, send;
Yea, and send now while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother, and that hateth me?

Shall I geve leasure by my fonde delayes
To Ferrex to oppresse me all unware?
I will not, but I will invade his realme,
And seeke the traitour prince within his court,
Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treate, and send and pray,
And holde my yelden throate to traitour's knife;
While I with valiant minde and conquering force
Might rid myselfe of foes, and winne a realme?
Yet rather when I have the wretches head,
Then to the king, my father, will I send,
The bootelesse case may yet appease his wrath;
If not, I will defend me as I may.

*Phi.* Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
The father's death, the ruine of their realmes.
"O most unhappy state of counsellors,
That light on so unhappy lordes and times,
That neither can their good advise be heard,
Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe!"
But I will to the king, their father, haste,
Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,
That if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull gods,
Since inightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
With these poore remnantes of the Trojan name
Have not determined, by unmoved fate,
Out of this realme to rase the Brittishe line,
By good advise, by awe of father's name,
By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
May yet be quenched ere it consume us all.

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to randon of their owne delight,
And welds whole realmes by force of soveraign sway,
Great is the daunger of unmaistred might,
Lest skillesse rage throwes downe with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves, and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
Oh hardlie maye the perill be represt,
Ne feare of angrie goddes, ne lawes kinde,
Ne countries care can fired hartes restrayne
Whan force hath armed envie and disdaine.

When kinges of foresette[20] will neglect the rede[21]
Of best advise, and yelde to pleasing tales,
That do their fansies noysome humour feede,
Ne reason, nor regarde of right, availes;
Succeding heapes of plagues shall teach to late
To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.

Fowle fall the traitour false, that undermines
The love of brethren to destroye them both.
Woe to the prince, that pliant care enclynes
And yeldes his minde to poysonous tale that floweth
From flattering mouth; and woe to wretched land,
That wastes itselfe with civill sworde in hande.
Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,
And holsome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shewe before the Thirde Act.

*First, the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorowe to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernement and discention of brethrene, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his yonger brother. After the mourners had passed thryse about the stage, they departed, and then the musicke ceased.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

GORBODUC, EUBULUS, AROSTUS, PHILANDER, NUNTIUS.

*Gor.* OCRUELL fates, O mindful wrath of goddes,
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with bloud of Trojan princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
Of Asian kinges and lordes, can yet apease,
Ne slaughter of unhappie Pryam's race,
Nor Ilion's fall made levell with the soile,
Can yet suffise; but still continued rage
Pursues our lyves, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroied Troye.
Oh no man happie till his ende be seene!
If any flowing wealth and seemyng joye
In present yeres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba, the wofullest wretch
That ever lyved to make a myrrour of;
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,
And happie I till nowe. Alas, I see
And feele my most unhappie wretchednesse:
Beholde, my lordes, read ye this letter here,
Loe it conteins the ruine of our realme,
If timelie speede provide not hastie helpe.
Yet, O ye goddes, if ever wofull kyng
Might move ye, kings of kinges, wreke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this giltlesse realme.
Send dó vne your wasting flames from wrathfull skies,
To reve me and my sonnes the hateful breath.

[20] *Foresette—i. e.* foresight.

[21] *Rede—i. e.* advice.

Read, read, my lordes; this is the matter why
I called ye nowe, to have your good advyse.

*The Letter from* DORDAN, *the counsellour of the elder Prince.*

EUBULUS *readeth the Letter.*

"My soveraigne lord, what I am loth to write,
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By letters nowe to make you understande,
My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, misledde
By traitorous fraude of yong untempred wittes,
Assembleth force agaynst your yonger sonne,
Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate
And furious panges of his enflamed head;
Disdaine, saith he, of his disheritance,
Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong
With civyll sword upon his brother's life;
If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
This flame will wast your sonnes, your land, and you.
*Your Majesty's faithfull and most humble subject,* DORDAN.

*Aros.* O king, appease your griefe, and stay your plaint;
Great is the matter, and a woful case;
But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.
Send for them both unto your presence here;
The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace;
And if in either of my lordes, your sonnes,
Be suche untamed and unyelding pride
As will not bende unto your noble hestes;[22]
If Ferrex, the elder sonne, can bear no peere,
Or Porrex not content, aspires to more
Than you him gave above his native right;
Joyne with the juster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

*Eub.* What meaneth this? loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my lord, your yonger sonne.

*Gorb.* The goddes sende joyful newes!

*Phi.* The mightie Jove
Preserve your majestie, O noble king.

*Gorb.* Philander, welcome; but how doth my sonne?

*Phi.* Your sonne, sir, lyves, and healthie I him left:
But yet, O king, this want of lustfull health
Could not be halfe so griefefull to your grace,
As these most wretched tidynges that I bryng.

*Gorb.* O heavens, yet more? no ende of woes to me?

*Phi.* Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex, to my lord, your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared store
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he
Lyves now a king, and egall in degree
With him that claimeth to succede the whole,
As by due title of discending right:
Porrex is nowe so set on flaming fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in hast prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne;
Ne could I him perswade that first he should
Send to his brother to demaunde the cause;
Nor yet to you to staie this hateful strife.
Wherefore sith there no more I can be hearde,
I come myselfe now to enforme your grace,
And to beseeche you, as you love the life
And safetie of your children and your realme,
Now to employ your wisdome and your force
To staye this mischiefe ere it be to late.

*Gorb.* Are they in armes? would he not sende to me?
Is this the honour of a father's name?
In vain we travaile to asswage their mindes,
As if their hartes, whome neither brother's love,
Nor father's awe, nor kingdomes care, can move,
Our counsells could withdrawe from raging heat.
Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line!
For though perhappes feare of such mightie force
As I, my lordes, joyned with your noble aides,
Maye yet raise, shall represse their present heate,
The secret grudge and malice will remayne,
The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint
Feilde still within, breakes forth with double flame;
Their death and myne must peaze[23] the angrie gods.

*Phi.* Yelde not, O king, so much to weake dispeire;
Your sonnes yet lyve, and long I trust they shall:
If fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this civyll strife;
Perhappes your sonnes, in their unmaistered youth,
Loose from regarde of any lyving wight,
Would ruane on headlong, with unbridled race,
To their owne death and ruine of this realme;
But sith the gods, that have the care for kinges,
Of thinges and times dispose the order so,
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
While yet your lyfe, your wisdome, and your power,
May stay the growing mischiefe, and represse
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate;
It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,
That lovying Jove hath tempred so the time
Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
That you yet lyving may the same appeaze,
And adde it to the glory of your age,[24]
And they, your sonnes, may learne to live in peace.
Beware, O king, the greatest harme of all,
Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death

---

[22] *Hestes*—commands.

[23] *Peaze*—*i. e.* appease. S.

[24] *Your age*—the second and third editions read, *your latter age*. The alteration by Mr Spence.

Do yelde large roume unto their growing rage;
Preserve your life, the onely hope of stay;
And if your highnes herein list to use
Wisdome or force, counsell or knightly aide,
Loe we, our persons, powers, and lyves, are yours;
Use us tyll death, O king, we are your owne.
*Eub.* Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,
When you, O king, did first devide your lande,
And yelde your present reigne unto your sonnes.
But now, O noble prince, now is no time
To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life,
Now is the time for present good advise,
Sorrow doth darke the judgement of the wytte;
"The hart unbroken, and the courage free
From feble faintenesse of bootelesse despeire,
Doth either ryse to safetie or renowne,
By noble valure of unvanquisht minde,
Or yet doth perishe in more happy sort."
Your grace may send to either of your sonnes,
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsell and with weightie name
Of father shall present before their eyes
Your hest, your life, your safetie, and their owne;
The present mischiefe of their deadly strife,
And in the while assemble you the force
Which your commaundment and the spedy hast
Of all my lordes here present can prepare:
The terrour of your mightie power shall staye
The rage of both, or yet of one at lest.
*Nan.* O king, the greatest griefe that ever prince dyd heare,
That ever wofull messenger dyd tell,
That ever wretched land hath sene before,
I bryng to you. Porrex, your yonger sonne,
With soden force invaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule;
And with his owne most bloudy hand he hath
His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme.
*Gorb.* O heavens send down the flames of your revenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakefull fier
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched sire.
But let us go, that yet perhappes I may
Die with revenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
No kindely love, no feare of heaven's wrath,
But with contempt of goddes, and man's despite,
Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies,
To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.
The sonne so loathes the father's lingering daies,
Ne dreades his hand in brother's blode to staine.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet recorde
The yet fresh murthers done within the lande
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
[24] * Bereft Morgan his life with cosyn's hand?
Thus fatall plagues pursue the giltie race,
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with giltlesse blood,
Askes vengeance still before the heavens face,
With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode.
The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull sire
The mournefull plaintes to wast his very life:
Thus do the cruell flames of civyll fier
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow,
The dead black streames of mourning, plaints, and woe.

## The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shewe before the Fourth Act.

*First the musicke of howeboies began to playe, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megera, and Ctisiphone, clad in blacke garmentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spred with serpentes in stead of heire, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand; ech driving before them a king and a queene, which moved by furies unnaturally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings and queenes were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed, and than the musicke ceased: hereby was signified the unnaturall murders to follow, that is to say, Porrex slaine by his own mother; and of king Gorboduc, and queen Videna, killed by their owne subjects.*

## ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

VIDENA *sola.*

*Vid.* WHY should I lyve and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distresse?
O me most wofull wight! whome no mishappe
Long ere this day could have bereved hence.
Mought not these handes, by fortune or by fate,
Have perst this brest, and life with iron reft;
Or in this palace here where I so long
Have spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once have hapt, in which these hugie frames

[24] * *Bereft Morgan his life*, &c.—See p. 29.

With death by fall might have oppressed me;
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I have prest my wretched steps,
Some time had ruthe of myne accursed life,
To rende in twayne, and swallow me therein.
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie grave within the closed grounde,
And greadie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feeling payne: so should not now
This lyving brest remayne the ruthfull tombe
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graved;
Nor driery thoughts with panges of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved sonne, O my swete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight!
Is my beloved sonne, is my sweete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight,
Murdred with cruell death? O hatefull wretch,
O heynous traitour both to heaven and earth,
Thou, Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought,
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye [25] the same.
Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thyself.
The Gods on thee in hell shall wreke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitife wight.
If after bloud so eigre were thy thirst,
And murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like
Thy cruel tyrantes thought but death and bloud,
Wilde savage beasts mought not their slaughter serve,
To fede thy greedie will, and in the middest
Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes
With bloud deserved, and drinke thereof thy fill:
Or if nought els but death and bloud of man
Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittaine land,
Whose hart betorne out of his panting brest
With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou wouldst,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze
That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
Where thou in dismall bower receivedst life?
Or if nedes, nedes they hand must slaughter make,
Moughtest thou not have reached a mortall wound,
And with thy sword have pearsed this cursed wombe
That the, accursed Porrex, brought to light,
And geven me a just reward, therefore?
So, Ferrex, yet sweet life mought have enjoyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
With some yong sonne in whom they both might live.
But whereunto waste I thus ruthfull speche
To thee that hast thy brother's bloud thus shed?
Shall I still thinke that from this wombe thou sprong?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
No, traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine:
Murderer, I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this wombe conceived thee,
[26] Nor never bode I painfull throwes for thee:
Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
Nor to no wight that spark of pitie knew,
Ruthelesse unkinde, monster of nature's worke,
[27] Thou never suckt the milke of woman's brest,
But from thy birth the cruell tigers teates
Have nursed thee, nor yet of fleshe and bloud
Formed is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life.
But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge;
Or that these hands will not be wrooke [28] on thee?
Doest thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,
That loved him more dearly than herselfe?
And doth she live, and is not venged on thee?

## SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, EUBULUS, PORREX, MARCELLA.

*Gorb.* We marvell much whereto this lingring stay
Falles out so long: Porrex unto our court,
By order of our letters, is returned;
And Eubulus receaved from us byhest,
At his arrivall heere, to geve him charge
Before our presence straight to make repaire,
And yet we have no worde whereof he stayes.
*Aros.* Lo where he commes, and Eubulus with him.
*Eub.* According to your highnesse hest to me
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his weried horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such hast therein.
*Gorb.* We like and praise this spedy will in you,
To worke the thinge that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so farre should swarve from kinde,
And from those boundes which lawes of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede
In cruell murder of thy brother's life,

---

[25] *Bye*—aby, abide.
[26] *Nor never bode I*, &c.—*bode*, from the verb *to bide*. S.
[27] *Thou never suckt the milk of woman's brest*, &c.—

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres. VIRGIL.

[28] *Wrooke*—*revenged*, from the verb *to wreake*. S.

Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in bloud of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the lawe of kinde,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murdred him, whose henious death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By bloud againe; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert:
Yet sithens thou art our chiide, and sith as yet,
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
For thy defence by us hath not bene heard,
We are content to staye our will for that
Which justice biddes us presently to worke;
And geve thee leave to use thy speche at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

*Por.* Neither, O king, I can or will denie,
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft;
Which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inward griefe would poure it forth to me;
So yet perhappes if ever ruthefull hart
Melting in teares within a manly brest,
Through depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If ever griefe, if ever wofull man
Might move regreite with sorrowe of his faulte,
I thinke the torment of my mournefull case
Knowen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
Would force even wrath herselfe to pitie me.
But as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see;
Even so your irefull minde with stirred thought,
Cannot so perfectly discerne my cause:
But this unhappe, amongst so many happes
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to myselfe I must reserve my woe
In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact;
Since I may not shewe my smallest griefe,
Such as it is, and as my brest endures,
Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
Of all mishappes that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares
To purchase life; for to the Gods I clepe[29]
For true recorde of this my faithfull speche,
Never this hart shall have the thoughtfull dread
To dye the death that by your grace's dome
By just desert shall be pronounced to me;
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speche,
Pardon to crave, or seeke by sute to live:
I meane not this as though I were not touchde
With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
Life in contempt; but that I know, the minde
Stoupes to no dread, although the flesh be fraile;
And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great
As in myselfe I find a fear to sue
For graunt of life.

*Gorb.* In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
A wofull hart; Ferrex now lyes in grave,
Slaine by thy hand.

*Por.* Yet this, O father, heare,
And then I end: Your majestie well knows,
That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe,
By your owne best were joyned in governaunce
Of this your grace's realme of Brittaine land,
I never sought, nor travailled for the same;
Nor by my selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,
But from your highnesse will alone it sprong,
Of your most gracious goodness bent to me;
But how my brother's hart even then repined,
With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,
Seeing that realme, which by discent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me;
Even in your highnesse court he now remaines,
And with my brother then in nearest place
Who can recorde; what proofe therof was shewde,
And how my brother's envious hart appearde:
Yet I that judged it my parte to seeke
His favour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,
Hoping my earnest sute should sone have wonne
A loving hart within a brother's brest,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
And faithfull hart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hartie love, as I did owe to him:
But after once we left your graces court,
And from your highnesse presence lived apart,
This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparkes which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine,
That longer could he not refraine from proofe
Of secrete practise to deprive me life
By poyson's force, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne servant hired to this fact,
And moved by trouth with to work the same,
In time had not bewrayed it unto me.
Whan thus I sawe the knot of love unknitte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine,
His hart on mischiefe set, and in his brest
Black treason hid; then, then did I despeire
That ever time could winne him frend to me,
[30] Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapped under cloke, then saw I depe deceite

---

[29] *I clepe*—I call.

[30] *Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife*
*Wrapped under cloke*—This image is from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 2000. Tyrwhitt's Edition:

"The smiler with the knif under the cloke."

Lurke in his face, and death prepared for me;
Even nature moved me then to holde my life
More deare to me then his, and bad this hand,
(Since by his life my death must nedes ensue,
And by his death my life mote be preserved,)
To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,
And wisdome willed me without protract,[31]
In speedie wise, to put the same in ure.[32]
Thus have I tolde the cause that moved me
To worke my brother's death, and so I yeld
My life, my death, to judgement of your grace.
*Gorb.* Oh cruell wight, should any cause prevaile
To make thee staine thy hands with brother's bloud?
But what of thee we will resolve to doe,
Shall yet remaine unknowen. Thou in the meane
Shalt from our royall presence banisht be,
Untill our princely pleasure furder shall
To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight,
Accursed childe. What cruel destenie,
What froward fate, hath sorted us this chaunce;[33]
That even in those, where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged dayes
Should rest and be, even there our only griefe
And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,
Most pyning cares and deadly thoughts do grow?
*Aros.* Your grace should now in these grave yeres of yours
Have found ere this the price of mortall joyes,
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save onely of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither should nature's power
In other sorte against your hart prevaile,
Then as the naked hand, whose stroke assayes
The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.
*Gorb.* Many can yelde right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
Who, if by proofe they might feele nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indede,
Which now wil needes be gods: but what doth meane
The sory chere of her that here doth come?
*Mar.* Oh where is ruthe? or where is pitie now?
Whither is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in bloud, and soncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas! within the mother's brest
To her owne childe, to her owne flesh and bloud;
If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May have no place, if there no gentle hart
Do live and dwell, where should we seeke it then?
*Gorb.* Madame, alas! what meanes your wofull tale?
*Mar.* O silly woman I! why to this houre
Have kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should live to see this dolefull day?
Will ever wight beleve that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mother's brest,
With her owne hand to slaye her onely sonne?
But out, alas! these eyes beholde the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthefull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas! is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand a wofull thing to tell,
While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,
His hart stabde in with knife is reft of life.
*Gorb.* O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pearce this hart with speed! O hatefull light,
O loathsome life, O sweete and welcome death,
Deare Eubulus, worke this we thee besech!
*Eub.* Pacient, your grace,[34] perhappes he liveth yet,
With wound receaved, but not of certaine death.
*Gorb.* O let us then repayre unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slaine.
*Mar.* Alas, he liveth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes, of him a pereless prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twinke,[35] a senseless stocke I saw.
*Aros.* O damned deede!
*Mar.* But heare hys ruthefull end.
The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,
Whose strength now fayling straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes even now unclosed
Beheelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe;
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seing that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,
Pitying, alas! (for nought els could we do)
His ruthefull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled straight his brest, and all we might
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand;
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound: O what a looke,
O what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death

---

[31] *Protract—i. e.* delay. S.
[32] *Ure*—See p. 28.
[33] *Sorted us this chaunce—i. e.* chosen out for us. S.
[34] *Pacient, your grace*—compose yourself. This verb is used in *Titus Andronicus*, A. 1. S. 2.

*Patient yourself*, madam, and pardon me.

See other instances in Mr Steevens's note on this passage.
[35] *Even with a twinke—i. e.* the twinkling of an eye. See *The Taming of the Shrew.* S.

Will never part from me, when with a braide [36]
A deepe fet sigh [37] he gave, and therewithall
Clasping his handes, to heaven he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.
*Aros.* Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.
*Mar.* O hard and cruel happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruell hart that could consent
To lend the hatefull destenies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant active armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast,
As would have warpt a sillie woman's thought;
If this mought not have moved thy bloodie hart,
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kiste him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe!
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send downe some strange revenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling stede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
[38] And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe, to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe!
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in armes on foot to breake the sworde,
Which never now these eyes may see againe!
*Aros.* Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed;
Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
Must needes by nature growe by death of this
His onely sonne, whome he did holde so deare.
*Mar.* What wight is that which sawe that I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me;
But let us go, for I am greved anewe,
To call to minde the wretched father's woe.

CHORUS.

When gredy lust in royall seate to reigne
Hath reft all care of goddes and eke of men;
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine,
Within ambicious brest are lodged; then
Beholde how mischiefe wide her selfe displayes,
And with the brother's hand the brother slayes.
When bloud thus shed doth staine the heavens face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deede,
The mightie God even moveth from his place
With wrath to wreke, then sendes he forth wit spede
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
With serpentes girt, carying the whip of ire,
With heare of stinging snakes, and shining brigh
With flames and bloud, and with a brand of fire
These for revenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne.
Blood asketh blood, and death must death r quite:
Jove by his just and everlasting dome
Justly hath ever so requited it.
This times before recorde, and times to come,
Shall finde it true, and so doth present proofe
Present before our eyes for our behoofe.
O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood.
And happy he that can in time beware
By others harmes, and turne it to his good.
But wo to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

The ORDER and SIGNIFICATION of the Domme Shewe before the Fifth Act.

*First the drommes and fluites began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a co pany of hargabusiers and of armed men all in order of battaile. These, after their peeces disch ged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the dro*

---

[36] *When with a braide—a braide* was a start or a motion of the head, occasioned by pain, uneasiness, affright. It is a word used by Chaucer, in *The Legende of Dido*, ver. 239:

"This noble quene unto her rest ywent,
She sighed sore, and gon herself to tourment,
She walketh, waloweth, and made many *braid*
As doen these lovers, as I have herd said."

Scogin's *Jests*, p. 10. "The woman, being afraid, gave *a braid* with her head, and ran her away."

[37] *A deepe fet sigh—i. e.* a deep-fetched sigh.

[38] *And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme*—See Hall's *Chronicle*. See also *Troilus and Cressida*.

*mes and fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes, and civil warres, to follow, as fell in the realme of Great Brittayne, which, by the space of fiftie yeares and more, continued in civill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death of king Gorboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne limitacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie.*

## ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, FERGUS, EUBULUS.

*Clot.* DID ever age bring forth such tyrant harts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
The mother she hath dyed her cruell handes
In bloud of her owne sonne; and now at last
The people loe forgetting trouth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and queene.

*Man.* Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished rest?
Even yet they cease not, caryed on with rage,
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new bloud shed unto the prince's kinne
To slay them all, and to uproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they moved
With Porrex death, wherin they falsly charge
The giltlesse king without desert at all;
And traitorously have murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

*Gwen.* Shall subjectes dare with force
To worke revenge upon their princes fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deede was fowle, the queene to slaye her sonne:
Shall yet the subject seeke to take the sworde?
Arise agaynst his lord, and slaye his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out even from their living breastes,
And with the body throwen unto the foules,
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest!

*Fer.* There can no punishment be thought to great
For this so grevous cryme, let spede therefore
Be used therein, for it behoveth so.

*Eub.* Ye all, my lordes, I see consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all:
I holde it more then neede, with sharpest law
To punish their tumultuous bloudy rage;
For nothing more may shake the common state,
Than sufferance of uproares without redresse,
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,
After great conquestes made, and florishing
In fame and wealth, have ben to ruine brought;
I pray to Jove, that we may rather wayle
Such happe in them, then witnesse in ourselves.
Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees,
"[39] That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
" Call to account the dooinges of his prince;
" Much lesse in blood by swoord to woorke revenge;
" No more then may the hand cut of the head.
" In acte nor speech, no not in secret thought,
" The subject may rebell against his lord,
" Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seate,
" With grudging minde to damne those he mislikes."
Though kinges forget to governe as they ought,
Yet subjectes must obey as they are bounde.
But now, my lordes, before ye farder wade,
Or spend your speach, what sharpe revenge shall fall,
By justice plague on these rebellious wightes?
Me thinkes ye rather should first search the way
By which in time the rage of this uproare
Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
Even yet the life of of Brittayne land doth hang,
In traitours balaunce of unegall weight.
Thinke not, my lordes, the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videna's bloud will cease their rage:
Even our owne lyves, our wives, and children deare,
Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue:
For geve once swey unto the people's lustes,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes
From bloud to bloud, from mischiefe unto moe,
To ruine of the realme, themselves, and all,
So giddy are the common people's mindes,
So glad of chaunge, more wavering than the sea.
Ye see, my lordes, what strength these rebelles have,
What hugie nombre is assembled still,
For though the traiterous fact for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
Great caus we have to dreade; that we may seeke
By present battaile to represse their power,
Speede must we use to levie force therfore,
For either they forthwith will mischiefe worke,
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease:
These violent thinges may have no lasting long,
Let us therfore use this for present helpe;
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace

[39] *That no cause serves*, &c.—This and the lines following marked with commas are only to be found in the spurious edition of this play.

With gift of pardon save unto the chiefe;
And that upon condicion that forthwith
They yelde the captaines of their enterprise,
To beare such guerdon [40] of their traiterous fact
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
And holsome terrour to posteritie.
This shall I thinke, scatter the greatest parte,
That now are holden with desire of home,
Weried in field with cold of winter's nightes,
And some, no doubt, striken with dread of law.
Whan this is once proclamed, it shall make
The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads,
And so much more bycause the rascall routes,
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
Are never trustie to the noble race.
And while we treate and stand on termes of grace,
We shall both stay their furies rage the while,
And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power.
In the meane while, make you in redyness
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare:
Horsemen, you kno, are not the commons strength,
But are the force and store of noble men,
Wherby the unchosen and unarmed sort [41]
Of skillesse rebelles, whome none other power,
But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,
With sodeyne brunt may quickely be opprest;
And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
With stubborne heartes cannot so farre avayle
As to asswage their desperate courages;
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
May be adrad [42] with horrour of revenge,
That justly then shall on these rebelles fall:
This is, my lord, the summe of mine advise.

*Clot.* Neither this case admittes debate at large:
And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would have tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayde; and if the same
To you, my lordes, may seeme for best advise,
I wish that it should streight be put in ure.

*Mand.* My lordes, then let us presently depart,
And follow this that liketh [43] us so well.

*Fer.* If ever time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, now it is offred me;
The realme is reft both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowen,
The people are in armes and mutynies,
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and uproares.
And Brittayne land now desert left alone
Amyd these broyles uncertayn where to rest,
Offers herselfe unto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne:
Shall I, that am the duke of Albanye,
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes,
Of right should rest above the baser sort,
Refuse to adventure life to winne a crowne?
Whom shall I finde enemies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by armes
To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?
These dukes power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in armes.
But if perhappes my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lordes now left in Brittayne land.
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailes joyned.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the scepter then of Great Brittayne.
If slayne amid the playne this body lye,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I dyed geving the noble charge
To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
To Albanye, and raise in armour there
All power I can: and here my secret frendes
By secret practise shall solicite still
To seeke to wynne to me the people's hartes.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

EUBULUS, CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, AROSTUS, NUNTIUS.

*Eub.* O JOVE, how are these people's harts abusde?
What blind fury thus headlong caries them?
That though so many bookes, so many rolles
Of auncient time recorde what grevous plagues
Light on these rebelles aye, and though so oft
Their eares have heard their aged fathers tell
What juste reward these traitours still receyve;
Yea though themselves have sene depe death and bloud
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
To such assigned, yet can they not beware,
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
But suffring loe fowle treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
A ruthefull case, that those whom duties bond,

---

[40] *Guerdon*—reward.

[41] *Unchosen and unarmed sort*—multitude.

[42] *May be adrad*—*Adrad* is the participle passive of *adrede*, afraid. S.—Sp, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. R 4: "—lyke as great princes have wysemen in jelousie and suspicion, as Julius Cæsar had Brutus and also Cassius, whereas he nothing helde hymselfe *adradde* of drunken Mark Anthony."

[43] *Liketh*—pleaseth.

Whom grafted law, by nature, truth and faith
Bound to preserve their countrey and their king,
Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,
Even they should geve consent thus to subvert
Thee Brittaine land, and from thy wombe should bring,
O native soile, those that will needs destroy
And ruyne thee and eke themselves in fine:
For lo, when once the duke had offred grace
Of pardon sweete, (the multitude misledde
By traiterous fraude of their ungracious heades,)
One sort that saw the dangerous successe
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
And knew the difference of princes power,
From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
Whom common countries care and private feare
Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
Layde hands upon the captaines of their band,
And brought them bound unto the mightie dukes.
And other sort, not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their owne offence than that they could conceive
Sure hope of pardon for so foule misdede,
Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
Who fearing to be yelded fled before,
Stale home by silence of the secret night.
The third unhappy and enraged sort
Of desperate hartes, who stained in princes bloud,
From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen
By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By proffered life, ne yet by threatened death,
With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God,
Stoode bent to fight as furies did them move
With violent death to close their traiterous life:
These all by power of horsemen were opprest,
And with revenging swords slayne in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,
Where yet the caryen carcases do preach
The fruites that rebelles reape of their uproares,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,
By whom these tumults have ben thus appeasde.

*Clot.* I thinke the world will now at length beware,
And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

*Man.* If not, those trayterous hartes that dare rebell,
Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne;
The lofty trees clothed with corpses dead,
That strangled with the cord do hang thereon.

*Aros.* A just reward, such as all times before
Have ever lotted to those wretched folkes.

*Gwen.* But what meanes he that commeth here so fast?

*Nun.* My lordes, as dutie and my trouth doth move,
And of my countrey worke a care in me,
That if the spending of my breath availed
To do the service that my hart desires,
I would not shunne to imbrace a present death,
So have I now in that wherein I thought
My travayle mought performe some good effect
Ventred my life to bring these tydings here.
Fergus, the mightie duke of Albanye,
Is nowe in armes, and lodgeth in the fielde
With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes
His spedy march, and mindes to invade the crowne,
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abrode
That to this realme no certaine heire remaines,
That Brittayne land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
But to preserve the people and the land
Which now remaine as shippe without a sterne:[44]
Loe this is that which I have here to say.

*Clot.* Is this his fayth? and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vauntage of unhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outragious pride,
His cruell and untempred wilfulnesse,
His deepe dissembling, shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Brittaine land.
Let us, my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

*Man.* Though we remaine without a certain prince
To weld the realm, or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our countrey that conteines
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be deare to man,
Cries unto us to helpe ourselves and her:
Let us advaunce our powers to represse
This growing foe of all our liberties.

*Gwen.* Yea let us so, my lordes, with hasty speede:
And ye, O goddes, send us the welcome death,
To shed our bloud in field, and leave us not
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,
To see the hugie heapes of these unhappes,
That now roll downe upon the wretched land,
Where emptie place of princely governaunce,
No certaine stay now left of doubtless heire,
Thus leave this guidelesse realme an open pray
To endlesse stormes and waste of civill warre.

*Aros.* That ye, my lordes, do so agree in one
To save your countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfully usurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realme, and in this realme yourselves
From forreine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much do I prayse; and I besech the goddes
With happy honour to requite it you.
But O, my lords, sith now the heavens wrath
Hath reft this lande the issue of their prince;

---

[44] *Without a sterne*—*A sterne* was the antient term for the rudder. See *King Henry V.* S.

Sith of the body of our late soveraigne lorde
Remaines no moe, since the yong kinges be slaine,
And of the title of discended crowne,
Uncertainly the diverse mindes do thinke
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will parciall fancie and affection deeme:
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundry partes
The doubtfull right und hopefull lust to reigne:
When once this noble service is atchieved,
For Brittaine land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with armed force represt,
The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thraldome to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers returne from field,
And find the princely state an open pray,
To greedie lust and to usurping power;
Then, then, my lordes, if ever kindly care
Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
Yea of the lives and safetie yet to come
Of your deare wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
Then, then have pitie on the torne estate,
Then helpe to salve the wel neare hopelesse sore:
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withholde
The slaying knife from your owne mother's throate,
Her shall you save, and you and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbeare
Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves,
The crowne by colour of pretended right;
Or by what other meanes so ever it be,
Till first by common counsell of you all
In parliament, the regall diademe
Be set in certaine place of governaunce,
In which your parliament and in your choise,
Preferre the right, my lordes, without[45] respect
Of strength or frendes, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any others part,
For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
Right meane I his or hers, upon whose name
The people rest, by meane of native line,
Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
Already made their title to advaunce:
Such one, my lordes, let be your chosen king,
Such one so borne within your native land,
Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte,
The heavie yoke of forreine governance:
Let forreine titles yield to publike wealth,
And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare,
Thus to withstand the proude invading foe,
With that same hart, my lordes, keepe out also
Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,
Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde,
Your mother land to serve a forreine prince.

*Eub.* Loe here the end of Brutus royall line,
And loe the entry to the wofull wracke,
And utter ruine of this noble realme.
The royall king, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
No ruler restes within the regall seate:
The heire to whom the scepter langes unknowen;
That to eche force of forreine princes power,
Whom vauntage of your wretched state may move,
By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
And to the proud and gredie minde at home,
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,
Loe Brittaine realme is left an open pray,
A present spoyle by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now, how many rising mindes
Do feede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme?
And who will not by force attempt to winne,
So great a gaine that hope perswades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve,
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long discent,
A lineall race to prove him lawful king.
In the meane while these civil armes shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefes shall unfolde,
And farre and neare spread thee, O Brittaine land,
All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had
Nothing to-day, to-morrowe shall enjoye
Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed in wealth,
Loe, he shall be bereft of life and all;
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The wives shall suffer rape, the maides defloured,
And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile:
With fire and sworde thy native folke shall perishe,
One kinsman shall bereave an others life,
The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,
The sonne shall slay the sire and know it not;
Women and maides, the cruel souldiers sword
Shall perse to death, and sillie children loe,
That playing[46] in the streetes and fieldes are found,
By violent hand shall close their latter day.
Whom shall the fierce and bloudy souldier
Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
Even thou, O wretched mother, halfe alive,
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and only childe
Slaine with the sworde, while he yet suckes thy brest.
Loe, giltlesse bloud shall thus eche where be shed;
Thus shall the wasted soyle yelde forth no fruite,
But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
The townes shall be consumed, and burnt with fire;
The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
And thou, O Brittaine, whilome in renowne,
Whilome in wealth and fame shalt thus be torne.
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destoyed,
These be the fruites your civill warres will bring.
Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
To grave advise, but follow wilfull will:
This is the end, when in fonde princes hartes
Flattery prevailes, and sage rede hath no place:
These are the plages when murder is the meane,
To make new heires unto the royall crowne.
Thus wreke the Gods when that the mother's wrath

---

[45] *Without*—with, edit. 1570.

[46] *Playing*—play. edit. 1570.

Nought but the bloud of her own childe may swage;
These mischiefes spring, when rebells will arise,
To worke revenge, and judge their prince's fact,
This, this ensues when noble men do faile
In loyall trouth, and subjectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe, when loe unto the prince,
Whome death or sodeine happe of life bereaves,
No certaine heire remaines, such certain heire,
As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
And trouth therby vested in subjectes hartes,
To owe fayth there, where right is knowen to rest.
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
When is of parliament no hope at all,
Which though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end:
While eche one for himselfe, or for his frend,
Against his foe, shall travaile what he may,
While now the state left open to the man,
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambicious mindes with gaping hope;
When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
Or in the while how shall the realme be used?
No, no: then parliament should have bene holden,
And certaine heires appointed to the crowne
To staye the title on established right,
And in the people plant obedience,
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
By lawfull sommons and authoritie,
Might make a parliament to be of force,
And might have set the state in quiet stay:
But now, O happie man, whom speedie death
Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see
These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
These civill warres, these murders, and these wronges.
Of justice yet must God in fine restore,
This noble crowne unto the lawfull heire:
For right will alwayes live, and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deepe roote to last.

## EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Tragedie of Gorboduc; whereof three Actes were written by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackvyle. Settforthe as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Majestie, in her highnes court of Whitehall, the 18 Jan. 1561. By the Gentlemen of Thynner Temple, in London, Sept. 22, 4to." Printed for William Griffith.—See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 316.

This Edition I have not seen. It appears to be the first spurious one complained of by the authors.

(2.) "The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex. Setforth without addition or alteration; but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queenes Majestie about nine yeares past, viz. the xviii day of Januarie, 1561, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Seen and allowed, &c. Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate. B. L. 8vo."

In the Bodleian Library, and in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq.

(3.) "The Tragedie of Gorboduc; whereof three Actes were written by Thomas Norton, and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Setforth as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Majesty, in her highnes court of Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London, printed by Edward Allde for John Perrin, and are to be sold in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. B. L. 4to, 1590."

In the collection of Thomas Pearson, Esq. and also in that of Mr Garrick. In the last-mentioned copy is a discourse, entitled, *The Serpent of Devision*.

THE

# RETURNE FROM PERNASSUS;

OR,

# THE SCOURGE OF SIMONY.

*Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint John's Colledge, in Cambridge.*

*The Return from Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony, was publicly acted, as the title-page bears, by the Students of St John's College, Cambridge. It is a most extravagant, but very curious performance. Hawkins, in his Preface to the Origin of the English Drama, says, it is perhaps the most singular composition in the English language. The admirers of Shakespeare will be interested by the mention made of him in the scene where Kempe and Burbage, his fellow actors, discourse of his quarrel with Ben Jonson. It would seem, that Shakespeare had espoused the cause of Decker, in the dispute between him and Jonson; though we may look in vain for the "pill" given to the latter by the Bard of Avon.*

## THE PROLOGUE.

BOY, STAGE-KEEPER, MOMUS, DEFENSOR.

*Boy.* Spectators, we will act a comedy (*non plus.*)

*Stage-K.* A pox on't, this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou raskall: thou must be sitting up all night at cards, when thou should be conning your part.

*Boy.* It's all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before, that I might sleepe on it.

[*Stage-keeper carrieth the Boy away under his arme.*

*Mo.* It's even wel doone, here is such a sturre about a scurvie English show.

*Defen.* Scurvie in thy face, thou scurvie Jack, if this company were not, you paultry crittick gentleman, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that have beene, student at post and payre, saint and Loadam. You that have spent all your quarters revenewes in riding post one night in Chrismas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

*Mo.* Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather play upon noddies: you that can set up a jeast, at primero insteed of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a royder.

*Defen.* What we present I must needs confesse is but slubbered invention: if your wisdome obscure the circumstance, your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

*Mo.* What is presented here, is an old musty showe, that hath laine this twelfe-moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old showes, an invension that we are ashamed of, and therefore we have promised the copies to the chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

*Defen.* It's but a Christenmas toy, and may it please your curtisies to let it passe.

*Mom.* It's a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceite as guaging hotcockles, or blinde-mau buffe.

*Defen.* Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well resembled.

*Mom.* Humors, indeede; is it not a pretty hu-

mor to stand hamering upon two *individuum vagum*, 2 schollers some whole yeare. These same Phil. and Studio have beene followed with a whip and a verse, like a couple of vagabonds, through England and Italy. The pilgrimage to Pernassus, and the returne from Pernassus, have stoode the honest stage-keepers in many a crownes expence; for linckes and vizardes purchased a sophister a knock, which a clubbe hindered the buttler's box, and emptied the colledge barrells; and now unlesse you know the subject well, you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least parte of the returne from Pernassus, that is both the first and the last time that the authors wit wil turne upon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at Pernassus, that is, lookes not good invention in the face.

*Defen.* If the catastrophe please you not, impute it to the unpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers:

*Mom.* For catastrophe ther's never a tale in Sir John Mandevil, or Bevis of Southampton, but hath a better turning.

*Stage-K.* What, you jeering asse, be gon with a pox.

*Mom.* You may doe better to busy your selfe in providing beere, for the shewe will be pittifull drie, pittifull drie. [*Exit.*

*No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.*

What we shew, is but a Christmas jest,
Conceive of this, and guesse of all the rest:
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,
Whose former griefes seldome have happy end.
Frame aswell, we might with easy straine,
With far more prayse, and with as little paine,
Storyes of love, where forne the wondring bench,
The lisping gallant might enjoy his wench;
Or make some sire acknowledge his lost sonne,
Found when the weary act is almost done.
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is bent,
We onely shew a schollers discontent;
In scholers fortunes twise forlorne and dead,
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured.
Making them pilgrims in Pernassus hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.
Now we present unto each pittying eye,
The schollers progresse in their miserye.
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,
Too weake our scene, too great your judgment is,
To you we seeke to shew a schollers state,
His scorned fortunes, his unpittyed fate.
To you; for if you did not schollers blesse,
Their case, poore case, were too too pitilesse.
You shade the muses under fostering,
And make them leave to sigh, and learne to sing.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

INGENIOSO.
JUDICIO.
DANTER.
PHILOMUSUS.
STUDIOSO.
FUROR POETICUS.
PHANTASMA.
PATIENT.
RHICHARDETTO.
THEODORE, *Phisition.*
BURGESSE, *Patient.*
JAQUES, *Studioso.*
ACADEMICO.
AMOROTTO.
PAGE.
SIGNOR IMMERITO.
STERCUTIO, *his Father.*
SIR FREDERICK.
RECORDER.
PAGE.
PRODIGO.
BURBAGE.
KEMPE.
FIDLERS.
PATIENT'S *Man.*

## ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*INGENIOSO, with Juvenall in his hand.*

*Ing. Difficile est, satyram non scribere, nam quis iniquæ*
*Tam patiens urbis, tam furens ut teneat se?*
I, Juvenall; thy jerking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud.
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound avayle.
O suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen;
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand everlasting shame.
On the world's forhead, and with thine owne spirit,

Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy purer soule could not endure to see,
Even smallest spots of base impurity;
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,
Then foule faced vice was in his swadling bands.
Now like Anteus growne a monster is,
A match for none but mighty Hercules.
Now can the world practise in playner guise,
Both sinnes of old and new borne villanyes.
Stale sinnes are stole; now doth the world begin,
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.
Unpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,
At midnight rest, when darknesse covers sin.
It's clownish unbeseeming a young knight,
Unlesse it dare outface the gloring light.
Nor can it nought our gallants prayses reape,
Unlesse it be done in staring cheape.
In a sinne-guilty coach not cloasely pent,
Jogging along the harder pavement.
Did not feare check my repining sprit,
Soone should my angry ghost a story write;
In which I would new fostred sinnes combine,
Not knowne earst by truth telling Aretine.

## SCENA II.

INGENIOSO, JUDICIO.

*Jud.* What, Ingenioso, carrying a vinegar bottle about thee, like a great schole-boy, giving the world a bloudy nose?

*Ing.* Faith, Judicio, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should confer it upon the bald pated world; and again, if my kitchen want the utensilies of viands, it's great reason other men should have the sauce or vinegar; and for the bloudie nose, Judicio, I may chance indeed give the world a bloudie nose, but it shall hardly give me a crakt crowne, though it gives other poets French crownes.

*Jud.* I would wish thee, Ingenioso, to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successefull in the fray, considering thy enemies have the advantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather, Judicio, they have the grounds with advantage, and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too; but hang them swadds, the basest corner in my thoughts, is too gallant a roome to lodge them in; but say, Judicio, what newes in your presse, did you keepe any late corrections upon any tardy pamphlets?

Jud. *Veterem jubes renovare dolorem*, Ingenioso; what ere befalls thee, keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the presse.

*Ing.* Mary so I will, I warrant thee, if poverty presse not too much, ile correct no presse, but the presse of the people.

*Jud.* Would it not grieve any good spirits to sit a whole moneth nitting out a lousy beggarly pamphlet, and like a needy phisitian to stand whole yeares, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inventions as dayly swarme in our printing-house?

*Ing.* Come, I thinke, we shall have you put finger in the eye, and crie, O friends, no friends; say man, what new paper hobby horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May morrice daunce?

*Jud.* Sly my rimes as thick as flies in the sunne, I think there be never an alle house in England, not any so base a May pole on a country greene, but setts forth some poets petternels, or demilaunces, to the paper warres in Paules church-yard.

*Ing.* And well too may the issue of a strong hop, learne to hop all over England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when us sad vinegar witts sit souring at the bottome of a barrell; plaine meteors, bred of the exhalation of tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst pot, that soure up into the open ayre, when as sounder wit keepes belowe.

*Jud.* Considering the furyes of the times, I could better endure to se those young can quaffing hucksters shoot of their pellets, so they would keepe them from these English *flores-poetarum*; but now the world is come to that passe, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have ben filcht from the nest of crowes and kestrells; here is a book, Ingenioso; why to condemne it to cleare the usuall Tiburne of all misliving papers, weare too faire a death for so foule an offender.

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio?

*Jud.* Looke its here, Belvedere.

*Ing.* What a belwether in Paules church-yard, so cald, because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bel of so many poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title?

*Jud.* The garden of the Muses.

*Ing.* What have we here, the poet garish gayly bedeket like fore horses of the parish? what follows?

Jud. *Quem referent musæ, vivet dum robora tellus,*
*Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.*
Who blurres fayer paper, with foule bastard rimes,
Shall live full many an age in latter times;
Who makes a ballet for an ale-house doore,
Shall live in future times for ever more.
Then ( ) thy muse shall live so long, (*ita.*)
As drafty ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his devise, Pernassus, with the sunne and the lawrel? I wonder this owle dares looke on the sunne, and I marvaill this gose flies not the lawrell; his devise might have been better a foole going in to the market place to be seene, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuiq. gloria.*

*Jud.* Turne over the leafe, Ingenioso, and thou shalt see the paynes of this worthy gentleman; sentences gathered out of all kind of poetts, referred to certaine methodicall heades, profitable

for the use of these times, to rime upon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them.

| | |
|---|---|
| Edmund Spencer. | Michaell Drayton. |
| Henry Constable. | John Davis. |
| Thomas Lodge. | John Marston. |
| Samuel Daniell. | Kit. Marlowe. |
| Thomas Watson. | |

Good men and true, stand togither; heare your censure, what's thy judgement of Spencer?

*Jud.* A sweeter swan then ever song in poe,
A shriller nightingale then ever blest,
The prouder groves of selfe admiring Rome.
Blith was each vally, and each sheapeard proud,
While he did chaunt his rurall minstralsye.
Attentive was full many a daintie eare;
Nay hearers hong upon his melting tong,
While sweetly of his Faiery Queene he song.
While to the waters fall he tuned for fame,
And in each barke engrav'd Elizaes name.
And yet for all this, unregarding soile
Unlac't the line of his desired life,
Denying mayntenawce for his deare reliefe.
Carelesse care to prevent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.

*Ing.* Pitty it is that gentler witts should breed,
Where thickskin chuffes laugh at a schollers neede.
But softly may our honors ashes rest,
That lie by mery Chaucers noble chest.

But I pray thee proceede breefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may jumpe with thine, Henry Constable, Samuel Daniell, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watson.

*Jud.* Sweete Constable doth take the wondring eare,
And layes it up in willing prisonment;
Sweete hony dropping Daniell doth wage
Warre with the proudest big Italian,
That melts his heart in sugred sonetting.
Onely let him more sparingly make use
Of others wit, and use his owne the more;
That well may scorne base imitation.
For Lodge and Watson, men of some desert,
Yet subject to a critticks marginall.
Lodge for his oare in every paper boate,
He that turnes over Galen every day,
To sit and simper Euphues legacy.

*Ing.* Michaell Drayton.

*Jud.* Drayton's sweete muse is like a sanguine dy,
Able to ravish the rash gazers eye.

*Ing.* How ever he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this, hee cannot swagger it well in a taverne, nor dominere in a hothouse.

*Jud.* John Davis.
Acute John Davis, I affect thy rimes,
That jerck in hidden charmes these looser times:
Thy playner verse, thy unaffected vaine,
Is grac't with a fayre and a sooping traine.

*Ing.* Locke and Hudson.

*Jud.* Locke and Hudson, sleepe you quiet shavers, among the shavings of the presse, and let your bookes lie in some old nookes amongst old bootes and shooes, so you may avoyde my censure.

*Ing.* Why then clap a locke on their feete, and turne them to commons.

John Marston.

*Jud.* What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your legge and pissing against the world, put up man, put up for shame.
Me thinks he is a ruffian in his stile,
Withouten bands or garters ornament,
He quaffes a cup of Frenchman's helicon.
Then royster doyster in his sylie tearmes,
Cutts, thrusts, and foines at whomesoever he meets.
And strewes about Ram-ally meditations,
Tut what cares he for modest close coucht tearmes,
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines.
Give him plaine naked words stript from their shirts,
That might beseeme plaine dealing Aretine:
I there is one that backes a paper steed,
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly;
Strikes his poinado at a buttons breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of tearms to towns,
And at first volly of his cannon shot,
Batters the walles of the old fustie world.

*Ing.* Christopher Marlowe.

*Jud.* Marlowe was happy in his buskind muse,
Alas unhappy in his life and end,
Pitty it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.

*Ing.* Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragick penman for a driery plot.

Benjamin Johnson.

*Jud.* The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

*Ing.* A meere empyrick, one that getts what he hath by observation, and makes onely nature privy to what he endites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying, a bloud whorson, as confident now in making of a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.

William Shakespeare.

*Jud.* Who loves Adonis love, or Lucre's rape,
His sweeter verse contaynes hart robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without loves foolish lazy languishment.

*Ing.* Churchyard.
Hath not Shor's wife, although a light skirts she,
Given him a chast long lasting memory?

*Jud.* No, all light pamphlets once I finden shall,
A church-yard and a grave to bury all.

*Ing.* Thomas Nashdo.
I heare is a fellowe, Judicio, that carried the deadly stocke in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth, and his pen possest with Hercules furies.

*Jud.* Let all his faultes sleepe with his mournful chest,
And then for ever with his ashes rest.
His stile was wittie, though he had some gal,

Something he might have mended, so may all.
Yet this I say, that for a mother witt,
Fewe men have ever seene the like of it.

*Ing. Reades the rest.*

*Jud.* As for these, they have some of them beene the old hedgstakes of the presse, and some of them are at this instant the botts and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that stand onely upon tearmes to serve the tearme, with their blotted papers, write as men goe to stoole for needes, and when they write, they write as a beare pisses, now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ing. *Durum telum necessitas.* Good fayth they do as I do, exchange words for mony: I have some traffique this day with Danter, about a little booke which I have made, the name of it is a Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds, but this Belvedere, this methodicall asse, hath made me almost forget my time; Ile now to Paules churchyard, meete me an hour hence, at the signe of the Pegasus, in Cheap-side, and Ile moyst thy temples with a cuppe of claret, as hard as the world goes. [*Exit* JUDICIO.

## SCENA III.

*Enter* DANTER *the Printer.*

*Ing.* Danter, thou art deceived; wit is dearer then thou takest it to be; I telf thee this libel of Cambridge has much fatt and pepper in the nose; it will sell sheerly underhand, when al these bookes of exhortations and catechismes lie moulding on thy shopbourd.

*Dan.* It's true; but good fayth, M. Ingenioso, I lost by your last booke, and you knowe there is many a one that payes me largely, for the printing of their inventions; but for all this, you shall have 40 shillings, and an odde pottle of wine.

*Ing.* 40 shillings? a fit reward for one of your reumatick poets, that beslavers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the chaundlers with wast papers to wrap candles in; but as for me, Ile be payd deare, even for the dreggs of my witt; little knowes the worlde what belonge to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinckes, tobacco, &c. it is a daynty and costly creature, and therefore I must be payd sweetly: furnish mee with money, that I may put my selfe in a new suite of clothes, and Ile suite thy shop with a new suite of tearmes; it's the gallantest child my invention was ever delivered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambridge Cuckolds; here a man may see what day of the moneth such a man's commons were inclosed, and when throwne open, and when any entayled some odde crownes, upon the heires of their bodies unlawfully begotten; speake quickly ells I am gone.

*Dan.* Oh this will sell gallantly; Ile have it whatsoever it cost; will ye walke on, M. Ingenioso, weele sit over a cup of wine and agree on it.

*Ing.* A cup of wine is as good a constable as can be, to take up the quarrell betwixt us.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENA IV.

PHILOMUSUS, *in a Phisitions habit,* STUDIOSO, *that is* JAQUES *Man, and Patient.*

Phil. *Tit tit tit, non poynte, non debet fieri phlebetomotio in coitu Lunæ;* here is a recipe.

*Pat.* A recipe!

Phil. *Nos gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum;* let me heare how many stooles you doe make. Adieu, monsieur, adieu good monsieur, what Jaques *Il n' a personne apres icy.*

Stud. *Non.*

*Phil.* Then let us steale time for this borrowed shape,
Recounting our unequall happs of late.
Late did the ocean graspe us in his armes,
Late did we live within a stranger ayre;
Late did we see the cinders of great Rome,
We thought that English fugitives there eate
Gold, for restorative, if gold were meate.
Yet now we finde by bought experience,
That where so ere we wander up and downe,
On the rounde shoulders of this massy world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worldes ill eye,
Forspeake our good, procures our miserye.

*Stud.* So oft the northen winde with frozen wings
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:
Throwne downe the stalkes of our aspiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rinde,
That now we seeme nought but two bared boughes,
Scorned bythe basest bird that chirps in groave.
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes, that wonted ar to give,
A cardinall cap, to discontented clarkes,
That have forsooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yeelded us any equal maintenance:
And it's as good to starve mongst English swine,
As in a forraine land to begge and pine.

*Phil.* Ile scorne the world, that scorneth me againe.

*Stud.* Ile vex the world, that workes me so much paine.

*Phil.* Fly lame ravengings power, the world well weenes.

*Stud.* Flyes have there spleene, each sylly ant his teenes.

*Phil.* We have the wordes, they the possession have.

*Stud.* We all are equall in our latest grave.

*Phil.* Soone then, O soone, may we both graved be.

*Stud.* Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destinie.

*Phil.* It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

*Stud.* It's sinne for doomed day to wish thy death.

*Phil.* Too late our soules flit to their resting place.

*Stud.* Why mans whole life is but a breathing space.

*Phil.* A painefull minute seemes a tedious yeare.

*Stud.* A constant minde eternall woes will beare.

*Phil.* When shall our soules their wearied lodge forgoe?

*Stud.* When we have tyred misery and woe.

*Phil.* Soone may then fates this gale deliver
send us;
Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end us.
But letts leave this capping of rimes, Studioso, and follow our late devise, that wee may maintaine our heades in cappes, our bellyes in provender, and our backs in sadle and bridle; hetherto wee have sought all the honest meanes we could to live, and now let us dare, *aliquid brevibus gracis* and *carcere dignum*: let us run through all the lewd formes of line-twig purloyning villainyes, let us prove cony-catchers baudes, or any thing, so we may rub-out, and first my plot for playing the French doctor that shall hold; our lodging stand here filthy in Shooe-lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may shortely throw an old shooe after us, and with those shredds of French, that we gathered up in our hostes house in Paris, wee'l gull the world, that hath in estimation forraine phisitians, and if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of those stigmatick maisters of arte, that abused us in times past, leave their owne phisitians, and become our patients, wee'l alter quite the stile of them, for they shal never hereafter write, your lordship's most bounden, but your lordship's most laxative.

*Stud.* It shal be so; see what a little vermine poverty altereth a whole milky disposition.

*Phil.* So then my selfe streight with revenge Ile seate.

*Stud.* Provoked patience growes intemperate.

## SCENA V.

*Enter* RICHARDETTO, JAQUES, *Scholler learning French.*

*Jaq.* How now, my little knave, *quelle nouelle mounseir.*

*Richar.* Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an urinal in his hand, would fayne speake with master Theodore.

Jaq. *Parlé francoyes moun petit' garsoun.*

Richar. *Hy a un homme ave le bonnet de la tete Et un urinell in la mens, que veut parler.*

Jaq. *Foe beien.*

Theod. *Juques a bonus.* [Exeunt.

## SCENA VI.

FUROR POETICUS, *and presently after enters* PHANTASMA.

Fur. *(Rapt within contemplation.)* Why how now, Pedant Phebus, are you smouching Thalia on her tender lips? There hoie; pesant avant; come, pretty short-nosed nimph: Oh sweet Thalia, I do kisse thy foote. What Cleio? O sweet Cleio, nay pray thee do not weepe Melpomene. What, Urania, Polimnia, and Calliope, let me doe reverence to your deities.

[PHANTASMA *puls him by the sleeve.*

*Fur.* I am your holy swayne, that night and day,
Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled browe,
Studying a moneth for on Epithete.
Nay, silver Cinthia, do not trouble me;
Straight will I thy Endimions storye write,
To which thou hastest me on day and night.
You light skirt starres, this is your wonted guise,
By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heades:
But when Don Phebus showes his flashing snout,
You are sky puppies, streight your light is out.

*Phan.* So ho, Furor.

Nay prethee good Furor in sober sadnes.

Fur. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

*Phan.* Nay, sweet Furor, *ipsæ te Tytire pinus.*

Fur. *Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocarunt.*
Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe poynt,
That wearyed of his life and baser breath,
Offers himselfe to an iambicke verse.

Phan. *Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat*
*Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.*

*Fur.* What slimye bold presumtious groome is he,
Dares with his rude audacious hardye chatt,
Thus sever me from skibbered contemplation?

Phan. *Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam.*

*Fur.* Oh Phantasma; what my individual mate?
*O mihi post nullos Furor memorande sodales.*
Say whence comest thou? sent from what deytye?
From great Apollo, or sly Mercurye?

*Phan.* I come from the little Mercury, Ingenioso; for,
*Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.*

*Fur.* Ingenioso?
He is a pretty inventor of slight prose:
But there's no spirit in his groaveling speach,
Hang him whose verse can not out-beleh the winde:
That cannot beard and brave Don Eolus,
That when the cloude of his invention breakes,
Cannot out-cracke the scarr-crow thunderbolt.

*Phan.* Hang him, I say, *pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pepedi.* Will it please you maister Furor, to walke with me? I promised to bring you to a drinking inne, in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges Heade; for,
*Tempore lenta pati frœna docentur equi.*

*Fur.* Passe the before, Ile come incontinent.

*Phan.* Nay faith, maister Furor, letts go together, *quoniam convenimus ambo.*

*Fur.* Letts march on unto the house of fame;
There quaffing bowles of Baccus blood ful nimbly,
Endite a tiptoe, strouting poesy.

[*They offer the way one to the other.*

Phan. *Quo me bacche rapis tui plenum,*
*Tu major; tibi me est æquum parere Menalca.*

## ACTUS II.

### SCENA I.

*Enter* PHILOMUSUS, THEODORE, *his Patient the Burgesse, and his Man with his State.*

Theod. [*Putts on his spectacles.*] Monseiur, here are *atomi natantes*, which do make shew your worship to be as leacherous as a bull.

*Burg.* Truely, maister doctor, we are all men.

*Theod.* This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your race, or in your occiput. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

*Burg.* Ile assure you, M. Theodore, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I have disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

*Theod.* Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speeches. *O curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stoupent*, it is an aphorisme in Galen.

*Burg.* And what is the exposition of that?

*Theod.* That your worship must take a gland, *ut emittatur sanguis*: the signe is for excellent, for excellent.

*Burg.* Good maister doctor use me gently; for marke you, Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first, as I am a publike magistrate; secondly, as I am a private butcher; and, but for the worshipfull credit of the place and office wherein I now stand and live, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparell, with a suppositor, or a glister; but for the countenancing of the place, I must go oftener to stoole; for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, nor to go to the stoole without a phisition.

Theod. *A, vous ettes un gentell home vraiment*, what ho, Jaques, Jaques, *ou e vous? un fort gentell purgation for Monsier Burg.*

Jaq. *Voste tres humble serviture a vostre commandement.*

Theod. *Donne vous un gentell purge a Monsier Burgesse.* I have considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *un fort gentell purgation per coacuationem excrementorum*, as we phisitions use to parlee.

*Burg.* I hope, maister doctor, you have a care of the countreys officer; I tell you I durst not have trusted my selfe with every phisition, and yet I am not afraide for my selfe, but I would not deprive the towne of so carefull a magistrate.

*Theod.* O monsier, I have a singular care of your valetudo; it is requisite that the French phisitions be learned and carefull, your English velvet cap is malignant and envious.

*Burg.* Here is, maister doctor, foure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you shall heare from me, good maister doctor; farewell, farewell, good maister doctor.

*Theod.* Adieu good monsier, adieu good sir monsier.

Then burst with teares unhappy graduate;
Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin;
Nor canst thou thrive by vertue, nor by sin.

*Stud.* Oh how it greeves my vexed soule to see,
Each painted asse in chayre of dignitye:
And yet we grovell on the ground alone,
Running through every trade, yet thrive by none.
More we must acte in this lives tragedy.

*Phi.* Sad is the plott, sad the catastrophe.

*Stud.* Sighs are the chorus in our tragedy.

*Phi.* And rented thoughts continuall actors bee.

*Stud.* Woe is the subject; Phil. earth the loathed stage,
Whereon we act this fained personage.
Mossy[1] barbarians the spectators be,
That sit and laugh at our calamity.

*Phi.* Band be those houres when mongst the learned throng,
By Grantaes muddy bancke we whilome song.

*Stud.* Band be that hill which learned witts adore,
Where earst we spent our stock and little store.

*Phi.* Band be those musty mewes, where we have spent,
Our youthfull daies in paled languishment.

*Stud.* Band be those cosening arts that wrought our woe,
Making us wandering pilgrimes to and fro.

*Phi.* And pilgrimes must we be without reliefe,
And wheresoever we run there meets us greefe.

*Stud.* Where ever we tosse upon this crabbed stage,
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

*Phi.* Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,
A tired lacky to our wandering youth.

### SCENA II.

ACADEMICO *solus.*

*Acad.* Faine wold I have a living, if I could tel how to come by it.—*Eccho.* Buy it.

Buy it, fond Eccho? why thou dost greatly mistake it.—*Eccho.* Stake it.

Stake it? what should I stake at this game of simony?—*Eccho.* Mony.

What, is the world a game? are livings gotten by playing?—*Eccho.* Paying.

Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a living?—*Eccho. Giving.*

Must his worship's fists bee needs then oyled with angells?—*Eccho.* Angells.

Ought his gowty fists then first with gold to be greased.—*Eccho.* Eased.

And is it then such an ease for his asses backe to cary mony?—*Eccho.* I.

[1] *Most like.*

Will then this golden asse bestowe a vicarige guilded?—*Eccho.* Gelded.

What shall I say to good Sir Roderick, that have gold here?—*Eccho.* Cold cheare.

Ile make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a scholler.—*Eccho.* Choller.

Yea, will hee be cholerike, to heare of an art or a science?—*Eccho.* Hence.

Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?—*Eccho.* Sell.

Sell it? and must a simple clark be fayne to compound then?—*Eccho.* Pounds then.

What if I have no pounds, must then my suite be proroagued?—*Eccho.* Roagued.

Yea, given to a roague; shall an asse this vicaridge compass?—*Eccho.* Asse.

What is the reason that I should not be as fortunate as hee?—*Eccho.* Asse he.

Yet for al this, with a penilesse purse wil I trudg to his worship?—*Eccho.* Words cheape.

Wel, if he give me good words, it's more then I have from an Eccho.—*Eccho.* Goe.

## SCENA III.

AMORETTO, *with an Ovid in his hand;* ACADEMICO.

*Amor.* Take it on the word of a gentleman, thou cannot have it a penny under, thinke ont, thinke on it, while I meditate on my fayre mistres.

*Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido tuum.*

What ere become of this dull thredbare clearke,
I must be costly in my mistresses eye;
Ladyes regard not ragged company.
I will with the revenewes of my chafred church,
First buy an ambling hobby for my fayre;
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
Proud of his burden when he gins to praunce:
Then must I buy a jewell for her eare,
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
With these fayre giftes when I accompanied goe,
Sheele give Joves breakfast; Sidny tearmes it so.
I am her needle, she is my adamant,
She is my fayre rose, I her unworthy pricke.

*Acad.* Is there no body heere will take the paines to geld his mouth?

*Amor.* She's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony.

*Acad.* No, thou art a meere marke for good witts to shoote at; and in that suite, thou wilt make a fineman to dash poore crowes out of countenance.

*Amor.* She is my moone, I her Endimion.

*Acad.* No, she is thy shoulder of mutton, thou her onyon; or she may be thy Luna, and thou her lunaticke.

*Amor.* I her Æneas, she my Dido is.

*Acad.* She is thy Io, thou her brasen asse;
Or she dame Phantasy, and thou her gull,
She thy Pasiphae, and thou her loving bull.

## SCENA IV.

*Enter* IMMERITO, *and* STERCUTIO, *his Father.*

*Ster.* Sonne, is this the gentleman that sells us the living?

*Im.* Fy father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say, is this the gentleman that must have the gratuito?

*Acad.* What have we heere, old trupenny come to towne, to fetch away the living in his old greasy slops; then Ile none; the time hath beene when such a fellowe medled with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnayles, and so to a a peece of bread and cheese, and went his way; but now these fellowes are growne the onely factors for preferment.

*Ster.* O is this the grating gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

*Im.* O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks; and harke you, father, thou must tell of nothing that is done; for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

*Acad.* Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him over, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

*Ster.* By my fayth, sonne, looke for no more portion.

*Im.* Well, father, I will not, upon this condition, that when thou have gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little mony to the bishop's poser, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

*Acad.* He meanes any question in Lattin, which he counts a scruple; oh this honest man could never abide this popish tounge of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as lives.

*Ster.* Ile take the gentleman now, he is in a good vayne, for he smiles.

*Amor.* Sweete Ovid, I do honour every page.

*Acad.* Good Ovid, that in his life time lived with the Getes, and now after his death converseth with a barbarian.

*Ster.* God bee at your worke, sir; my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman; I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand here.

*Amor.* Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds, then thou should have put me out of my excellent meditation; by the faith of a gentleman, I was rapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir, you must pardon my father, he wants bringing up.

*Acad.* Marry, it seemes he hath good bringing up, when he brings up so much mony.

*Ster.* Indeede, sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a gentleman of the Temple before.

*Amor.* Well I am content, in a generous disposition, to beare with country education, but fellow whats thy name?

*Ster.* My name, sir, Stercutio, sir.

*Amor.* Why then, Stercutio, I would be very

willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferred upon your sonne; mary, I would have you know, that I have beene importuned by two or three several lordes, my kinde cozins, in the behalfe of some Cambridge man, and have almost engaged my word. Mary, if I shall see your disposition to be more thankfull then other men, I shalbe very ready to respect kind natured men; for, as the Italian proverbe speaketh wel, *chi ha hauru.*

*Acad.* Why here is a gallant young drover of livings.

*Ster.* I beseech you, sir, speak English; for that is naturall to me and to my sonne, and all our kindred, to understand but one language.

*Amor.* Why thus, in plaine English; I must be respected with thanks.

*Acad.* This is a subtle tractive, when thanks may be felt and seene.

*Ster.* And I pray you, sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

*Acad.* The verye same method that he used at the buying of an oxe.

*Amor.* I must have some odd sprinkling of an hundred pounds, if so, so, I shall thinke you thankfull, and commend your sonne as a man of good giftes to my father.

*Acad.* A sweete world, give an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullnesse.

*Ster.* Harke thou, sir, you shall have 80 thankes.

*Amor.* I tell thee, fellow, I never opened my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life. I tell thee, few young gentlemen are found, that would deale so kindely with thee as I doe.

*Ster.* Well, sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without sending to the universitye, I am content to give you as many thankes as you aske, so you will promise me to bring it to passe.

*Amor.* I warrant you for that; if I say it once, repayre you to the place, and stay there for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the ayre. Ile meete him as he returnes, and make way for your suite. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* ACADEMICO, AMORETTO.

*Amor.* Gallant, I faith.

*Acad.* I see we schollers fish for a living in these shallow foardes without a silver hoock. Why, wold it not gal a man to see a spruse gartered youth of our colledge a while ago, be a broker for a living, and an old baude for a benefice? This sweete sir profered me much kindenesse when hee was of our colledge, and now Ile try what winde remaynes in his bladder. God save you, sir.

*Amor.* By the masse I fear me, I saw this genus and species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now; by the faith of a gentleman, this is pretty ellegy. Of what age is the day, fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tel where a hare sits?

*Acad.* See a poore old friende of yours, of S. colledge, in Cambridge.

*Amor.* Good fayth, sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

*Acad.* My name is Academico, sir, one that made an oration for you once on the queene's day, and a show that you got some credit by.

*Amor.* It may be so, it may be so, but I have forgotten it; marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall unto in my time. But howsoever, sir, I have the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my father's house: but now I am in exceeding great hast, for I have vowed the death of a hare that wee found this morning musing on her meaze.

*Acad.* Sir, I am imboldned by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

*Amor.* Looke syrrha, if you see my hobby come hetherward as yet.

*Acad.* To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thankes, those dayes I have to live.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already given the induction to a chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what universitie he is.

*Acad.* Signior Immerito, they say, hath bidden fayrest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but hee is a grave discreet man, I warrant him, indeede hee wants utterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, me thinkes he hath very good utterance for his gravitie, for hee came hether very grave, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heavy element he carries about him.

*Amor.* Faith sir, you must pardon mee, it is my ordinarie custome to be too studious, my mistresse hath tolde me of it often, and I finde it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say, sweet sir, do yee effect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting.

*Acad.* How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine get mee abroad to make sport with mee in their hunters termes, which we schollers are not acquainted with; sir, I have loved this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the hare.

*Amor.* Hunters luck, hunters luck, sir; but there was a fault in your hounds that did spend well.

*Acad.* Sir, I have had worse luck alwayes at hunting the fox.

*Amor.* What, sir, do you meane at the unkennelling, untapering, or earthing of the fox.

*Acad.* I meane earthing, if you tearme it so; for I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old fox your father.

*Amor.* Good faith, sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers; it is a word that we hunters use when the fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde, one long, two short; now, sir, in blowing, every long containeth 7 quavers, one short containeth 3 quavers.

*Acad.* Sir, might I finde any favour in my suite, I would wind the horne wherein your boone deserts should be sounded with so many minims, so many quavers.

*Amor.* Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this, or any kindnesse upon you; I wonder the boy comes not away with my hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding: when you blow the death of your fox in the field, or covert, then must you sound 3 notes, with 3 windes, and recheat; mark you sir, upon the same, with 3 windes.

*Acad.* I pray you, sir.

*Amor.* Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the releefe three times.

*Acad.* Releefe call you it? it were good every patron would finde the horne.

*Amor.* O, sir, but your reliefe is your sweetest note, that is, sir, when your hounds hunt after a game unknowne, and then you must sound one long and six short, the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind, one long and two short.

*Acad.* True, sir, it is a very good trade now a dayes to be a villaine; I am the hound that hunts after a game unknowne, and blowes the villaine.

*Amor.* Sir, I will blesse your eares with a very pretty story; my father out of his owne cost and charges, keepes an open table for all kinde of dogges.

*Acad.* And he keepes one more by thee.

*Amor.* He hath your grey-hound, your mungrell, your mastife, your leurier, your spaniell, your kennets, terriers, butchers dogges, bloudhounds, dunghill-dogges, trindle tailes, prick-eard curres, small ladies puppies, caches, and bastards.

*Acad.* What a bawdy knave hath he to his father, that keepes his Rachell, hath his bastards, and lets his sonnes be plaine ladies puppets, to beray a ladies chamber.

*Amor.* It was my pleasure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leash of grey-hounds, and into my father's parke I went, accompanied with two or three noblemen of my neere acquaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport: I causd the keeper to sever the rascall deere, from the bucks of the first heed; how, sir, a bucke the first yeare is a fawne, the second yeare a pricket, the third yeare a sorell, the fourth yeare a soare, the fift a buck of the first head, the sixt yeare a compleat buck: as likewise your hart is the first yeare a calfe, the second yeare a brochet, the third yeare a spade, the fourth yeare a stagge, the fift yeare a great stagge, the sixt yeare a hart: as likewise the roe-bucke is the first yeare a kid, the second yeare a girl, the third yeare a hemuse; and these are your speciall beasts for chase, or, as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

*Acad.* If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more speciall beast, then any in thy father's forrest. Sir, I am sorry I have been so troblesome to you.

*Amor.* I know this was the readiest way to chase away the scholler, by getting him into a subject he cannot talke of for his life. Sir, I will borrow so much time of you, as to finish this my begun storie. Now, sir, after much travell we singled a buck, I rode that same time upon a roane gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly; my great swift being disadvantaged in his slip, was at the first behinde, marry, presently coted and out-stript them, when, as the hart presently discended to the river, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe; and at last he upstarted at the other side of the water, which we call soyle of the hart, and there other huntsmen met him with an adauntreley: we followed in hard chase for the space of eight houres, thrise our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a slaine, streight so ho; through good reclaiming my faulty hounds found their game againe, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of musicke, resembling so many violls degambo: at last the hart laid him dowue, and the hounds seized upon him, he groned, and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of Acteon's fortune, which my Ovid speakes of.

He reades Ovid.

*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

*Acad.* Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtayning my sute?

*Amor.* In good fayth, sir, if I did not love you as my soule, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

*Acad.* Naye, I will not dye of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

*Amor.* So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogges with the small guttes, and the lights, and the bloud; the huntsmen hallowed, so ho, Venus a coupler, and so coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might heare the huntsmen cry, horse, decouple, avant, but streight we hearde him cry, le amond, and by that, I knewe that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see sore and resore, prick and reprick: what, is he gone? ha ha ha ha, these schollers are the simplest creatures.

## SCENA VI.

*Enter* AMORETTO, *and his Page.*

*Page.* I wonder what is become of that Ovid *de arte amandi*; my maister he that for the prac-

tise of his discourse, is wonte to court his hobby abroad and at home, in his chamber makes a sett speech to his grey-hound, desiring that most fayre and amiable dogge to grace his company in a stately galliard, and if the dogge seeing him practise his lusty pointes, as his crospoint back-caper chance to beray the roome, he presently doffes his cap, most solemnly makes a low-leg to his lady ship, taking it for the greatest favour in the world, that shee would vouchsafe to leave her civet box, or her sweete glove behind her.

*Amor.* He opens Ovid and reads it.

*Page.* Not a word more, sir, an't please you, your hobby will meete you at the lanes end.

*Amor.* What, Jack, faith I cannot but vent unto thee a most witty jest of mine.

*Page.* I hope my maister will not breake winde: wilt please you, sir, to blesse mine eares with the discourse of it.

*Amor.* Good faith, the boy begins to have an elegant smack of my stile: why then thus it was, Jack; a scurvie meere Cambridge scholler, I know not how to define him.——

*Page.* Nay, maister, let mee define a meere scholler; I heard a courtier once define a meere scholler to bee *animal scabiosum*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch; or a meere scholler, is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sit rewming till dinner, and then go to his meate when the bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit; or if you will have him defined by negatives, he is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a messe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling, one that cannot salute a woman, and looke on her directly, one that cannot ———.

*Amor.* Inough, Jack, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this jest; sirrha, this prædicable, this saucy groome, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a trundlebed under my tutor, I was content in discreet humilitie, to give him some place at the table; and because I envited the hungrie slave sometimes to my chamber, to the canvasing of a turkie pye, or a piece of venison, which my lady grand-mother sent me, he thought himselfe therefore eternally possest of my love, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his old familiaritie did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of weight. I could not tell how to rid my selfe better of the troublesome burre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our wordes of arte, the poore scorpion became speechlesse, and suddenly ravished. These clearkes are simple fellowes, simple fellowes. *(He reads Ovid.)*

*Page.* Simple indeed they are, for they want your courtly composition of a foole, and of a knave. Good faith, sir, a most absolute jest, but me thinkes it might have beene followed a little farther.

*Amor.* As how, my little knave?

*Page.* Why thus, sir, had you invited him to dinner at your table, and have put the carving of a capon upon him, you should have seene him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a jury of faces, then wagging his head, and shewing his teeth in familiaritie, venter upon it with the same method that he was wont to untrusse an apple pye, or tyrannise an egge and butter: then would I had applied him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, and still when he had a good bit of meate, I would hane taken it from him, by giving him a cleane trencher, and so have served him in kindnesse.

*Amor.* Well said, subtle Jack, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the scholler: Ile to my game; for you, Jack, I would have you imploy your time till my comming, in watching what houre of the day my hawke mutes. [*Exit.*

*Page.* Is not this an excellent office to be apothecarie to his worship's hawke, to sit scouting on the wall, how the phisicke workes? and is not my maister an absolute villaine, that loves his hawke, his hobby, and his grey-hound, more then any mortall creature? do but dispraise a feather of his hawkes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and sweares, for he can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the most shallow braind fellow that lives; do but say his horse stales with a good presence, and hee's your bond-slave: when he returnes, Ile tell twentie admirable lyes of his hawke, and then I shall be his little rogue, and his white villaine, for a whole weeke after. Well, let others complaine, but I thinke *there is* no felicitie to the serving of a foole.

## ACTUS III.

### SCENA I.

SIR RADERICKE, RECORDER, PAGE, SIGNOR IMMERITO.

*Sir Rad.* Signor Immerito, you remember my caution for the tithes, and my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate?

*Im.* I, and please your worship, sir.

*Sir Rad.* You must put in security for the performance of it in such sorte, as I and maister Recorder shall like of.

*Im.* I will, an't please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindnesse upon a sufficient man, I have desired maister Recorder to take examination of you.

*Page.* My maister, it seemes, tak's him for a thiefe, but he hath small reason for it; as for

learning, it's plaine he never stole any, and for the living he knowes himselfe how he comes by it; for lett him but eat a measse of furmenty this seaven yeare, and yet he shall never be able to recover himselfe: alas, poore sheepe, that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox.

*Sir Rad.* Good maister Recorder, take your place by me, and make tryall of his giftes. Is the clerke there to record his examination? Oh the Page shall serve the turne.

*Page.* Tryal of his giftes! never had any giftes a better tryal. Why, Immerito, his giftes have appeared in as many coloures as the rayn-bow; first to maister Amoretto in colour of the sattine suite he weares; to my lady, in the similitude of a loose gowne; to my maister, in the likenesse of a silver basen and ewer; to us pages in the semblance of new suites and poyntes. So maister Amoretto playes the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my maister adornes his cuppoord with a piece of a parsonage; my mistres upon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages playe at blowe pointe for a piece of a parsonage. I thinke heer's tryall inough for one man's giftes.

*Rec.* For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man——

*Page.* He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

*Rec.* In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature; for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in some sorte propound questions fitt to be resolved by one of your profession. Say what is a person that was never at the university?

*Im.* A person that was never in the university, is a living creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

*Rec.* Very well answered; but you should have added, and must be officious to his patrone. Write downe that answer, to shew his learning in logick.

*Sir Rad.* Yea, boy, write that downe; very learnedly in good faith. I pray now let me aske you one question that I remember, whether is the masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

*Im.* The feminine, sir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer. In good faith, I have beene of that mind alwayes; write, boy, that, to shew hee is a grammarian.

*Page.* No marvell my maister be against the grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latine in the genders.

*Rec.* What university are you of?

*Im.* Of none.

*Sir Rad.* He tells trueth; to tell trueth is an excellent vertue; boy, make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

*Page.* What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an asse head?

*Sir Rad.* Now, maister Recorder, if it please you, I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth; a booke of astronomy, otherwise called an almanacke.

*Rec.* Very good, Sir Radericke; it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes. Proceede, good sir.

*Sir Rad.* What is the dominicall letter?

*Im.* C, sir, and please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke. Write downe that, and referre it to his skill in philosophy.

*Page.* C, the dominicall letter; it is true, craft and cunning do so dominere; yet rather C and D are dominicall letters, that is, crafty dunsery.

*Sir Rad.* How many daies hath September?

*Im.* Aprill, June, and November, February hath 28 alone, and all the rest hath 30 and one.

*Sir Rad.* Very learnedly, in good faith; he hath also a smacke in poetry. Write downe that, boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

*Im.* Twelve, sir.

*Sir Rad.* How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

*Im.* Ten, sir.

*Page.* Without doubt, he hath beene some carrier's horse?

*Sir Rad.* How call you him that is cunning in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the cypher?

*Im.* A good arithmetician.

*Sir Rad.* Write downe that answer of his, to show his learning in arithmetick.

*Page.* He must nedes be a good arithmetician, that counted money so lately.

*Sir Rad.* When is the new moone?

*Im.* The last quarter, the 5 day, at 2 of the cloke, and 38 minuts in the morning.

*Sir Rad.* Write him downe. How cal you him, that is weather-wise?

*Rec.* A good astronomer.

*Sir Rad.* Sirrha, boy, write him downe for a good astronomer.

Page. *As colit astra.*

*Sir Rad.* What day of the month lights the queene's day on?

*Im.* The 17 of November.

*Sir Rad.* Boy, referre this to his vertues, and write him down a good subject.

*Page.* Faith he were an excellent subject for 2 or 3 good wits; he would make a fine asse for an ape to ride upon.

*Sir Rad.* And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning. Now it remaines to try, whether you bee a man of good utterance, that is, whether you can aske for the strayed heifer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the sexton whippe out the dogges; let mee heare your voyce.

*Im.* If any man or woman——

*Sir Rad.* That's too high.

*Im.* If any man or woman——

*Sir Rad.* That's too lowe.

*Im.* If any man or woman, can tell any tydings of a horse with fowre feete, two eares, that did straye about the seventh howre, three minutes in the forenoone, the fift day.

*Page.* I tooke of a horse just as it were the ecclipse of the moone.

*Sir Rad.* Boy, write him downe for a good utterance. Maister Recorder, I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

*Rec.* I, Sir Radericke, tis so; wee have tride him very throughly.

*Page.* I, we have taken an inventory of his good parts, and prized them accordingly.

*Sir Rad.* Signior Immerito, forasmuch as we have made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition; it is expedient also, in the next place, to give you a fewe exhortations, considering the greatest clarkes are not the wisest men; this is, therefore, first, to exhort you to abstaine from controversies; secondly, not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to use your selfe discreetly; thirdly, not to speake when any man or woman coughs; doe so, and in so doing, I will persever to bee your worshipfull friend and loving patron.

*Im.* I thanke your worship, you have beene the deficient cause of my preferment.

*Sir Rad.* Lead Immerito in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reserved, paying twelve pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to speake with an unthrift, I should meete at the Middle Temple about a purchase; when you have done, follow us.

[*Exeunt* IMMERITO, *and the Page.*

## SCENA II.

SIR RADERICKE *and Recorder.*

*Sir Rad.* Harke you, maister Recorder, I have flesht my prodigall boy notablie, notablie in letting him deale for this living, that hath done him much, much good I assure you.

*Rec.* You doe well, Sir Radericke, to bestowe your living upon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing; whereas your proud university princox thinkes he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment; an unthankfull viper, an unthankfull viper, that will sting the man that revived him.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke,
Some stamell weaver, or some butcher's sonne;
That scrubd a late within a sleeveles gowne,
When the commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman;
How then he gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwell in a smokye roufe,
Must take tobacco, and must weare a locke.
His thirsty dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
But his sweet selfe is served in silver plate.
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legges,
For one good Christmas meale on new-yeares day;
But his mawe must be capon crambd each day.
He must ere long be triple beneficed,
Els with his tongue hee'l thunderbolt the world,
And shake each pesant by his deafe-man's eare.
But had the world no wiser men then I,
Weede pen the prating parates in a cage,
A chayre, a candle, and a tinderbox.
A thacked chamber, and a ragged gowne,
Should be their landes and whole possessions;
Knights, lords, and lawyers, should be loged, and dwel
Within those over stately heapes of stone;
Which doting sires in old age did direct.

Well, it were to be wished, that never a scholler in England might have above fortie pound a yeare.

*Sir Rad.* Faith, maister Recorder, if it went by wishing, there should never an one of them all have above twentie a yeare; a good stipend, a good stipend, maister Recorder. I, in the meane time, howsoever, I hate them all deadly, yet I am fayne to give them good words. Oh they are pestilent fellowes, they speake nothing but bodkins, and pisse vinegar. Well, do what I can in outward kindnesse to them, yet they doe nothing but beray my house; as there was one that made a couple of knavish verses on my country chimney, now in the time of my sojourning here at London: and it was thus,

Sir Radericke keepes no chimney cavelere,
That takes tobacco above once a yeare.

And an other made a couple of verses on my daughter, that learnes to play on the viall *de gambo*,

Her vyall *de gambo* is her best content,
For twixt her legges she holdes her instrument.

Very knavish, very knavish, if you looke unto it, maister Recorder; nay they have playd many a knavish tricke beside with me. Well, tis a shame indeede there should be any such privilege for proud beggars, as Cambridge and Oxford are. But let them go, and if ever they light in my handes, if I do not plague them, let me never returne home againe to see my wife's waiting mayde.

*Rec.* This scorne of knights is too egregious.
But how should these young coltes prove amblers,
When the old heavy galled jades do trot:
There shall you see a puny boy start up,
And make a theame against common lawyers:
Then the old unweldy camels gin to dance,
This fiddling boy playing a fit of mirth:
The gray bearde scrubbe, and laugh and cry, good, good,
To them againe, boy, scurdge the barbarians:
But we may give the loosers leave to talke,
We have the coyne, then tel them laugh for me.
Yet knights and lawyers hope to see the day,
When we may share here their possessions,
And make indentures of their chaffred skins;
Dice of their bones to throw in merriment.

*Sir Rad.* O good fayth, maister Recorder, if I could see that day once.

*Rec.* Well remember, another day, what I say; schollers are pried into of late, and are found to bee busye fellowes, disturbers of the peace; He say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smel a ratt.

*Sir Rad.* I hope at length England will be wise enough, I hope so, I faith; then an old knight may have his wench in a corner without any satyres or epigrams. But the day is farre spent, maister Recorder, and I feare by this time, the unthrift is arrived at the place appointed in Moore Fieldes, let us hasten to him. [*He lookes on his watch.*

*Rec.* Indeed this dayes subject transported us too late; I thinke we shall not come much too late. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENA III.

*Enter* AMORETTO, *his Page*, IMMERITO *booted.*

*Amor.* Maister Immerito, deliver this letter to the poser in my father's name; marry withall some sprinkling, some sprinkling, *verbum sapienti sat est*; farwell, maister Immerito.

*Im.* I thanke your worship most hartely.

*Page.* Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these yeares; but let him go, I loose nothing by him, for He be sworne but for the booty of selling the parsonage, I should have gone in mine old cloathes this Christmas. A dunce I see is a neighbourlike brute beast, a man may live by him.

*Amor.* (*seemes to make verse.*) A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as shee was wont to be, her nose is like, not yet; plague on these mathematicks, they have spoyled my brayne in making a verse.

*Page.* Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will serve to count the clocke, or tell the meridian howre by rumbling of his paunch.

*Amor.* Her nose is like——

*Page.* A cobler's shooing horne.

*Amor.* Her nose is like a beauteous maribone.

*Page.* Marry a sweete snotty mistres.

*Amor.* Fayth I do not like it yet; asse as I was to reade a peece of Aristotle in Greeke yesternight, it hath put mee out of my English vaine quite.

*Page.* O monstrous lye, let me be a pointtrusser while I live, if he understands any tongue but English.

*Amor.* Sirrha, boy, remember me when I come in Paule's churchyard to buy a Ronzard, and Dubartas in French, and Aretine in Italian, and our hardest writers in Spanish, they wil sharpen my witts gallantly; I doe rellish these tongues in some sort. Oh now I do remember I heare a report of a poet newly come out in Hebrew, it is a pretty harsh tongue, and rellish a gentleman traveller; but come letts hast after my father, the fields are fitter to heavenly meditations.

[*Exeunt.*

*Page.* My maisters, I could wish your presence at an admirable jest; why presently this great linguist, my maister, will march through Paule's churchyard; come to a bookebinders shop, and with a big Italian looke, and a Spanish face, aske for these bookes in Spanish and Italian; then turning, through his ignorance, the wrong end of the booke upward, use action, on this unknowne tong after this sort; first looke on the title, and wrinkle his browe; next make as though he red the first page, and bites a lip; then with his nayle score the margent, as though there were some notable conceit; and lastly, when he thinkes hee hath gulld the standers by sufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage, swearing that hee could never finde bookes of a true printe, since he was fast in Ioadna, enquire after the next marte, and so departes. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arived at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken Ostend; by this time he begins to spit, and cry, boy, carry my cloake; and now I go to attend on his worship.

## SCENA IV.

*Enter* INGENIOSO, FUROR, PHANTASMA.

*Ing.* Come ladds, this wine whetts your resolution in our designe; it's a needy world with subtill spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kinde ofbegging, that may beseeme poets in this age.

*Fur.* Now, by the wing of nimble Mercury,
By my Thalia's silver sounding harpe;
By that cælestial fier within my brayne,
That gives a living genius to my lines;
How ere my dulled intellectuall
Capres lesse nimbly then it did a fore,
Yet will I play a hunt's up to my muse,
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,
As high as is the highest spheere in heaven:
Awake you paltry trulles of Helicon,
Or by this light Ile swagger with you streight:
You grandsyre Phœbus, with your lovely eye,
The firmament's eternall vagabond,
The heavens promoter, that doth peepe and pryo
Into the actes of mortall tennis balls,
Inspire me streight with some rare delicies,
Or Ile dismount thee from thy radiant coach;
And make thee poore and crutchy here on earth.

Phan. *Currus auriga paterni.*

*Ing.* Nay prethe, good Furor, doe not roave in rimes before thy time; thou hast a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs and fine jerkes; quiet thy selfe a while, and heare thy charge.

Phan. *Huc ades hæc, animo concipe dicta tuo.*

*Ing.* Let us on to our devise, our plot, our project. That old Sir Radericke, that new printed *compendium* of all inquitye, that hath not ayred his countrey chimney once in three winters: he that loves to live in an od corner here at London, and effect an odde wench in a nooke; one that loves to live in a narrow roome, that he may with more facility in the darke light upon his wife's waiting maide; one that loves a life, a short sermon, and a long play; one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in circle, good for nothing

in the world but to sweate nightcaps, and foule faire lawne shirtes, feede a few foggy serving men, and preferre dunces to livings. This old Sir Radericke, Furor, it shall be thy taske to cudgell with thy thick thwart tearmes; marry, at the first give him some sugar candy tearmes, and then if he will not unty purse stringes of his liberality, sting him with tearmes layd in aqua fortis and gun-powder.

Fur. *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*
The servile current of my slyding verse,
Gentle shal runne into his thick skind eares;
Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his slymie spright to honour me;
For my high tiptoe strouting poesye.
But if his starrs hath favoured him so ill,
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,
Justly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch:
If his earth wroting snout shal gin to scorne,
My verse, that giveth immortality;
Then, *bella per emathios.*

*Phan.* Furor *arma ministrat.*

*Fur.* Ile shake his hearte upon my verses poynte,
Rip out his gutts with rivyng poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.

Phan. *Calami, atramentum, charta, libelli,*
*Sunt semper studiis arma parata tuis.*

*Ing.* Inough, Furor; wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill: now for you, Phantasma, leave trussing your pointes, and listen.

Phan. *Omne tulit punctum.*

*Ing.* Marke you, Amoretto, Sir Radericke's sonne; to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar endes of verses be directed; he is one, that wil draw out his pocket glasse thrise in a walke; one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and civet, and talkes of nothing all day long but his hauke, his hound, and his mistres; one that more admires the good wrinckle of a boote, the curious crinckling of a silke stocking, then all the witt in the world; one that loves no scholler, but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day together, his fliblowne sonnettes of his mistres, and her loving pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet; it shal be thy task, Phantasma, to cut this gulles throate with faire tearmes; and if he hold fast for al thy juggling rettoricke, fal at defyance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

Phan. *Simul extulit ensem.*

*Ing.* Come brave mips, gather up your spiritts, and let us march on like adventurous knights, and discharge a hundreth poeticall spiritts upon them.

Phan. *Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.*
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENA V.

*Enter* PHILOMUSUS, STUDIOSO.

*Stud.* Well, Philomusus, we never scaped so faire a scouring; why yonder are pursevantes out for the French doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a terrible feare that made us cast our hayre.

*Phil.* And canst thou sport at our calamityes?
And countest us happy to scape prisonment?
Why the wide world, that blesseth some with wayle,
Is to our chayned thoughts a darkesome gayle.

*Stud.* Nay prethee friend, these wonted tearmes forego,
He doubles griefe that comments on a wo.

*Phil.* Why do fond men tearme it impiety,
To send a wearisome sadde grudging ghost,
Unto his home, his long, long, lasting home?
Or let them make our life less greevous be,
Or suffer us to end our misery.

*Stud.* Oh no, the sentinell his watch must keepe,
Untill his lord do lycence him to sleepe.

*Phil.* It's time to sleepe within our hollowe graves,
And rest us in the darksome wombe of earth:
Dead things are graved, and bodies are no lesse
Pined and forlorne like ghostly carcases.

*Stud.* Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne;
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
Meane time, good Philomusus, be content,
Letts spend our days in hopefull merryment.

*Phil.* Curst be our thoughts when ere they dreame of hope;
Ban'd be those happs that henceforth flatter us,
When mischiefe doggs us still and still for aye,
From our first byrth untill our burying day.
In our first gamesome age, our doting sires
Carked and cared to have us lettered:
Sent us to Cambridge, where our cyle is spent:
Us our kinde colledge from the teate did teate:
And fors't us walke before we weaned were.
From that time since wandred have we still;
In the wide world, urg'd by our forced will,
Nor ever have we happy fortune tryed:
Then why should hope with our tent state abide?
Nay let us run unto the basefull cave,
Pight in the hollow ribbs of craggy cliffe,
Where dreary owles do shrike the live-long night,
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:
Where yawning ghosts do howle in ghastly wise,
Where that dull hollow eyed, that staring syre,
Yclept Dispaire, hath his sad mansion;
Him let us finde, and by his counsell we,
Will end our too much yrked misery.

*Stud.* To wayle thy happs argues a dastard minde.

*Phil.* To beare too long argues an asses kinde.

*Stud.* Long since the worst chance of the die was cast.

*Phil.* But why should that word worst so long time last?

*Stud.* Why doth thou now these sleepie plaintes commence?

*Phil.* Why should I ee'r be duld with patience?

*Stud.* Wise folke do bear with, strugling cannot mend.

*Phil.* Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend.

*Stud.* Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse.
*Phil.* No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse.

*Stud.* Our lives remainder gentler hearts may finde.
*Phil.* The gentlest harts to us will prove unkind.

## ACTUS IV.

### SCENA I.

SIR RADERICKE *and* PRODIGO, *at one corner of the Stage; Recorder and* AMORETTO, *at the other.—Two Pages scouring of tobacco pipes.*

*Sir Rad.* M. Prodigo, M. Recorder, hath told you lawe, your land is forfeited; and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to breake the queenes law; for marke you, its law to take the forfeiture; therefore *not* to breake it, is to breake the queenes law; and to breake the queenes law, is not to be a good subject, and I meane to be a good subject. Besides, I am a justice of the peace; and being justice of the peace, I must do justice, that is law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marrie, maister Prodigo, here are a few shillings over and besides the bargaine.

*Prod.* Pox on your shillings; sblood a while agoe, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen Prodigo; you are welcome, my coozen Prodigo; take my coozen Prodigoes horse; a cup of wine for my coozen Prodigo; good faith you shall sit here, good coozen Prodigo, a cleane trencher for my coozen Prodigo; have a speciall care of my coozen Prodigoes lodging: now maister Prodigo with a pox, and a few shillings for a vantage; a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings; if it were not for the serjeant which dogges me at my heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, pox on your selfe and your shillings, pox on your worship, if I catch thee at Ostend. I dare not stay for the serjeant. [*Exit.*

*Sir Rad. Page.* Good faith, maister Prodigo is an excellent fellow, he takes the *gulan abullitio* so excellently.

*Amor. Page.* He is a good liberall gentleman; he hath bestowed an ounce of tobacco upon us, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-taile, weele spend it as liberally for his sake.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Come fill the pipe quickly, while my maister is in his melancholie humour; it's just the melancholie of a collier's horse.

*Amor. Page.* If you cough, Jacke, after your tobacco, for a punishment you shall kisse the pantofle.

*Sir Rad.* It's a foule oversight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his house, but there must be muttering and surmising: it was the wisest saying that my father ever uttered, that a wife was the name of necessity, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their grounde, and to have one to looke to the linnen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carve up a capon; one that can weare a hood like a hawke, and cover her foule face with a fanne; but there's no pleasure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of mutton; sometimes a messe of stewd broth will do well, and an unlaced rabbet is best of all; well, for mine own part, I have no great cause to complaine, for I am well provided of three bounsing wenches, that are mine owne fee-simple; one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid my selfe cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes: (*hee puls his watch out.*) Precious coales, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to begone.

*Rec.* The which I say, is grounded on the statute I spake of before, enacted in the raigne of Henry the 6.

*Amor.* It is a plaine case, whereon I mooted in our temple, and that was this: put case there be three bretheren, John a Nokes, John a Nash, and John a Stile; John a Nokes the elder, John a Nash the younger, John a Stile the youngest of all; John a Nash the younger, dyeth without issue of his body lawfully begotten; whether shall his lands ascend to Iohn a Nokes the elder, or discend to John a Stile the youngest of all? The answer is: the lands do collaterally descend, not ascend.

*Rec.* Very true; and for a proofe hereof, I will shew you a place in Littleton, which is very pregnant in this point.

### SCENA II.

*Enter* INGENIOSO, FUROR, PHANTASMA:

*Ing.* Ile pawne my wittes, that is, my revenues, my land, my money, and whatsoever I have, for I have nothing but my wit, that they are at hand; why any sensible snout may winde maister Amoretto and his pomander, maister Recorder and his two neates feete that weare no sockes, Sir Radericke by his rammish complexion. *Olet gorgoinus hyrcum, S't. Lupus in fabula.* Furor, fire the touch-box of your witte; Phantasina, let your invention play tricks like an ape; begin thou, Furor, and open like a phlapmouthed hound; follow thou, Phantasma, like a ladies puppie; and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a water-dogge, that will shake them off when I have no use of them. My maisters, the watch-word is given: Furor discharge.

Fur. [*To Sir Rad.*] The great projector of the thunder-bolts,
He that is wont to pisse whole clouds of raine,
Into the earth vast gaping urinal,
Which that one eyed subsicer of the skie,
Don Phœbus empties by caliditie:
He and his townesmen planets brings to thee,
Most fatty lumpes of earths facilitie.

*Sir Rad.* Why will this fellowes English breake the queenes peace; I will not seeme to regard him.

*Phan.* [To Am.] *Mecænas atavis edite regibus,*
*O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum,*
*Dii faciant votis vela secunda tuis.*

*Ing.* God save you, good maister Recorder, and good fortunes follow your deserts; I thinke I have curst him sufficiently in few words.

*Sir Rad.* What have we here, three begging souldiers: Come you from Ostend, or from Ireland?

Page. *Cujum pecus, an mælibei?* I have vented all the Latin one man had.

Phan. *Quid dicam amplius? domini similis es.*

*Amor. Page.* Let him alone I pray thee; to him againe, tickle him there.

Phan. *Quam dispari domino dominaris?*

*Rec.* Nay, that's plaine in Littleton; for if that fee-simple and the fee-taile be put together, it is called hotch potch; now this word hotch potch in English, is a pudding; for in such a pudding is not commonly one thing onely, but one thing with another.

*Amor.* I think I do remember this also at a mooting in our temple; so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

Fur. [*To Sir Rad.*] Great Capricornus, of thy head take keepe;
Good Virgo watch, while that thy worship sleepe;
And when thy swelling vents amaine,
Then Pisces be thy sporting chamberlaine.

*Sir Rad.* I thinke the devill hath sent some of his family to torment me.

*Amor.* There is taile generall, and taile speciall, and Littleton is very copious in that theame; for taile generall is, when lands are given to a man and his heyres of his body begotten; taile speciall, is when lands are given to a man, and to his wife, and to the heires of their two bodyes lawfully begotten, and that is called taile speciall.

*Sir Rad.* Very well, and for his oath I will give a distinction; there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath; the formall oath may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you, sir, the law is to take place before the conscience, and therefore you may, using me your counseller, cast him in the sute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place.

Phan. *Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.*

*Ing.* An excellent observation in good faith; see how the old fox teacheth the young cub to wurry a sheepe, or rather sits himselfe like an old goose, hatching the addle braine of maister Amoretto: there is no foole to the sattin foole, the velvet foole, the perfumde foole; and therefore the witty taylors of this age put them, under colour of kindnesse, into a paire of cloath-bags, where a voyder will not serve the turne: and there is no knave to the barbarous knave, the moulting knave, the pleading knave: what ho, maister Recorder, maister *novcrint universi per presentes*, not a word he, unlesse he feele it in his fist.

Phan. *Mitto tibi metulas, cancros imitare legendo.*

Sir Rad. [*To Fur.*] Fellow, what art thou that art so bold?

*Fur.* I am the bastard of great Mercurie,
Got on Thalia when she was a sleepe:
My gawdie grandsire, great *Apollo high*,
Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,
To all the land upon the forked hill.

Phan. *O credulis Alexi nil mea carmina curas?*
*Nil nostri miserere mori me deinq. coges?*

*Sir Rad. Page.* If you use them thus, my maister is a justice of peace, and will send you all to the gallowes.

Phan. *Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.*

*Ing.* Good maister Recorder, let me retaine you this terme for my cause, for my cause good, maister Recorder.

*Rec.* I am retained already on the contrary part; I have taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

*Ing.* It's his meaning I should come off; why here is a true stile of a villaine, the true faith of a lawyer; it is usuall with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of the other; to plead weakely, and to be bribed, and rebribed, on the one side, then to be feed, and refeed, of the other, till at length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may case them up in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had travelled to London to sell his horse onely, and having lost their fleeces, live afterward like poore shorne sheepe.

*Fur.* The gods above, that know great Furor's fame,
And do adore grand poet Furor's name;
Granted long since at heaven's high parliament,
That who so Furor shall immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his grave,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare,
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I have my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, saving that foule fac'd vermin poverty.
This sucks the eggs of my invention;
Evacuates my witts full pigeon house.
Now may it please thy generous dignity,
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberallity:
Ile cause the Pleiades to give thee thanks,
Ile write thy name within the sixteenth spheare
Ile make the antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And Cinthia to do homage to thy tayle.

*Sir Rad.* Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and justice too? Its even so, he is ether a madde man, or a conjurer: it were well if his words were examined, to see if they be the queenes, or no.

Phan. *Nunc si nosaudis ut qui es divinus Apollo,*
*Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat?*

*Amor.* I am stil haunted with these needy Lat-

tinist fellowes; the best counsell I can give is to be gone.

Phan. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium.*

*Amor.* Fellow, looke to your braines; you are mad, you are mad.

Phan. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

*Amor.* Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that after there is a statute come out against begging? [*He strikes his brest.*

Phan. *Pectora percussit, pectus quoq. robora fiunt.*

*Rec.* I warrant you, they are some needy graduates: the university breakes winde twise a yeare, and lets flie such as these are.

*Ing.* So ho, maister Recorder, you that are one of the devil's fellow commoners; one that sizeth the devil's butteries, sinnes, and perjuries, very lavishly; one that are so deare to Lucifer, that he never puts you out of commons for non payment; you that live like a sumner upon the sinnes of the people; you whose vocation serves to enlarge the territories of hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger than a paire of stockes, or a pillorie; you that hate a scholler, because he discries your asses yeares; you that are a plague stuffed cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand serving man of hell, will one day trusse up behind him, and carry to his smokie warderobe.

*Rec.* What frantick fellow art thou, that art possest with the spirit of malediction?

*Fur.* Vile muddy clod of base unhallowed clay,
Thou slimie sprighted unkinde Saracen,
When thou wert borne, dame Nature cast her calfe;
Forrage and time had made thee a great oxe,
And now thy grinding jawes devoure quite
The fodder due to us of heavenly spright.

Phan. *Nefasto te posuit die quicunque primum et sacrilega manu,*
*Produxit arbos in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque pugi.*

*Ing.* I pray you, monseiur Ploidon, of what universitie was the first lawyer of, none forsooth, for your lawe is ruled by reason, and not by arte: great reason indeed, that a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt palfrey, with a round velvet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long gowne, that makes him looke like a *cedant arma togæ*, whilest the poore Aristotelians walke in a shorte cloake, and a close Venetian hoase, hard by the oyster-wife; and the silly poet goes muffled in his cloake, to escape the Counter. And you, maister Amoretto, that art the chiefe carpenter of sonets, a privileged vicar for the lawlesse marriage of inke and paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette speach, to colour the quantitie of your mistresses stoole, and sweare it is most sweete civet; its fine when that puppet-player Fortune, must put such a birchen-lane post in so good a suite, such an asse in so good fortune.

*Amor.* Father, shall I draw?

*Sir Rad.* No, sonne, keepe the peace, and holde thy peace.

*Ing.* Nay, do not draw, least you chance to bepisse your credit.

Fur. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*
Fearefull Megæra, with her snakie twine,
Was cursed dam unto thy damned selfe;
And Hircan tigers in the desert rockes,
Did foster up thy loathed hatefull life;
Base ignorance the wicked craddle rockt;
Vile barbarisme was wont to dandle thee:
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the grisly sprights of griping hell,
With muming looke hath dogd thee since thy birth.
See how the spirits do hover ore thy head,
As thick as gnattes in summer evening tide.
Balefull Alecto, preethe stay a while,
Till with my verses I have rackt his soule;
And when thy soule departs a cock may be,
No blanke at all in hells great lotterie.
Shame sits and howles upon thy loathed grave,
And howling vomit up in filthy guise,
The hidden stories of thy villainies.

*Sir Rad.* The devill, my maisters, the devill in the likenesse of a poet; away, my maisters, away. [*Exit.*

Phan. *Arma virumq. cano,*
*Quem fugis ab demens?*

*Amor.* Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw upon every idle cur that barkes, and did it stand with my reputation:—oh, well go too, thank my father for your lives.

*Ing.* Fond gul, whom I would undertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth; are not you the young drover of livings Academico told me of, that hants steeple faires? Base worme, must thou needes discharge thy craboun to batter down the walles of learning.

*Amor.* I thinke I have committed some great sinne against my mistres, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines; bold pesants I scorne, I scorne them.

Fur. [*To Rec.*] Nay praythee good sweet devell do not thou part,
I like an honest devell that will shew
Himselfe in a true hellish smoky hew:
How like thy snowt is to great Lucifers!
Such tallents had he, such a glaring eye,
And such a cunning slight in villainie.

*Rec.* Oh the impudencie of this age, and if I take you in my quarters.

*Fur.* Base slave, ile hang thee on a crossed rime,
And quarter.

*Ing.* He is gone, Furor, stay thy fury.

*Sir Rad. Page.* I pray you gentlemen, give 3 groats for a shilling.

*Amor. Page.* What wil you give me for a good old sute of apparell?

Phan. *Habet et musca splenem, et formicæ sua bilis incst.*

*Ing.* Gramercie good lads, this is our share in happinesse, to torment the happy: lets walke a long, and laugh at the jest; its no staying here long, least Sir Radericke's army of baylifes and clownes be sent to apprehend us.

Phan. *Procul hinc, procul ite prophani.*
Ile lash Apollon selfe with jerking hand,
Unlesse he pawne his wit to buy me land.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENA III.

BURBAGE, KEMPE.

*Bur.* Now, Will Kempe, if we can intertaine these schollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they have oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

*Kempe.* Its true indeede, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud; and besides, it is a good sport in a part to see them never speake in their walk, but at the end of the stage, just as though in walking with a fellow we should never speake but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a comedie in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

*Kempe.* Few of the university pen plaies well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Prosperpina and Jupiter. Why heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, I, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge, that made him beray his credit.

*Bur.* Its a shrewd fellow indeed; I wonder these schollers stay so long, they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them: oh, here they come.

*Stud.* Take heart, these lets our clouded thoughts refine;
The sun shines brightest when it gins decline.

*Bur.* M. Phil. and M. Stud, god save you.

*Kempe.* M. Phil. and M. Otioso, well met.

*Phil.* The same to you, good M. Burbage. What, M. Kempe, how doth the emperour of Germany?

*Stud.* God save you, M. Kempe; welcome, M. Kempe, from dancing the morrice over the Alpes.

*Kempe.* Well, you merry knaves, you may come to the honour of it one day; is it not better to make a foole of the world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as you schollers are? But be merry, my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come north and south to bring it to our playhouse; and for honours, who of more report than Dick Burbage, and Will Kempe; he is not counted a gentleman, that knowes not Dick Burbage, and Will Kempe; there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers round, but can talke of Dicke Burbage, and Will Kempe.

*Phil.* Indeede, M. Kempe, you are very famous; but that is as well for workes in print, as your part in kne.

*Kempe.* You are at Cambridge still with sice kne, and be lusty humourous poets, you must untrusse; I road this my last circuit, purposely because I would be judge of your actions.

*Bur.* M. Stud. I pray you take some part in this booke, and act it, that I may see what will fit you best; I thinke your voice would serve for Hieronimo; observe how I act it, and then imitate mee.

*Stud.* "Who calls Hieronimo from his naked bed? And, &c."

*Bur.* You will do well after a while.

*Kempe.* Now for you, methinkes you should belong to my tuition, and your face methinkes would be good for a foolish mayre, or a foolish justice of the peace; marke me.——Forasmuch as there be two states of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquillity; two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissention; two states of an incorporation, the one of the aldermen, the other of the brethren; two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule; now, as I said even now, for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often; vertue is the shooinghorne of justice; that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing well; that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing justly; it behooveth mee, and is my part to commend this shooinghorne unto you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not offend any of you, my worshipfull brethren; for you beeing the worshipfull headsmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach, but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also the simple, not onely what is their dutye towards their betters, but also what is their dutye towards their superiors. Come let mee see how you can doe, sit downe in the chaire.

*Phil.* "Forasmuch as there be, &c."

*Kempe.* Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by myselfe, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

*Bur.* I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard the 3; I pray, M. Phil. let me see you act a little of it.

*Phil.* "Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke."

*Bur.* Very well I assure you; well, M. Phil. and M. Stud. wee see what ability you are of; I pray walke with us to our fellowes, and weele agree presently.

*Phil.* We will follow you streight, M. Burbage.

*Kempe.* Its good manners to follow us, M. Phil. and M. Otioso.

*Phil.* And must the basest trade yield us reliefe?
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receive?

Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,
And still we fall, as we do upward spring;
As we strive upward to the vaulted skie,
We fall, and feele our hatefull destiny.
*Stud.* Wonder it is, sweete friend, thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,
Melts not those rockes of yce, those mounts of woe,
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.
*Phil.* Wonder as well thou maist, why mongst the waves,
Mongst the tempestuous waves on raging sea,
The wayling marchant can no pitty crave.
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?
One strickes the sayle, another turnes the same,
He shakes the maine, an other takes the ore,
An other laboureth and taketh paine,
To pumpe the sea into the sea againe.
Still they take paines, still the loud windes do blowe,
Till the ships prouder mast be layd belowe:
*Stud.* Fond world, that nere thinkes on that aged man,
That Ariostoes old swift paced man,
Whose name is Tyme, who never lins to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Save onely those which swanlike schollers take,
And doe deliver from that greedy lake,
Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,
That suffer learning, live in misery.
*Phil.* What caren they what fame their ashes have,
When once their coopt up in silent grave?
*Stud.* If for faire fame they hope not when they dye,
Yet let them feare graves stayning infamy.
*Phil.* Their spendthrift heires will those firebrands quench,
Swaggering full moistly on a tavernes bench.
*Stud.* No shamed sire for all his glosing heire,
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.
*Stud.* Beleeve me, thou that art my second selfe,
My vexed soule is not disquieted,
For that I misse, is gaudy painted state,
Whereat my fortunes fairely aim'd of late.
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
That earning profit are repaide with wo?
But this it is that doth my soule torment,
To thinke so many activeable wits,
That might contend with proudest birds of Po,
Sits now immur'd within their private cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles smoake,
Spending the marrow of their flowring age,
In fruitelesse poring on some worme eate leafe:
When their deserts shall seeme of due to claime,
A cherefull crop of fruitfull swelling sheafe;
Cockle their harvest is, and weeds their graine,
Contempt their portion, their possession paine.
*Stud.* Schollers must frame to live at a low sayle.
*Phil.* Ill sayling where there blowes no happy gale.
*Stud.* Our ship is ruined, all her tackling rent.
*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture is spent.
*Stud.* Teares be the waves whereon her ruines bide.
*Phil.* And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.
*Stud.* Mischiefe the pilot is the ship to steare.
*Phil.* And wo the passenger this ship doth beare.
*Stud.* Come, Philomusus, let us breake this chat.
*Phil.* And breake my hart, oh would I could breake that!
*Stud.* Lets learne to act that tragick part we have.
*Phil.* Would I were silent actor in my grave!

## ACTUS V.

### SCENA I.

PHIL. *and* STUD. *become Fidlers, with their consort.*

*Phil.* And tune, fellow fiddlers; Studioso and I are ready. [*They tune.*
Stud. (*Going aside, sayeth.*) Fayre fell good Orpheus, that would rather be
King of a mole hill, then a keysars slave:
Better it is mongst fiddlers to be chiefe,
Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.
But ist not strange, this mimick apes should prize
Unhappy schollers at a hireling rate?
Vile world, that lifts them up to hye degree,
And treades us downe in groveling misery.
England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,
Sooping it in their glaring satten sutes,
And pages to attend their maisterships:
With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
They purchase lands, and now esquiers are made.
*Phil.* What ere they seeme being even at the best,
They are but sporting fortunes scornfull jests.
*Stud.* So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take
Some ragged grome, and him some gallant make.
*Phil.* The world and fortune hath playd on us too long.
*Stud.* Now to the world we fiddle must a song.
*Phil.* Our life is a plaine song with cunning pend,
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.
But see our fellowes unto play are bent;
If not our mindes, letts tune our instruments.
*Stud.* Letts in a private song our cunning try,
Before we sing to stranger company.
PHIL. *sings. The tune.*
How can he sing, whose voyce is hoarse with care?
How can he play, whose heart stringes broken are?

How can he keepe his rest, that nere found rest?
How can he keepe his time, whome time nere blest?
Onely he can in sorrow beare a parte,
With untaught hand, and with untuned hart.
Fond arts, farewell, that swallowed have my youth.
Adew, vayne muses, that have wrought my ruth.
Repent, fond syre, that trayn'd'st thy happlesse sonne,
In learninges loare since bounteous almes are done.
Ceasé, cease harsh tongue, untuned musicke rest:
Intombe thy sorrowes in thy hollow breast.

*Stud.* Thankes, Phil. for thy pleasant song,
Oh had this world a tutch of juster griefe,
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our releife!

*Phil.* The cold of wo hath quite untun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harsh for listining eare:
Time was in time of my young fortunes spring,
I was a gamesome boy, and learned to sing.
But say, fellow musitians, you know best whether we go, at what dore must we imperiously beg?

*Jack Fid.* Here dwells Sir Radericke and his sonne: it may be now at this good time of new-yeare he will be liberall; let us stand neere and drawe.

*Phil.* Drawe, callest thou it; indeede it is the most desperate kinde of service that ever I adventured on.

## SCENA II.

*Enter the two Pages.*

*Sir Rad. Page.* My maister bidds me tell you, that he is but newly fallen a sleepe, and you base slaves must come and disquiet him; what, never a basket of capons? masse, and if he comes, heele commit you all.

*Amor. Page.* Sirrah Jack, shall you and I play Sir Radericke and Amoretto, and reward these fiddlers; Ile, my maister Amoretto, and give them as much as he useth.

*Sir Rad. Page.* And I my old maister Sir Radericke: fiddlers play; Ile rewarde you, fayth I wil.

*Amor. Page.* Good fayth, this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twyty twarty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Have you never a song of maister Dowland's making?

*Amor. Page.* Or, *hos ego versiculos feci, &c.* A pox on it, my maister Am. useth it very often. I have forgotten the verse.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Sir Theon: here are a couple of fellowes brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause; looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present.

*Amor. Page.* On New-yeares day, goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Then the right is on goodman Foole's side.

*Amor. Page.* My mistres is so sweete, that all the phisitions in the towne cannot make her stinck; she never goes to the stoole; oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship, good father, yonder are some would speake with you.

*Sir Rad. Page.* What, have they brought me any thing? if they have not, say I take phisick. Forasmuch, fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs love all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which, I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch; marry, now finding your fiddles to jarre, and knowing that jarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am, by the vertue of my office, and place, to commit your quarrelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases.

*They call within,* Sha ho, Richard, Jack!

*Amor. Page.* The foole within, marres our play without. Fiddlers, set it on my head, I use to size my musicke, or go on the score for it; Ile pay it at the quarters end.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Farewell, good Pan, sweete Irenias, adieu; Don Orpheus, a thousand times farewell.

*Jack Fid.* You swore you would pay us for our musicke.

*Sir Rad. Pag.* For that, Ile give maister Recorder's law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath; a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell, fiddlers.

*Phil.* Farewell, good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme;
Though somewhat waggish, so we all have beene.

*Stud.* Faith, fellow fiddlers, heres no silver found in this place; no, not so much as the usuall Christmas entertainment of musitians, a black Jack of beare, and a Christmas pye.

[*They walke aside from their fellowes.*

*Phil.* Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
Misfortune beares a part, and marres our melody;
Impossible to please with musicke straine,
Our hearts strings broken are nere to be tun'd againe.

*Stud.* Then let us leave this baser fiddling trade,
For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

*Phil.* Full glad I am to see thy mindes free course,
Declining from this trencher waiting trade.
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,
What earst I meant to worke in secret wise:
My busie conscience checkt my guilty soule,
For seeking maintenance by base vassallage,
And then suggested to my searching thought,
A shepheard's poore secure contented life,
On which since then I doted every houre,
And meant this same houre in sadder plight,
To have stolne from thee in secrecie of night

*Stud.* Deare friend, thou seem'st to wrong my soule too much,
Thinking that Studioso would account,
That fortune sowre, which thou accomptest sweete,
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,
Then happy swaines in plaine of Arcady.
*Phil.* Why then letts both go spend our little store,
In the provision of due furniture:
A shepheards hook, a tarbox, and a scrippe;
And hast unto those sheepe adorned hills,
Where if not blesse our fortunes, we may blisse our wills.
*Stud.* True mirth we may enjoy in thacked stall,
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.
*Phil.* Weele, therefore, discharge these fiddlers. Fellow, musitians, wee are sorry that it hath beene your ill happe to have had us in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night ravens, able to marre the purest melody; and besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing; our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.
Come, Stud. let us hast away,
Returning ne're to this accursed place.

## SCENA III.

*Enter* INGENIOSO, ACADEMICO.

*Ing.* Faith, Academico, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe, Academico, writts are out for me, to apprehend me for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of Dogges. Furor, and Phantasma, comes after, remooving the campe as fast as they can: farewell, *mea si quid vota valebunt.*

*Acad.* Fayth, Ingenioso, I thinke the university is a melancholik life; for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall be troubled with the bill of a drawer, or a vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

## SCENA IV.

PHILOMUSUS, STUDIOSO, FUROR, PHANTASMA.

*Phil.* Who have we there? Ingenioso, and Academico.

*Stud.* The very same. Who are those? Furor, and Phantasma.

[FUROR *takes a louse off his sleeve.*

Fur. (PHAN. *with his hand in his bosom.*) And art thou there, six footed Mercury?
Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes?
Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,
Daring to creepe upon poet Furor's back:
*Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.*
*Non videmus Manticæ quod in tergo est.*

*Phil.* What, Furor and Phan. too, our old colledge fellowes; let us encounter them all, Ing. Acad. Fur. Phant. God save you all.

*Stud.* What, Ingen. Acad. Fur. Phant.; howe do you, brave lads?

*Ing.* What, our deere friendes, Phil. and Stud?

*Acad.* What, our old friendes, Phil. and Stud?

*Fur.* What, my supernaturall friends?

*Ing.* What newes with you in this quarter of the citty?

*Phil.* We have run through many trades, yet thrive by none.
Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,
A shephard's life thou knowst I wont to admire,
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.
To live in humble dale we now are bent,
Spending our dayes in fearelesse merriment.

*Stud.* Weel teach each tree, even of the hardest kind,
To keepe our woefull name within their rinde:
Weel watch our flock, and yet weele sleepe withall;
Weel tune our sorrowes to the waters fall;
The woods and rockes with our shrill songs weele blesse;
Let them prove kind, since men prove pittilesse.
But say, whether are you, and your company, jogging? it seemes, by your apparell, you are about to wander.

*Ing.* Faith, we are fully bent to the lord's of misrule in the worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there where the blattant beast doth rule and raigne, renting the credit of whom it please.
Where serpents tonges, the pen men are to write,
Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:
There shall engoared venom be my inke,
My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,
My stayned paper this sin loaden earth:
There will I write in lines shall never die,
Our feared lordings crying villany.

*Phil.* A gentle wit thou hadst, nor is it blame,
To turne so tart, for time hath wronged the same.

*Stud.* And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit,
Where most mens pens are hired parasites.

*Acad.* Go happily, I wish thee store of gal,
Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall.

*Phil.* But say, what shall become of Furor and Phantasma?

*Ing.* These my companions still with me must wend.

*Acad.* Fury and fansie on good wits attend.

*Fur.* When I arrive within the Ile of Dogges,
Don Phœbus I will make thee kisse the pumpe.
Thy one eye pries in every drapers stall,
Yet never thinkes on poet Furor's neede:
Furor is lowsie, great Furor lowsie is,
Ile make thee run this lowsie case I wis.
And thou, my cluttish landresse Cinthia,
Nere thinkes on Furor's linnen, Furor's shirt:
Thou and thy squirting boy Endimion,
Lies slavering still upon a lawlesse couch.
Furor will have thee carted through the dirt,
That makest great poet Furor want his shirt.

*Ing.* Is not here a trus dogge, that dare barke so boldly at the moone?

*Phil.* Exclayming want, and needy care, and carke,
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.
Phan. *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* There are certaine burrs in the Ile of Dogges, called in our English tongue, men of worship; certaine briars, as the Indians call them, as we say certaine lawyers, certaine great lumps of earth, as the Arabians call them; certaine grosers, as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*
*Ing.* We three unto the snarling iland hast,
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.
*Phil.* We will be gone unto the downes of Kent,
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,
In Julyes heate, and cold of January:
Weel chant our woes upon an oaten reede,
While bleating flock upon their supper feede:
So shall we shun the company of men.
*Stud.* That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel teach the murmering brookes in tears to flow;
And steepy rocke to wayle our passed wo.
*Acad.* Adew, you gentle spiritts, long adew:
Your witts I love, and your ill fortunes rue:
Ile hast me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax, but they may waine.
*Ing.* Adew, good shephards, happy may you live,
And if heereafter in some secret shade,
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,
Vouchsafe to mention, with teares swelling eyes,
Ingenioso's thwarting destinyes;
And thou, still happy Academico,
That still maist rest upon the muses bed,
Injoying there a quiet slumbering,
When thou repayest unto thy Grantaes streame,
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pitty our case,
That still doth tread ill fortunes endlesse maze.
Wish them that are preferments almoners,
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud;
For had not Cambridge bin to me unkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.
*Phil.* I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,
Thy wit deserves no lesse, my love can wish no more.
Farewell, farewell, good Academico;
Never maist thou tast of our forepassed woe.
Wee wish thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor, and you, Phantasma, both adew.
*Acad.* Farewell, farewell, farewell, O long farewell;
The rest my tongue conceales, let sorrow tell.
Phan. *Et longum vale, inquit Iola.*
*Fur.* Farewell, my maisters; Furor's a masty dogge,
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.
Nought can great Furor do, but barke and howle,
And snarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great swine by his long leane eard lugges.
Farewell musty, dusty, rusty, fusty London,
Thou art not worthy of great Furor's wit,
That cheatest vertue of her due desert,
And sufferest great Apolloes sonne to want.
*Ing.* Nay, stay awhile, and helpe me to content:
So many gentle witts attention,
Who kennes the lawes of every comick stage,
And wonders that our scene ends discontent.
Ye ayrie wits subtill,
Since that few schollers fortunes are content,
Wonder not if our scene ends discontent.
When that your fortunes reach their due content,
Then shall our scene end in her meriment.
*Phil.* Perhaps some happy wit, with feeling hand,
Hereafter may recorde the pastorall,
Of the two schollers of Pernassus hil,
And then our scene may end, and have content.
*Ing.* Meane time if there be any spightfull ghost,
That smiles to see poore schollers misery;
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We scorne his censure, he is a jeering gull.
But whatsoere refined sprights there be,
That deepely grone at our calamity,
Whose breath is turned to sighes, whose eyes are wet,
To see bright arts bent to their latest set:
Whence never they againe their heads shall reere,
To blesse our art disgracing hemispheere.
*Ing.* Let them.
*Fur.* Let them.
*Phan.* Let them.
*Acad.* And none but them.
*Phil.* And none but them.
*Stud.* And none but them.
} *All give us plaudite.*

# DAMON AND PITHIAS.

BY

## *RICHARD EDWARDS.*

*Richard Edwards, a Somersetshire man, was born in the year* 1523, *admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College on the* 11*th of May,* 1540, *and probationer fellow on the* 11*th of August,* 1544. *At the foundation of Christ-Church, by King Henry the Eighth, in the year* 1547, *he was chosen a student of the upper-table, and in the same year took the degree of Master of Arts. From the University, he removed to Lincoln's-Inn; and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was appointed one of the gentlemen of her chapel, and master of the children there. He died, according to Sir John Hawkins,*[1] *on the* 31*st of October,* 1566.—*He was the author of*

(1.) *Damon und Pithias, a Comedy. Acted before the Queen, by the children of her chapel, and published in* 4*to,* 1571; 4*to,* 1582.

(2.) *Palæmon and Arcite, a Comedy, in two Parts. Acted in Christ-Church-Hall,* 1566. *This piece was represented on the* 2*d and* 3*d of September. The first evening, it was scarcely begun to be performed before it became a tragedy, for by the weight of the multitudes the scaffold fell down. Five men were greatly hurt and wounded, and three killed by the fall of a wall.*[2] *On the second evening, the Queen is said to have been much entertained. After the play was ended, she called the Author to her, commended his work, promised what she would do for him, and talked to him in the most familiar way. One of the performers, supposed to be young Carew, pleased her so much, that she made him a present of eight guineas. See Wood's* Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. I. p. 151.; *and Peshall's* History of the University of Oxford, 227, 228. *Chetwood says, both parts of this play were printed, with the Author's Songs and Poems, in* 1585. *Wood assures us, that there were several other dramatic pieces by him, which he did not live to finish; and that it was the opinion of many, he would have run mad had he continued to exercise his talents as a writer for the stage.*

*He was, also, the author of some poems printed in* The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 4*to,* 1575; *and a Poem called* Edward's Soulknil, *or* The Soule's knell, *written in his last illness.*

*He appears to have obtained a considerable reputation as a dramatick writer, which will appear from the following testimony in Puttenham's Art of Poetry: "I think, that for tragedy, the Lord Buckhurst, and Maister Edward Ferrys, for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do deserve the highest price; the Earl of Oxford, and Mr Edwards of her Majesty's Chapel, for Comedy and Interlude." An Epitaph on him is said to be printed among the Poems of George Tuberville.*

---

[1] History of Musick, Vol. II. p. 541. [2] Peshall's History of the University of Oxford, 227.

## THE PROLOGUE.

On everie syde, wheras I glaunce my rovyng eye,
Silence in all eares bent I playnly doe espie:
But if your eyre lookes doo longe such toyes to see,
As heretofore in commycal wise were wont a-broade to bee;
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,
Is frustrate quite of toying playes. A soden change is wrought:
For loe, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forst his penne against his kinde, no more such sportes to write.
Muse he that lust, (right worshipfull,) for chaunce hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too much in yonge desires to range:
In whiche, right glad to please, seyng that he did offende,
Of all he humblie pardon craves; his pen that shall amende:
And yet, worshipfull audience, thus much I dare advouche,
In commedies, the greatest skyll is this, rightly to touche
All thynges to the quicke; and eke to frame eche person so,
That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:
A royster ought not preache, that were to strange to heare,
But as from vertue he doth swerve, so ought his wordes appeare:
The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the lover triumphyng in joyes,
The matron grave, the harlot wilde, and full of wanton toyes.
Whiche all in one course, they no wise doo agree:
So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to be.
Whiche speeches well pronounste, with action lyvely framed,
If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our author taught at schole, from whom he doth not swarve,
In all such kinde of exercise decorum to observe.
Thus much for his defence, he sayth, as poetes earst have donne,
Whiche heretofore in commedies, the selfe same race did ronne:
But now for to be briefe, the matter to expresse,
Whiche here wee shall present, is this,—Damon and Pithias.
A rare ensample of friendship true, it is no legend lie,
But a thynge once donne indeede, as hystories doo discrie.
Whiche donne of yore in longe time past, yet present shall be here,
Even as it were in doinge now, so lively it shall appeare:
Lo here in Siracuse, the auncient towne, which once the Romaines wonne,
Here Dionisius pallace, within whose courte this thing most strange was donne.
Whiche matter mixt with myrth and care, a just name to applie,
As seemes most fit, wee have it termed, a tragicall commedie.
Wherein talkyng of courtly toyes, we doe protest this flat,
Wee talke of Dionisius courte, wee meane no court but that.
And that we doo so meane, who wysely calleth to minde,
The time, the place, the author,[3] here most plainely shall it finde.
Lo, this I speake[4] for our defence, least of others we should be shent:[5]
But worthy audience, wee you pray, take thynges as they be ment;
Whose upright judgement we doo crave, with heedfull eare and eye,
To here the cause, and see the effect of this newe tragicall commedie.

## NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

ARISTIPPUS, *a plesant Gentilman.*
CARISOPHUS, *a Parasite.*
DAMON, PITHIAS, } *two Gentlemen of Greece.*
STEPHANO, *servant to* DAMON *and* PITHIAS.
WILL, ARISTIPPUS *Lackey.*
JACKE, CARISOPHUS *Lackey.*
SNAP, *the Porter.*
DIONISIUS, *the Kynge.*
EUBULUS, *the Kynge's Counselour.*
GRONNO, *the Hangman.*
GRIMME, *the Colyer.*

---

[3] *Author*—authours, 1st edit.
[4] *Speake*—spake, 2d edit.
[5] *Be shent*—to *shend*, says Mr Steevens, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. Note to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2.
Again, in *Ascham's Report and Discourse*, Bennet's edition, p. 38.; "A wonderfull follie in a great man himselfe, and some piece of miserie in a whole commonwealth, where fooles chiefly and flatterers may speake freely what they will, and wise men and good men shal commonly *be shent*, if they speake what they should."

# DAMON AND PITHIAS.

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS.

*Aris.* Though strange, perhaps, it seemes to some,
That I Aristippus a courtier am become;
A philosopher of late, not of the meanist name,
But now, to the courtly behaviour, my lyfe I frame.
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a philosopher styll.
Lovers of wisdom, are termed philosophers,[6]
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in lovyng of wisdom, proofe doth this trie,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi.*
I am wyse for myselfe, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great wisdom, as the world goth?
Some philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,
And feede on vyle rootes, whom boyes laugh to scorne:
But I in fine silkes haunt Dionisius' pallace,
Wherin with dayntie fare myselfe I do solace.
I can talke of philosophie as well as the best,
But the straite kynde of lyfe I leave to the rest.
And I professe now the courtly philosophie,
To crouche, to speake fayre, myselfe I applie,
To feede the kinge's humour with pleasant devises,
For which, I am called *regius canis.*
But wot ye who named me first the kinge's dogge?
It was the roage Diogenes, that vile grunting hogge.
Let him rolle in his tubbe, to winne a vaine praise,
In the courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes;
Wherin, what to doo, I am not to learne,
What wyll serve myne owne turne, I can quickly discearne.
All my tyme at schoole I have not spent vaynly,
I can helpe one, is not that a good poinct of philosophie?

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS.

*Car.* I beshrew your fine eares, since you came from schoole,
In the courte you have made, many a wiseman a foole?
And though you paint out your fayned philosophie,
So God helpe me, it is but a plaine kinde of flattery,
Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sorte,
That none but Aristippus now makes the kinge sporte.
Ere you came hyther, poore I was some body,
The kinge delighted in mee, now I am but a noddy.
*Aris.* In faith, Carisophus, you know yourselfe best,
But I will not call you noddy, but only in jest;
And thus I assure you, though I came from schoole
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the kinge's foole;
Or to fill his eares with servile squirilitie,
That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie.
Of parasites and sicophantes you are a grave[7] bencher,
The king feedes you often from his owne trencher.
I envye not your state, nor yet your great favour,
Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour
I make the kinge mery, with pleasant urbanitie,
Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.
*Car.* Be cocke, sir, yet in the courte you doo[8] best thrive,
For you get more in one day then I doo in five.
*Aris.* Why man, in the court, doo you not see
Rewardes geven for vertue, to every degree?
To reward the unworthy that worlde is done,
The court is changed, a good thread hath bin sponne
Of dogges woll heeretofore, and why? because it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:
But now men's eares are finer, such grosse toyes are not set by,
Therfore to a trimmer kynde of myrth myselfe I applye:
Wherein though I please, it commeth not of my desert,
But of the kinge's favour.
*Car.* It may be so; yet in your prosperitie,

---

[6] *Philosophers*—philosophie, both Editions. The alteration by Mr Dodsley.
[7] *Grave*—great, 2d edit.
[8] *Doo*—omitted in 2d edit.

Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he;
Which hath long time fed Dionisius' humor:
Diligently to please, styll at hand; there was never rumour
Spread in this[9] towne of any smale thinge, but I
Brought it to the kinge in post by and by:
Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attayne,
Most sure and unfained friendship I promyse you againe:
So we two linckt in friendshippe, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may helpe one another.

*Aris.* By'r lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophie,
Yet surely you are a better courtier then I:
And yet I not so evyll a courtier, that wyll seeme to dispise
Such an olde courtier as you, so expert and so wyse.
But whereas you crave myne, and offer your friendship so willingly,
With hart I geve you thankes for this your great curtesie:
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fayle.

*Car.* A thousand thankes I geve you, oh friend Aristippus.

*Aris.* O friend, Carisophus.

*Car.* How joyfull am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

*Aris.* None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vowe,
I speake as I thinke, beleve me.

*Car.* Sith we are now so friendly joyned, it seemeth to mee,
That one of us help eche other in every degree:
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the kinge, let me alone in your absence.

*Aris.* Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish:
But I pray you tell mee thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place wyll you take your journay?

*Car.* I wyll not dissemble, that were against friendship,
I goe into the citie some knaves to nip.
For talke with their goodes, to encrease the kyng's treasure,
In such kinde of service I set my cheefe pleasure:
Farewel, friend[10] Aristippus, now for a time.

[*Exit.*

*Aris.* Adewe, friend Carisophus—In good faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow.
Is Aristippus linkt in friendship with Carisophus?
*Quid cum tanto asino, talis philosophus?*
They say, *morum similitudo consultat amicitias.*
Then, how can this friendship betwene us two come to passe?
[11] We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt,
I brought up in learnyng, but he is a very dolt,
As touching good letters; but otherwise such a craftie knave,
Yf you seeke a whole region, his lyke you can not have:
A villaine for his lyfe, a varlet died in graine,
You lose money by him,[12] if you sell him for one knave, for hee serves for twaine:
A flatteryng parasite, a sicophant also,
A common accuser of men; to the good an open foe.
Of halfe a worde, he can make a legend of lies,
Which he will advouch with such tragicall cryes,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
Were he indeede to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale, but twyse he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the kinge's favour,
In which kind of servis he hath got such a savour,
That he wyll never leave. Methinke then, that I
Have done verie wisely to joyne in friendship with him, lest perhaps I
Comming in his way might be nipt; for such knaves in presence,
We see oft times put honest men to silence:
Yet I have play'd with his beard in knitting this knot,
I promist friendship, but you love few wordes:
I spake, but I meant[13] it not.
Who markes this friendship betwene us two,
Shal judge of the worldely friendship without any more a doo.

---

[9] *This*—the, 2d edit.

[10] *Friend*—omitted in 2d edit.

[11] *We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt*—A *Fletcher* is a maker of arrows, from *fleche*, an arrow, Fr. The *Fletchers* company had several charters granted to them, though at present, I believe, they have only a nominal existence. Aristippus meanes to say, that he differs as much in disposition from *Carisophus*, as Jack the *arrowsmith* varies in quality from a *bolt* or *arrow* of his own making. S.

[12] —— *if you sell him for one knave, for hee serves for twaine*—so, in *Leke to Leke, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1589:

> "There thou mayst be called a knave in grane,
> "And where knaves be scant thou mayest go for twayne."

[13] *Meant*—meane, 2d edit.

It may be a ryght pattern therof; but true friendship indeede
Of nought but of vertue doth truly proseede.
But why do I now enter into philosophie,
Which do professe the fine kinde of curtesie?
I wyll hence to the court, with all haste I may,
I thinke the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
To wait at a pinche, still in sight I meane,
For wot ye what? a new broome sweepes cleane.[14]
As to hie honor, I mynde not to clime,
So I meane in the court to lose no time:
Wherein, happy man be his dole, [15] I trust that I
Shall not speede worst, and that very quickly.
[*Exit.*

*Here entreth* DAMON *and* PITHIAS *like mariners.*

*Dam.* O Neptune, immortall be thy prayse,
For that so safe from Greece we have past the seas,
To this noble citie Siracusæ, where we
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see.
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath knowne,
Whose vertue the shrill trump of fame so farre hath blowne.

*Pith.* My Damon, of right, high prayse we ought to geve
To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely dyd arryve.
The seas, I thinke, with contrary winds never raged so,
I am even yet so seasicke, that I faynt as I go;
Therefore let us get some lodging quickely.
But where is Stephano?

*Here entreth* STEPHANO.

*Steph.* Not farre hence; a pockes take these maryner knaves,
Not one would healpe mee to carry this stuffe, such dronken slaves
I thinke be accursed of the goddes owne mouthes.

*Dam.* Stephano, leave thy ragyng, and let us enter Siracusæ,
We wil provide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by and by.

*Steph.* Good mayster, make haste, for I tell you playne,
This heavy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

*Pith.* Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased, and that anon. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS.

*Caris.* It is a true saying, that oft hath ben spoken,
The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that *it* [16] commeth home broken.
My owne proofe this hath taught me, for, truly, sith I,
In the citie have used to walke very slyly;
Not with one can I meete, that wyll in talke joyne with mee,
And to creepe into men's bosomes, [17] some talke for to snatche,
By whiche, into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche,
And so accuse them: now, not with one can I meete,
That wyl joyne in talke with me, I am shun'd like a devill in the streete.
My credit is crackte where I am knowne; but, I heare say,
Certaine straingers are arriv'd they were a good pray,
If, happely, I might meete with them: I fear not I,
But in talke I should trippe them, and that very finely.
Whiche thinge, I assure you, I doo for myne owne gayne,
Or els I woulde not plodde thus up and downe, I tell you playne.
Well, I wyll for a whyle to the court, to see
What Aristippus doth; I would be loth in faver he should over run me;
He is a subtile chyld, he flattereth so finely, that I feare mee,
He wyll licke the fatte from my lippes, and so out-wery mee,
Therfore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,
That all his fine driftes I may understande.
[*Exit.*

*Here entreth* WYLL *and* JACKE.

*Wyll.* I wonder what my master Aristippus meanes now a-daies,

---

[14] *A new broome sweepes cleane*—this was proverbial. See Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, p. 140.

[15] *Happy man be his dole*—a proverbial expression often found in ancient writers. *Dole*, Mr Steevens observes, (note to *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 1.) is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. It is generally written *be his dole*, though Rae, p. 116, gives it as in the 2d 4to, *by* his dole. Shakspeare also uses the phrase in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Again, in *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. 3. l. 637:

"Let us that are unhurt and whole,
"Fall on, and *happy man be's dole.*"

[16] *It*—he, 1st edit.

[17] *Bosomes*—bosome, 2d edit.

That he leaveth philosophie, and seekes [18] to please
Kyng Dionisius with such mery toyes;
In Dionisius' court now he only joyes,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to jeste,
A lustie companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.
*Jacke.* By cocke, as you say, your master is a minion;
A foule coyle he keepes in this court; Aristippus alone,
Now rules the roaste with his pleasant devises,
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit, my maister Carisophus.
*Wyll.* Feare not that, Jacke; for like brother and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other;
They are fellowes you knowe, and honest men both,
Therfore the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.
*Jacke.* Yea, but I have heard say there is falshod in felowshippe,
In the court sometimes one geves another finely the slippe:
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe, [19]
And with sporting and playing quietly [20] shaken of:
In whiche kind of toying, thy master hath such a grace,
That he wyll never blush, he hath a wodden face.
But, Wyll, my maister hath bees in his head,
If hee fynde mee heare pratinge, I am but dead:
He is still trotting in the citie, there is sumwhat in the winde:
His lookes bewray his inwarde troubled mynde:
Therfore I will be packing to the courte by and by;
If he be once angry, Jacke shall cry, wo the pye.
*Wyll.* By'r lady, if I tarry longe here, of the same sauce shall I tast,
For my master sent mee on an errand, and bad mee make haste,
Therfore we wyll departe together. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* STEPHANO.

*Steph.* Ofte times I have heard, before I came hether,
That no man can serve two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as moste men doo take it,
At any time false, that no man can make it;
And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,
How that may proye false, even here I wyll open:
For I, Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alyke the one and the other:
I duly obey, I can doo no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stande bond, yet serve I another,
Whom Damon my master loves, as his own brother:
A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with vertue, whom vice never defamed:
These twoo, since at schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutuall friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly eche other,
As thoughe they were brothers by father and mother:
Pythagoras' learnynge these two have embrased,
Which bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced,
That all their whole doings doe fall to this issue,
To have no respect, but onely to vertue:
All one in effecte, all one in their goynge,
All one in their study, all one in their doyng:
These gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition:
Pithias is joyfull, if Damon be pleased;
Yf Pithias be served, then Damon is eased.
Serve one, serve both, so neare, who would win them?
I thinke they have but one hart betwene them.
In travelyng countryes, we three have contrived, [21]
Full many a yeare; and this day arrived
At Siracusæ in Sicillia, that auncient towne,
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and downe
Go seekyng to learne what news here are walkyng,
To harke of what thynges the people are talkynge.
I lyke not this soyle; for as I goe ploddynge,
I marke there two, there three, their heades alwayes noddinge,
In close secret wise, styll whisperyng together.
If I aske any question, no man doth answer;
But shakyng their heades, they go their wayes speakinge,
I marke how with teares their wet eyes are leakynge:
Some strangenesse there is, that breedeth this musinge.
Well, I wyll to my masters, and tell of their using,
That they may learne, and walke wisely together:

---

[18] *Seekes*—seeketh, 2d edit. [19] *Scoffe*—grace, 2d edit. [20] *Quietly*—quickly, 2d edit.
[21] —— *we three have* contrived

*Full many a yeare*—To *contrive*, in this place, signifies to wear away, to spend, from *contero*, Lat. So, in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 2.

Please you we many *contrive* this afternoon?
*Totum hunc* contrivi *diem.* S.

See also the notes of Dr Warburton and Dr Johnson on the above line in Shakspeare.

I feare we shall curse the time we came hether.
[*Exit.*

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS *and* WYLL.

*Aris.* Wyll, didst thou heare the ladies so talk of mee?
What ayleth them? from their nippes [21] * shall I never be free?
*Wyll.* Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the courte do plainly report,
That without mencion of them, you can make no sporte:
They are your playne song, to singe descant upon; [22]
If they weare not, your mirth were gone.
Therfore, master, jest no more with women in any wise,
If you doo, by cocke you are lyke to knowe the price.
*Aris.* By'r lady, Wyll, this is good counsell, playnely to jest
Of women, proofe hath taught mee it is not the best:
I wyll change my coppy, how be it I care not a quenche, [23]
I know the galde horse will soonest winche:
But learne thou secretly what prively they talke
Of me in the courte; among them slyly walke,
And bring me true newes thereof.
*Wyll.* I wyll, sir maister, therof have no doubt, for I,
Wheare they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.
*Aris.* Do so, my boy; if thou bringe it finely to passe,
For thy good service, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Christmas.
[*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* DAMON, PITHIAS, *and* STEPHANO.

*Dam.* Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me?
*Steph.* Sir, for lies, hetherto ye never controlde mee.
Oh that we had never set foote on this land,
Where Dionisius raygnes with so bloody a hande!
Every day he sheweth some token of crueltie,
With blood he hath filled all the streetes in the citie:
I tremble to heare the people's murmuring,
I lament, to see his most cruell dealyng:
I thinke there is no suche tyraunt under the sunne;
O, my deare masters, this mornyng, what hath he done!
*Dam.* What is that? tell us quickly.
*Steph.* As I this mornyng past in the streete,
With a wofull man, going to his death, did I meete.
Many people folowed, and I of one secretly
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die?
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,
[24] In sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius:
Which dreame tolde abrode, was brought to the kinge in poste,
By whome condemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost;
Marcia was his name, as the people sayde.
*Pith.* My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishyng we had not come hether; seeynge it is so,
That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.
*Dam.* My Pithias, where tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,
Which fearynge their owne state for great cruelltie, [25]
To sit fast as they thinke, doo execute speedely,
All suche as any light suspicion have tainted.
*Steph.* With such quicke karvers, I lyst not be aquainted.
*Dam.* So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion styll,
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kyll:
Ever in feare, havyng no trustie friende, voyde of all people's love,
And in their own conscience a continuall hell they proove.
*Pith.* As thynges by their contraryes are alwayes best prooved,
How happie are then mercifull princes of their people beloved!

---

[21] * *Nippes*—taunts, or sarcasms. See Johnson. N.

[22] —— *plaine song, to singe descant upon*—*Plain song*, is *planus cantus*, uniform modulation. *Descant*, is musical paraphrase. See a note on *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. III. p. 63.; and another on *King Richard* III. Vol. VII. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

[23] —— *I care not a* quenche—Spenser has this word, which, as Dr Johnson observes, appears to be the same as *winch*. It should seem to be expressive of some slight degree of pain, and in this instance to mean the same as if the speaker had said, I care not a *fillip*. S.

[24] *In sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius*—A late writer observes, that "Dionysius the tyrant is said to have punished with death, one of his subjects, for dreaming he had killed him. This was hardly more iniquitous, than the execution of the gentleman, who having a white deer in his park, which was killed by Edward the Fourth, wished the deer, horns and all, in the belly of him that counselled the king to kill it, *whereas in truth no man counselled the king to it*: or than the attainder and execution of Algernon Sydney, on the evidence of private and unpublished papers, without any proof, or even a suggestion, of their intended publication." *Principles of Penal Law*, C. xi.

[25] *For great crueltie*—with crueltie, 2d edit.

Havyng sure friendes every wheare, no feare doth touch them,
They may safely spend the daye pleasantly, at night
*Securè dormiunt in utrumque aurem.*
O my Damon, if choyce were offred mee, I would choose to be Pithias
As I am, Damon's friende, rather then be king Dionisius.
*Steph.* And good cause why, for you are entierly beloved of one;
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloved of none.
*Dam.* That state is moste miserable: thrise happy are wee,
Whom true love hath joyned in perfect amitye:
Which amitye first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true,
Of likelines of maners, tooke roote by company, and now is conserved by vertue;
Which vertue alwaies though[26] worldly things do not frame,
Yet doth she atchive to her followers immortall fame:
Wherof if men were carefull, for vertue's sake only
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie:
But such as for profit in friendship do lincke,
When stormes come, they slide away sooner than a man will thinke:
My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,
To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on vertue.
*Pith.* My Damon, of this thyng there needes no proofe to mee,
The gods forbyd, but that Pithias with Damon in al things shuld agree,
For why is it said, *amicus alter ipse*,
But that true friendes should be two in body, but one in minde?
As it were one transformed into another, which against kinde
Though it seeme, yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pithias, methinkes I am Damon.
*Steph.* That could I never doo, to forget myselfe, full well I know,
Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano:
But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophie,
See that in this courte you walke very wisely:
You are but newly come hether, beyng straungers ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the streetes as ye go;
Many spies are abroad, you cannot be too circumspect.
*Dam.* Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee thy master, I do thee praise;
Yet thinke this for a suertie, no state to displease
By talke, or otherwise: my friende and I entende, we wyll here
As men that come to see the soyle and maners of al men of every degree.
Pithagoras said, that this worlde was like a stage,[27]
Wheron many play their partes: the lookers-on, the sage
Phylosophers are, saith he, whose parte is to learne
The maners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discerne.
*Steph.* Good faith, sir, concernynge the people, they are not gay;
And, as farre as I see, they be mummers, for nought they say,
For the moste parte, what so ever you aske them;
The soyle is suche, that to live heare I cannot lyke.
*Dam.* Thou speakest accordynge to thy learnynge, but I say,
*Omne solum forti patriæ*: a wyse man may lyve every wheare;
Therfore, my deare friende Pithias,
Let us view this towne in everie place,
And then consider the peoples maners also.
*Pith.* As you wyll, my Damon; but how say you, Stephano?
Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast?
*Steph.* In faith, I lyke well this question, sir: for all your haste,
To eat somewhat, I pray you, think it no folly;
It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly.
*Dam.* Then let us to our lodging departe; when dinner is done,
We wyll view this citie as we have begonne.
[*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS.

*Car.* Onee agayne in hope of good wynd, I hoyse up my sayle,
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for myne availe:
I hunger while I may see the straungers that lately
Arrived, I were safe if once I might meete them happily.
Let them barke that list at this kinde of gaine,
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:
Though it be joyned with other mens hurt, I care not at all,
For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall.
But soft, sirs, I pray you huysh; what are they that come here?
By their apparell and continuance, some strangers they appeare.
I wyll shrowde my selfe secretly, even here for a while,
To heare all their talke, that I may them beguyle.

---

[26] *Though*—through, both editions. The alteration by Mr Dodsley.
[27] *Was like a stage*—is lyke unto a stage, 2d edit.

*Here entreth* DAMON *and* STEPHANO.

*Steph.* A shorte horse soone curried;[28] my belly waxeth thinner,
I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner:
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small,
That you may eate your dinner and supper at once, and not surfaite at all.
*Dam.* Stephano, much meat breedes heavynes, thinne diet makes thee light.
*Steph.* I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.
*Dam.* I have had sufficiently discourse of amitie,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias; and his pleasaunt companie
Hath fully satisfied me; it doth mee good to feede myne eyes on him.
*Steph.* Course or discourse, your course is very course; for all your talke,
You had but one bare course, and that was pike, rise and walke.
And surely, for all your talke of philosophie,
I never heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly.
Feede your eyes, quoth you? the reason from my wisdom swarveth,
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth.
*Dam.* Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie!
*Steph.* I care not for your craftie sophistrie,
You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grose knave styll,
I pray you licence mee for a while to have my will,
At home to tary, whiles you take view of this citie;
To fynde some odde victualles in a corner, I am verie wittie.
*Dam.* At your pleasure, sir, I wyll wayte on my selfe this daye,
Yet attende upon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home;
So doyng, you wayte upon mee also.
*Steph.* With winges on my feete I go. [*Exit.*
*Dam.* Not in vain the poet sayeth: *Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen usque recurrit.*
For trayne up a bondman never to so good a behaviour,
Yet in some pointe of servilitie he wyll savour:
As this Stephano, trustie to mee his master, lovyng, and kinde,
Yet touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:
He is to be borne withall, beyng so just and true,
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for a new:
But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant citie,
The seate is good,[29] and yet not stronge, and that is great pittie.
*Caris.* I am safe, he is myne owne.
*Dam.* The ayre subtle and fine, the people should be wittie,
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region,
A trimmer plotte I have not seene in my peregrination:
Nothing mislyketh mee in this countrey,
But that I heare such mutteryng of crueltie:
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,
But kynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not to us.
*Caris.* Dionisius, quoth you? since the worlde began,
In Cicilia never raygned so cruell a man:
A despightfull tirant to all men, I marvayle I,
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.
*Dam.* My friende, the goddes forbyd so cruell a thynge,
That any man should lift up his sworde against the kynge:
Or seeke other meanes by death him to prevent,
Whom to rule on earth the mightie goddes have sent:
But, my friende, leave off this talke of kynge Dionisius.
*Caris.* Why, sir? he cannot hear us.
*Dam.* What then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*
It is no safe talkynge of them that stryke afarre off:
But leavyng kynges matters, I pray you shew me this curtesie,
To describe in few wordes the state of this citie.
A travayler I am, desirous to know
The state of eche countrye, wher ever I go:
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience therby:
It is not for nought, that the poet doth crye:
*Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*
*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*
In whiche verses, as some writers do scan,
The poet describeth a perfect wise man:
Even so, I beyng a sranger, addicted to phylosophie,
To see the state of countreyes my selfe I applie.
*Caris.* Sir, I lyke this entent; but may I aske your name without scorne?
*Dam.* My name is Damon, well knowen in my countrey, a gentleman borne.
*Caris.* You do wisely, to serche the state of eche countrie,
To beare intelligence therof, whither you lust; he is a spie.
Sir, I pray you, have pacience a while, for I have to do here by:
View this weake parte of this citie as you stand, and I very quickly

---

[28] *A shorte horse soone curried*—See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 156.

[29] *The seate is good*—the *seate* means *the situation*. See, in Dr Johnson's Dictionary, instances of it, from Raleigh, Hayward, Bacon, and B. Jonson. N.
So Duncan, in *Macbeth*, says:
"This castle hath a pleasant *seat*."

Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show
The state of all this countrie, and of the courte also. [*Exit.*

*Dam.* I thanke you for your courtesie.—This chaunceth well that I
Met with this gentleman so happely,
Whiche, as it seemeth, misliketh some thynge,
Els he would not talke so boldly of the kynge,
And that to a stranger. But lo where he comes in haste.

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS *and* SNAP.

*Caris.* [30] This is he felow Snap, snap him up; away with him.

*Snap.* Good felow, thou must go with mee to the courte.

*Dam.* To the court, sir? and why?

*Caris.* Well, we wyll dispute that before the kyng; away with hym quickly.

*Dam.* Is this the curtesie you promysed mee, and that very lately.

*Caris.* Away with hym, I say.

*Dam.* Use no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. [*Exeunt omnes.*

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS.

*Aris.* Ah, sira, by'r lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius' court very well,
Whiche in passyng joyes, and pleasures doth excell.
Where he hath *Dapsilæ cænas gemalis lectes et auro*
*Fulgentii turgmani zonam.*
I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the yron was hotte,
When I spied my time, I was not squemish to crave, God wotte.
But with some pleasant toyes, [31] I crept into the kinge's bosome,
For whiche Dionisius gave me *Auri talentum magnum,*
A large rewarde for so simple services:
What then? the kinge's prayse standeth chiefly in bountifulnesse:
Which thynge, though I told the kyng very pleasantly,
Yet can I proove it by good writers of great antiquitie:
But that shall not neede at this time, since that I have aboundantly.
When I lacke herafter, I wyll use this poinct of philosophie;
But now, whereas I have felt the kynge's lyberalytie,
As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie:
Money is currant, men say, and currant comes of *Currendo:*
Then wyll I make money runne, as his nature *requireth I trow.*
For what becomes a philosopher best,
But to despise money above the rest?
And yet, not so despise it, but to have in store,
Enough to serve his owne tourne, and somewhat more.
With sondrie sportes and tauntes, yester night I delighted the kinge,
That with his lowde laughter the whole courte did ring,
And I thought he laught not merier than I, when I got this money.
But mumbouget, [32] for Carisophus I espie
In haste to come hether: I must handle the knave finely.
Oh, Carisophus, my dearest freinde, my trustie companyon!
What newes with you? where have you been so longe?

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS.

*Caris.* My best beloved friend, *Aristippus*, I am come at last;
I have not spent all my time in wast;
I have got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

*Aris.* What pray is that? faine would I know.

*Caris.* Such a crafty spie I have caught, I dare say,
As never was in Cicilia before this day;
Suche a one as viewed every weake place in the citie,
Survewed the haven, and each bulwarke, in talke very wittie;
And yet by some wordes himselfe he dyd bewray.

*Aris.* I thinke so in good faith, as you did handle him.

*Caris.* I handled him clarkly, I joyned in talke with him courteously;
But when wee were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I
Suckt out thus much of his wordes, that I made him say playnely,
He was come hether to know the state of the citie.
And not onely this, but that he would understande
The state of Dionisius' courte, and of the whole land;
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,
Till I had done a little businesse of the way.
Promising him to returne agayne quickly; and so did convaye
Myself to the courte for Snap the tipstaffe, which came and upsnatched him,
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him;
After I ran to Dionisius, as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have you tolde:

---

[30] *This is he*, &c.—This is the, &c. 2d edit.

[31] *Toyes*—tyoe, 1st edit.

[32] *Mumbouget*—a cant term for be silent; *mum* and *budget* are the words made use of by Slender and Ann Page, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Which thinge when hee heard, beinge very mery before,
He soddainly fell in dump, and fomyng like a bore,
At last, he swore in great rage, that he should die
By the sworde, or the wheele, and that very shortly.
I am too shamefast for my travell and toyle,
I crave nothinge of Dionisius, but onely his spoyle:
Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde,
Cha pouch them up all readie, they are sure in hold;
And now I goe into the citie, to say sooth,
To see what he hath at his lodginge, to make up my mouth.

*Arist.* My Carisophus, you have don good service; but what the spie's name?

*Caris.* He is called Damon, borne in Greece, from whence latly he came.

*Aris.* By my trouth, I will goe see him, and speak with him too if I may.

*Caris.* Doo so, I pray you; but yet by the way,
As occasion serveth, commende my service to the kinge.

Arist. *Dictum sapienti sat est*: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge?
No, I warrant you, though I say little to your face,
I wyll lay on with my mouth for you to Dionisius, when I am in place.
If I speake one worde for such a knave, hang mee. [*Exit.*

*Caris.* Our fine philosopher, our trimme learned elfe,
Is gone to see as false a spie as himselfe:
Damon smatters as well as he, of craftie philosophie,
And can tourne cat in the panne[33] very pretily:
But Carisophus hath geven him such a mightie checke,
As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke:
What care I for that? why would[34] he then prie,
And learne the secret estate of our countrey and citie?
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may ryse:
As for fine Aristippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,
He is a shrewde foole to deale withall, he can swym:
And yet by my trouth, [35]to speake my conscience playnely,
I wyll use his friendship to myne owne commodytie:
While Dionisius favoureth him, Aristippus shal be mine;
But if the kyng once frowne on him, then good night, Tomaline:
He shal be as straunge, as thoughe I never saw hym before.
But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more:
Jacke, come awaye.

*Jacke.* At hande, syr.

*Caris.* At Damon's lodgyng if that you see
Any sturre to arise, be styll at hande by mee:
Rather then I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blade it out. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* PITHIAS *and* STEPHANO.

*Pith.* What straunge newes are these, ah, my Stephano?
Is my Damon in pryson, as the voyce doth go?

*Steph.* It is true, oh cruell happe! he is taken for a spie,
And as they say, by Dionisius' own mouth condempned to die.

*Pith.* To die? alas! for what cause?

*Steph.* A sicophant falsely accused hym; other cause there is none:
But, oh Jupiter, of all wronges the revenger,
Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou stay any longer
From heaven to sende downe thy hot consumyng fire,
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche provoke thy just ire?
Alas! maister Pithias, what shall we do?
Being in a strange countrey, voyde of friendes, and acquaintance too.
Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this daye?
To see thy true maister unjustly made away?

*Pith.* Stephano, seeyng the matter is come to this extremytie,

---

[33] *Tourne cat in the panne*—a proverbial expression, of which it is difficult to give a satisfactory explanation, though the meaning of it is sufficiently obvious. A gentleman, who formerly wrote in *The Gentleman's Magazine* under a feigned name, supposes the word *cat* should be changed to *cate*; "An old word for a *cake*, or other *aumalette*, which being usually *fried*, and consequently *turn'd in the pan*, does therefore very aptly express the changing of sides in politics or religion, or, as we otherwise say, *the turning one's coat*."—*Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 66. Another writer, however, gives the following explanation of it: "*Catipan*, to turn *catipan*, from a people called *Catipani*, in *Calabria* and *Apulia*, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy; very falsely by us called *Cat in pan*."—Ibid. p. 172.

[34] *Would*—should, 2d edit.

[35] — *to speake my conscience playnely,*
*I wyll use his friendship to myne owne* commodytie—*commodity* is interest. So, in the former part of this play, p. 76.

"They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*."

*King John*, A. 2. S. 2:

*Commodity*, the bias of the world.

Let us make vertue our friend, of meare necessytie:
Runne thou to the court, and understand secretly
As muche as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I
Will make some meanes to entreat Aristippus:
He can do much, as I heare, with king Dionisius.
*Steph.* I am gone, sir—ah, I would to God my travayle and payne
Myght restore my mayster to his lybertie agayne! [*Exit.*
*Pith.* Ah wofull Pithias! sithe now I am alone,
What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?
What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril, of force I must now faint.
But, oh musicke, as in joyfull tunes thy mery notes I did borrow,
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to utter my sorrow.

*Here* PITHIAS *singes, and the regalles*[36] *play.*

*Awake, yee wofull wightes,*
*That longe have wept in woe:*
*Resigne to mee your plaintes and teares,*
*My haplesse hap to sho.*
*My wo no tongue can tell,*
*Ne pen can well descrie:*
*O what a death is this to heare!*
*Damon, my friende, must die.*

*The losse of worldly wealth,*
*Mannes wisdome may restore,*
*And phisicke hath provided too*
*A salve for every sore;*
*But my true frende once lost,*
*No arte can well supplie:*
*Then, what a death is this to heare!*
*Damon, my friend, must die.*

*My mouth refuse the foode,*
*That should my limmes sustaine;*
*Let sorow sinke into my brest,*
*And ransacke every vayne:*
*You furies all at once*
*On me your tormentes trie:*
*Why should I live, since that*[37] *I heare*
*Damon, my friende, must*[38] *die!*

*Gripe me, you gredy greefs,*
*And present pangues of death,*
*You systers three, with cruell handes,*
*With speede come*[39] *stop my breath:*
*Shrine me in clay alive,*
*Some good man stop mine eye:*
*O death com now, seeing I heare*
*Damon, my friend, must die.*

*He speaketh this after the Songe.*

In vaine I call for death, which heareth not my complaint:
But what wisdome is this, in such extremytie to faint?
*Multum juvat in re mala animus bonus.*
I wyll to the courte myselfe, to make friendes, and that presently
I wyll never forsake my friend in time of miserie—
But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne?

*Here entreth* STEPHANO.

*Steph.* O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone!
Mine owne eares have sucked in mine owne sorrow;
I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to-morrow.
*Pith.* How camest thou so neare the presence of the kynge,
That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thynge?
*Steph.* By friendship I gate into the courte, where, in great audience,
I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geve this cruell sentence,
By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greeke, that craftie spie,
Without farther judgement, to-morrow should die:
Beleeve mee, Pithias, with these eares I heard it myselfe.
*Pith.* Then how neare is my death also? ah, wo is mee!
Ah, my Damon, another myselfe; shall I forege thee?
*Steph.* Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now it behoveth us
To make meanes to them which can doo mucl with Dionisius,
That he be not made awaye, ere his cause b fully heard; for we see,
By evyll reporte, thynges be made to princes farr worse then they bee.
But lo, yonder commeth Aristippus, *in great fa*vour with kyng Dionisius,

---

[36] *Regalles*—regale sorta di strumento simile all' organo, maminore. *Altieri Dizion.* Ital. ed. Ing Lord Bacon distinguishes between *the regal* and the organ in a manner which shews them to be instruments of the same class. "The sounds that produce tones are ever from such bodies as have their parti and pores equal, as are nightingale *pipes of regals* or organs."—*Nat. Hist.* Cent. 2. Sect. 102. But, notwithstanding these authorities, the appellative *regal* has given great trouble to the lexicographer, whose sentiments with regard to its signification are collected and brought into one point of view by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, Vol. II. p. 448. from whence this note is extracted. See also a note, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2. in the edition of Shakspeare 1773, omitted in that of 1778.

[37] *Since that*—seeing, 2d edit. [38] *Must*—should, 1st edit. [39] *Come*—now, 1st edit.

Entreat hym to speake a good worde to the kynge for us:
And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all thynges safe there. [*Exit.*
*Pith.* To that I agree; but let us slip aside, his talke to heare.

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS.

*Aris.* Here is a sodayne chaunge indeede, a strange metamorphosis,
This courte is cleane altered, who would have thought this?
Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery,
Is quite changed now into suche melancholy,
That nothing can please hym; he walketh up and downe,
Fretting and chafyng, on everie man he doth frowne:
In so much, that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,
So sternly he frowned on mee, and knit me up so short,
I perceyve it is no safe playing with lyons, but when it please them;
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them,
And so perhaps get a clap: myne owne proofe taught mee this,
That it is very good to be mery and wise:
The onely cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,
Which lately tooke Damon for a spie, a poore gentleman:
And hath incenced the kynge against him so despightfully,
That Dionisius hath judged him to-morow to die.
I have talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very wittie,
Yet was he more curious than wise, in viewyng this citie:
But truly, for aught I can learne, there is no cause why
So sodenly and cruelly he should be condempned to die:
How so ever it be, this is the short and longe,
I dare not gainsay the kynge, be it right or wrong:
I am sory, and that is all I may or can doo in this case,
Nought avayleth perswasion, where frowarde opinion taketh place.
*Pith.* Sir, if humble sutes you would not dispise,
Then bow on [40] mee your pitifull eyes:
My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,
A perfect friend to that wofull Damon,
Whiche now a peore captive in this courte doth lie,
By the kinges owne mouth, as I here, condemned to die:
For whom I crave your mastership's goodnesse,
To stand his frieude in this his great distresse:
Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,
Being a straunger, he vewed this citie,
For no evill practises, but to feede his eyes.
But seing Dionisius is informed otherwise,
My sute is to you, when you see time and place,
To asswage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace;
In which dooyng, you shall not doo good to one onely,
But you shall further too, and that fully.
*Aris.* My friend, in this case I can doo you no pleasure.
*Pith.* Syr, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.
*Aris.* I am of the court indeed, but none of the counsell.
*Pith.* As I heare, none is in greater favour with the king, then you at this day.
*Aris.* The more in favour the lesse I dare say.
*Pith.* It is a courtier's prayse to helpe straingers in miserie.
*Aris.* To helpe an other, and hurte myselfe, it is an evyll point of courtesie.
*Pith.* You shall not hurt yourselfe to speake for the innocent.
*Aris.* He is not innocent, whom the kinge judgeth nocent.
*Pith.* Why, sir, doo you thinke this matter paste all remedie?
*Aris.* So farr past, that Dionisius hath sworne, Damon to-morow shall die.
*Pith.* This word my trembling heart cutteth in two:
Ah, sir, in this wofull case what wist I best to doo?
*Aris.* Best to content yourselfe, when there is no remedie,
He is well relived that forknoweth his miserie:]
Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,
The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:
Which pittieth Damon's case in this great extremitie,
Perswadyng the kynge from all kynde of crueltie.
*Pith.* The mightie gods preserve you, for this worde of comforte:
Takyng my leave of your goodnesse, I will now resorte
To Eubulus, that good counseller:
But harke, methinke I heare a trompet blow.
*Aris.* The kyng is at hande, stande close in the prease, [41] beware, if he know
You are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also:
Farewel, I dare not be seene with you.

---

[40] *On*—unto, 2d edit.

[41] *Prease*—crowd.

*Here entreth Kyng* DIONISIUS, EUBULUS *the Counsellor, and* GRONNO *the Hangman.*

*Dion.* Gronno, doo my commaundement, strike of Damon's irons by and by,
Then bryng hym foorth, I myselfe will see him executed presently.
*Gron.* O mightie king, your commaundement wyll I doo speedely.
*Dion.* Eubulus, thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my lyfe to stand in peryll of everie spie?
*Eub.* That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.
He only viewed your citie, and wyll you for that make him away?
*Dion.* What he would have done, the gesse is great, he minded mee to hurt,
That came so slyly, to serch out the secret estate of my courte:
Shall I styll lye in feare? no, no; I wyll cut off such impes betime,
Least that to my farther daunger too hie they clime.
*Eub.* Yet have the mightie goddes immortall fame assigned
To all worldly princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.
*Dion.* Let fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyve in safetie.
*Eub.* The onely meane to that, is, to use mercie.
*Dion.* A milde prince the people despiseth.
*Eub.* A cruell kinge the people hateth.
*Dion.* Let them hate me, so they feare mee.
*Eub.* That is not the way to lyve in safetie.
*Dion.* My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.
*Eub.* That is sooner procured by mercy and gentlenesse.
*Dion.* Dionisius ought to be feared.
*Eub.* Better for him to be wel beloved.
*Dion.* Fortune maketh all thinges subject to my power.
*Eub.* Beleeve her not, she is a light goddesse, she can laugh and lowre.
*Dion.* A kinges prayse standeth in the revenging of his enemie.
*Eub.* A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.
*Dion.* To suffer the wicked to live, it is no mercie.
*Eub.* To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie.
*Dion.* Is Damon innocent, which so craftely underminded Carisophus,
To understand what he could of kinge Dionisius?
Which survewed the haven, and eche bulwarcke in the citie,
Where battrie might be layde, what way best to approche? shall I
Suffer such a one to live that worketh mee such dispite?
No, he shall die; then I am safe, a dead dogge cannot bite.
*Eub.* But yet, O mightie king, my dutie bindeth mee
To geve such counsell, as with your honour may best agree:
The strongest pillers of princely dignitie,
I finde is[42] justice with mercy and prudent liberalitie:
The one judgeth all thinges by upright equitie;
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie.
As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreame injurie:
So upon suspicion of eche thinge not well proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tiranny; and upon what fickle ground al tirants doo stand,
Athenes and Lacedemon can teache you, if it be rightly scande.
And not only these citezens, but who curiously seekes
The whole histories of all the world, not only of Romaines and Greekes,
Shall well perceyve of all tirauntes the ruinous fall,
Their state uncertaine, beloved of none, but hated of all.
Of mercifull princes, to sete out their passyng felycitie,
I neede not, ynough of that even these dayes do testifie;
They live devoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they dreed no enemie,
They are feared and loved: and why? they rule with justice and mercie,
Extendyng justice to such as wickedly from justice have swarved,
Mercie unto those where opinion simplenesse have mercie deserved.
Of lybertie nought I say, but only this thynge,
Lybertie upholdeth the state of a kynge;
Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue,
To rewarde none but such as deserve it for vertue.
Whiche mercifull justice if you would folow, and provident liberalytie,
Neither the caterpillers of all courtes, *et fruges consumere nati*,
Parasites with wealth puft up, should not looke so hie;
Nor yet, for this simple fact, poore Damon shoulde die,
*Dion.* With payne mine eares have heard this vayne talke of mercie;
I tell thee, feare and terrour defendeth kynges onely;
Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyve quietlye,

[42] *Is*—this, 1st edit.

Whose memorie with chilling horror fils my breast day and night violently?
My dreadful dreames of him bereves my rest; on bed I lie
Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throate to Damon's sword:
This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damon's bloud can stay,
Better he die then I to be tormented with feare alway:
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,
It is lawfull for kinges, as they list, all thynges to doo.

*Here* GRONNO *bringeth in* DAMON, *and* PITHIAS *meeteth him by the way.*

*Pith.* Oh, my Damon!
*Dam.* Oh, my Pithias, seying death must parte us, farewel for ever.
*Pith.* Oh, Damon, oh, my sweete friende!
*Snap.* Away from the prysoner, what a prease have we here?
*Gron.* As you commanded, O mighty kinge, we have brought Damon.
*Dion.* Then go to, make ready, I will not stirre out of this place,
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.
*Gron.* It shall be done, sir; because your eyes have made such a doo,
I wyl knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.
*Dam.* O, mightie king, whereas ho trueth my innocent lyfe can save,
But that so greedily you thirst [43] my giltlesse bloud to have,
Albeit, even in thought, I had not [44] ought against your person:
Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I crave your pardon;
But seyng in Greece, my countrey, where well I am knowne,
I have worldly thinges fit for mine aliance, when I am gone,
To dispose them or I die, if I might obtaine leasure,
I would account it, O kyng, for a passyng great pleasure:
Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for which I reken not this,
But to set my thynges in a stay, and surely I wyll not misse,
Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeeld my body here in this place.
Graunt me, O kinge, such time to dispatch this injurie,
And I wyll not fayle when you appoint, even here my lyfe to pay. [45]
*Dion.* A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,
Whom in no wise I cannot trust beinge present;
And yet though I sware the contrarie, doo that I require,
Geve mee a pledge for thy returne, and have thine own desire.
He is as nere now as he was before.
*Dam.* There is no surer nor greater pledge then the faith of a gentleman.
*Dion.* It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stande;
Therefore doo as I say, els presently yeeld thy necke to the sword.
If I might with my honour, I would recall my worde.
*Pith.* Stand to your worde, O kinge, for kinges ought nothing say,
But that they would performe in perfect deeds alway.
A pledge you did require when Damon his sute did meeve,
For which with heart and stretched handes most humble thankes I geve:
And that you may not say but Damon hath a frinde,
That loves him better then his owne life, and will doo to his ende,
Take mee, O mightie king, my lyfe I pawne [46] for his,
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day for to misse.
*Dion.* What art thou that chargest me with my worde so boldly here?
*Pith.* I am Pithias, a Greeke born, which holde Damon my friend full deare.
*Dion.* To dere perhaps to hazard thy life for him: what fondness [47] moveth thee?
*Pith.* No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.
*Dion.* A mad kinde of amitie! advise thyself well; if Damon fayle at his day,
Which shal be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mee his lyfe to pay?

---

[43] *Thirst*—thrust, 1st edit.
[44] *Even in thought, I had not*—even for thought, for I had not; *both editions.* The alterations by Mr Dodsley.
[45] *Pay*—yeelde speedily, 2d edit.
[46] *I pawne*—to pawne, 2d edit.
[47] *Fondness*—folly. Thus Spenser, in his sonnets:

"*Fondness* it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be."

*Pith.* Most wyllingly, O mightie kyng; if Damon fayle let Pithias die.
*Dion.* Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that pawnest thy lyfe so frankly.
*Pith.* What Damon saith, Pithias beleveth assuredly.
*Dion.* Take heede, for life worldly men breake promise in many thinges.
*Pith.* Though worldly men doo so, it never happes amongst friendes.
*Dion.* What callest thou friendes, are they not men? is not this true?
*Pith.* Men they be, but such men as love one another onely for vertue.
*Dion.* For what vertue doste thou love this spie, this Damon?
*Pith.* For that vertue which yet to you is unknowne.
*Dion.* Eubulus, what shall I doo? I would dispatch this Damon fayne,
But this foolish felow so chargeth mee, that I may not call back my worde againe.
*Eub.* The reverent majestie of a king stands chieflie in keeping his promise.
What you have sayde this whole courte beareth witnesse.
Save your honour whatsoever you doo.
*Dion.* For saveing mine honour, I must forbeare my wyll. Go to,
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee,
For two monthes he is thine, unbinde him, I set him free;
Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by noone,
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full soone.
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bedd,
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.
*Pith.* For this, O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thankes. O joyfull day!
*Dion.* Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safetie.
If he escape, assure thyselfe for him thou shalt die.
Eubulus, let us departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within.
*Eub.* I folowe. [*Exeunt.*
*Gron.* Damon, thou servest the gods well today, be thou of comfort.
As for you, sir, I thinke you will be hanged in sporte,
You heard what the kinge sayde? I must kepe you safely:
By cocke, so I wyll, you shall rather hange then I.
Come on your way.
*Pith.* My Damon, farewel; the gods have thee in kepeing.
*Dam.* Oh, my Pithias, my pledge, farewel; I parte from thee weeping.
But joyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,
When I wyll deliver thee from all trouble and paine.
Stephano wyll I leave behinde mee to wayte upon thee in prison alone,
And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this miserie, wyll walke home.
Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friende, farewel.
*Pith.* Farewel, my Damon.
*Dam.* Loth I am to departe, sith sobbes my trembling tounge doth stay;
Oh, musicke, sound my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way. [*Exit* DAMON.
*Gron.* I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept to. Come, Pithias,
So God help me, I am sory for thy foolish case,
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?
*Pith.* It is no venter; my friende is just, for whom I desire to die.
*Gron.* Here is a mad man! I tell thee, I have a wyfe whom I love well,
And if iche would die for her, chould iche weare in hell.
Wylt thou doo more for a man then I woulde for a woman?
*Pith.* Yea, that I wyll.
*Gron.* Then come on your wayes, you must to prison haste,
I feare you wyll repent this folly at laste.
*Pith.* That shalt thou never see; but oh, musick, as my Damon requested thee,
Sounde out thy dolefull tunes in this time of calamitie. [*Exeunt.*

*Here the Regalles play a mourning songe, and* DAMON *commeth in, in mariners' appārel, and* STEPHANO *with him.*

*Dam.* Weepe no more, Stephano, this is but destinie;
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die.
Where, or in what place, the gods know alone,
To whose judgment myselfe I commit; therefore leave of thy mone,
And wayte upon Pithias in pryson till I retourne agayne,
In whom my joy, my care, and lyfe, doth only remayne.
*Steph.* O, my deare master, let me go with you; for my poore companie
Shal be some small comfort in this time of miserie.
*Dam.* Oh, Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,
And yet doest not know the force of true amitie?
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,
Waite upon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journay:

Therfore farewel, Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias,
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this wofull case. [*Exit.*
*Steph.* Farewel, my deare master, since your pleasure is so,
O cruell happe! oh, poore Stephano!
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragidie!—
But what a noyes is this? is all well within trow yee?
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go see.—
Come out, you wesell, are you seekinge egs in Damon's cheste?
Come out, I say, wylt thou be packing? by cocke you weare best.
*Caris.* How durst thou, villaine, to lay handes on me?
*Steph.* Out, sir knave, or I wyll sende yee.
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?
*Caris.* The kinge gave mee the spoyle, to take myne owne, wilt thou let me?[48]
*Steph.* Thine owne, villaine! where is thine authority!
*Caris.* I am authoritie of myselfe, dost thou not know?
*Steph.* By'r ladie, that is somewhat; but have you no more to show?
*Caris.* What if I have not?
*Steph.* Then for an earnest penie take this blow.
I shall bumbast you, you mocking knave; schil put pro in my purse for this time.
*Caris.* Jacke, give me my sword and targat.
*Jacke.* I cannot com to you, maister, this knave doth me let.—Hold, maister.
*Steph.* Away, Jacknapes, els I wyll colpheg you[49] by and by,
Ye slave, I wyll have my penyworthes of thee therefore if I die;
Aboute, villayne.
*Caris.* O, citezens, helpe to defend me.
*Steph.* Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.
*Caris.* Good felow, let us reason of the matter quietly, beat me no more.
*Steph.* On this condition I wyll stay, if thou swere as thou art an honest man,
Thou wylt say nothyng to the kinge of this when I am gonne.
*Caris.* I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.
*Steph.* Then say on thy minde: I have taken a wise othe on him, have I not trow ye?
To truste such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is an honest man, quoth you? he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his othe for this never a whit—But, my franion,[50] I tell you this one thing,
If you disclose this, I wyll devise such a way,
That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.
*Caris.* You neede not devise for that, for this day is printed in my memory,
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:
But seeing of courtesie you have granted that we should talke quietly,
Methinkes, in calling mee knave, you doo mee muche injurie.
*Steph.* Why so? I pray thee hartely.
*Caris.* Because I am the kinges man: keepes the kinge any knaves?
*Steph.* He should not, but what he doth, it is evident by thee,
And as farre as I can learne or understand,
There is none better able to keepe knaves in all the land.
*Caris.* Oh, sir, I am a courtier, when courtiers shall heare tell,
How you have used me, they will not take it well.
*Steph.* Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke; and wot you why?
Because I handled a counterfait courtier in his kinde so finely.
What, syr? all are not courtiers that have a counterfait show;
In a trope of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,
Such as by stelth creep in under the colour of honestie,
Which sorte under that cloke doo all kinde of villanie:
A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of urbanitie,
Hurting no man, good to all, devoide of villanie:
But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, and vayne delightes;
Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flattering parasites,
As well deserving the right name of courtesie,
As the coward knight the true praise of chevalrie:

---

[48] *Let me*—hinder me.

[49] *Colpheg you*—I believe we should read, *colaphize*, i. e. box or buffet. *Colaphiser*, Fr. See Cotgrave's *Dict.* S.

[50] *But, my* franion—i. e. loose companion. So Spenser:

Might not be found a ranker *franion.*

Again,

A faire *franion* fit for such a pheere, S.

Again, in *The First Part of King Edward* IV. Sign. C 5; "Hees *a franke franion*, a merrie companion, and loves a wench well."

I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am
your well-willer:
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a
caterpiller,
A sicophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave;
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must have:
How well you deserve this, by your deedes it is
knowne,
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poore
Damon,
Whose wofull case the gods helpe alone.
*Caris.* Sir, are you his servaunt, that you pitie
his case so?
*Steph.* No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his
name is Stephano;
I am called Onaphets, if needs you wyll know.
The knave beginneth to sift mee, but I turne my
name in and out,
*Cretiso cum Cretense*,[52] to make him a loute. [*Aside.*
*Caris.* What mumble you with yourselfe, master Onaphets's?
*Steph.* I ain reckening with myselfe how I may
pay my debtes.
*Caris.* You have paide me more than you did
owe me.
*Steph.* Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I wyll
pay you more, if I know
Either you talke of that is done, or by your sicophanticall envye,
You pricke forth Dionisius the sooner, that Damon may die;
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in
thy skinne.
Remember what I have sayde, Onaphets is my
name. [*Exit.*
*Caris.* The sturdie knave is gone, the devyll him
take,
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides,
and all to ake.
Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou waite
no better?
As he payde mee, so wyll I not die thy debter.
*Jacke.* Mayster, why doo you fight with me? I
am not your match, you see;
You durst not fight with him that is gone, and
wyll you wreke your anger on mee?
*Caris.* Thou villaine, by thee I have lost mine
honour,
Beaten with a codgell like a slave, a vacaboun, or
a lasie lubber,
And not geven one blow agayne; hast thou handled me well?
*Jacke.* Maister I handled you not, but who
handled you very handsomly you can tell.
*Caris.* Handsomly! thou crake rope.
*Jacke.* Yea, sir, very handsomly: I holde you
a grote,
He handled you so handsomly, that he left not
one mote in your cote.
*Caris.* O I had firckt him trimly, thou villaine,
if thou hadst geven mee my sword.
*Jacke.* It is better as it is, maister, beleve me
at a worde;
If he had seene your weapon, he would have ben
fierser,
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with
my harte,
You were never at the dealing of fence blowes,
but you had foure away for your part.
It is but your lucke, you are man good enough.
But the wealche Onaphets was a vengeance
knave, and rough.
Maister, you were best goe home and rest in your
bedde,
Meethinkes your cappe waxeth to little for your
heade.
*Caris.* What! doth my head swell?
*Jacke.* Yea, as bigge as a codshed, and bleades
too.
*Caris.* I am ashamed to show my face with this
hew.
*Jacke.* No shame at all, men have bin beaten
farre better then you.
*Caris.* I must go to the chirurgian's; what shal
I say when I am dressyng?
*Jacke.* You may say truly you met with a
knave's blessing. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS.

*Aris.* By mine owne experience I prove true
that many men tell,
To live in courte not beloved, better be in hell:
What crying out, what cursyng is there within of
Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to kinge Dionisius?
Even now he came whining and crying into the
courte for the nonce,
Shewinge that one Onaphets had broke his knave's
sconce.
Which straunge name when they heard every
man laught hartely,
And I by myselfe scan'd his name secretly;
For well I knewe it was some mad-heded chylde
That invented this name, that the log-headed
knave might be begilde:
In tossing it often with myselfe too and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward, spelled
Stephano.
I smiled in my sleve, how to see by tournyng his
name he drest him,
And how for Damon his master's sake, with a
wodden cougell he blest him.
None pittied the knave, no man nor woman, but
al laught him to scorne.

---

[52] *Cretiso cum Cretense*—read Κρητίζω. Vide Erasm. Chiliad. The *Cretans* were famous for double dealing. *Cretizare*, however, is a word employed by lexicographers, instead of *mentiri*. S.

To be thus hated of all, better unborne.
Farre better Aristippus hath provided, I trowe;
For in all the courte I am beloved both of hie and lowe.
I offende none, in so muche that wemen singe this to my great prayse,
*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*
But in all this joylytie one thinge maseth me,
The straungest thinge that ever was harde or knowne,
Is now happened in this court, by that Damon,
Whom Carisophus accused; Damon is now at libertie,
For whose returne Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy.
To-morrow is the day, which day by noone if Damon returne not cruestly,
The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,
Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not returne tyll he have payde
His lyfe for his friend. Hath it ben hearetofore ever sayde,
That any man for his friend would die so willyngly?
O, noble friendship! O, perfect amitie!
Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie.
The king himselfe museth hereat, yet is he farre out of square
That he trusteth none to come nere him, not his own doughters will he have
Unsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard to shave,
Not with knife or rasour, for all edge-tooles hee feares,
But with hote burning nutshales they senge of his heares.
Was there ever man that lived in such miserye?
Well, I wyll go in with a heavye and pensive hart too,
To thinke how Pithias, this poore gentleman, tomorrow shall die. [*Exit.*

*Here entreth* JACKE *and* WYLL.

*Jacke.* Wyll, by mine honesty, I wyll marre your moncke's face, if you so fondly prate.
*Wyll.* Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the courte gate,
If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and dispising my face,
Even here with a pantacle [53] I wyll you disgrace;
And though you have a farre better face then I,
Yet who is better man of us two these fistes shall trie,
Unlesse you leave your taunting.
*Jacke.* Thou began'st first; didst thou not say even nowe,
That Carisophus, my master, was no man, but a cowe,
In takinge so many blowes, and geve [54] never a blow agayn?
*Wyll.* I sayde so, indeede he is but a tame ruffian,
That can swere by his flaske and twiche-box, [55] and God's precious lady,
And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick.
These barking whelpes were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters:
But seeinge you eg mee so much, I wyll somewhat more resight,
I say, Carisophus, thy master, is a flattring parasite;
Glening away the sweet from the worthy in al the courte.
What tragidie hath he moved of late? the devell take him, he doth much hurt.
*Jacke.* I pray you, what is Aristippus, thy master? is not he a parasite to,
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much a-doo?
*Wyll.* He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of curtesie;
Thy master is a churlish loute, the heyre of a doung-fork, as voyde of honestie
As thou art of honour.
*Jacke.* Nay, yf you wyll needes be prating of my master styll,
In faith I must coole you, my frinde, dapper Wyll;
Take this at the beginning.
*Wyll.* Prayse well your winning, my pantacle is as readie as yours.
*Jacke.* By the masse, I wyll boxe you.
*Wyll.* By cocke, I wyll foxe you.
*Jacke.* Wyll, was I with you?
*Wyll.* Jacke, did I flye?
*Jacke.* Alas, pretie cockerell, you are to weake.

---

[53] *Even here with a* pantacle—I suppose he means to say *a pantofle*, i. e. a slipper. Perhaps he begins his attack with a kick. S.

[54] *Geve*—gave, 1st edit.

[55] *His flaske and twiche-box*—More properly *touch-box*. While match-locks, instead of fire-locks, to guns were used; the *touch-box*, at which the match was lighted, was part of the accoutrement of a soldier.

"When she his flask and *touch-box* set on fire,"

is the line of an author, whose name I cannot at this time recollect. S.

*Wyll.* In faith, dutting Duttrell,[56] you wyll crye creake.

*Here entreth* SNAP.

*Snap.* Away, you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the courte-gate?
And I take you heare agayne, I will swindge you both, what? [*Exit* SNAP.
*Jacke.* I beshrew Snap the tipstaffe, that great knave's hart, that hether did come,
Had he not ben, you had cryed ere this, *Victus, victa, victum:*
But seing wee have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.
*Wyll.* Content am I, for I am not malicious; but on this condition,
That you talke no more so brode of my master as here you have done.
But who have wee heere? is *Cobex epi*[57] comming yonder?
*Jacke.* Wyll, let us slipp aside, and vewe him well.

*Here entreth* GRIMME, *the Coliar, whistling.*

*Grimme.* What devell iche weene the porters are drunke, wil they not dup the gate to-day?
Take in coles for the king's owne mouth, wyll no body stur, I say?
Ich might have layne tway howers longer in my bedde,
Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my beade.
*Jacke.* Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?
*Wyll.* I mary, Jacke, I pray thee hartely.
*Jacke.* Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now and then.
What braulynge knave is there at the courte-gate so early?
*Wyll.* It is some braine-sicke villaine, I durst lay a pennie.
*Jacke.* Was it you,[58] sir, that cryed so lowde I trow,
And bid us take in coles for the kinges mouth even now?
*Grimme.* 'Twas I, indeede.
*Jacke.* Why, sir, how dare you speake such petie treason?
Doth the king eate coles at any season?
*Grimme.* Heere is a gaye world! boyes now settes olde men to scoole.
I sayde wel enough; what, Jack sawce, thinkst cham a foole?
At bakehouse, butterie-hatch, kitchin, and seller,
Doo[59] they not say for the kinges mouth?
*Wyll.* What then, goodman coliar?
*Grimme.* What then! seing without coles thei cannot finely dresse the kinges meat,
May I not say, take in coles for the kinges mouth, though coles he do not eate?
*Jacke.* James Christe, came ever from a colier an aunswer so trimme?
You are learned, are you not, father Grimme?
*Grimme.* Grimme is my name indeed, cham not learned, and yet the king's colier,
This vortie winter cha bin to the king a serviter.
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole and some.
*Wyll.* So it seemes; you have so much mother wit, that you lacke your father's wisdome.
*Grimme.* Masse, cham well beset; heres a trimme caste of Murleons;[60]
What be you, my pretie cockerels, that ask me these questions?
*Jacke.* Good faith, maister Grimme,[61] if such Marlines on your pouch may light,
Thei are so quick of winge, that quickly they can carie it out of your sight;
And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon:
But to tell you the trouth, we are the porters men, which, early and late,
Wayte on suche gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.
*Grimme.* Are ye servants then?
*Wyll.* Yea, sir, are we not pretie men?
*Grimme.* Pretie men, quoth you? nay, you are stronge men, els you coulde not bear these britches.
*Wyll.* Are these such great hose? in faith, goodman colier, you see with your nose:
By myn honestie, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven els of roug.

---

[56] *Duttrell*—A dottrell is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken. So, in Butler's *Character of a Fantastic*, Remains, Vol. II. p. 132. "He alters his gait with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (*like a dottrell*) he does not borrow from somebody else."

[57] *Cobex epi*—These I suppose to be words corrupted by the ignorance of the transcriber. S.

[58] *Was it you*—It was you, 1st edit.

[59] *Doo*—Doth, 2d edit.

[60] *A trimme cast of Murleons*—i. e. a cast of that species of hawks that were called *Merlins*. S. He calls them *Murleons* on account of their size. *Merlins* were the smallest species of hawks. Turberville says, "These *Merlyns* are very much like the haggart falcon in plume, in sear of the foote, in beake, and talons. So as there seemeth to be no oddes or difference at al betwixt them, save onely in the *bignesse*, for she hath like demeanure, like plume, and very like conditions to the falcon, and in hir kind is of like courage, and therefore must be kept as choycely and as daintily as the falcon." The *merlin* was chiefly used to fly at small birds; and Latham says, it was particularly appropriated to the service of ladies.

[61] *Maister Grimme*—Father Grimme, 2d edit.

*Grimme.* That is but a little, yet it makes thee
seeme a great bugge.
*Jacke.* How say you, goodman colier, can you
finde any fault here?[62]
*Grimme.* Nay, you shoulde finde faught, mary
here's trim geare!
Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? thou goest with
great payne.
These are no hose, but water bongets, I tell thee
playne;
Good for none but suche as have no buttockes.
Dyd you ever see two suche little Robin rud-
dockes[63]
So laden with breeches? chill say no more leste I
offende;
Who invented these monsters[64] first, did it to a
gostly ende,
To have a male, readie to put in other folkes stuffe,
Wee see this evident by dayly proofe.
One preached of late not farre hence, in no pul-
pit, but in a wayne carte,
That spake enough of this; but for my parte,
Chil say no more, your owne necessitie
In the end wyll force you to finde some remedy.
*Jacke.* Wyl,[65] holde this raylinge knave with a
talke when I am gone,
I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good ser-
mone.
*Wyll.* Goe thy way, father Grimme, gayly well
you doo say,
It is but young mens folly, that liste to playe,
And maske a whyle in the net of their owne de-
vise,
When they come to your age they wyll be wyse.
*Grimme.* Bum troth, but few such roysters come
to my yeares at this day,
They be cut off betimes, or they have gone halfe
their journey:
I wyll not tell why, let them gesse that can, I
meane somewhat thereby.

*Enter* JACKE *with a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on.*

*Jacke.* Father Grimme, because you are stur-
ring so early,
I have brought you a boule of wyne to make you
mery.
*Grimme.* Wyne, mary! that is welcome to co-
liers, chyl swapt off by and by,
Chwas sturring so early that my very soul is drye:
*Jacke.* This is stoutly done, wyll you have it
warmed, father Grimme?
*Grimme.* No, it is warm enough, it is very lou-
sious and trimme;
'Tis musselden[66] ich weene; of fellowship let me
have another spurt,
Ich can drink as easily now, as if I sate in my
shurte.
*Jacke.* By cocke, and you shall have it; but I
wyll beginne, and that anone,
*Je bois a vous mon compagnon.*[67]
Grimme. *J'ai vous pleigé petit Zawne.*[68]
*Jacke.* Can you speake French? here is a trimme
colier, by this day!
*Grimme.* What man! ich learned this when ich
was a souldier,
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yarke a
whip trimly,
Better then these boy coliers, that come to the
courte daily:
When there were[69] not so many captious fellowes
as now,
That would toruppe men for every trifell, I wot
not how:
As there was one Damon, not longe since taken
for a spie,
How justly I know not, but he was condemned to
die.
*Wyll.* This wine hath warmed him, this comes
well to passe,
We shall know all now, for in *Vino veritas.*
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to kinge
Dionisius?
*Grimme.* A vengeaunce take him, 'twas a gen-
tleman, one maister Crowsphus.
*Wyll.* Crowsphus! you clippe the kinge's lan-
guage, you would have said Carisophus:
But I perceive now, either the winde is at the
south,
Or els your tounge cleaveth to the roofe of your
mouth.
*Grimme.* A murian take thik wine, it so intoxi-
cate my braine,
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake
plaine.
*Jacke.* You speake knavishly playne, seinge my
master you doo mocke,
In faith ere you go, I will make you a lobbe eocke.

---

[62] *Can you finde any fault here?*—What fault can you see heere? 2d edit.
[63] *Robin ruddockes*—i. e. Robin redbreasts. Shakspeare uses *ruddock* for redbreast in *Cymbeline.* S.
Again, Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: —"he eftsoons defined unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle cob, or magister fac totum, that brought in the *red ruddocks*, and the grummel seed as thick as oat-meal, and made Yarmouth for Argent to put down the city of Argentine."
[64] *Monsters*—Hose at, 2d edit. [65] *Wyl*—Well, 1st. edit.
[66] *'Tis musselden*—An intended mistake for *muscadine.* S.
[67] *Je bois a vous mon compagnon*—Jebit avou mon compagnon. Both 4tos. S.
[68] *J'ai vous pleigé petit Zawne*—Ihar vou pledge, petty *Zawne.* Both 4tos. I know not what is meant by *Zawne.* S.
[69] *Were*—Was, 2d edit.

Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abrode?
*Grimme.* All men are sorie for him, so helpe me God.
They say, a false knave cused him to the king wrongfully,
And he is gone, and should be here to-morrow to die,
Or els his fellow, which is in prison, his rowme shall supplie:
Chil not be his halfe for vortie shillinges, I tell you playne,
I thinke Damon be too wise to returne agayne.
*Wyll.* Wyll no man speak for them in this wofull case?
*Grimme.* No, chill warrant you: one maister Stippus is in place,
Where he may doo good: but he frames himselfe so,
Whatsoever Dionisius wylleth, to that he wyll not say no:
'Tis a subtill vox, he will not tread on thornes for none,
A mery harecoppe[70] 'tis, and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can provide for one.
*Jacke.* Wyll, howe lyke you this geare? your master Aristippus also,
At this colier's hande hath had a bloe.
But in faith, father Grimme, cannot ye coliers
Provide for your selves far better then courtiers?
*Grimme.* Yes, I trowe: blacke coliers go in threadebare cotes,
Yet so provide they, that they have the faire white groates.
Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chil not change lives with any in Dionisius' courte:
For though their apparell be never so fine,
Yet sure their credit is farre worse than mine:
And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,
I knowe some stickes full deepe in marchants bookes:
And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as insteede of money they take up haukes *hoods and belles*:
Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which coliers do not know,
'T'ath a mad name; it is called, ich weene, *Centum pro cento.*
Some other in courtes make others laugh merily,
When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly:
Friendship is deade in courte, hipocrisie doth raigne,
Who is in favour now, to morow is out agayne:
The state is so uncertaine, that I, by my wyll,
Will never be courtier, but a colier styll.
*Wyll.* It seemeth that coliers have a very[71] trym life.
*Grimme.* Coliers get money styll: tell me of trouth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world goeth?
All day though I toyle with mayne and might,
With mony in my pouche I come home mery at night,
And sit downe in my chayre by my wyfe, fair Alison,
And tourne a crabbe in the fire, as mery as pope John.
*Jacke.* That pope was a merry fellow, of whome folke talke so much.
*Grimme.* H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad goulde enough in his hutch.
*Jacke.* Can goulde make men mery? they say, who can singe so mery a note,
As he that is not able to change a grote?
*Grimme.* Who singes in that case, singes never in tune: I know for my part,
That a heavy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:
Of which I have provided for a deare yeare good store,
And these benters,[72] I trowe, shall anone get mee more.
*Wyll.* By serving the courte with coles, you gaynde all this money.
*Grimme.* By the court onely, I assure yee.
*Jacke.* After what sorte, I pray thee tell mee?
*Grimme.* Nay, ther bate an ace, quoth Boulton;[73] I can weare a horne, and blow it not.
*Jacke.* By'r ladie, the wiser man.

---

[70] *Harecoppe—Coppe*, in Chaucer, is used for the top of any thing, and here seems intended to signify the head, or, as the common phrase is, a *hare-brained* fellow.

[71] *Very*—meric, 2d edit.

[72] *And these benters—Benne* is the French word for a sack to carry coals.—See *Cotgrave.* He may, however, mean *debentures*, i. e. notes by which a debt is claimed. Jack mentions debentures afterwards. S.

[73] *Nay, ther bate an ace, quoth Boulton*—Bate me an ace, quoth Boulton, is among the Proverbs published by Mr Ray. That gentleman adds, "Who this *Bolton* was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring. One of this name might happen to say, *Bate me an ace*, and, for the coincidence of the first letters of the two words *Bate* and *Bolton*, it grew to be a proverb. We have many of the like original; as, *v. g.* Sup, Simon, &c. Stay, quoth Stringer, &c. There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a collection of English Proverbs, and told by the author, that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton*: which Proverb, being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his collection." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 177.

*Grimme.* Shall I tell you by what slite I got all this money?
Then ich weare a noddy indeede; no, no, I warreant ye.
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,
He is a very foole that cannot gayne by the kinge.
*Wyll.* Well sayde, father Grimme, you are a wilie colier, and a brave,
I see now there is no knave like to the olde knave.
*Grimme.* Suche knaves have mony, when courtiers have none.
But tell me, is that true that abrode is blowne?
*Jacke.* What is that?
*Grimme.* Hath the kinge made those fayre damsels his daughters
To become now fine and trimme barbers?
*Jacke.* Yea truly, to his owne person.
*Grimme.* Good fellowes beleve me, as the case now standes,
I would geve one sacke of coles to be washt at their hands:
If ich came so neare them, for my wyt chould not geve three chippes,
If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.
*Jack.* Wyll, this knave is drunke, let us dresse him,
Let us riffell him so, that he have not one pennie to blesse him,
And steale away his debenters too.
*Wyll.* Content, invent the way, and I am readie.
*Jacke.* Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie.
Father Grimme, if you pray mee wel,[76] I wyll wash you, and shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the kinge's daughters doo:
In all poyntes as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse you trim and fine.
*Grimme.* Chuld vaine learne that; come on then, chil geve thee a whol pint of wine
At taverne for thy labour, when cha mony for my benters heare.
[*Here* WYLL *fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a raysour, and clothes, and a payre of spectacles,*
*Jacke.* Come, mine owne father Grimme, sit downe.
*Grimme.* Masse, to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.
*Jacke.* What man, I wyll use you like a prince:—sir boy, fetche me my geare.
*Wyll.* Here, syr.
*Jacke.* Holde up, father Grimme.
*Grimme.* Me seeme my head doth swimme.
*Jacke.* My costly perfumes make that.—Away with this, sir boy; be quicke.
Aloyse, aloyse,[77] how pretie it is? is not here a good face?
A fine owle's eyes, a mouth lyke an oven.
Father, you have good butter teeth, full seene,
You weare weaned, els you would have ben a great calfe.
Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a manger! here is a chinne,
As soft as the hoofe of an horse.
*Grimme.* Doth the kinge's daughters rube so harde!
*Jacke.* Holde your head straite, man, els all wyll be marde.
By'r ladie, you are of good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew mee.
Hould up, father Grimme.—Wyll, can you besturre ye?
*Grimme.* Me thinks after a marvelous fashion you do besmoure me.
*Jacke.* It is with Unguentum of Doucus Maucus, that is very costly;
I geve not this washinge ball to every body.
After you have ben drest so finely at my hande,
You may kisse any ladies lippes within this lande.
A, you are trimly washt! how say you, is not this trimm water?
*Grimme.* It may be holsome, but it is vengeaunce sower.
*Jacke.* It scours the better.—Syr boy, geve me my raysour.
*Wyll.* Here at hand, sir.
*Grimme.* Gods aymes! 'tis a chopping knyfe, 'tis no raysour.
*Jacke.* It is a raysour, and that a very good one;
It came lately from Palermo,[78] it cost mee twenty crownes alone;
Your eyes dassell after your washing, these spectacles put on:
Now vew this raysour, tell mee, is it not a good one?
*Grimme.* They be gay barnikels, yet I see never the better.
*Jacke.* Indeede they be a young sight, and that is the matter,
But I warrant you, this raysour is very easie.
*Grimme.* Go too then, since you begonne, doo as please ye.
*Jacke.* Holde up, father Grimme.
*Grimme.* O your raysour doth hurt my lippe.
*Jacke.* No, it scrapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the pippe.
I have done now, how say you? are you not well?
*Grimme.* Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.
*Jacke.* Will you singe after your shavinge?
*Grimme.* Mas, content, but chill be polde first or I singe.
*Jacke.* Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neere enough for this time.

---

[76] *Pray me wel*—In the former edition, Mr Dodsley had altered this to *pay mee wel.*

[77] *Aloyse, aloyse—aloue*, Fr. is to allow, to approve, to praise. I know of no other word that resembles that in the text. *Alosed*, in Chaucer, is *praised*. S.

[78] *It came from Palermo*—the 4tos read *Pallarrime.* The razors of Palermo were anciently famous. They are mentioned in more than one of our old plays, and particularly in *The Wounds of Civill War*, by Thomas Lodge, 1594, Sign. I 4; "Neighbour, sharpen the edge tole of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your wordes may shave like *the rasors of Palermo*." S.

*Grimme.* Go too then lustyly, I will singe in my mann's voyce,
Chave a troubling base busse.
*Jacke.* You are lyke to beare the bobbe, for we wyll geve it,
Set out your bussyng base, and wee wyll quiddell upon it.

GRIMME *singeth Busse.*

Jacke singes. *Too nidden, and too nidden.*
Wyll singes. *Too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden;*
*Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?*
*Grimme.* Why, my fellowes, thinke iche am a cowe, that you make such toying?
*Jacke.* Nay by'r ladie, you are no cow, by your singing;
Yet your wife tolde mee you were an oxe.
*Grimme.* Did she so? 'tis a postens quene,[79] she is full of such mokes.
But go to, let us singe out our songe merily.

The Songe at the shaving of the Colier.

Jacke. *Suche barbers, God send you at all times of neede.*
Wyll. *That can dresse you finely, and make such quick speede.*
Jacke. *Your face like an incorne now shineth so gay—*
Wyll. *That I with your nostrils of force must needes play,*
*With too nidden, and too nidden.*
Jacke. *With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden;*
*Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?*
Wyll. *With shaving you shine lyke a pestle of porke.*[80]
Jacke. *Here is the trimmest hogges-flesh from London to Yorke.*
Wyll. *It would be trimme baken to hange up a while.*
Jacke. *To play with this hogline, of force I must smyle,*
Wyll. *With too nidden, and too nidden.*
*With too nidden, and todle, &c.*
Grimme. *Your shaving doth please me, I am now your debter.*
Wyll. *Your wife now will busse you, because you are sweater.*
Grimme. *Neare would I be poled, as neere as cham shaven.*
Wyll. *Then out of your jirkin, needes must you be shaken.*
*With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.*
Grimme. *It is a trimme thinge to be washt in the courte.*
Wyll. *Their handes are so fine, that they never doo hurte.*
Grimme. *Methinke ich am lighter than ever ich was.*
Wyll. *Our shavinge in the court hath brought this to passe,*
*With too nidden, and too nidden.*
Jacke. *With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden;*
*Is not Grimme the colier finely*[81] *shaven?*
*Grimme.* This is trimly done: now chil pitche my coles not farre hence,
And then at the taverne chil bestowe whole tway pence. [*Exit* GRIMME.
*Jacke.* Farewel cocke, before the collier againe doo us seeke,
Let us into the courte to parte the spoyle, share and share like.
*Wyll.* Away then. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* GRIMME.

*Grimme.* Out alas! Where shall I make my mone?
My pouche, my benters, and all is gone!
Wher is that villayne that dyd me shave?
Hath robbed me, alas! of all that I have.

*Here entreth* SNAP.

*Snap.* Who crieth so at the courte gate?
*Grimme.* I, the poore colier, that was robbed of late.
*Snap.* Who robbed thee?
*Grimme.* Twoo of the porters men that dyd shave me.
*Snap.* Why the porters men are no barbers.
*Grimme.* A vengeance take them, they are quicke carvers.
*Snap.* What stature weare they of?
*Grimme.* As little dapper knaves, as they trimly could scoffe.
*Snap.* They were lackoyes, as neare as I can gesse them.
*Grimme.* Such lackies make mee lacke, an halter beswinge them,
Cham updon, they have my benters too.
*Snap.* Doest thou know them, if thou seest them?
*Grimme.* Yea, that I doo.
*Snap.* Then come with me, we wyll finde them out, and that quickly.
*Grimme.* I folow, mast tipstaffe, they be in the courte it is likely.
*Snap.* Then crie no more, come away.
[*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth* CARISOPHUS *and* ARISTIPPUS.

*Caris.* If ever you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,
Seing the king is ill pleased with me, of my parte without any crime.

---

[79] *Postens quene*—he means a *pestilent* queen. S.
[80] *A pestle of porke*—i. e. a gammon of bacon. *Minshieu.*
[81] *Finely*—trimly, 2d edit.

*Aris.* It should appeare, it comes of some evell behaviour,
That you so sodenly are east out of favour.
*Caris.* Nothing have I done but this, in talke I over thwarted Eubulus,
When he lamented Pithias' case to kinge Dionisius,
Which to morrow shall die: but for that false knave Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briers, and now is gone.
Wee grew so hot in talke, that Eubulus protested playnely,
*Dionisius*[82] held his eare open to parasiticall flatterie.
And now in the kinges eare like a bell he ringes,
Crying, that flatterers have ben the destroyers of kinges.
Which talke, in Dionisius' harte hath made so deepe impression,
That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition:
And some words brake from him, as though that hee
Began to suspect my trouth and honestie,
Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how so ever the world goeth;
My friend, for my honestie will you not take an othe?
*Aris.* To sweare for your honestie, I should lose mine owne.
*Caris.* Should you so indeede? I would that were knowne.
Is your voyde friendship come thus to passe?
*Aris.* I folow the proverbe: *Amicus usque ad auras.*
*Caris.* Where can you say I ever lost mine honestie?
*Aris.* You never lost it, for you never had it, as farre as I know.
*Caris.* Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?
*Aris.* Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.
*Caris.* Wyll you not stretche one poynt, to bring mee in favour agayne?
*Aris.* I love no stretching, so I may breede myne owne payne.
*Caris.* A friend ought to shonne no payne, to stand his friend in stead.
*Aris.* Where true friendship is, it is so in very deede.
*Caris.* Why, sir, hath not the chaine of true friendship linked us two together?
*Aris.* The chiefest linke, lacked therof, it must needs desever.
*Caris.* What linke is that? faine would I know.
*Aris.* Honestie.
*Caris.* Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship?
*Aris.* Yea, truely, and that knot so knit wyll never slippe.
*Caris.* Belike then, there is no friendship but betweene honest men.
*Aris.* Betwene the honest only; for, *amicitia inter bonos*,[83] saith a learned man.
*Caris.* Yet evell men use friendship in things unhonest, wher fancy doth serve.
*Aris.* That is no friendship, but a lewde likeing, it lastes but a while.
*Caris.* What is the perfectst friendship among men that ever grew?
*Aris.* Where men love one another, not for profit, but for vertue.
*Caris.* Are such friendes both alike in joy, and also in smarte?
*Aris.* They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one harte.
*Caris.* Friend Aristippus, deceave me not with sophistrie;
Is there no perfect friendship, but where is vertue and honestie?
*Aris.* What a devell then meut Carisophus
To joyne in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much vertue, trueth, and honestie,
As there are true fethers in the three Craines of the Vintree:[84]
Yet their[85] fethers have the shadow of lively fethers, the truth to scan,
But Carisophus hath not the shadowe of an honest man.
To be playne, because I know thy villany,
In abusinge Dionisius to many mens injury,
Under the cloke of friendship I playd with his head,
And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might be lead:
My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commoditie,

---

[82] *Dionisius*—both the 4tos read *Whiche.* The alteration by Mr Dodsley.
[83] *Bonos*—bonus. Both 4tos.
[84] *The three Craines of the Vintree*—sometimes called New Queen Street, where there seems to have been the sign of *the three Cranes.* Ben Jonson mentions this place in *The Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 1.:

> "From thence shoot the bridge child, to *the Cranes of the Vintry*,
> And see there the gimblets how they make their entry!"

Stow says, it was a place of some account for the Costermongers, who had ware-houses there; and it appears from *Dekkar's Belman of London*, Sign. E 2, that the beggars of his time called one of their places of rendezvous by this name.
[85] *Their*—these, 1st edit.

As worldly men doo, by profite measuring amitie:
Which I perceaving, to the lyke myselfe I framed,
Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare.*
To speake more playner, as the proverb doth go,
In faith Carisophus, *cum cretense cretiso:*
Yet a perfect friende I shew myselfe to thee in one thing,
I doo not dissemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to the king:
Therfore sinke in thy sorrow, I doo not deceave thee,
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee. [*Exit.*

*Caris.* He is gone! is this friendship to leave his friend in the plaine fielde?
Well, I see now I myselfe have beguylde,
In matching with that false fox in amitie,
Which hath me used to his own commoditie:
Which seeing me in distresse, unfaindedly goes his wayes,
Loe this is the perfect friendship among men now a dayes:
Which kinde of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with the like hath requited me craftily.
It is the gods judgment, I see it playnely,
For all the worlde may know, *Incidi in foveam quam feci.*
Well, I must content myselfe, none other helpe I know,
Until a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe. [*Exit.*

*Enter* EUBULUS.

*Eub.* Who deales with kinges in matters of great waight,
When froward wyll doth beare the chefest sway,
Must yeld of force, there neede no subtile sleight,
Ne paynted [86] speach the matter to convay.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
This thinge I prove in Pithias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with teares I doo lament:
The day is come, when he in Damon's place,
Must lose his life; the time is fully spent:
Nought can my words now with the king prevaile,
Against the wind and strivinge stream [87] I sayle:
For die thou must, alas! thou sely Greeke.
Ah, Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:
A perfect friend, none such in a world to seeke.
Though bitter death shall geve thee sauce full sower,
Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,
Among the gods, within the booke of fame.
Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in teares!
His giltlesse bloud shall trickle downe anon.

Then the Muses singe.

*Alas, what happe hast thou, poore Pithias, now to die;*
*Wo worth the man which for his death hath geven us cause to crie.*
Eub. *Methinke I heare, with yelow rented heares,*
*The Muses frame their notes, thy state to mone:*
*Among which sorte, as one that morneth with harte,*
*In doleful tunes myself wyll beare a parte.*
Muses. *Wo worth the man,* &c.
Eub. *With yelow rented heares, come on you Muses nine,*
*Fyll now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaints resigne:*
*For Pithias I bewayle, which presently must die,*
*Wo worth the man which for his death,* &c.
Muses. *Wo worth the man,* &c.
Eub. *Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?*
*I thinke even from the heavens above, the gods did him downe sende,*
*To shew true friendship's power, which forst thee now to die.*
*Wo worth the man which for thy death,* &c.
Muses. *Wo worth the man,* &c.
Eub. *What tigar's whelp was he, that Damon dyd accuse?*
*What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death dost not refuse?*
*O heavy happe hadst thou to play this tragidie!*
*Wo worth the man,* &c.
Muses. *Worth the man,* &c.
Eub. *Thou young and worthie Greeke, that showest such perfect love,*
*The gods receave thy simple ghost into the heavens above:*
*Thy death we shall lament with many a weepinge eye.*
*Wo worth the man, which for his death,* &c.
Muses. *Wo worth the man, which for his death hath geven us cause to crie.*
*Eub.* Eternall be your fame, ye Muses, for that in miserie
Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke:
My harte is rent in two with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionisius' mouth, to se this place
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.
Neede hath no law; wyll [88] I, or nil I, it must be done,
But loe, the bloodie minister is even here at hande.

---

[86] *Paynted*—vaunted, 2d edit.
[87] *Streames*, 2d edit.
[88] *Wyll I, or nil I*—Whether I will or not.

*Enter* GRONNO.

Gronno, I came hether now to understande,
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias;
The kinge himselfe will se it done here in this place.
*Gron.* Sir, all thinges are ready; here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword,
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde,
If he were present, I could finely strike of.
You may reporte, that all thinges are ready.
*Eub.* I go with heavy harte to report it. Ah, wofull Pithias!
Full neare now is thy misery. [*Exit.*
*Gron.* I marvell very much, under what constilation
All hangmen are borne, for they are hated of all, beloved of none:
Which hatred is showed by this poynt evidently,
The hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the citie:
That such spight should be, I know no cause why,
Unlesse it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloudy;
Yet some men must do it, to execute lawes.
Methinke they hate me without any just cause.
But I must looke to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Els the boyes wyll stone me to death in the streat as I go.
But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the kinge also;
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forgo.

*Here entreth* DIONISIUS *and* EUBULUS.

*Dion.* Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,
Which tooke mee at my worde, and became pledge for Damon.
It pricketh[89] fast upon noone, I doo him no injurie,
If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,
If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full mery:
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by.
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the citie,
I would not put him to death, for some foolishe pitie:
But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt, he shall die;
Bring him forth.

*Here entreth* SNAP.

*Snap.* Geve place, let the prisoner come by, give place.

*Enter* PITHIAS *and* STEPHANO.

*Dion.* How say you, sir, where is Damon your trustie friend?
You have playd a wise part; I make God a vow:
You know what time a day it is, make you ready.
*Pith.* Most ready I am, mightie king, and most willing also,
For my true friend Damon, this life to forgo,
Even at your pleasure.
*Dion.* A true friend! a false traytor, that so breaketh his oth;
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth.
*Pith.* I am not loth to doo what so ever I sayde,
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:
The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer,
That they have reserved me to this passynge great honour,
To die for my friend, whose faith even now I doo not mistruste,
My friend Damon is no false traytour, he is true and juste:
But sith he is no god, but a man, he must doo as he may,
The winde may be contrary, sickнes may let him,[90] or some misadventure by the way,
Which the eternall gods tourne all to my glorie,
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:
He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.
That he might not returne, of all the gods I did require,
Which now to my joy do[91] graunt my desire.
But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death
May suffise, O king, to pacifie thy wrath?
O thou minister of justice, doo thyne office by and by,
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.
Stephano, the right patrone of true fidelitie,
Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of him crave libertie,
When I am dead, in my name; for thy trustie services
Hath well deserved a gift farre better than this.
Oh my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend to me most deare;
Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,
And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witnes of amitie,

---

[89] *Pricketh*—i. e. it *rideth fast* upon noon. The word is used by Spenser, and many of our ancient writers.

[90] *Let him*—i. e. hinder him.

[91] *Do*—doth. Both 4tos.

Shall hoover about the place wheresoever thou bee.
*Dion.* Eubulus, this geare is straunge, and yet because
Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall have the lawe.
Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.
*Gron.* It shal be done. Since you came into this place,
I might have stroken off seven heades in this space.
By'r lady, here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,
It is an evyll winde that bloweth no man good.
Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessyng, like a pretie boy,
And with a trise, thy head from thy shoulders I vyll convay.

*Here entreth* DAMON *running, and stayes the sword.*

*Dam.* Stay, stay, stay! for the kinge's advantage stay!
O mightie kyng, myne appointed time is not yet fully past;
Within the compasse of myne houre, loe here I come at last.
A life I owe, and a life I will you pay.
Oh! my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende;
Ah! wo is me; for Damon's sake, how neare were thou to thy ende.
Geve place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play.
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.
*Gron.* Are you come, sir! you might have taried, if you had bene wyse,
For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.
*Pith.* O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office?
Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse?
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twyse?
Not to die for my friend is present death to me; and alas!
Shall I see my sweet Damon slaine before my face?
What double death is this? But, O mightie Dionisius,
Doo true justice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus;
Let mee have no wronge as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misadventure, not by his wyll, his howre is past; therefore I,
Because he came not at his just tyme, ought justly to die.
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O kynge!
All this courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.
*Dam.* Not so, O mightie kynge, to justice it is contrarie,
That for an other man's faulte the innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully noone
Of this my day appointed, by all the clockes in the towne.
*Pith.* Beleeve no clocke, the houre is past by the sonne.
*Dam.* Ah! my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of amitie?
Will you now overthwart mee, whiche heretofore so well did agree?
*Pith.* My Damon, the goddes forbid but wee should agree;
Therefore agree to this, let me perfourme the promise I made for thee,
Let mee die for thee; doo mee not that injurie,
Both to breake my promise, and to suffer mee too see thee die,
Whome so dearly I love: this small request graunt mee,
I shall never aske thee more, my desire is but friendly;
Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friende Damon was contented to die.
*Dam.* That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot denie;
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villanie,
To reporte that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for him, giltles to die;
Therefore content thyselfe, the gods requite thy constant faith,
None but Damon's bloud can appease Dionisius' wrath.
And now, O mightie kinge, to you my talke I convay,
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,
Although your regall state dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a kinge in worldly wealth abondantly ye floe,
Yet fickle is the grounde whereon all tirants treade,
A thousand sundrie cares and feares doo haunt their restlesse head;
No trustie band, no faithfull friendes doo garde thy hatefull state,
And why? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they deadly hate.
That you may safely raigne, by love get friends, whose constant faith
Wyll never fayle, this counsell geves poore Damon at his death:

Friendes are the surest garde for kinges, gold in time doos[92] ware away;
And other precious thinges doo fade, friendship wyll never decay.
Have friendes in store therefore, so shall you safely sleape;
Have friendes at home, of forraine foes so neede you take no keepe.
Abandon flatring tongues, whose clackes truth never tels;
Abase the *yll*, advance the good, in whome dame Vertue dwels;
Let them your playfelowes be: but, O you earthly kinges,
Your sure defence and strongest garde stands chiefly in faithfull friendes;
Then get you friends by liberall deedes; and here I make an ende.
Accept this counsell, mightie king, of Damon, Pithias' friende.
Oh! my Pithias, now farewell for ever; let me kisse thee or[93] I die,
My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the heavens shall flie.
Come, Gronno, doo thine office now; why is thy colour so dead?
My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have honestie in striking of this head.[94]
*Dion.* Eubulus, my spirites are sodenly appauled, my limes waxe weake,
This straunge friendship amaseth me so, that I can scarse speake.
*Pith.* O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte meeve!
You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let Damon live.
*Eub.* O unspeakable friendship!
*Dam.* Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why
My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake should die.
Alas, he is but young, he may doo good to many.
Thou cowarde minister, why doest thou not let mee die?
*Gron.* My hand with soden feare quivereth.
*Pith.* O noble kinge, shewe mercy upon Damon, let Pithias die.
*Dion.* Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I doo?
Were there ever such friendes on earth as were these two?
What harte is so cruell that would deyide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yield, at thy force I wonder.
My hart this rare friendship hath pearst to the roote,
And quenched all my fury, this sight hath brought this about,
Which thy grave counsell, Eubulus, and learned perswasion could never doo.
O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above
Hath made you play this tragedie, I think, for my behove:
Before this day, I never knew what perfect friendship ment;
My cruell mind to bloudy deedes was full and wholy bente;
My fearefull life I thought with terrour to defende;
But now I see there is no garde unto a faithfull friend,
Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present needе;
O happie kinges, who in your courtes have two such friends indeed!
I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,
Damon, have thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee;
For which good tourne, I crave this honour doe me lend,
Oh friendly hart, let me linke with you, to you[95] make me the third friende.
My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commission large,
Myself, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:
Make me a thirde friend, more shall I joye in that thing,
Then to be called, as I am, Dionisius, the mightie kinge.
*Dam.* O mightie king, first for my lyfe most humble thankes I geve,

---

[92] *Doos*—doo, 1st edit.

[93] *Or*—ere, 2d edit.

[94] *My neck is so short, that thou wylt never have honestie in striking of this head*—i. e. thou wilt derive no credit from striking off a head so disadvantageously placed from the purpose of decollation. *Honnetete*, Fr. anciently signified *fame*, or *reputation*, in the dexterous execution of any undertaking, whether honourable, or the contrary. *Honesty* seems here to be used with the French meaning. S.

In this instance, the author appears to have had before him the speech which Sir Thomas More made at his execution. *Hall*, in his Chronicle, tempore Henry VIII. p. 226. says, "Also the hangman kneled doun to him, askyng him forgevenes of his death, (as the manner is); to whom he sayed, I forgeve thee, but I promise thee, that thou shalt never have *honestie of the strykyng of my head, my necke is so short.*"

[95] *To you*—two to, 2d edit.

And next, I prayse the immortall gods that did
your harte so meve,
That you would have respect to friendship's hea-
venly lore,
Forseing wel he need not feare which hath true
friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third friend,
welcom to our friendly societie;
But you must forget you are a king, for friendship
standes in true equalitie.
*Dion.* Unequall though I be in great posses-
sions,
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed
conditions.
Tirrannie, flatterie, oppression, loe hear I cast
away;
Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy:
True friendship wyl I honour unto my live's end,
My greatest glorie shal be to be counted a perfect
friende.
*Pith.* For this your decde, most noble king, the
gods advance your name;
And since to friendship's lore you list your prince-
ly harte to frame,
With joyful hart, O kinge, most wellcome now to
me,
With you wyll I knit the perfect knot of amitie:
Wherein I shall enstruct you so, and Damon here
your friend,
That you may know of amitie the mightie force,
and eke the joyful end.
And how that kinges doo stand uppon a fickle
ground,
Within whose realme at time of need no faithfull
friends are founde.
*Dion.* Your instruction wyll I folow, to you my-
self I doo commite.
Eubulus, make haste to set new apparell fitte
For my new friends.
*Eub.* I go with joyful hart; O happie day!
[*Exit.*
*Gron.* I am glade to heare this word; though
their lives they do not leese,
It is no reason[96] the hangman should lose his
fees:
These are mine, I am gone with a trise. [*Exit.*

*Here entreth* EUBULUS *with new garmentes.*

*Dion.* Put on these garmentes now, goe in with
me, the jewelles of my court.
*Dam. and Pith.* We go with joyfull harts.
*Steph.* Oh Damon, my deare master, in all this
joy remember me.
*Dion.* My friend Damon, he asketh reason.
*Dam.* Stephano, for thy good service, be thou
free. [*Exeunt all but* STEPHANO.
*Steph.* O most happie, pleasant, joyfull, and
triumphant day!
Poore Stephano now shall live in continuall joy:
*Vive le roy*, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect
amitie.
*Vive tu* Stephano, in thy pleasant liberalitie:
Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest
wonne;
I am a free man, none so mery as I now under
the sonne.
Farewel, my lords, nowe the gods graunt you al
the som of perfect amitie,
And me longe to enjoy my longe-desired libertie.
[*Exit.*

*Heare entreth* EUBULUS *beatyng* CARISOPHUS.

*Eub.* Away, villaine, away; you flatringe parasite,
Away, the plague of this courte: thy filed tongue,
that forged lies,
No more here shall doo hurt; away, false sico-
phant, wilt thou not?
*Caris.* I am gone, sir, seeing it is the kinges
pleasure.
Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon
and Pithias, since they came hither
I am driven to seke releefe abrod, alas! I know
not whither.
Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time
shall trie,
There shall be found, even in this courte, as great
flatterers as I.
Well, for a while I wyll forgo the courte, though
to my great payne;
I doubt not but to spie a time when I may creepe
in againe. [*Exit.*
*Eub.* The serpent that eates men alive, flat-
tery, with all her broode,
Is whipte away in princes courtes, whiche yet
did never good.
What force, what mighty power, true friendship
may possesse,
To all the worlde, Dionisius' courte now playnely
doth expresse,
Who since to faithfull friendes he gave his wil-
lyng eare,
Most safely sitteth in his seate, and sleepes de-
void of feare.
Pourged is the courte of vice, since friendship en-
tred in,
Tirannie quailes, he studieth now with love eche
hart to win;
Vertue is had in price, and hath his just rewarde;
And painted speache, that gloseth for gayne, from
gifts is quite debar'd.
One loveth another now for vertue, not for gayne;
Where vertue doth not knit the knot, there friend-
ship cannot raigne;
Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne king
dome can endure,
As necessarie for man's lyfe, as water, ayre, and
fier,

[96] *No reason*—not reason, 1st edit.

Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to doo;
Unhonest thinges friendshippe ne craveth ne yet consents thereto.
In wealth a double joye, in woe a present stay,
A sweete compagnion in each state true friendship is alway:
A sure defence for kinges, a perfect trustie bande,
A force to assayle, a shielde to defende the enemies cruell hande,
A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can geve to man:
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have ben since the worlde began.
A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kyngs to have;
But chiefely yet, as duetie bindeth, I humbly crave,
True friendship and true friendes, full fraught with constant faith,
The gever of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble queene Elizabeth.

The last Songe:

*The strongest garde that kynges can have,*
*Are constant friends their state to save:*
*True friendes are constant both in word and deede,*
*True friendes are present, and helpe at each neede;*
*True friendes talke truely, they glose for no gayne,*
*When treasure consumeth, true friendes wyll remayne:*
*True friendes for their true prince refuseth not their death:*
*The Lord graunt her such friendes, most noble queene Elizabeth.*

*Longe may she governe in honour and wealth,*
*Voide of all sicknesse, in most perfect health:*
*Which health to prolonge, as true friends require,*
*God graunt she may have her owne hartes desire:*
*Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,*
*The Lorde graunt her such friendes, most noble queene Elizabeth.*

## EDITIONS.

(1.) "The excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfullest freendes Damon and Pithias. Newly imprinted as the same was shewed before the queenes majestie, by the children of her graces chappell, except the prologue, that is somewhat altered for the proper use of them that hereafter shall have occasion to plaie it either in private or open audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then beynge maister of the children, 1571. Imprinted at London, in Fleetelane, by Richard Jones, and are to be solde at his shop joyning to the south-west doore of Paule's churche." 4to, black letter.

(2.) Another edition in 4to, B. L. 1582. Both in Mr Garrick's collection.

# GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

This dramatic piece is the first performance which appeared in England under the name of a comedy. As a former editor of it (Mr Hawkins) observes, "There is a vein of familiar humour in this play, and a kind of grotesque imagery not unlike some parts of Aristophanes, but without those graces of language and metre for which the Greek comedian was eminently distinguished." The author of it is wholly unknown. In the title-page he is only stiled Mr S——, master of arts; and we are informed it was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge.

The former edition of this play, and that of Mr Hawkins, were both printed from a re-publication in the year 1661, full of every kind of errors, and some of them so gross as to render the sense of the author totally unintelligible. The present is given from a copy printed in the year 1575, which is probably the first edition; although Chetwood, in his British Theatre, hath set down the dates of 1551 and 1559: but these, like some of the editions of Shakespeare's plays, enumerated in that work, are supposed never to have existed but in the compiler's own imagination.

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS OF THIS COMEDIE.

DICCON,[1] *the Bedlem.*[2]
HODGE, *Gammer Gurton's Servante.*
TYB, *Gammer Gurton's Mayde.*
GAMMER GURTON.
COCK, *Gammer Gurton's Boye.*
DAME CHATTE.
DOCTOR RAT, *the Curate.*
MAYSTER BAILYE.
DOLL, *Dame Chat's Mayde.*
SCAPETHRYFT, *Mayster Bailye's Servante.*

*Mutes.*

[1] *Diccon, the Bedlem*—Diccon is the ancient abbreviation of Richard. See Mr Steevens's note on *Richard* III. A. 5. S. 3.

[2] *The Bedlem*—after the dissolution of the religious houses where the poor of every denomination were provided for, there was for many years no settled or fixed provision made to supply the want of that care which those bodies appear always to have taken of their distressed brethren. In consequence of this neglect, the idle and dissolute were suffered to wander about the country, assuming such characters as they imagined were most likely to insure success to their frauds, and security from detection. Among other disguises, many affected madness, and were distinguished by the name of *Bedlam Beggars.* These are mentioned by Edgar, in *King Lear:*

> "The country gives me proof and precedent,
> Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
> Stick in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
> Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
> And with this horrible object from low farms,
> Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
> Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayer,
> Inforce their charity."

In Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1616, all the different species of beggars are enumerated. Amongst the rest are mentioned *Tom of Bedlam's* band of mad caps, otherwise called Poor Tom's flock of wild geese,

## PROLOGUE.

As Gammer Gurton, with manye a wyde styche,
Sat pesynge and patching of Hodge her man's briche,
By chance or misfortune, as shee her geare tost,
In Hodge lether bryches her needle she lost.
When Diccon the bedlam had hard by report,
That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys sorte,
He quyetlye perswaded with her in that stound,
Dame Chat her deare gossyp this needle had found.
Yet knew shee no more of this matter, alas,
Then knoeth Tom our clarke what the priest saith at masse.
Hereof there ensued so fearfull a fraye,
Mas Doctor was sent for, these gossyps to staye:
Because he was curate, and estemed full wyse,
Who found that he sought not, by Diccon's device.
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of fashion,
Whether it were by fortune, or some other constellacion,
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge,
And drew out of his bottocke, where he found it stickynge.
Theyr hartes then at rest with perfect securytie,
With a pot of good ale they stroake up theyr plauditie.

---

# GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

## THE FYRST ACTE.

### THE FYRST SCEANE.

*Dic.* Many a myle have I walked, divers and sundry waies,
And many a good man's house have I bin at in my dais;
Many a gossip's cup in my tyme have I tasted,
And many a broche and spyt have I both turned and basted;
Many a peece of bacon have I had out of thir balkes,[3]
In ronnyng over the countrey, with long and were walkes;
Yet came my foote never within those doore cheekes,
To seek flesh or fysh, garlyke, onyons, or leekes,

---

(whom here thou seest by his black and blue naked arms to be a man beaten to the world,) and those wild geese, or hair brains, are called Abraham-men. An Abraham-man is afterwards described in this manner: "Of all the mad rascals, (that are of this wing,) the *Abraham-man* is the most fantastick. The fellow (quoth this old Lady of the Lake, unto me) that sate half-naked (at table to-day) from the girdle upward, is the best *Abraham-man* that ever came to my house, and the notablest villain: he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantickly of purpose: you see pins stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his arms, which pain he gladly puts himself to, (being indeed no torment at all, his skin is either so dead with some foule disease, or so hardened with weather,) only to make you believe he is out of his wits: he calls himself by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near any body, cries out, Poor Tom is a cold. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and do nothing but sing songes, fashioned out of their own braines; some will dance; others will do nothing but either laugh or weep; others are dogged, and are sullen both in look and speech, that, spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through fear to give them what they demand, which is commonly bacon, or something that will yield ready money."

Of this respectable fraternity Diccon seems to have been a member.

Massinger mentions them in *A new way to pay old Debts*, A. 2. S. 2. "— Are they padders, or *Abram-men*, that are your consorts?"

[3] — *out of thir balkes*—the summer beam, or dorman. Poles laid over a stable, or other building. Ray's *Collection of English Words*, p. 167.

LRB. a. 1
47603

That ever I saw a sorte in such a plyght,[4]
As here within this house appereth to my syght;
There is howlynge and schowlyng, all cast in a dumpe,
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump.
Syghing and sobbing, they weepe and they wayle;
I marvel in my mynd, what the devil they ayle.
The olde trot syts groning, with alas, and alas![5]
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worse case.
With poore Cocke theyr boye, they be dryven in such fyts,
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aske them what they aile, or who brought them in this stay?
They answer not at all, but alacke and welaway.
When I saw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,
And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw none spyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, unles my purpose fayle,
Shall serve for a shoing horne to draw on two pots of ale.[6]

## THE SECOND SCEANE.

HODGE, DICCON.

*Hodge.* See so cham arayed with dablynge in the durt!
She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she had the squirt.
Was never poore soule that such a life had?
Gog's bones, thys vilthy glaye hase drest mee too bad.
God's soule, see how this stuffe teares!

---

[4] *That ever I saw a sorte in such a plyght—a sort* is a company. So, in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 3. "I speek it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but there's he and the count Frugale, signior Illustre, signior Luculento, and *a sort* of them, &c."

Also, in Pierce Pennilesse's *Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, p. 6.: "I know a great *sort* of good fellows that would venture, &c."

Again, in the *Vocacyon of Johan Bale*, 1533: "— in parell of pyrates, robbers, and murthirors, and a great *sort* more."

And, in Skelton's works, edit. 1736, p. 136:

"Another *sorte* of sluttes
Some brought walnutes."

See also Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens's notes on Shakespeare, Vol. III. p. 69.

[5] *The olde* trot *syts groning, with alas, and alas!*—an old *trot*, or *trat*, Dr Gray says, signifies a decrepid old woman, or an old drab. In which sense it is used in Gawin Douglas Virgil's Æneid, B. 4. p. 96, 97:—

Out on the *old trat* agit wyffe or dame.

And p. 122. 39:—

Thus said *Dido*, and the tother with that,
Hyit or furth with slow pase like *ane trot*.

And Shakespeare: "Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, an aglet baby, or an *old trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head."—*Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 5. Critical notes on Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 118.

It is also used by Churchyard:—

Away young Frie that gives leawd counsell nowe,
Awaie *old trotts*, that sets young flesh to sale, &c.—*Challenge*, 1593, p. 250.

And by Gascoigne:—

Go! that gunpowder consume the old *trot*.—Supposes, A. 3. S. 5.

Again, in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "— a cage or pigeon-house, roomsome enough to comprehend her, and the toothless *trot* her nurse, who was her only chat mate and chamber maid, &c."—See also Mr Steevens's notes on Shakespeare, Vol. II. p. 93.

[6] *Shall serve for a shoing horne to draw on two pots of ale*—so, in Pierce Pennilesse's *Supplication*, p. 23. "— wee have generall rules and injunctions, as good as printed precepts, or statutes set downe by acte of parliament, that goe from drunkard to drunkard as still to keepe your first man, not to leave anie flockes in the bottom of the cup, to knock the glasse on your thumbe when you have done, to have some *shooeing horne* to pull on your wine, as a rasher of the coles, or a redde herring."

Iche were better to bee a bearward, and set to keepe beares.
By the masse, here is a gashe, a shamefull hole indeade,
And one stytch teare furder, a man may thruste in his heade.
*Dic.* By my father's soule, Hodge, if I shulde now be sworne,
I cannot chuse but say thy breech is foule betorne.
But the next remedye in such a case and hap,
Is to plaunche on a piece as brode as thy cap.
*Hodge.* Gog's soule, man, 'tis not yet two dayes fully ended,
Synce my dame Gurton (cham sure) these breches amended,
But cham made such [7] a drudge to trudge at every neede,
Chwold rend it, though it were stitched wath sturdy packthreede.
*Dic.* Hodge, [8] let thy breeches go, and speake and tell me soone,
What devil ayleth Gammer Gurton, and Tib her mayd to frowne.
*Hodge.* Tush, man, th'art deceyved, 'tys theyr dayly looke:
They coure [9] so over the coles, theyr eyes be blear'd with smooke.
*Dic.* Nay, by the masse, I perfectly perceved as I came hether,
That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by the eares together,
Or els as great a matter, as thou shalt shortly see.
*Hodge.* Now iche beseeche our Lord they never better agree.
*Dic.* By Gog's soule, there they syt as still as stones in the streite,
As though they had ben taken with fairies, or els with some il spreet.
*Hodge.* Gog's hart, I durst have layd my cap to a crowne,
Ch'would learn of some prancome as soon as ich came to town.
*Dic.* Why, Hodge, art thou inspyred? or dedst thou thereof here?
*Hodge.* Nay, but ich saw such a wonder, as ich saw nat this seven yere.
Tome Tannkard's cow, (be Gog's bones) she set me up her sail,
And flynging about his halse aker, frysking with her taile,
As though there had been in her ars a swarme of bees;
And chad not cryed tphrowh hoore, shea'd lept out of his lees.
*Dic.* Why, Hodge, lies the connyng in Tome Tannkard's cowe's tail?
*Hodge.* Well, ich chave hard some say such tokens do not fayle.
But ca'st thou not tell, in faith, Diccon, why she frowns, or whereat?
Hath no man stolen her ducks, or henes, or gelded Gyb her cat? [10]
*Dic.* What devyll can I tell, man, I cold not have one word,
They gave no more hede to my talke then thou woldst to a lord.
*Hodge.* Iche cannot styll but muse, what mervaylous thinge it is:
Chyll in and know myselfe what matters are amys.
*Dic.* Then farewell, Hodge, a while, synce thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good wyfe Chat's, to feele how the ale does tast.

## THE THIRD SCEANE.

HODGE, TYB.

*Hodge.* Cham agast, by the masse, ich wot not what to do.
Chad nede blesse me well before ich go them to.
Perchaunce some fellon sprit may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but a noddy to venter where cha no. neede.
*Tyb.* Cham worse then mad, by the masse, to be at this staye,
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all th'ours on the daye.
Lamed and hunger starved, prycked up all in jagges,
Havyng no patch to hyde my backe, save a few rotten ragges.

---

[7] Succ, other editions. [8] Hoge, other editions.

[9] *They coure*—This is the reading of the first edition, which in all the subsequent ones is very improperly altered to *cover*. *To coure*, is to bend, stoop, hang, or lean over. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, A. 4. S. 6. and Pierce Pennilesse's *Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, p. 8.

Again,

" He much rejoyst, and *cour'd* it tenderly,
" As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny."
Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. viii. st. 9.

Again,

" As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
" Approaching two and two, these *cow'ring* low
" With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing."
*Paradise Lost*, B. VIII. l. 349.

[10] *Hath no man stolen her ducks, or henes, or gelded* Gyb *her cat?*—Gyb was the name by which all male or ram cats were distinguished. See Mr Warton's note on the first part of *Henry IV.* A. 1. S. 2.

*Hôdge.* [11] I say, Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I trow sure thou bee,
What devyll make-a-doe is this betweene our dame and thee?
*Tyb.* Gog's breade, Hodge, thou had a good turn thou wart not here this while;
It had ben better for some of us to have ben hence a myle.
My Gammer is so out of course, and frantyke all at ones,
That Cocke, our boy, and I, poore wench, have felt it on our bones.
*Hodge.* What is the matter; say on, Tyb, where-at she taketh so on?
*Tyb.* She is undone, she sayth, (alas) her joye and life is gone.
If she here not of some comfort, she sayth [12] she is but dead,
Shall never come within her lyps, one inch of meate ne bread.
*Hodge.* By'r ladie, cham not very glad to see her in this dumpe;
Cholde a noble her stole hath fallen, and shee hath broke her rumpe.
*Tyb.* Nay, and that were the worst, we wold not greatly care,
For bursting of her huckle bone, or breakyng of her chaire.
But greater, greater, is her grief, as Hodge we shall all feele.
*Hodge.* Gog's woundes, Tyb, my Gammer has never lost her neele?
*Tyb.* Her neele.
*Hodge.* Her neele?
*Tyb.* Her neele; by him that made me, it is true, Hodge, I tell thee.
*Hodge.* Gog's sacrament! I would she had lost th'arte out of her bellie.
The devill, or els his dame, they ought her sure a shame,
How a murryon came this chaunce, (say, Tib,) unto our dame?
*Tyb.* My Gammer sat her down on her pes, and bad me reach thy breches,
And by and by, a vengeance in it, or she had take two stitches,
To clout a clout upon thine ars, by chaunce asyde she lears,
And Gyb our cat, in the milke-pan, she spied over head and eares.
Ah hore, out these, she cryd aloud, and swapt the breches downe,
Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gyb at doors into the towne.
And synce that time was never wyght cold set their eies upon it.
[13] Gog's malison, chave Cocke and I, byd twenty times light on it.
*Hodge.* And is not then my breches sewid up, to morow that I shuld were!
*Tyb.* No, in faith, Hodge, thy breches lie, for all this never the nere.
*Hodge.* Now a vengeance light on al the sort, that better shold have kept it;
The cat, the house, and Tib our maid, that better shold have swept it.
Se where she cometh crawling! come on, in twenty devils way;
Ye have made a fayre daie's worke, have you not? pray you say.

## THE FOURTH SCEANE.

GAMMER, HODGE, TYB, COCKE.

*Gam.* Alas, alas, I may well curse and ban
This daie, that ever I saw it, with Gyb and the milke-pan.
For these and ill lucke togather, as knoweth Cocke my boie,
Have stacke [14] away my deare neele, and rob'd me of my joye.
My fayre long strayght neele, that was myne onely treasure,
The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last end of my pleasure.
*Hodge.* Might ha kept it when ye had it; but fooles will be fooles styll:
Lose that is vast in your handes? ye neede not, but ye will.
*Gam.* Go hie thee, Tyb, and run, thou hoore, to th' end here of the towne.

---

[11] *I say Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I* trow *sure thou bee—Trow* is an old word, which signifies *believe.* As in A. 5. S. 2.

This prose I *trow* may serve, though no word spoke.

Again,

A false knave, bi God's pitie, ye were, but a foole to *trow* him.

Again,

I *trow* he'll come no more at my house. *Wily beguiled*, 1606.

Again,

And that is best I *trowe* in warre, to let it go, and not to stoppe it.
Ascham's *Toxophilus.*

[12] She is sayth but dead, other editions.

[13] *Gog's malison*—i. e. God's curse. See Glossary to Peter Langtoft.

[14] *Have* stacke, &c.—Mr Dodsley, in the former edition, reads *tacke.*

Didst cary out dust in thy lap? seeke wher thou porest it downe;[15]
And as thou sawest me roking in the ashes where I morned,
So see in all the heape of dust thou leave no straw unturned.
*Tyb.* [16] That chal, Gammer, swythe and tyte, and sone be here agayne.
*Gam.* Tyb, stoope and loke down to the ground to it, and take some paine.
*Hodge.* Here is a prety matter, to see this gere how it goes:
By Gog's soul, I thenk you wold lose your arse, and it were loose.
Your neele lost? it is pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sorow.
Gog's deth, how shall my breches be sewid? shall I go thus to morow?
*Gam.* Ah, Hodge, Hodge, if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,
Ch'ould sow thy breches, ich promise the, with full good double threed,
And set a patch on either knee, shuld last this monethes twaine.
Now God and good saint Sithe I pray, to send it home [17] againe.
*Hodge.* Wherto served your hands and eies, but this your neele to kepe?
What devill had you els to do? ye keep, ich wot, no sheepe.
Cham faine abrode to dyg and delve, in water, myre, and elaye,
Sossing and possing in the durte styll from day to daye.
A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham set to see them weele:
And foure of you syt idle at home, and cannot keepe a neele.
*Gam.* My neele, alas, ich lost it, Hodge, what time ich me up hasted,
To save milke set up for the, which Gib our cat hath wasted.
*Hodge.* The devill he burst both Gib and Tyb, with all the rest;
Cham alwayes sure of the worst end, whoever have the best.
Where ha you ben fidging abrode, since you your neele lost?
*Gam.* Within the house, and at the dore, sitting by this same post;
Wher I was loking a long howre, before these folks came here;
But, welaway! all was in vayne, my neele is never the nere.
*Hodge.* Set me a candle, let me seeke, and grope where ever it bee.
Gog's heart, ye be folish (ich thinke) you knowe it not when you it see.
*Gam.* Come hether, Cocke; what, Cocke, I say!
*Cocke.* Howe, Gammer?
*Gam.* Goe, hye thee soone, and grope behynd the old brasse pan,
Whych thing when thou hast done,
Ther shalt thou fynd an old shooe, wherein, if thou looke well,
Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of whyte tallow candell;
Lyght it, and bringe it tite awaye.
*Cocke.* That shall be done anone.
*Gam.* Nay, tary, Hodge, till thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.
*Hodge.* Cum away, ye horson boy, are ye asleepe? ye must have a crier.
*Cocke.* Ich cannot get the candel light, here is almost no fier.
*Hodge.* Chil hold the a peny, chil make thee come if that ich may catch thine eares.
Art deffe, thou horson boy? Cocke, I say, why canst not hear's?
*Gam.* Beate hym not, Hodge, but helpe the boy, and come you two together.

## THE FIFTH SCEANE.

GAMMER, TYB, COCKE, HODGE.

*Gam.* How now, Tyb! quicke, let's here what newes thou hast brought hether.
*Tyb.* Chave tost and tumbled yender heap over and over againe,
And winowed it through my fingers, as men wold winow grain;
Not so much as a hen's turd, but in pieces I tare it.
Or what so ever clod or clay I found, I did not spare it.
Lokyng within, and eke without, to find yout neele, (alas!)

---

15 Dowde, other edits.

16 *That chal, Gammer,* swythe and tyte, *and sone be here agayne—Swythe and tyte,* swiftly and directly.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harp asyde,
And *swith* he drew his brand;
And Estmere he and Alder yonge,
Right stiffe in stour can stand.
Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. I. p. 75.

Hence *swythe* to doctor Rat hye the that thou were gone. A. 3. S. 3.

Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of whyte tallow candell,
Lyght it, and brynge it *tite* away. A. 1. S. 4.

17 *Home*—Mr Dodsley reads, back again.

But all in vaine; and, without helpe, your neele is where it was.
*Gam.* [18] Alas, my neele we shall never meete! adue, adue for aye.
*Tyb.* Not so, Gammer, we myght it fynde, if we knew where it laye.
*Cocke.* Gog's crosse, Gammer, if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore,
And see how Hodge lieth tomblynge and tossing amids the floure,
Rakyng there, some fyre to finde amonge the ashes dead,
When there is not one sparke so byg as a pyn's head:
At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees,
Which were indede nought els but Gyb our cat's two eyes.
Puffe, quod Hodge; thinking thereby to have fyre without doubt;
With that Gyb shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out:
And by and by them opened, even as they were before,
With that the sparkes appered even as they had done of yore:
And even as Hodge blew the fire, as he did thincke,
Gyb, as she felt the blast, strayght way began to wyncke;
Till Hodge fell of sweping, as came best to his turne,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne:
At last Gyb up the stayers, among the old postes and pinnes,
And Hodge he hied him after, til broke were both his shinnes:
Cursynge and sweering oths, were never of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the house, if that shee were not taken.
*Gam.* See here is all the thought that the foolysh urchyn taketh!
And Tyb methinke, at his elbow, almost as mery maketh.
This is all the wyt ye have when others make their mone.
Come downe, Hodge, where art thou? and let the cat alone.
*Hodge.* Gog's harte, help, and come up; Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all if she get a lytle hier:
[19] Cum downe, quoth you? nay, then you might count me a patch;
The house cometh down on your heads if it take ons the thatch.
*Gam.* It is the cat's eyes, foole, that shineth in the darke.
*Hodge.* Hath the cat, do you thinke, in every eye a sparke?
*Gam.* No, but they shyne as lyke fyre as ever man see.
*Hodge.* By the masse, and she burne all, youth bear the blame for mee.
*Gam.* Cum downe, and help to seeke here our neele that it were found;
Downe, Tyb, on *thy* knees, I say; downe Cocke to the ground:
[20] To God I make a vowe, and so to good saint Anne,
A candell shall they have a peece, get it where I can,

---

[18] *Alas, my neele we shall never meete! adue, adue* for aye.—Adieu, adieu *for ever.* As in the following instances:

*For aye* to be in shady cloister mew'd. — *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 1.
And sit *for aye* enthronized in heaven. — Marlow's *Edward II.*
Whereas the other makes us live *for aye*. — *Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604.
.....Let this pernicious hour,
Stand *aye* accursed in the Calendar.

See Mr Steevens's *Shakspeare*, Vol. III. p. 7. Vol. IV. p. 565.

[19] *Cum downe, quoth you? nay, then you might count me* a patch.—"This term (says Mr Malone) came into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: 'A word making, called of the Grecians Onomatopiea, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things.'—As to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because these two, in their time, were notable fools.

"Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patch* wore, was, in allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage-fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley-coat. In Rowley's *When you see me, you know me*; or, *Hist. of King Henry VIII.* 1632, Cardinal Wolsey's Fool *Patch* is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *Patch* of whom Wilson speaks."—Note on *Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 5.

In Chaloner's Translation of the *Praise of Folly*, by Erasmus, 1549, is the following passage: "And by the fayeth ye owe to the immortal godds, may any thing to an indifferent considerer be deemed more happie and blissful than is this kinde of men whome commonly ye call fooles, *poltes*, ideotes, and *paches?*"

Again, "I have subtraied these my selie *paches*, who not onelye themselves are ever mery, playing, singing, and laughyng, but also whatever they doo, are provokers of others lykewyse to pleasure, sporte, and laughter, as who sayeth ordeyned herefore by the godds of theyr benevolence to recreate the sadnesse of men's lyves."

[20] *To God I make a vowe, and so to good saint Anne,*
*A candell shall they have a peece, get it where I can.*—In all cases of distress, and whenever the assistance of a superior power was necessary, it was usual with the Roman Catholics to promise their tu-

If I may my neele finde in one place, or in other.
*Hodge.* Now a vengeaunce on Gyb light, on Gyb, and Gyb's mother,
And all the generacion of cats both far and nere.
Looke on the ground, horson, thinks thou the neele is here?
*Cocke.* By my trouth, Gammer, me thought your neele here I saw,
But when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.
*Tyb.* See, Hodge, what's tys; may it not be within it?
*Hodge.* Breake it, foole, with thy hand, and see and thou canst fynde it.
*Tyb.* Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accordyng to your word.
*Hodge.* Gog's sydes, fie! it stynckes; it is a cat's tourd:
It were well done to make thee eate it, by the masse.
*Gam.* This matter amendeth not, my neele is still where it wasse.
Our candle is at an ende, let us all in quight,
And come another tyme, when we have more lyght.

## THE SECOND ACTE.

Firste a Songe.

*Back and syde go bare, go bare,*
*booth foote and hande go colde;*
*But belly, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,*
*whether it be newe or olde.*

*I can not eate but lytle meat,*
*my stomacke is not goode;*
*But, sure, I thinke, that I can drynk*
*with him that weares a hood.*[21]
*Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,*
*I am nothinge a-colde;*
*I stuffe my skyn so full within,*
*of joly good ale, and olde.*
*Back and syde, go bare, go bare,*
*booth foote and hande go colde;*
*But belly, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,*
*whether it be new or olde.*

[22] *I love no rost, but a nut brown toste,*
*and a crab layde in the fyre;*
*A lytle bread shall do me stead,*
*much bread I not desyre.*
*No froste nor snow, no winde, I trow,*
*can hurte mee if I wolde,*
*I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt*
*of joly good ale, and olde.*
*Back and syde go bare, &c.*

*And Tyb, my wyfe, that as her lyfe*
*loveth well good ale to seeke,*
*Full ofte drinkes shee, tyll ye may see*
*the teares run down her cheekes;*
[23] *Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle,*
*even as a mault worme shuld;*
*And sayth, sweet hart, I tooke my part*
*of this joly good ale, and olde.*
*Back and syde go bare, &c.*

---

telary saints to light up candles at their altars, to induce them to be propitious to such applications as were made to them. The reader will see a very ridiculous story of this kind in the first volume of Lord Oxford's Collection of Voyages, p. 771. quoted in Dr Gray's Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. 1. p. 7. Erasmus has a story to the same purpose in his *Naufragium*.

[21] Alluding to the drunkenness of the Friars.

[22] *I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,*
*and* a crab *layde in the fyre.*—So, in the 3d Act, 4th Scene:

A cup of ale had in his hand, and *a crab* lay in the fyer.

Again,

Now *a crab* in the fire were woorth a good grote,
That I might quaffe with captain Tom Tospot. *Like will to like*, c. 21.

Again,

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a *roasted crab*. *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 1.

Upon this last passage, Mr Steevens has given the following examples of the use of this word:

Yet we will have in store *a crab* in the fire,
With nut browne ale. *Henry V.* Anon.

And sit down in my chaire by my faire Alison,
And turn a *crabbe* in the fire as merry as Pope Joan. *Damon and Pithias.*

....Sitting in a corner turning *crabs*,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.
*Description of Christmas, in Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nash, 1600.

[23] *Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle,*—"*Trowle*, or *trole the bowl*, was a common phrase in drinking for passing the vessel about, as appears by the following beginning of an old Catch:

*Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,*
*even as good felowes shoulde doe,*
*They shall not misse to have the blisse*
*good ale doth bringe men to:*
*And all poor soules, that have scowred boules,*
*or have them lustely trolde,*
*God save the lyves of them and their wyves,*
*whether they be yonge or olde.*
*Back and syde go bare,* &c.

## THE FYRST SCEANE.

DICCON, HODGE.

*Dic.* Well done, by Gog's malt, well songe and well saide:
Come on, mother Chat, as thou art[24] *a* true mayde.
One *fresh* pot of ale let's see, to make an ende
Agaynst this colde wether, my naked armes[25] to defende:
This gere it warms the soule, now wind blow on thy worst.
And let us drink and swill till that our bellies burste;
Now were he a wyse man, by cunnynge colde defyne
Which way my journey lyeth, or where Diccon will dyne:
But one good turne I have, be it by nyght or daye,
South, east, north, or west, I am never out of my waye.
*Hodge.* Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke;[26]
Neyther butter, cheese, mylk, onyons, flesh, nor fyshe,
Save thys pece of barly bread, tis a pleasant costly dishe.

---

"*Trole, trole* the bowl to me,
And I will *trole* the same again to thee."

"And in this other, in Hilton's Collection:

"Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls,
Seest thou not how merrily this good ale *trowles?*"
Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, Vol. III. 22.

Again:

Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remember
Since we *trould the boule* at Sittingburn. *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

Giv't us weele pledge, nor shall a man that lives
In charity refuse it, I will not be so old
As not be grac't to honour Cupid, giv't us full,
When we were young, we could ha *trold* it off.
Drunke down a Dutchman. Marston's *Parasitaster or Fawne*, A. 5.

Now the cups *trole* about to wet the gossips whistles,
It pours down I faith they never think of payment.
*A Chast Mayd in Cheapeside*, p. 34.

[24] Add.
[25] —*Naked armes*—See Dekker's Description of an Abraham-man, p. 101.
[26] —*Sweate and swyncke;*—*To swynke*, is to work, or labour,; as in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. Cant. 7. St. 8:

"For which men *swink* and sweat incessantly."

Again, in *Comus*, by Milton, l. 293:

"And the *swinkt* hedger at his supper sat."

Also, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Prol. l. 184:

"What shulde he studie, make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or *swinken* with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his *swink* to him reserved."

And, in *Pierce Plowman's Vision:*

"Hermets an heape with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenches after
Great loubees and long, that loth were to *swinke*,
Clothed hem in copes, to be known from other."

*Dic.* Haile, fellow Hodge, and [27] *well* to fare
with thy meat, if you have any:
But by thy words, as I them smelled, thy daintreis
be not manie.
*Hodge.* Daintrels, Diccon! Gogs soule man,
save this pece of dry horsbred,
Chat byt no byt this lyve-longe daie, no crome
come in my hed:
My gutts they yawle, crawle, and all my belly
*rumbleth*,
The puddyinges cannot lye still, ech one over other
*tumbleth*.
By Gog's harte cham so vexte, and in my belly
pende,
Chould one pece were at the spittlehouse, another
at the castel's ende.
*Dic.* Why Hodge, was there none at home thy
dinner for to set?
*Hodge.* Gogs [28] bread, Diccon, ich came to
late, was nothing ther to get:
Gyb (a fowle feind might on her light) lickt the
milke pan so clene;
See Diccon, 'twas not so well washt this seven
yere, as ich wene.
A pestilence lyght on all ill luke, chad thought
yet for all this
Of a morsell of bacon behynde the dore, at worst
shuld not misse:
But when ich sought a slyp to cut, as ich was
wont to do,
Gogs souls, Diccon, Gyb our cat had eate the
bacon to!
[*Which bacon* DICCON *stole, as is declared
before.*
*Dic.* Ill luck, quod he? mary swere it, Hodge,
this day the trueth tel,
Thou rose not on thy right syde, or els blest thee
not wel.
Thy mylk slopt up! thy bacon filtched! that was
to bad luck, Hodge.
*Hodge.* Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault, my
Gammer ga me the dodge:
Seest not how cham rent and torn, my heels, my
knees, and my breech?
Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here and
there a stitch;
But there ich was powpte indeed.
*Dic.* Why, Hodge?
*Hodge.* Bootes not, man, to tell,
Cham so drest amonst a sorte of fooles, chad
better be in hell,
My Gammer (cham ashamed to say) by God,
served me not weele.
*Dic.* How so, Hodge?
*Hodge.* Hase she not gone, trowest now thou,
and lost her neele?
*Dic.* Her eele, Hodge! who fysht of late? that
was a dainty dysh.
*Hodge.* Tush, tush, her neele, her neele, her
neele, man, tys neither flesh nor fish,
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as
any syller,
Small, longe, sharpe at the poynt, and straight as
any pyller.
*Dic.* I know not what a devil thou menest, thou
bringst me more in doubt.
*Hodge.* Knowest not with what Tom tailer's
man sits broching throughe a clout?
A neele, a neele, my Gammer's neele is gone.
*Dic.* Her neele! Hodge, now I smel thee, that
was a chaunce alone:
By the masse, thou hadst a shameful losse, and it
were but for thy breches.
*Hodge.* Gog's soule, man, chould give a crown,
chad it but three stitches.
*Dic.* How sayest thou, Hodge? what shuld he
have again thy nedle got?
*Hodge.* Be'm vather's soul, and chad it, chould
give him a new grot.
*Dic.* Canst thou keepe counsaile in this case?
*Hodge.* Els chwold my tonge were out.
*Dic.* Do thou [29] but then by my advise, and I
wil fetch it without doubt.
*Hodge.* Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge,
chyll delve, chyll toyle, chyll trudge,
shalt see;
Chyll hold, chyll drawe, chyll pull, chyll pynche,
chyll kneele on my bare knee;
Chyll scrape, chyll scratche, chyll syfte, chyll
seeke, chyll bowe, chyll bende, chyll
sweate,
Chyll stoop, chyll stur, chyll cap, chyl knele, chyll
crepe on hands and feete;
Chyll be thy bondman, Diccon, ich sweare by
sunne and moone,
And channot sumwhat to stop this gap, cham
utterly undone.
[*Pointing behind to his torne breeches.*
*Dic.* Why, is ther any special cause thou takest
hereat such sorrow?
*Hodge.* Kirstian Clack, Tom Simson's maid, by
the masse coms hether to morrow;
Cham not able to say, betweene us, what may hap,
She smyled on me the last Sonday when ich put
of my cap.
*Dic.* Well, Hodge, this is a matter of weight,
and must be kept close,
[30] It might els turne to both our costes, as the

---

[27] Will. [28] Godgs. [29] Than.

[30] *It might els turne to both our costes, as the world* now gose.—In the 14th of Queen Elizabeth, 1572, an act of Parliament passed, by which very heavy penalties were inflicted on all rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. Among others, who are therein described and directed to be deemed such, are idle per-

world now gose.
Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodge.
*Hodge.* Chyll, Diccon.
*Dic.* Then go to,
Lay thine hand here, say after me, as thou shalt here me do.
Haste no book?
*Hodge.* Cha no book, I.
*Dic.* Then needes must force us both,
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine oth.
*Hodge.* I Hodge breechelesse,
Sweare to Diccon rechelesse,
By the crosse that I shall kysse,
To kepe his counsaile close,
And alwayes me to dispose
To worke that his pleasure is.
[*Here he kysseth* DICCON'S *breech.*
*Dic.* Now, Hodge, see thou take heede,
And doe as I thee byd;
For so I judge it meete,
This nedle againe to win,
There is no shift therein,
But conjure up a spreete.
*Hodge.* What the great devill, Diccon, I saye?
*Dic.* Yea, in good faith, that is the waye,
[31] Fet with some prety charme.
*Hodge.* Softe, Diccon, be not to hasty yet,
By the masse, for ich begyn to sweat,
Cham afrayde of some [32] harme.
*Dic.* Come hether then, and sturre the nat
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,
But stande as I thee teache.
*Hodge.* And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes?
*Dic.* The mayster devill with his longe pawes
Here to thee cannot reache.
Now will I settle me to this geare.
*Hodge.* I say Diccon, heare me, heare:
Go softely to thys matter.
*Dic.* What devyll, man, art afraide of nought?
*Hodge.* Canst not tarrye a little thought,
Tyll ich make a curtesie of water?
*Dic.* Stand still to it, why shuldest thou feare hym?
*Hodge.* Gog's sydes, Diccon, me think ich heare him,
And tarrye chal mare all.
*Dic.* The matter is no worse then I tolde it.
*Hodge.* By the masse, cham able no longer to holde it:
[33] So bad, iche must beraye the hall.
*Dic.* Stand to it, Hodge, sture not, you horson.
What devyll, be thine ars stringes brusten?
Thy selfe a while but staye,
The devill I smell hym, wyll be here anone.
*Hodge.* Hold him fast, Diccon, cham gone, cham gone,
Chyll not be at that fraye.

## THE SECOND SCEANE.

DICCON, CHAT.

*Dic.* Fy, shytten knave, and out upon thee!
Above all other loutes, fye on thee!
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better.
Nor thy presence here no sweter,
[34] To flye I con [35] thee thanke.
[36] Here is a matter worthy glosynge,

---

sons going about feigning themselves to have knowledge in phisnomie, palmestrie, or other abused sciences, whereby they bear the people in hand that they can tell their destinies, deaths, and fortunes, *and such other like fantastical imaginations.* This statute seems to be alluded to here by Diccon, and will serve to confirm the later date of the Play; and at the same time prove the forgery of that assigned to it by Chetwood.

[31] *Fet*—i. e. fetched.

[32] Syme.

[33] To.

[34] *To flye* I con *thee thanke.*—I con him no thanks for it, occurs in Shakespeare's *All's well that ends well;* and Mr Steevens says it means, "I shall not thank him in studied language." I meet with the same expression in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, &c.

"I believe he *will con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613:

"I *con* master Churms *thanks* for this."

Again, in *Any thing for a quiet life:* "He would not trust you with it, *I con* him thanks for it." To *con thanks* may indeed exactly answer the French *scavoir gré. To con* is to know.

*Cun* or *con thanks*, says the Glossary to the Lancashire Dialect, is to *give thanks;* and in that sense only the words appear to be used to this day in the north of England. In Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, by Chaloner, 1569, Sig. E 2: "But in the meane whyle, ye ought *to conne me thanke*, &c." And Sig. I 4: "who natheless *conned him a greate thanke*, &c." Again, in *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication*, p. 28: "It is well doone to practise thy wit, but (I believe) our Lord will *cun thee little* thanke for it."

[35] Can.

[36] *Here is a matter worthy* glosynge—i. e. glossing or commenting upon. So, in *Pierce Plowman's Visions:*

*Glosed* the Gospel as hem good liked,
For covetous of copes construe it as thei wold,

Of Gammer Gurton's needle losynge,
And a foule peece of warke:
A man, I thynoke, myght make a playe,
And nede no worde to this they saye,
Being but halfe a clarke.
Softe, let me alone, I will take the charge,
This matter further to enlarge,
Within a tyme shorte;
If ye will marke my toyes, and note,
I will geve ye leave to cut my throte
If I make not good sporte.
Dame, Chat, I say, where be ye, within?
*Chat.* Who have we there maketh such a din?
*Dic.* Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger.
*Chat.* What, Diccon? come nere, ye be no straunger:
[37] We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the fyre;
Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a little nyer.
*Dic.* Nay, nay, there is no tarrying; I must be gone againe;
But first for you in councel I have a word or twaine.
*Chat.* Come hether, Dol; Dol, sit downe and play this game,
And as thou sawest me do, see thou do even the same:
There is five trumps besides the queene, the hindmost thou shalt finde her,
Take hede of Sim Glover's wife, she hath an eie behind her.
Now, Diccon, say your will.
*Dic.* Nay, softe a litle yet,
I wold not tell my sister, the matter is so great,
[38] There I wil have you sweare by our dere lady of Bullaine,
Saint Dunstone and saint Donnyke, with the three kinges of Kullaine, [39]
That ye shal keepe it secret.
*Chat.* Gog's bread, that will I doo,
As secret as mine owne thought, by God and the devil too. [40]

---

[37] *We be fast set at* trump, *man, hard by the fyre*:—The common etymology of the word *trump*, as made use of in games at cards, derives it from a corruption of *triumph*; but Ben Johnson spells the word *tromp*, from which Mr Whalley conjectures that his author thought it was derived from the French *tromper*, to deceive. And indeed it will easily bear this acceptation. A person playing at the game thinks he shall win the trick, till his adversary takes it from him by a *tromp*; he is *trompt*, or deceived.
Whalley Note on *The New Inn*, A. 1. S. 3.

*Trump* was a game played with cards, as will appear by the following passage of Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sig. F 2: "To speake of all the sleights used by *card-players* in all sorts of games would but weary you that are to read, and bee but a thanklesse and unpleasing labour for me to set them downe. Omitting therefore the deceipts practised (even in the fayrest and most civill companies) at Primero, Saint Maw, *Trump*, and such like games, I will," &c.

[38] *There I will have you sweare by our dere lady of Bullaine.*—Mr Hawkins says probably *Lady Ann Bullen*, than which there could hardly have been a conjecture more wide from the meaning of the speaker. Our dere Lady of Bullaine is no other than the image of the Virgin Mary at Boulogne, which was formerly held in so much reverence, that it was one of those to which pilgrimages used to be made. In Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Prol. l. 465. describing the *Wife of Bath*, he says:

And thries hadde she been at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at *Boloine*,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.

The Virgin Mary was the patroness of the town of Boulogne in a very singular manner, it being holden immediately of her: "For when King Lewis 11. after the decease of Charles of Burgundy, had taken in Boulogne, anno 1477, as new lord of the town, (thus John de Serres relateth it,) he did homage without sword or spurs bareheaded, and on his knee, before the Virgin Mary, offering unto her image an heart of massie gold weighing 2000 crowns. He added also this, that he and his successors kings after him should hold the county of Boulogne of the said Virgin, and do homage unto her image in the great church of the higher town dedicated to her name, paying at every change of a vassal an heart of pure gold of the same weight."—Heylin's *Survey of France*, 1656, p. 193.

[39] *With the three kings of Kullaine*—The three kings of Coloyn are supposed to have been the wise men who travelled unto our Saviour by the direction of the star. To these kings, several writers have given the names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar; but Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, has a whole chapter concerning them, in which he doubts all the principal facts in the account of them. See B. 7. C. 8. The celebrated Thomas Coryat, when at Coloyn, took some pains to collect many circumstances relative to these kings, with which he hath filled several pages of his Book; and to which those who are desirous of further information on the subject must be referred.

[40] *Two.*

*Dic.* Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad and hevy wight,
Her goodly faire red cock at home, was stole this last night.
*Chat.* Gog's soul! her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowed so just?
*Dic.* That cocke is stollen.
*Chat.* What, was he fet out of the hen's ruste?
*Dic.* I can not tel where the devil he was kept, under key or locke.
But Tib hath tykled in Gammer's eare, that you should steale the cocke.
*Chat.* [41] Have I? strong hoore, by bread and salte——
*Dic.* What softe, I say be styl.
Say not one word for all this geare.
*Chat.* By the masse, that I wyl,
I wil have the yong hore by the head, and the old trot by the throte.
*Dic.* Not one word, dame Chat, I say, not one word for my cote.
*Chat.* Shall such a begar's brawle as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?
The pocks light on her hores sydes, a pestilence and mischeefe.
Come out, thou hungry nedy bytche; O that my nails be short!
*Dic.* Gog's bread, woman, hold your peace, this gere wil else passe sport;
I wold not for an hundred pound, this matter shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale, or have abrode it blowen.
Did ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wolde.
*Chat.* Wolde you suffer your self, Diccon, such a sort to revile you,
With slaunderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?
*Dic.* No, good wife Chat, I wold be loth such drabs shulde blot my name;
But yet ye must so order all, that Diccon beare no blame.
*Chat.* [42] Go to then, what is your rede, say on your minde, ye shall mee rule herein.
*Dic.* Godamercye dame Chat, in faith thou must the gere begin:
It is twenty pound to a goose turd my Gammer will not tary.
But hether ward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary,
To brawle with you about her cocke; for well I hard Tyb say,
The cocke was rosted in your house, to breakfast yesterday:
And when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge,
And Dol, your maid, the legs she hid a foote depe in the dunge.
*Chat.* O gracyous God, my heart it burstes!
*Dic.* Well, rule your self a space,
And Gammer Gurton, when she commeth, anon into thys place,

---

[41] *Have I? strong hoore*, by bread and salte—this oath occurs again, A. 5. S. 2:—

"Yet shal ye find no other wight save she, *by bread and salt.*"

From the following passage, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, it may be inferred, that it was once customary to eat *bread and salt* previous to the taking an oath: "Venus, for Hero was her priest, and Juno Lucina the midwife's goddess, for she was now quickned, and cast away by the cruelty of Æolus, took *bread and salt*, and eat it, that they would be smartly revenged on that truculent, windy jailor," &c.

[42] *Go to then, what is your* rede, *say on your minde, ye shall mee rule herein—rede*, i. e. counsel or advice. So, in A. 4. S. 2:—

Therefore I *rede* you three, go hence, and within keepe close.

Again,

Well, if ye will be ordred, and do by my *reade.*

Again, A. 5. S. 2:—

And where ye sat he said ful certain, if I wold folow his *read.*

Again, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, by Chaloner, Sig. D 4: "Unles perchaunce some would chose suche a souldier as Demosthenes, who folowyng Archilocus, the poetes *rede* scarce lookynge his enemies in the face, threw downe his sheelde, and ranne awaie as cowardly a warriour as he was a wyse oratour."

The old version of the singing psalms also begins in this manner:

The man is blest, that hath not bent
To wicked *rede* his ear.

Then to the queane let's see *ye*[43] tell her your
*mynd*, and spare not,
So shall Diccon blamelesse bee; and then go to,
I care not.
*Chat.* Then hoore, beware her throte, I can
abide *no* longer:
In faith, old witch, it shal be seene which of us
two be stronger;
And Diccon, but at your request, I wold not stay
one howre.
*Dic.* Well, keepe it in till she be here, and
then out let it powre.
In the meane while, get you in, and make no
wordes of this;
More of this matter within this howre to here
you shall not miss.
Because I know you are my friend, hide it I cold
not doubtles:
Ye know your harm, see ye be wise about your
owne busines.
So fare ye well.
*Chat.* Nay, soft Diccon, and drynke: what,
Dol, I say,
Bringe here a cup of the best ale, let's see, come
quicly awaye.

## THE THIRD SCEANE.

HODGE, DICCON.

*Dic.* Ye see, masters, that one end tapt of this
my short devise,
Now must we broche t'other to, before the smoke
arise,
And by the time they have a while run,
I trust ye need not crave it,
But loke what lieth in both their harts, ye ar like
sure to *have* it.
*Hodge.* Yea, Gog's soul, art alive yet? what
Diccon, dare ich come?
*Dic.* A man is wel hied to trust to thee, I wil
say nothing but mum.
But and ye come any nearer, I pray you see all
be sweete.
*Hodge.*[44] Tush man, is Gammer's neele found?
that chould gladly weete.
*Dic.* She may thanke thee it is not found; for
if you had kept thy standing,
The devil he wold have fet it out, ev'n Hodge,
at thy commanding.
*Hodge.* Gog's hart! and cold he tel nothing
wher the neele might be found?
*Dic.* Ye foolysh dolt, ye were to seek, ear we
had got our ground;
Therfore his tale so doubtfull was, that I could
not perceive it.
*Hodge.* Then ich se wel somthing was said,
chope one day yet to have it.
[45] But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devill cry,
ho, ho, ho?
*Dic.* If thou hadst taryed where thou stood'st,
thou woldest have said so.
*Hodge.* Durst swere of a boke, chard him
rore, streight after ich was gone;
But tel me, Diccon, what said the knave, let me
here it anon.
*Dic.* The horson talked to mee, I know not
well of what:
[46] One whyle his tonge it ran, and paltered of a
cat,
Another whyle he stammered styll upon a rat;

---

[43] Addition.

[44] *Tush man, is Gammer's neele found? that chould gladly* weete—i. e. gladly know. So, in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. S. 1:

"— in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world *to weete*,
We stand up peerless."

The word *weet* is also used by Spenser and Fairfax.

[45] *But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devill cry, ho, ho, ho?*—In the ancient moralities, and in many of the earliest entertainments of the stage, the devil is introduced as a character, and it appears to have been customary to bring him before the audience with this cry of *ho, ho, ho.* See particularly the *Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson, A. 1. S. 1. From the following passages, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, we learn the manner in which the character used to be dressed: "Tush! feare not the dodge: I'll rather put on my flashing red nose and my flaming face, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry, *ho, ho*, &c." Again, "I'll put me on my great carnation nose, and wrap me in a rowsing calf's skin suit, and come like some hobgoblin, or some devil ascended from the grisly pit of hell; and like a scarbabe make him take his legs: I'll play the devil, I warrant ye."

[46] *One whyle his tonge it ran, and* paltered *of a cat*—to *palter* is, as Dr Johnson explains it, *to shuffle*, with ambiguous expressions. Thus:—

"And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That *palter* with us in a double sense." *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 7.

In confirmation of Dr Johnson's explanation, Mr Steevens produces the following instances:—

"Now fortune frown, and *palter* if thou please." *Marius and Sylla*, 1594.

"— Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not *palter*."

Last of all there was nothing but every word chat, chat;
But this I well perceyved before I wold him rid,
Betweene chat and the rat, and the cat, the nedle is hyd:
Now wether Gyb our cat have eate it in her mawe,
Or doctor Rat our curat have found it in the straw,
Or this dame Chat your neighbour have stollen it, God hee knoweth;
But by the morrow at this time, we shal learn how the matter goeth.
*Hodge.* Canst not learn to night, man; seest not what is here?
[*Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.*
*Dic.* Tys not possyble to make it sooner appere.
*Hodge.* Alas, Diccon, then chave no shyft; but least ich tary to longe,
Hye me to Sym Glover's shop, theare to seeke for a thonge,
Therwith this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.
*Dic.* To morow, Hodge, if we chaunce to meete, shall see what I will say.

## THE FOURTH SCEANE.

DICCON, GAMMER.

*Dic.* Now this gere must forward goe, for here my Gammer commeth:
Be still a while, and say nothing, make here a little romth.
*Gam.* Good lord! shall never be my lucke my neele agayne to spye?
Alas the whyle, tys past my helpe; where 'tis, still it must lye.
*Dic.* Now, Jesus, Gammer Gurton, what driveth you to this sadnes?
I feare me, by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.
*Gam.* Who is that? what, Diccon? cham lost, man: fye, fye.
*Dic.* Mary, fye on them that be worthy; but what shuld be your troble?
*Gam.* Alas, the more ich thinke on it, my sorrow it waxeth double.
My goodly tossyng Sporyar's neele, chave lost ich wot not where.
*Dic.* Your neele? whan?
*Gam.* My neele, alas! ich myght full ill it spare.
As God himselfe he knoweth nere one besyde chave.
*Dic.* If this be all, good Gammer, I warrant you all is save.
*Gam.* Why, know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?
*Dic.* Yea, that I do, doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone,
A see a thing this matter toucheth, within these twenty howres,
Even at this gate, before my face, by a neyghbour of yours;
She stooped me downe, and up she toke a needle or a pyn;
I durst be sworne it was even yours, by all my mother's kyn.
*Gam.* It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot; for here even by this poste
Ich sat, what time as ich up starte, and so my neele is loste:
[47] Who was it, leive son? speke ich pray the, and quickly tell me that.
*Dic.* A suttle queane as any in this towne, your neyghboure here, dame Chat.
*Gam.* Dame Chat! Diccon, let me be gone, chil thyther in post haste.
*Dic.* Take my councell yet, or ye go, [48] for feare ye walke in wast.
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased,
And ye take not the better way, your [49] nedle yet ye lose it:
For when she took it up, even here before your doores,

---

[47] *Who was it, leive son?*—Who was it, dear son? So, in the *Ballad of Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly*:

Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
Parkes and forestes plente,
But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
Nor none so *lefe* to me. Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. I. 167.

[48] *Take my councell yet, or ye go*—i. e. ere ye go. As in the following instances:
A. 3. S. 2:—"Ich know who found it, and tooke it up shalt see *or* it be longe."
A. 4. S. 2:—"That *or* ye cold go twyce to church, I warrant you here news."
Ibid.—"But *or* all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe."
Hall's *Chronicle, Henry* IV. 1550, p. 8:—"But *or* this deposition was executed in time, he came to Westminster, &c."
Ibid. p. 28:—"Wherof the kyng beyng advertysed, caused a great army to be assembled and marched toward his enemies, but *or* the kyng came to Notyngham, &c."
Ascham's *Toxophilus*:—"For first, as it is manye a yeare *or* they begin to be great shooters, &c."—See also Mr Steevens's Shakespeare, Vol. V. p. 101.

[49] *Your*—our, first edition.

What soft, dame Chat, quoth I, that same is none of yours.
Avaunt, quoth she, syr knave, what pratest thou of that I fynd?
I wold thou hadst kist me I wot whear: (she ment I know behind,)
[50] And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after her, as bold as it had ben the good-man of the house:
But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde,
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Judas solde;
Ech other worde I was a knave, and you a hore of hores,
Because I spake in your behalfe, and snyde the neele was yours.
*Gam.* [51] Gogs bread! and thinks the callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?
*Dic.* Let her alone, and she minds non other, but even to dresse you so.
*Gam.* By the masse, chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe,
Thinks the false quean by such a slight [52] that chill my neele lacke?
*Dic.* Slip not your [53] gere, I counsell you, but of this take good hede,
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soever ye spede.
*Gam.* Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take, and set before me;
And ich may my neele once see, chil sure remember the.

## THE FIFTH SCEANE.

*Dic.* Here will the sporte begin, if these two once may meete,
Their chere, durst lay money, will prove scarsly sweete.
My Gammer sure entends to be uppon her bones,
With staves, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.
Dame Chat on the other syde, if she be far behynde,
I am right far deceived, she is geven to it of kynde.
He that may tarry by it a whyle, and that but shorte,
I warrant hym trust to it, he shall see all the sporte.
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vysit there,
And hether straight againe to see th' end of this gere.
[54] In the meane time, felowes, pype upp your fiddles, I saie take them,
And let your freyndes here such myrth as ye can make them.

## THE THIRD ACTE.

### THE FIRST SCEANE.

*Hodge.* Sym Glover yet gramercy! cham meet-lye well sped now,
Th'art even as good a felow as ever kyste a cowe.
Here is a thynge [55] in dede, by the masse though ich speake it,
[56] Tom Tankard's great bald curtal, I thinke could not breake it.

---

[50] *And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce*—"As brisk as a body-louse, was formerly proverbial."—See Ray's *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 219.

[51] *Gogs bread! and thinks the* callet *thus to kepe my neele me fro?*—"Callet, a lewd woman, a drab; perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls."—See Glossary to *Urry's Chaucer*.

So, in the *Supposes*, by Geo. Gascoigne, A. 5. S. 6: "Come hither, you old *callat*, you tattling huswife: that the devil cut out your tongue."—See other instances in Dr Grey's notes on Shakespeare, Vol. II. p. 41.

Again, Ben Jonson's *Fox*, A. 4. S. 3:—

"Why, the *callet*
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd."

[52] Slygh. First edition.

[53] Slept not you gere. First edition.

[54] *In the meane time, felowes, pype upp*, &c.—This passage evidently shews, that music playing between the acts was introduced in the earliest of our dramatic entertainments.

[55] Mr Dodsley altered this word to *thong*.

[56] *Tom Tankard's great bald* curtal—*curtal* is a *small horse*; properly one who hath his tail *docked* or *curtailed*. So, in Dekker's *Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 1620, Sig. H: "Ho

And when he spyed my neede, to be so straight and hard,
Hays lent me here his naull, to set the gyb forward.
As for my Gammer's neele, the flyenge feynd go weete,
Chill not now go to the doore again with it to meete.
Chould make shyfte good enough, and chad a candels ende,
The cheefe hole in my breeche, with these two chill amende.

## THE SECOND SCEANE.

GAMMER, HODGE.

*Gam.* How, Hodge! mayst nowe be glad, cha newes to tell thee,
Ich knowe who hais my neele, ich trust scone shalt it see.
*Hodge.* The devyll thou does: hast hard Gammer in deede, or doest but jest?
*Gam.* Tys as true as steele, Hodge.
*Hodge.* Why, knowest well where dydst leese it?
*Gam.* Ich know who found it, and tooke it up, shalt see or it be longe.
*Hodge.* God's mother deere, if that be true, farwel both naule and thong.
But who hais it, Gammer, say? one chould faine here it disclosed.
*Gam.* That false fixen, that same dame Chat, that counts her selfe so honest.
*Hodge.* Who told you so?
*Gam.* That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.
*Hodge.* Diccon! it is a vengeable knave, Gammer, 'tis a bonable horson,
Can do mo things than that, els cham deceyved evil:
By the masse ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devyll.
O, the knave cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundred,
And ye'ad bene here, cham sure you'ld murreyly ha wondred.
*Gam.* Was not thou afraide, Hodge, to see him in this place?
*Hodge.* No, and chad come to me, chould have laid him on the face,
Chould have promised him.
*Gam.* But Hodge, had he no horns to pushe?
*Hodge.* As long as your two armes. Saw ye never fryer Rushe
Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowe's tayle,
And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world (if I shuld judg) chould recken him his brother.
[57] Loke even what face fryer Rush had, the devil had such another.
*Gam.* Now Jesus mercy, Hodge, did Diccon in him bring?
*Hodge.* Nay, Gammer, (heare me speke,) chil tel you a greater thing.
The devil, when Diccon bad him (ich hard him wondrous weel)
Sayd plainly (here before us) that dame Chat had your neele.
*Gam.* Then let us go, and aske her wherefore she minds to kepe it,
Seeing we know so much, 'tware madness now to slepe it.
*Hodge.* Go to her, Gammer, see ye not where she stands in her doores?
Byd her geve you the neele, 'tis none of hers but yours.

## THE THIRD SCEANE.

GAMMER, CHAT, HODGE.

*Gam.* Dame Chat, cholde praye the fair, let me have that as mine,
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne;
Therefore give me mine owne, and let me live besyde the.
*Chat.* Why, art thou crept from home hether to mine own doores to chide me?
Hence, doting drab, avaunt, or I shall set the further.
Intends thou and this knave, mee in my house to murther?
*Gam.* Tush! gape not so; [58] no woman, shalt not yet eate mee,
Nor all the frends thou hast, in this shall not intreat mee;
Mine owne goods I will have, and aske the no [59] beleve:
What woman; pore folks must have right, though the thing you agreve.

---

could shewe more crafty foxes in this wild goose chase, then there are white foxes in Russia; and more strange horse-trickes plaide by such riders, then *Bankes his curtal* did ever practise (whose gambals of the two were the honester.)"

[57] *Loke even what face fryer Rush had—fryar Rush* is mentioned in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 522: "*Frier Rush* was for all the world such another fellow as this *Hudgin*, and brought up even in the same schoole; to wit, in a kitchen: insomuch as the selfe-same tale is written of the one as of the other, concerning the skullian, which is said to have beene slaine, &c. For the reading whereof I referre you to *frier Rush* his storie, or else to John Wierus *De præstigiis demonum*."

[58] Me. [59] On.

*Chat.* Give thee thy right, and hang the up, with all thy lagger's broode;
What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good?
*Gam.* Chil say nothing, (ich warrant thee,) but that ich can prove it *well*,
Thou fet my good even from my doore, cham able this to tell.
*Chat.* Did I (olde witch) steal oft was thine? how should that thing be knowen?
*Gam.* Ich can not tell, but up thou tokest it as though it had bin thine own.
*Chat.* Mary, fy on thee, thou old Gyb, with al my very hart.
*Gam.* [60] Nay, fy on thee, thou rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy part.
*Chat.* A vengeaunce on those lips, that laieth such things to my charge.
*Gam.* A vengeaunce on those callats hips, whose conscience is so large.
*Chat.* Come out, hogge.
*Gam.* Come out, hogge, and let have me right.
*Chat.* Thou arrant witche.
*Gam.* Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee curse this night.
*Chat.* A bag and a wallet.
*Gam.* A carte for a callet.
*Chat.* Why [61] wenest thou thus to prevaile?
I holde thee a grote,
I shall patche thy coate.
*Gam.* Thou warte as good kysse my tayle;
[62] Thou slut, thou kut, thou rakes, thou jakes, will not shame make the hide the? [63]
*Chat.* Thou skald, thou bald, thou roten, thou glotten, I will no longer chyd thee;
But I will teache the to kepe home.
*Gam.* Wylt thou, drunken beaste?
*Hodge.* Sticke to her, Gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you this feast.
Smyte, I saye, Gammer,
Bite, I say, Gammer,
I trow ye wyll be keene;
Where be your nayls? claw her by the jawes, pull me out both her eyen.
Gog's bones, Gammer, holde up your head.
*Chat.* I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.
Tary, thou knave, I hold the a grote, I shall make these hands blesse thee.
Take thou this, old hore, for amends, and learn thy tonge well to tame,
And say thou met at this bickering, not [64] thy fellow, but thy dame.
*Hodge.* Where is the strong stued hore? chil ge'r a hore's marke.
Stand out one's way, that ich kyll none in the darke.
Up, Gammer, and ye be alyve, chil feyght [65] now for us bothe;
Come no nere me, thou scalde callet, to kyll the ich wer loth.
*Chat.* Art here agayne, thou hoddypeke? what Doll, bryng me out my spitte.
*Hodge.* Chill broche thee wyth this, by'm father's soul, chyll conjure that foule sprete.
Let dore stand, Cocke, why coms indeed? keep dore, thou horson, boy.
*Chat.* Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine eares, ise teche the sluttish toye.
*Hodge.* Gog's woundes, hore, chile make the avaunte,
Take heed, Cocke, pull in the latche.
*Chat.* I faith, sir loose breeche, had ye taried ye shold have found your match.
*Gam.* [66] Now ware thy throte, losel, thouse pay for al.
*Hodge.* Well said, Gammer, by my soule.
Hoyse her, souse her, bounce her, trounce her, pull her throte houle.

---

[60] *Nay, fy on thee*, thou rampe, &c.—Dr Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to, 1593, speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, says: "Although she were a lusty, bouncing *rampe*, somewhat like Gallimetta, or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannel, such a dissolute flirt gillian, &c."

[61] *Wenest*—thinkest, or imaginest. Obsolete. It occurs again, A. 5. S. 2:—

"I *weene*, the ende will prove this brawle did first arise
Upon no other ground, but only Diccon's lyes."

Again, in *Eupheus*, 1581, p. 14: "*Weenest* thou that he wil have no mistrust of thy faithfulnesse, when he hath had tryall of thy ficklenesse?"

[62] *Thou slut, thou kut*—*cut* appears to have been an opprobrious term used by the vulgar when they scolded or abused each other. It occurs again, A. 5. S. 2: "That lying *cut* is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten."

A horse is sometimes called *Cut* in our ancient writers, as in the First Part of *Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 1. and Falstaffe says: "— if I tell thee a lye, spit in my face, and call me *horse*." *Cut* is therefore probably used in the same sense as *horse*, to which it seems to have been synonymous. Several instances of the use of this term are collected by Mr Steevens, in his edition of Shakespeare; see Vol. IV. p. 202.

[63] *The*, addition.

[64] — *not thy fellow, but thy dame*—not thy equal, but thy mistress.

[65] *Feyght*—feygh, first edition.

[66] *Now ware thy throte, losel, thouse pay for al*—a *losel* is a worthless fellow. It is a term of contempt

*Chat.* Comst behynd me, thou withered witch? and I get once on foote,
Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether, ile teach the what longs to it.
Take the this to make up thy mouth, til time thou come by more.
*Hodge.* Up, Gammer, stand on your feete, where is the old hore?
Faith, woulde chad her by the face, chould cracke her callet crowne.
*Gam.* Ah Hodge, Hodge, where was thy help, when fixen had me downe!
*Hodge.* By the masse, Gammer, but for my staffe, Chat had gone nye to spyl you.
Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.
But shall we loose our neele thus?
*Gam.* No, Hodge, chwarde lothe doo soo.
Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand? no Hodge, ich tell the no.
*Hodge.* Chold yet this fray wer wel take up, and our own neele at home,
'Twill be my chaunce els some to kil, where ever it be, or whom.
*Gam.* We have a parson, (Hodge thou knowes,) a man esteemed wise,
Mast doctor Rat, chil for hym send, and let me here his advise.

[67] He will her shrive for all this gere, and geve her penaunce strait;
Wese have our neele, els dame Chat comes nere within heaven gate.
*Hodge.* Ye mary, Gammer, that ich think best: wyll you now for him sende?
The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the sooner wese ha an ende.
And here Gammer, Diccon's devill (as iche remember well)
Of Cat and Chat, and doctor Rat, a felloneus tale did tell,
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.
*Gam.* Chil ha him strait; call out the boy, wese make him take the payne.
*Hodge.* What Cocke, I saye, come out; what devill can'st not here?
[68] *Cocke.* How now, Hodge, how does, Gammer? is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chave me to doo?
*Gam.* Come hether, Cocke, anon.
Hence swythe to doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone,
And pray hym come speke with me, cham not well at ease;
Shalt have him at his chamber, or els at mother Bee's;

---

frequently used by Spenser. It is likewise to be met with in the *Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:—

"To have the lozels company."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:—

"Peace, prating lozel," &c.
See Mr Steevens's Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. IV. p. 337.

Again, in Hall's Satires, 1753, p. 78:

"How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter chayre;
To see an olde shorne *lozell* perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy."

[67] *He will her* shrive *for all this gere, and geve her penaunce strait*—to shrive, is to confess:

"But afterwards she gan him soft to *shrieve*,
And wooe with faire intreatie to disclose,
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieve."
*Fairy Queen*, B. 4. c. 12. § 26.

"The King call'd downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three,
Earl Marshall I'le goe *shrive* the queen,
And thou shalt wend with mee."
Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 156.

"Oh fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave
To *shrive* her; lest she should die unabsolv'd."
*'Tis pity she's a Whore*, A 2.

"And truelye, Philautus, thou shalt not *shrive* me like a ghoastlye father, for to thee I will confesse in two thinges my extreame folly." *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 49.

[68] *Cocke.*—Gammer, in the first edition.

Els seeke him at Hobfylcher's shop; for, as charde it reported,
There is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most resorted.
*Cocke.* And shall ich brynge him with me, Gammer?
*Gam.* Yea, by and by, good Cocke.
[69] *Cocke.* Shalt see that shall be here anone, els let me have one the dock.
*Hodge.* Now, Gammer, sha wel two go in, and tary for hys commynge?
What devill, woman, plucke up your hart, and leve of all this gloming.
Though she were stronger at the first, as ich thinke ye did find her;
[70] Yet there ye drest the dronken sow, what time ye cam behind her.
*Gam.* Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for set them to the beginning,
And ich doubt not, but she will make small bost of her winning.

## THE FOURTH SCEANE.

TYB, HODGE, GAMMER, COCKE.

*Tyb.* Se Gammer, Gammer, Gyb our cat, cham afraid what she ayleth,
She standes me gasping behind the doore, as though her winde her faileth.
Now let ich doubt what Gyb shuld mean, that now she [71] doth so dote.
*Hodge.* Hold hether, ich ould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte.
Grope her, ich say, me thinkes ich feele it; does not pricke your hand?
*Gam.* Ich can feele nothing.
*Hodge.* No! ich know that's not within this land
A muryner cat than Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne;
Shase as much wyt in her head almost as chave in mine.
*Tyb.* Faith, shase eaten some thing, that wil not easely downe,
Whether she gat it at home, or abrode in the towne,
Iche cannot tell.
*Gam.* Alas! ich feare it be some croked pyn,
And then farewell Gyb, she is undone, and lost al save the skyn.
*Hodge.* 'Tys [72] your neele, woman, I say: Gog's soule, geve me a knyfe,
And chil have it out of her mawe, or else chal lose my lyfe.
*Gam.* What! nay, Hodge, fy, kil not our cat, 'tis al the cats we ha now.
*Hodge.* By the masse, dame Chat, hays me so moved, ich care not what I kil, ma God a vowe.
Go to then, Tyb, to this geare, holde up her tayle and take her,
Chil see what devil is in her guts, chil take the paines to rake her.
*Gam.* Rake a Cat, Hodge! what wouldst thou do?
*Hodge.* What thinck'st that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore day standing in the stable?
*Gam.* Soft, be content, let's here what news Cocke bringeth from maister Rat.
*Cock.* Gammer, chave ben ther as you bad, you wot well about what.
'Twil not be long before he come, ich durst sweare of a booke,
He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.
*Gam.* Where didst thou find him, boy? was he not wher I told thee?
*Cock.* Yes, yes, even at Hobfylcher's house, by him that bought and solde me:
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer.
Chad much ado to go and come, al was so ful of myer:
And, Gammer, one thing I can tel, Hobfylcher's naule was loste,
And doctor Rat found it againe, hard beside the doore poste.
Ichould a penny can say something, your neele again to [73] fet.
*Gam.* Cham glad to heare so much, Cocke; then trust he will not let
To help us herein best he can; therefore till time he come,
Let us goe in, if there be ought to get thou shall have some.

---

[69] *Cocke.*—Hodge, in the first edition.
[70] This line given to Gammer Gurton in the first edition.
[71] *Doth so* dote.—That is, appear so mad. *To dote* and *to be mad* were used as synonymous terms. See Barret's *Alvearie*, *voce* dote.
[72] Tyb.
[73] *Fet*—Fetched. So, in Cynthia's *Revels*, A. 1. S. 2: "Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther *fet* too."
Again, in Ascham's *Toxophile*, p. 15: "And therefore agaynst a desperate evill began to seek for a desperate remedie, which was *fet* from Rome, a shop alwayes open to any mischief, as you shall perceive in these few leaves, if you marke them well."
Again, in Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 33: —"That far *fet* and dere bought, is good for ladies."

## THE FOURTH ACTE.

### THE FIRST SCEANE.

DOCTOR RAT, GAMMER GURTON.

*Dr Rat.* A man were better twenty times be
a bandog and barke,
Then here among such a sort, be parish priest or
clarke.
Where he shal never be at rest, one pissing while
[74] a day,
But he must trudge about the towne; this way,
and that way.
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to
teare and rent;
And that which is worst of all, at every knave's
commandment.
I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of ale,
But Gammer Gurton's sory boy was straite way
at my taile;
And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot
not what:
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for
doctor Rat.
And when I come not at their call, I only therby
loose,
For I am sure to lacke therefore a tythe pyg, or a
goose.
I warrant you when truth is knowen, and told they
have their tale,
The matter where about I come, is not worth a
half peny worth of ale:
Yet must I talke so sage and smothe, as though I
were a glosier,
Els or the ycre come at an end, I shal be sure the
loser.
What worke ye, Gammer Gurton? hoow here is
your friend Doctor Rat.

*Gam.* A good Mr Doctor, cha troubled, cha
troubled you, chwot wel that.
*Dr Rat.* How do ye, woman? be ye lustie, or
be ye not wel at ease?
*Gam.* [75] By gys master cham not sick, but yet
chave a disease.
Chad a foule turne now of late, *chill tell it* you by
gigs.
*Dr Rat.* Hath your browne cow cast hir calfe,
or your sandy sowe her pigs?
*Gam.* No, but chad ben as good as they had,
as this, ich wot weel.
*Dr Rat.* What is the matter?
*Gam.* Alas, alas, cha lost my good neele.
My neele, I say, and wot ye what? a drab came
by and spied it,
And when I asked her for the same, the filth flatly
denied it.
*Dr Rat.* What was she that——
*Gam.* A dame, ich warrant you: she began to
scold and brawle;
Alas, alas, come hether, Hodge; this wretche can
tell you all.

### THE SECOND SCEANE.

HODGE, DOCTOR RAT, GAMMER, DICCON, CHAT.

*Hodge.* God morrow, gaffer Vicar.
*Dr Rat.* Come on fellow, let us heare.
Thy dame hath sayd to me, thou knowest of his
geare;
Let's see what thou canst saie?
*Hodge.* By'm fay, sir, that ye shall,
What matter soever here was done, ich can tell
your mashipp:

---

[74] *Pissing while*—A proverbial expression used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*; and Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. See Mr Steevens's Note on the latter; and Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*. It is also to be found in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

[75] *By gys*—In Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Ophelia sings a song, in which this adjuration is used:

"*By gys*, and by Saint Charity,"

And it is also to be found in Gascoigne's Poems, in Cambyses, by Preston: and in the comedy of *See me and see me not*, 1618:

*By gisse* I swear, were I so fairly wed, &c.

See Mr Steevens's Note on Hamlet.

Dr Ridley observes, there is not the least mention of any Saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the Roman Calendar, the service in *Usum Sarum*, or in the benedictionary of Bishop Athelwold; and supposes the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of Jesus, the letters I H S being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name on altars, the covers of books, &c.

It occurs also in the following passage of Erasmus's *Praise of Follie*, by Chaloner, 1549: "Lyke as many great lordes there be who set so muche by them, as scant they can eate their meate, or byde a minute without them, *by gysse* a little better than they are wont to doo, these frouning philosophers," &c. Sig. G 2.

Again, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 5:—"Unto whome hee replyed, shoaring up his eyes, *by Jis* sonne, I accompt the cheere good which mainteineth health, and the servauntes honest whome I finde faythfull."

My Gammer Gurton heare, see now,
sat her downe at this doore, see now,
And as she began to stirre her, see now,
her neele fell on the floore, see now,
And while her staffe she tooke, see now,
at Gyb her cat to flynge, see now,
Her neele was lost in the floore, see now,
is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
Then came the queane dame Chat, see now,
to aske for hir blacke cup, see now:
And even here at this gate, see now,
she tooke that neele up, see now.
My Gammer then she yeede,[76] see now,
hir neele again to bring, see now,
And was caught by the head, see now;
is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
She tare my Gammer's cote, see now,
and scratched hir by the face, see now,
Chad thought sh'ad stopt hir throte, see now;
is now this a wondrous case, see now?
When ich saw this, ich was wrothe, see now,
and start betwene them twaine, see now,
Els ich durst take a booke othe, see now,
my Gammer had been slaine, see now.

*Gam.* This is even the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde.
And chould fain be quiet for my part, that chould.
But helpe us, good master, beseech ye that ye doo,
Els shall we both be beaten, and lose our neele too.

*Dr Rat.* What wold ye have me to doo? tell me, that I were gone,
I do the best that I can, to set you both at one.
But be ye sure dame Chat hath this your neele found?

*Gam.* Here comes the man, that see her take it up of the ground;
Aske him your selfe, master Rat, if ye beleve not me,
[77] And helpe me to my neele, for God's sake, and saint Charitie.

*Dr Rat.* Come nere, Diccon, and let us heare what thou can expresse.
Wilt thou be sworne, seest dame Chat this woman's neele have?

*Dic.* Nay, by S. Benit will I not, then might ye thinke me rave.[78]

*Gam.* Why didst thou tel me so even here? canst thou for shame deny it?

*Dic.* I mary, Gammer: but I said I wold not abide by it.

*Dr Rat.* Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it?

*Dic.* Stick to it, quoth you, master Rat? mary sir, I defy it.
Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne
In his friende's ears, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne;
If such a toy be used oft among the honestie,
It may beseme a simple man, of your and my degree.

*Dr Rat.* Then we be never the nearer, for all that you can tell.

*Dic.* Yes, mary, sir, if ye will do by mine advise and counsaile.
If mother Chat se al us here, she knowe how the matter goes.
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe close;
And I will into dame Chat's house, and so the matter use,
That or ye cold go twise to church, I warrant you here news.
She shall looke wel about hir, but I durst lay a pledge,
Ye shal of Gammer's neele have shortly better knowledge.

*Gam.* Now, gentle Diccon, do so; and, good sir, let us trudge.

*Dr Rat.* By the masse, I may not tary so long to be your judge.

*Dic.* Tys but a little while man, what take so much paine;
If I here no newes of it, I will come sooner againe.

---

[76] *My Gammer then* she yeede, *see now.*—*She yeede.* i. e. *she went.* So Chaucer:

"For all i *yede* out at one ere,
That in that other she did lere."

*Romaunt of the Rose.*

The word is also used by Spenser and Fairfax.

[77] *And helpe me to my neele, for God's sake, and* Saint Charitie.—Ophelia sings:

By Gis and by *St Charity*, &c.

On which Mr Steevens observes, that *St Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. Spenser mentions her, Eclog. 5. 255:

Ah, dear Lord, and sweet *Saint Charity!*

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

Therefore, sweet Master, for *Saint Charity.*

Note on *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.

[78] *Rave.*—Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains *rave*, "to talke like a madde bodie."

*Hodge.* Tary so much, good master Doctor, of your gentlenes.
*Dr Rat.* Then let us hie inward, and Diccon speede thy busines.
*Dic.* Now, sirs, do you no more, but kepe my counsaile juste,
And doctor Rat shall thus catch some good, I trust;
But mother Chat, my gossop, talke first with all I must,
For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the dust.
God deven, dame Chat, in faith, and well met in this place.
*Chat.* God deven, my friend Diccon, whether walke ye this pace?
*Dic.* By my truth even to you, to learne how the world goeth.
Hard ye no more of the other matter, say me now by your troth?
*Chat.* O yes, Diccon: here the old hoore, and Hodge that great knave.
But in faith, I would thou hadst sene, O Lord! I drest them brave.
She bare me two or three souses behind, in the nape of the necke,
Till I made her olde wesen to answere again, kecke,
And Hodge, that dirty dastard, that at hir elbow standes,
If one paire of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands,
He had had his bearde shaven, if my nayles wold have served,
And not without a cause, for the knave it well deserved.
*Dic.* By the masse, I con [79] the thank, wench, thou didst so wel acquite the.
*Chat.* And th'adst seene him, Diccon, it wold have made the beshite the
For laughter: the horsen dolt at last caught up a club,
As though he would have slaine the master devill, Belsabub;
But I set him soone inwarde.
*Dic.* O Lord! there is the thing,
That Hodge is so offended, that makes him starte and flyng.
*Chat.* Why, makes the knave any moyling, as ye have seene or hard?
*Dic.* Even now I sawe him last, like a mad man he farde,
And sware by heaven and hell, he would a wreake his sorrowe,
And leve you never a hen alive by eight of the clocke to morrow:
Therfore marke what I say, and my wordes see that ye trust,
Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leave them on the ruste.
*Chat.* The knave dare as wel go hang himself, as go upon my ground.
*Dic.* Wel, yet take hede, I say, I must tel you my tale round:
Have you not about your house, behind your furnace or leade,
A hole where a crafty knave may crepe in for neade?
*Chat.* Yes, by the masse, a hole broke down even within these two dayes.
*Dic.* Hodge, he intends this same night to slip in there awayes.
*Chat.* O Christ, that I were sure of it! in faith he shuld have his mede. [80]
*Dic.* Watch wel, for the knave will be there as sure as is your crede;
I wold spend myselfe a shilling to have him swinged well.
*Chat.* I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell;
By Gog's bones, when he cometh, now that I know the matter,
He shal sure at the first skip, to leape in scalding water:
With a worse turne besides, when he will, let him come.
*Dic.* I tell you as my sister, you know what meaneth mum.
Now lacke I but my Doctor, to play his part againe.
And lo, where he cometh towards, peradventure to his paine.
*Dr Rat.* What good news, Diccon? fellow, is mother Chat at home?
*Dic.* She is syr, and she is not; but it please her to whome:
Yet dyd I take her tardy, as subtle as she was.
*Dr Rat.* The thing that thou went'st for, hast thou brought it to passe?
*Dic.* I have done that I have done, be it worse, be it better.
And dame Chat at her wyt's end, I have almost set her.
*Dr Rat.* Why, hast thou spied the neele? quickly I pray thee tell.
*Dic.* I have spyed it in faith, sir, I handled my selfe so well;
And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe;
But or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe.
*Dr Rat.* How so, I pray thee, Diccon?
*Dic.* Mary, syr, will ye heare?

---

[79] *Can*—So the edition of 1575.
[80] *Mede*—Reward. Obsolete. It is a word used by Spenser, Shakespeare, and the chief of our ancient writers.

She was clapt downe on the backside, by Cock's mother dere,
And there she sat sewing a halter, or a bande,
With no other thing, but Gammer's nedle in her hande:
As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but one puffe, and her candle is out:
Now I, sir, knowing of every doore the pin,
Came nycely, and said no worde, till time I was within,
And there I sawe the neele, even with these two eyes.
Who ever say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.
*Dr Rat.* O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade!
*Dic.* Well, if you will be ordered, and do by my reade,
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,
Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in her handes.
*Dr Rat.* For God's sake, do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne,
To geve thee a full pot of the best ale in the towne.
*Dic.* Follow me but a little, and marke what I say,
Lay downe your gown beside you; go to, come on your way:
Se ye not what is here? a hole wherein ye may creepe
Into the house, and sodenly unwares among them leape;
There shal ye finde the bich-fox, and the neele together.
Do as I bid you, man, come on your wayes hether.
*Dr Rat.* Art thou sure, Diccon, the swil-tub standes not here aboute?
*Dic.* I was within my selfe, man, even now, there is no doubt.
Go softly, make no noyse, give me your foote, sir John,
Here will I waite upon you, tyl you come out anone.
*Dr Rat.* Helpe, Diccon, out alas, I shal be slain among them.
*Dic.* If they give you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them.
Ware that, hoow my wenches, have ye caught the foxe,
That used to make revel among your bennes and Cocks?
Save his life yet for his order, though he susteine some paine.
Gog's bread, I am afraide they will beat out his braine.
*Dr Rat.* We worth the houre that I came here;
And we worth him that wrought this geare,
A sort of drabs and queans have me blest,
Was ever creature halfe so evill drest?
Who ever it wrought, and first did invent it,
He shall, I warrant him, ere long repent it.
I will spend all I have without my skinne,
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in;
Master Bayly I trow, and he be worth his eares,
Will snaffle these murderers, and all that them bears:
I will surely neither byte nor suppe,
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take up.

## THE FIFTH ACTE.

### THE FIRST SCEANE.

MASTER BAYLY, DOCTOR RAT.

*Bay.* I can perceive none other, I speke it from my hart,
But either ye ar all in the fault, or els in the greatest part.
*Dr Rat.* If it be counted his fault, besides all his greeves,
When a poore man is spoyled, and beaten among theeves,
Then I confesse my fault herein, at this season;
But I hope you wil not judge so much against reason.
*Bay.* And me thinkes by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the thefe, you were the very same:
The women they did nothing, as your words made probation,
But stoutly withstood your forciable invasion.
If that a theefe at your window to enter should begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in?
Or wold [31] you kepe him out? I pray you answere me.
*Dr Rat.* Mary kepe him out: and a good cause why.
But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest learned clarke.
*Bay.* Yea, but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke?
I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose.
Was it any marvaile, though the poore woman arose,
And start up, being afraide of that was in hir purse?
Me thinke you may be glad that [32] your lucke was no worse.
*Dr Rat.* Is not this evil ynough, I pray you as you thinke?
[*Showing his broken head.*
*Bay.* Yea, but a man in the darke, if chaunces do wincke,
As soone he smites his father as any other man,

---

[31] You wold.

[32] You.

Because, for lacke of light, descerne him he ne can.
Might it not have ben your lucke with a spit to have ben slaine?
*Dr Rat.* I thinke I am litle better, my scalpe is cloven to the braine:
If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the knocks. [83]
*Bay.* By my troth, and well worthy besides to kisse the stockes.
To come in on the backe side, when ye might go about,
I know non such, unles they long to have their braines knockt out.
*Dr Rat.* Well, wil you be so good, sir, as talke with dame Chat,
And know what she intended, I aske no more but that.
*Bay.* Let her be called, fellow, because of master doctor,
I warrant in this case, she wil be hir owne proctor:
She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wype your nose.

## THE SECOND SCEANE.

M. BAYLY, CHAT, DR RAT, GAMMER, HODGE, DICCON.

*Bay.* Dame Chat, master Doctor, upon you complaineth,
That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,
And taketh many an oth, that no word be faineth,
Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:
And on his part againe, that same man saith further,
He never offended you in word nor intent;
To heare you answer hereto, we have now for you sent.
*Chat.* That I wold have murdered him! fye on him wretch,
And evil mought he thee for it, our Lord I beseech.
I wil swere on al the bookes that opens and shuttes,
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes.
For this seven weekes with me, I am sure, he sat not downe;
Nay ye have other minions in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch such a blow
Then any where els, as farre as I know.
*Bay.* Be like then, master doctor, your [84] stripe there ye got not.
*Dr Rat.* [85] Thinke you I am so mad, that where I was bet I wot not?
Will ye beleve this queane, before she hath try'd it?
It is not the first dede she hath done, and afterward denide it.
*Chat.* What, man, will you say I broke your head?
*Dr Rat.* How canst thou prove the contrary?
*Chat.* Nay, how provest thou that I did the deade?
*Dr Rat.* To plainly, by St Mary.
This profe, I trow, may serve, though I no word spoke. [*Showing his broken head.*
*Chat.* Bicause thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee, Rat, I tell thee, not once within this fortnight.
*Dr Rat.* No, mary, thou sawest me not; for why? thou hadst no light;
But I felt thee for al the darke, beshrew thy smothe cheekes!
And thou groped me, this wil declare any day this six weekes. [*Showing his heade.*
*Bay.* Answere me to this, M. Rat, when caught you this harme of yours?
*Dr Rat.* A while ago, sir, God he knoweth; within les then these two houres.
*Bay.* Dame Chat, was there none with you (confesse I faith) about that season?
What woman, let it be what it wil, 'tis neither felony nor treason.
*Chat.* Yes, by my faith, master Bayly, there was a knave not farre,
Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dorebarre.
And well was he worthy, as it seemed to mee:
But what is that to this man, since this was not hee?
*Bay.* Who was it then? let's here.
*Dr Rat.* Alas, sir, aske you that?

---

[83] Kockes. [84] You.

[85] *Thinke yo u I am so mad, that where I was bet* I wot *not.*—i. e. I know not. So A. 2. S. 4:

My tossing sporyar's neele, chave lost it *wot* not where.

A. 3. S. 3:

Gammer, chave ben there as you bad, you *wot* wel about what.

Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 5. S. 2:

— this will keep me safe yet
From being pulled by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing *I wot* of.

*Wily Beguiled*:

"I was once in good comfort to have cosen'd a wench: and *wot'st* thou what I told her?"

Is it not made plain inough by the owne mouth of dame Chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong cannot lye;
Onely upon a bare nay, she saith it was not I.
*Chat.* No mary was it not indeede, ye shal here by, this one thing.
This afternoone a friend of mine, for good-will gave me warning,
And bad me wel loke to my ruste, and al my capons pennes;
For if I toke not better heede, a knave wold have my hennes.
Then I, to save my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch;
And as good fortune served me, it was my chance him for to catch.
What strokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines,
I wot not, but sure I am he had something for his paines.
*Bay.* Yet telles thou not who it was.
*Chat.* Who it was? A false theefe,
That came like a false foxe, my pullain [86] to kil and mischeefe.
*Bay.* But knowest thou not his name?
*Chat.* I know it, but what then?
It was that craftie cullyon [87] Hodge, my Gammer Gurton's man.
*Bay.* Cal me the knave hether, he shall sure kysse the stockes.
I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens or cocks.
*Dr Rat.* I marvaile, master Bayly, so bleared be your eyes!
An egge is not so ful of meate, as she is ful of lyes:
When she hath plaid this pranke, to excuse all this geare,
She layeth the fault on such a one, as I know was not there.
*Chat.* Was he not theare? loke on his pate; that shalbe his witnes.
*Dr Rat.* I wold my head were half so hole, I wold seeke no redresse.
*Bay.* God blesse you, Gammer Gurton.
*Gam.* God dylde you, master mine.
*Bay.* Thou hast a knave within thy house, Hodge, a servant of thine.
They tel me that busie knave is such a filching one,
That hen, pig, goose, or capon, thy neighbour can have none.
*Gam.* By God cham much ameved, to heare any such reporte:
Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to have him in that sort.
*Chat.* A theevisher knave is not on live, more filching, nor more false;
[88] Many a truer man than he hase hanged up by the halse.
And thou his dame, of al his theft thou art the sole receaver;
For Hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I never knew none better.
*Gam.* Sir, reverence of your masterdome, and you were out a doore,
Chold be so bolde, for all hir brags, to cal hir arrant whoore.
And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow, ich wish me endlesse sorrow,

---

[86] *Pullain*—Poultry. So, in Fitzherbert's *Boke of Husbandry*: "Gyve thy *poleyn*—meate in the morning, &c." Again, in *Your five Gallants*, by Middleton: "And to see how pittifully the *pullen* will looke, it makes me after relent, and turne my anger into a quick fire to roast them."

[87] *Cullyon*—A base contemptible fellow. So, in *Tom Tyller and his Wife*, 1661, p. 19:—

"It is an old saying, praise at the parting.
I think I have made *the cullion* to wring.
I was not beaten so black and blew,
But I am sure he has as many new."

*Wily beguiled*:—"But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a *cullion* lug loaf, milksop slave, when she may have a lawyer, a gentleman that stands upon his reputation in the country."

Massinger's *Guardian*, A. 2. S. 4:—

"Long live Severino,
And perish all such *cullions* as repine,
At his new monarchy."

And Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 5, when beating Cob, exclaims:—

"You base *cullion* you."

[88] *Many a* truer *man than he hase hanged up by the* halse—That is, many an honester man than he, has been hanged up by the neck. *True*, in the language of the times, signified *honest*; and a true man was generally so called in opposition to a thief.—See the First Part of *Henry* IV. Again, Hodge says, "Ich defy them al that dare it say; cham as *true* as the best." *Halse*, in the Glossary to Douglas, is thus explained, "The hause, the throat, or neck, al AS and Isl. *hals* collum, inde to *hals* or *hawse* to embrace, *collo dare brachia circum*."

And chould not take the pains to hang him up before to-morrow.
*Chat.* What have I stolen from the or thine, thou ilfavor'd olde trot?
*Gam.* A great deale more (by Gods blest) then chever by the got,
That thou knowest wel, I neade not say it.
*Bay.* Stoppe there I say,
And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce Hodge is not here? him wold I faine have had.
*Gam.* Alas, sir, heel be here anon; ha be handled to bad.
*Chat.* Master Bayly, sir, ye be not such a foole, wel I know,
But ye perceive by this lingring there is a pad in the straw.
[*Thinking that* HODGE *his head was broke, and that* GAMMER *wold not let him come before them.*
*Gam.* Chil shew you his face, ich warrant the, ——lo now where he is!
*Bay.* [89] Come on, fellow; it is tolde me thou art a shrew I wysse;
Thy neighbour's hens thou takest, and playes the two legged foxe;
Their chikens, and their capons to, and now and then their cocks.
*Hodge.* Ich defy them al that dare it say; cham as true as the best.
*Bay.* Wart not thou take within this houre in dame Chat's hen's nest?
*Hodge.* Take there! no master, chould not do't for a house ful of gold.
*Chat.* Thou or the devil in thy cote; sweare this I dare be bold.
*Dr Rat.* Sweare me no swearing, quean, the devill he geve the sorrow;
Al is not worth a gnat, thou canst sweare till to morrow.
Where is the harme he hath? shew it; by God's bread,
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head.
*Hodge.* Bet me! Gog's blessed body, chold first ich trow have burst the?
Ich thinke, and chad my hands, loose callet, chould have crust the.
*Chat.* Thou shitten knave, I trow, thou knowest the ful weight of my fist.
I am fowly deceived, onles thy head and my doore-bar kyste.
*Hodge.* Hold thy chat, whoore; thou criest so loude, can no man els be hard?
*Chat.* Well, knave, and I had the alone, I wold surely rap thy costard. [90]
*Bay.* Sir, answer me to this, is thy head whole or broken?
*Chat.* Yea, master Bayly, blest be every good token.
*Hodge.* Is my head whole? ich warrant you, 'tis neither scurvy nor scald:
What, you foule beast, does think 'tis either pild or bald?
Nay, ich thanke God, chil not for al that thou maist spend,
That chad one scab on my narse as brode as thy finger's end.
*Bay.* Come nearer heare.
*Hodge.* Yes, that iche dare.
*Bay.* By our lady, here is no harme;
Hodge's head is hole ynough, for al dame Chat's charme.
*Chat.* By Gog's blest, however the thing he clockes or smolders,
I know the blowes he bare awaie, either with head or shoulders.
Camest thou not, knave, within this houre, creping into my pens,
And there was caught within my hous, groping among my hens?
*Hodge.* A plage both on thy hens and thee! a carte, whore, a carte.
Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree, and chware as false as thou art.
Geve my Gammer again her washical thou stole away in thy lap.
*Gam.* Yea, master Bayly, there is a thing you know not on mayhap:
This drab she kepes away my good, (the devil he might her snare,)
Ich pray you, that ich might have a right action on her.
*Chat.* Have I thy good, old filth, or any such old sowe's?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin betwene thy browes.

---

[89] *Come on, fellow; it is tolde me thou art a* shrew *I wysse*—The word *shrew* at present is wholly confined to the female sex. It here appears to have been equally applied to the male, and signifies *naught* or *wicked*.—See Barret's *Alvearie*, voce *Shrewd*.

[90] *Costard*—i. e. the head. So, in *Hicke Scorner*:—

"I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne."

Mr Steevens's Note on *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, A. 2. S. 2:—

"Do you mutter! sir, snorle this way,
That I may hear and answer what you say,
With my school dagger 'bout your *costard*, sir."

*Gam.* Many a truer hath ben hanged, though you escape the daunger.
*Chat.* Thou shalt answer (by God's pity) for this thy foule slaunder.
*Bay.* Why, what can ye charge hir withal? to say so ye do not well.
*Gam.* Mary, a vengeance to hir hart, the whore hase stolen my neele.
*Chat.* Thy nedle, old witch! how so? it were almes thy soul to knock;
So didst thou say, the other day, that I had stolne thy cocke.
And rosted him to my breakfast, which shal not be forgotten:
The devil put out thy lying tong, and teeth that be so rotten.
*Gam.* Geve me my neele; as for my cocke, chould be very loth,
That chuld here tel he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.
*Bay.* Your talke is such, I can scarse learne who shuld be most in fault.
*Gam.* Yet shall ye find no other wight, save she, by bread and salt.
*Bay.* Kepe ye content a while, se that your tonges ye holde;
Methinkes you shuld remembre, this is no place to scolde.
How knowest thou, Gammer Gurton, dame Chat thy nedle had?
*Gam.* To name you, sir, the party, chould not be very glad.
*Bay.* Yea, but we muste nedes heare it, and therfore say it boldly.
*Gam.* Such one as told the tale, full soberly and coldly,
Even he that loked on, wil sweare on a booke,
What time this drunken gossip my faire long neele up tooke:
Diccon (master) the bedlam, cham very sure ye know him.
*Bay.* A false knave, by God's pitie! ye were but a foole to trow him.
I durst aventure wel the price of my best cap,
[91] That when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a jape.
Tolde he not you that besides, she stole your cocke that tyde?
*Gam.* No master, no indeede, for then he shuld have lyen;
My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and wel a fine.
*Chat.* Yea, but that ragged colt, that whoore, that Tyb of thine,
Said plainly thy cocke was stolne, and in my house was eaten.
That lying cut is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten.
And yet for al my good name, it were a small amendes;
I picke not this geare (hear'st thou) out of my fingers endes.
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst name,
Diccon, whom al men knowes, it was the very same.
*Bay.* This is the case; you lost your nedle about the dores;
And she answeres againe, she hase no cocke of yours;
Thus in your talke and action, from that you do intend,
She is whole five mile wide from that she doth defend.
Will you saie she hath your cocke?
*Gam.* No, mary sir, that chill not.
*Bay.* Will you confesse hir neele?
*Chat.* Will I? no, sir, will I not.
*Bay.* Then there lieth all the matter.
*Gam.* Soft master, by the way,
Ye know she could do litle, and she cold not say nay.
*Bay.* Yea, but he that made one lie about your cocke stealing,
Wil not sticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing.

---

[91] *That when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a* jape—*Jape* is generally used in an obscene sense, as in the Prologue to Grim the Collier of Croyden, Vol. XI. and Skelton's Song in Sir John Hawkin's *History of Musick*, Vol. III. p. 6. It here signifies *a jest* or *joke*. So, in the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l. 705:—

"Upon a day he gat him more moneie,
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie,
And thus with fained flattering and *japes*,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes."

And, in *Batman upon Bartholeme*, 1535, as quoted by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, Vol. II. p. 125:—"They kepe no counseyll, but they telle all that they heare: sodeinly they laugh, and sodeinly they wepe: alwaye they crye, jangle, and *jape*, uneth they ben style whyle they slepe."
Skelton's Works, 1736, p. 236:—

"Nay *jape* not hym, he is no smal fole.
It is a solempe syre and solayne."

I weene, the ende wil prove this brawle did first arise
Upon no other ground, but only Diccon's lyes.
*Chat.* Though some be lyes, as you belike have espyed them;
Yet other some be true, by proofe I have wel tryed them.
*Bay.* What other thing beside this, dame Chat?
*Chat.* Mary syr, even this,
The tale I told before, the selfe same tale it was his;
He gave me, like a frende, warning against my losse,
Els had my hens be stolne eche one, by God's crosse.
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede;
But as the matter chaunsed, with greater hast than speede.
This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.
*Bay.* If doctor Rat be not deceaved, it was o'another sort.
*Dr Rat.* By God's mother, thou and he be a cople of suttle foxes;
Betweene you and Hodge, I beare awaie the boxes.
Did not Diccon appoynt the place, wher thou shuld'st stand to mete him?
*Chat.* Yes, by the masse; and if he came, bad me not sticke to speet hym.
*Dr Rat.* God's sacrament! the villain knave hath drest us round about;
He is the cause of all this brawle, that dyrty shitten loute;
When Gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,
I heard him sweare that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone.
And this to try he furder said, he was ful loth; how be it,
He was content with small adoe to bring me where to see it;
And where he sat, he said ful certain, if I wold folow his reade,
Into your house a privy waie he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, sewing about a clowte,
And set me in the backe hole, thereby to finde you out:
And whiles I sought a quietnes, creping upon my knees,
I found the weight of your door-bar, for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to mel,
In setting at one such as were out, minding to make al well.
*Hodge.* Was not wel blest, Gammer, to scape that scoure? and chad ben there,
Then chad ben drest, belike, as ill (by the masse) as gaffer vicar.
*Bay.* Mary, sir, here is a sport alone; I loked for such an end;
If Diccon had not playd the knave, this had ben sone amend.
My Gammer here he made a foole, and drest hir as she was;
And goodwife Chat he set to scold,[92] till both partes cried, alas!
And doctor Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare;
I wold the knave had ben starke blind, if Hodge had not his share.
*Hodge.* Cham meetly wel sped alredy among's, cham drest like a coult;
And chad not had the better wit, chad been made asdoult.
*Bay.* Sir knave, make hast Diccon were here; fetch him where ever he be.
*Chat.* Fie on the villain, fie, fie, that makes us thus agree!
*Gam.* Fie on him, knave, with al my hart, now fie, and fie againe!
*Dr Rat.* Now fie on him, may I best say, whom he hath almost slaine.
*Bay.* Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was not farre.
Diccon, heare be two or three thy company cannot spare.
*Dic.* God blesse you, and you may be blest so manie al at once.
*Chat.* Come knave, it were a good deed to geld the, by cockes bones.
Seest not thy handiwarke? sir Rat, can ye forbeare him?
*Dic.* A vengeance on those hands life, for my hands cam not nere hym.
The horson priest hath lift the pot in some of these alewyves chayres,
That his head wold not serve him, belyke, to come downe the stayres.
*Bay.* Nay, soft, thou maist not play the knave, and have this language to;
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maist thou do.
Confesse the truth as I shall aske, and cease a a while to fable,
And for thy fault, I promise the, thy handling shal be reasonable.
Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the eares?
*Dic.* What if I have five hundred such have I seene within these seven yeares:
I am sory for nothing else, but that I see not the sport
Which was betwene them when they met, as they themselves report.
*Bay.* The greatest thing, master Rat, ye say how he is drest.

[92] Scole.

*Dic.* What devil nede he be groping so depe
in goodwife Chat's hen's nest?
*Bay.* Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him
into the briars.
*Dic.* God's bread! hath not such an old foole
wit to save his eares?
He showeth himselfe herein, ye see, so very [93] a
coxe,
The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe.
To run in the snares was set for him doubtlesse;
For he leapt in for myce, and this sir John for
madnes.
*Dr Rat.* [94] Well, and ye shift no better, ye
losel, lyther, and lasye,
I will go neare for this to make ye leape at a
dasye.
In the king's name, master Bayly, I charge you
set him fast.
*Dic.* What! fast at cardes, or fast on slepe?
it is the thing I did last.
*Dr Rat.* Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet, ac-
cording to thy deedes.
*Bay.* Master Doctor, ther is no remedy, I must
intreat you needs
Some other kinde of punishment.
*Dr Rat.* Nay, by all halowes,
His punishment, if I may judge, shal be naught els
but the gallous.
*Bay.* That were to sore; a spiritual man to
be so extreame!
*Dr Rat.* Is he worthy any better, sir? how do
you judge and deame?
*Bay.* I graunt him worthy punishment, but in
no wise so great.
*Gam.* It is a shame, ich tel you plaine, for such
false knaves intreat.
He has almost undone us al, that is as true as
steele;
And yet for al this great ado, cham never the
nere my neele.
*Bay.* Can'st thou not say any thing to that
Diccon, with least or most?
*Dic.* Yea, mary sir, thus much I can say wel,
the nedle is lost.
*Bay.* Nay, canst not thou tel which way that
nedle may be found?
*Dic.* No, by my fay, sir, though I might have
an hundred pound.
*Hodge.* Thou lier lickdish, didst not say the
neele wold be gitten?
*Dic.* No, Hodge; by the same token you were
that time beshitten,
For fear of hobgobling, you wot wel what I meane,
As long as it is sence, I feare me yet ye be scarce
cleane.
*Bay.* Wel, master Rat, you must both learne,
and teach us to forgeve,
Since Diccon hath confession made, and is so
cleane shreve:
If ye to me conscent to amend this heavy chaunce,
I wil injoyne him here some open kind of pe-
naunce:
Of this condition, where ye know my fee is twen-
ty pence,
For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to
dispence;
Ye shall go quite, so that ye graunt the matter
now to run,
To end with mirth among us al, even as it was
begun.
*Chat.* Say yea, master vicar, and he shal sure
confess to be your detter,
And al we that be heare present will love ye
much the better.
*Dr Rat.* My part is the worst; but since you
al hereon agree,
Go even to master Bayly, let it be so for mee.
*Bay.* How saiest thou, Diccon, art content this
shal on me depend?
*Dic.* Go to, master Bayly, say on your mind,
I know ye are my friend.
*Bay.* Then marke ye wel; to recompence this
thy former action,
Because thou hast offended al, to make them sa-
tisfaction,
Before their faces here kneele downe, and as I
shal the teach,
For thou shalt take an othe of Hodge's leather
breache;
First for master doctor, upon paine of his cursse,
Where he wil pay for al, thou never draw thy
pursse:
And when ye meete at one pot, he shall have
the first pull;
And thou shalt never offer him the cup, but it be
full.

---

[93] *A coxe*—Minshieu, in his Dictionary, 1627, (as quoted by Mr Tollet, in his Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. V. p. 433.) says: "Natural ideots and fools have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes, cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cock on the top," &c. From this circumstance, Diccon probably calls Dr Rat *a coxe*; that is, *a coxcomb, an ideot.*

[94] *Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel, lyther, and lasye*—*Lyther* is used sometimes for *weak* or *limber*, at other times *lean* or *pale*. Several examples of the former are collected by Mr Steevens, (Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. VI. p. 265.)

Again, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 24: "For as they that angle for the tortoys, having once caught him, are driven into such a *lythernesse*, that they loose all their spirites, being benummed so," &c. Of the latter, the following will serve as a proof. Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, Chaloner's Translation, 1549, Sig. F 2: "Or at lest hyre some younge Phaon for mede to dooe the thynge, still daube theyr *lither* cheekes with peintynge," &c.

To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworne, even on the same wyse,
If she refuse thy money once, never to offer it twise.
Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it,
When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou never forsake it.
For Gammer Gurton's sake againe sworne shalt thou be,
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe, if it do lie in thee;
And likewise be bound, by the vertue of that,
To be of good abering to Gyb, hir great cat.
Last of al for Hodge, the othe to scame,
Thou shalt never take him for fine gentleman.

*Hodge.* Come on, fellow Diccon, chalbe even with thee now.

*Bay.* Thou wilt not sticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?

*Dic.* No, by my father's skin, my hand down I lay it;
Loke, as I have promised, I will not denay it;
But, Hodge, take good heede now, thou do not beshite me.

[*And gave him a good blow on the buttocke.*

*Hodge.* Gog's hart, thou false villaine, dost thou bite me?

*Bay.* What, Hodge, doth he hurt the or ever he begin?

*Hodge.* He thrust me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin,
I saie, Gammer, Gammer!

*Gam.* How now, Hodge, how now!

*Hodge.* God's malt, Gammer Gurton——

*Gam* Thou art mad, ich trow.

*Hodge.* Will you see the devil, Gammer?

*Gam.* The devil, sonne! God blesse us.

*Hodge.* Chould iche were hanged, Gammer.

*Gam.* Mary, se ye might dresse us.

*Hodge.* Chave it, by the masse, Gammer.

*Gam.* What, not my neele, Hodge?

*Hodge.* Your neele, Gammer, your neele.

*Gam.* No, fie, dost but dodge.

*Hodge.* Cha found your neele, Gammer, here in my hand be it.

*Gam.* [95] For al the loves on earth, Hodge, let me see it.

*Hodge.* Soft, Gammer.

*Gam.* Good Hodge.

*Hodge.* Soft, ich say, tarie a while.

*Gam.* Nay, sweet Hodge, say truth, and not me begile.

*Hodge.* Cham sure on it; ich warrant you, it goes no more astray.

*Gam.* Hodge, when I speake so fair, wilt stil say me nay?

*Hodge.* Go neare the light, Gammer, this wel in faith good lucke:
Chwas almost undone, 'twas so far in my buttocke.

*Gam.* 'Tis min own deare neele, Hodge, [96] fykerly I wot.

*Hodge.* Cham I not a good sonne, Gammer, cham I not?

*Gam.* Christ's blessing light on thee, hast made me for ever.

*Hodge.* Ich knew that ich must finde it, els chould a had it never.

*Chat.* By my troth, gossyp Gurton, I am even as glad,
As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had.

*Bay.* And I by my conscience, to see it so come forth,
Rejoyce so much at it, as three nedles be worth.

*Dr Rat.* I am no whit sorry to see you so rejoyce.

*Dic.* Nor I much the glader for all this noyce.
Yet say gramercy, Diccon, for springing of the game.

---

[95] *For al the loves on earth, Hodge, let me see it*—For the love of God, of heaven, or any thing sacred, are adjurations frequently used at this day, and appear likewise to have been so at the time this play was written. From the indiscriminate use of them, it became customary on very earnest occasions to request *of all loves*, or *for all the loves on earth*. Of these modes of expression, Mr Steevens hath produced the following examples: — conjuring his wife *of all loves* to prepare cheer fitting.—*Honest Whore*, p. 1.

Desire him *of all loves* to come over quickly.—Plautus's *Menæchmi*, 1595.

I pray thee *for all loves* be thou my mynde sens I am thyne.—*Acolastus*, 1529.

Mrs Arden desired him *of all loves* to come backe againe.
Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 1064. Notes of Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 279.

Again,

Speak *of all loves*.—*Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 3.

[96] *Fykerly*—Securely, or certainly. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*. l. 3. l. 833:—

"The drede of lesing makith him, that he
May in no parfite *fikernesse* ybe."

*Gam.* Gramercy, Diccon, twenty times; O how glad cham!
If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come hether,
Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together;
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not rest this night, till ich bestow it.
If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke.
*Bay.* I am content, if the rest thinke as I thinke.
Master Rat, it shal be best for you if we so doo,
Then shall you warme you, and dresse your self too.
*Dic.* Soft, syrs, take us with you, the company shal be the more;
As proude coms behinde, they say, as anie goes before.
But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,
And leave you behinde us here all alone:
Since at out last ending, thus mery we bee,
For Gammer Gurton's nedle sake, let us have a plaudytie.

## EDITIONS.

"A ryght pithy, pleasant, and merie Comedy, intytuled *Gammer Gurton's Nedle*, played on stage not longe ago in Christes Colledge, in Cambridge. Made by Mr S. master of art. Imprented at London in Fleetestreat, beneth the Conduit, at the signe of S. John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell." Printers Colophon: "Imprinted at London in Fleetestreat, beneth the Conduit, at the aigne of S. John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell. 1575."

"A right pithy, pleasant, and merry Comedy, entitled *Gammer Gurton's Needle*; played on the stage near a hundred years ago in Christe-College, in Cambridge. Made by Mr S. master of art. *London*: Printed by Thomas Johnson, and are to be sold by Nath. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill, Francis Kirkman, at the John Fletcher's Head, on the back side of St Clements, Tho. Johnson, at the Golden Key in Paul's-Church-yard, and Henry March, at the Princes Arms in Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. *1661.*"

# ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

JOHN LYLY *was born in the* [1] *wilds of Kent, about the year* 1553, *according to the computation of Wood,* [2] *who says, "he became a student in Magdalen-College in the beginning of* 1569, *aged sixteen, or thereabouts, and was afterwards one of the demies or clerks of that house." He took the degree of B. A. April,* 27, 1573, [3] *and of M. A. in the year* 1575; [4] *and afterwards, on some disgust, removed to Cambridge, from whence he went to court, where he was taken notice of by Queen Elizabeth, and had expectations of being preferred to the post of Master of the Revels; which, after many years attendance, he was disappointed of. In what year he died is unknown, but Wood says he was alive in the year* 1597.

*He was an author highly esteemed by his contemporaries, by several of whom, as Nash,* [5] *Lodge,* [6] *Webbe,* [7] *and others, he was much complimented. Drayton, however, seems to have given his true character, when he says:*

"The noble Sidney with this last arose,
"That heroe for numbers, and for prose;
"That thoroughly pac'd our language as to show,
"The plenteous English hand in hand might go,
"With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
"Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
"Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
"Playing with words, and idle similies,
"As th' English apes, and very zanies be
"Of every thing that they do hear and see,
"To imitating this ridiculous tricks,
"They speak and write all like meer lunaticks."

*Blount, who republished six of his plays, speaks of him in a different manner: He says, "Our nation are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them.* Euphues and his England *began first that language. All our laaies were then his scollers; and that beautie in court who could not parley Euphuesme, was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not French."*

*The principal work for which he was distinguished is entitled "Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit, verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember; wherein are contained the delyghts that Wit followeth in his youth by the pleasantnesse of Love, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome. 4to.* 1580." *And this was followed by "Euphues and his England, containing his voyage and adventures, mixed with sundrie pretie discourses of honest Love, the description of the Countrie, the Court, and the manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtful to be regarded; wherein there is small offence by lightnesse given to the wise, and lesse occasion of loosenesse proffered to the wanton. 4to.* 1582."

---

[1] Gildon.
[2] Athen. Oxon. 295.
[3] Fasti, 108.
[4] Ibid. 111.
[5] Apology of Pierce Penniless, 4to. 1593. Have with you to Saffron Walden, 4to. 1596.
[6] Wit's Misery and Words Madness, 4to. 1596, p. 57.
[7] Discourse of English Poetrie, 4to. 1586.

*He was also the author of the following plays:*

1. *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, 4to. 1591, 4to.
2. *Endimion*, 4to. 1591.
3. *Sappho and Phaon*, 4to. 1591.
4. *Galatea*, 4to. 1592.
5. *Mydas*, 4to. 1592.
6. *Mother Bombie*, 4to. 1594, 4to. 1597.
7. *The Woman in the Moon*, 4to. 1597.
8. *The Maid her Metamorphosis*, 4to. 1600.
9. *Love his Metamorphosis*, 4to. 1601.

*The first six of these plays were republished by Edward Blount, in* 12mo. 1632, *under the title of "Sixe Court Comedies."*

*Besides these, he was the author of a piece, published in* 1593, *called "Pap with a Hatchet, alias, a fig for my Godson, or crack me this nut, or a Country Cuff, that is, a sound box on the ear for the ideot Martin to hold his peace. Written by one that dares call a Dog a Dog." Imprinted for John Oke.*

## THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACK FRIERS.

They that fear the stinging of wasps, make fans of peacocks tails, whose spots are like eyes: And Lepidus, which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast, whose head was like a dragon: and we which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl Pallas's shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine to Ægypt, when Nylus flowed less than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen; and it may threaten despair unto us, if we be less curious than you look for, or more cumbersome. But as Theseus being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and travelling all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet said this is a bird: so we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountain, seeming to bring forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say, this is a beast. Basil softly touched, yieldeth a sweet scent; but chafed in the hand, a rank savour. We fear even so, that our labours slily glanced on, will breed some content; but examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse. There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules. Feathers appear not on the phœnix under seven months, and the mulberry is twelve in budding: but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth again; or like the brood of a Trochilus, whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid, become birds. But howsoever we finish our work, we crave pardon, if we offend in matter; and patience, if we transgress in manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline with delight; thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot-herbs, that we set flowers. But we hope, as harts that cast their horns, snakes their skins, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labour; so our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But lest, like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude; wishing, that although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy, by your wonted courtesies, a general silence.

## THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT.

We are ashamed that our bird, which flutters by twilight, seeming a swallow, should be proved a bat, set against the sun. But as Jupiter placed Silenus's ass among the stars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced, upon a rough discourse, to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries, who think to hide the crack in a stone, by setting it deep in gold. The gods supp'd once with poor Baucis; the Persian kings sometimes shaved sticks; our hope is, your highness will at

this time lend an ear to an idle pastime. [8] Appion raising Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father; and we calling Alexander from his grave, seek only who was his love. Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa's shadows, who in the moment they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive; or Lynces, who having a quick sight to discern, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with these torches, which, giving light to others, consume themselves; and we showing delight to others, shame ourselves.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER,
HEPHESTION,
CLYTUS,
PARMENIO,
PLATO,
ARISTOTLE,
DIOGENES,
MELIPPUS,
CRISIPPUS,
CRATES,

CLEANTHES,
ANAXARCHUS,
APELLES,
GRANICHUS, MANES, PSYLLUS, } *Servants to* { PLATO, DIOGENES, APELLES,

CAMPASPE,
TIMOCLEA,
LAIS.

SCENE—*Athens.*

---

# ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.[9]

## ACT FIRST.

### SCENE I.

CLYTUS, PARMENIO, TIMOCLEA, CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION.

*Clyt.* Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories, courage, or courtesy: in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above custom. Thebes is rased, the people not racked; towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

*Par.* Clytus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is; therefore seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excelleney? For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light; so of a sire, in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular?

---

[8] Appion raising Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father.—"*Quærat aliquis, quæ sint mentiti veteres Magi, cum adolescentibus nobis visus Apion Grammaticæ artis, prodiderit cynocephaliam herbam, quæ in Ægypto vocaretur osyrites, divinam, et contra omnia venesicia: sed si ea eruerctur, statim eum qui eruisset, mori. Seque evocasse umbras ad percontandum Homerum, qui patria quibusque parentibus genitus esset, non tamen ausus profiteri, quid sibi respondisse diceret.*"—C. Plin. Nat. Hist. l. xxv. c. 2.

[9] The subject of this play is taken from Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. xxxv. c. 10.

"*Tantum erat auctoritati juris in regem, alioquin iracundum: quinquam Alexander ei honorem clarissimæ præbuit exemplo. Namque cum dilectam sibi ex pallacis suis præcipue nomine Campaspem nudam pingi ob admirationem formæ ab Apelle jussissit, eumque tum pari captum amore sensisset, dono eam dedit. Magnus animo, major imperio sui, nec minor hoc facto, quam victoria aliqua. Quippe, se vicit nec torum tantum suum, sed etiam affectum donavit artifici: ne dilectæ quidam respectu motus, ut quæ modo regis fuisset, modo pictoris esset. Sunt qui Venerem Anadyomenem illo pictam exemplari putant.*"

It is for [10] turquois to stain each other, not for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison.

*Clyt.* You mistake me, Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unless haply you conjecture, (which none of judgment will conceive,) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree; or coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

*Par.* Ay, but Clytus, I perceive you are born in the east, and never laugh but at the sun-rising; which argueth, though a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

*Clyt.* We will make no controversy of that which there ought to be no question; only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander.

*Par.* Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and prisoners! a pleasant sight to us, because profit is join'd with honour; not much painful to them, because their captivity is eased by mercy.

*Timo.* Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune. Sword and fire will never get spoil, where wisdom and fortitude bears sway. O Thebes, thy walls were raised by the sweetness of the harp, but rased by the shriliness of the trumpet. Alexander had never come so near the walls, had Epaminondas walk'd about the walls; and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he had been to watch their towers. But destiny is seldom foreseen, never prevented. We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts can not yield by death. Come, Campaspe, and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom we fear'd not to cast our darts.

*Par.* Madam, you need not doubt, it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

*Timo.* Alexander hath overcome, not conquer'd.

*Par.* To bring all under his subjection, is to conquer.

*Timo.* He cannot subdue that which is divine.

*Par.* Thebes was not.

*Timo.* Virtue is.

*Clyt.* Alexander, as he tendreth virtue, so he will you; he drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honour; he is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conquest mild, as beseemeth a king. In all things, than which nothing can be greater, he is Alexander.

*Cam.* Then if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin. For if he save our honours, it is more than to restore our goods. And rather do I wish he'd preserve our fame than our lives, which if he do, we will confess there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander.

*Alex.* Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

*Clyt.* Like your majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

*Alex.* Of what calling or reputation?

*Clyt.* I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour.

*Alex.* I will know—Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

*Timo.* Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battel with thy father, before the city of Chieronte, [11] where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly.

*Alex.* Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worser fortune in your life than his death: but fear not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessity—But what are you, fair lady, another sister to Theagines?

*Cam.* No sister to Theagines, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extream fortune.

*Alex.* Well, ladies, for so your virtues shew you, whatsoever your births be, you shall be honourably entreated. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall not be as abjects of war, but as subjects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supply'd so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons, and my prisoners.

[*Exeunt* PARMENIO *and Captives.*

Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace, as conquer in war: that whilst arms cease, arts may flourish, and joining letters with launces, we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers; knowing it no less praise to be wise, than commendable to be valiant.

*Heph.* Your majesty therein sheweth, that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue; and needs must that commonwealth be fortunate, whose captain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captain. [*Exeunt.*

---

[10] *Turquois*—In the first edition, *Turkes*. "Turquesis," says Malynes, in his *Treatise of the Canker of England's Commonwealth*, 12mo. 1601, "are found in Malabar, being of Turquey's color by the day time, and by night, by the light, greene; they grow upon a black stone, whereof retaining some little blacke veines is the better." "It is," as Mr Steevens observes, "said of the Turky stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less." (Note on *Merchant of Venice*, p. 188. Vol. III.) See also Dr Morell's Account of it, p. 417. of his edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 8vo. 1737.

[11] *Chieronte*—Chieronie, in the first and second editions.

## SCENE II.

MANES, GRANICHUS, PSYLLUS.

*Manes.* I serve instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and [12] whose bed is a board.

*Psyl.* Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. A crumb for thy supper, a hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

*Gra.* Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher; but that Diogenes, that dog, should have Manes that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature, and spiteth art; the one having found thee so dissolute, absolute I would say, in body, the other so single, singular in mind.

*Manes.* Are you merry? it is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toys of your head, that you have done that to-day, which I have not done these three days.

*Psyl.* What's that?

*Manes.* Dined.

*Gra.* I think Diogenes keeps but cold chear.

*Manes.* I would it were so; but he keepeth neither hot nor cold.

*Gra.* What then, luke warm? That made Manes run from his master the last day.

*Psyl.* Manes had reason; for his name foretold as much.

*Manes.* My name! how so, sir boy?

*Psyl.* You know that it is called *Mons à movendo*, because it stands still.

*Manes.* Good.

*Psyl.* And thou art named Manes, *à Manendo*, because thou run'st away.

*Manes.* Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

*Psyl.* To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

*Manes.* I will prove that my body was immortal, because it was in prison.

*Gra.* As how?

*Manes.* Did your masters never teach you, that the soul is immortal?

*Gra.* Yes.

*Manes.* And the body is the prison of the soul.

*Gra.* True.

*Manes.* Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it in prison.

*Gra.* Oh bad!

*Psyl.* Excellent ill!

*Manes.* You may see how dull a fasting wit is; therefore, Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granichus: Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen.

*Psyl.* And me.

*Gra.* Ah, sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body; and a God in his study for the soul. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent musician, then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder, and say, this is a passing good cook.

*Manes.* It is well done, Granichus; for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill my guts than my brains.

*Psyl.* I serve Apelles, who feedeth me, as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting: When I would eat meat, he paints a spit; and when I thirst, O, saith he, is not this a fair pot? and points to a table, which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

*Gra.* What dost thou then?

*Psyl.* This doth he then, bring in many examples that some have lived by savours, and proveth that much easier it is to grow fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress's picture, that they never desir'd to take food, being glutted with the delight in their favours. [13] Then doth he shew me counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their

---

[12] *Whose bed is a board.*—The first and second editions read, *whose board is a bed.*

[13] *Then doth he shew me counterfeits*—*Counterfeit* was a term formerly used for any kind of painting, but more especially for a portrait. Psyllus says above, "for a dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth *counterfeiting*."

And, in Dekker's *Strange Horserace*, 16—. B. 2: —"and more to dignifie the conqueror, pictures, and *counterfets* of all the cities, mountaines, rivers, and battailes, from whence they came victors, were drawn in ensignes to the liveliest portrature, all supported before the triumpher."

Again, *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

> I happen'd on painter yesternight,
> The onely cunning man of Christendome:
> For he can temper poyson with his oyle,
> That whoso lookes upon the worke he drawes,
> Shall with the beames that issue from his sight,
> Suck vennome to his breast, and slay himselfe.
> Sweet Ales he shall draw thy *counterfet*,
> That Arden may by gaizing on it perish.

filthy and loathsome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of the god Bacchus, and his disorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly, though I go richly, which maketh me when I should begin to shadow a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid, a shoulder of mutton; for *Semper animus meus est in patinis.*

*Manes.* Thou art a god to me; for could I see but a cook's-shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw; as, *plures occidit crapulâ quam gladius: musa jejunantibus amica*: repletion killeth delicately. And an old saw of abstinence by Socrates: *the belly is the head's grave.* Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh [14] a gallimafrey.

*Gra.* But how do'st thou then live?

*Manes.* With fine jests, sweet air, and the dogs alms.

*Gra.* Well, for this time, I will staunch thy gut; and, among pots and platters, thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato.

*Psyl.* For joy of Granichus, let's sing.

*Manes.* My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning.

*Gra.* Another commodity of emptiness.

SONG. [15]

Gra. *O for a bowl of fat canary,*
*Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry;*
*Some nectar else from Juno's dairy,*
*O these draughts would make us merry.*

Psyl. *O for a wench, (I deal in faces,*
*And in other daintier things,)*
*Tickled am I with her embraces,*
*Fine dancing in such fairy rings.*

Manes. *O for a plump fat leg of mutton,*
*Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;*
*None is happy but a glutton,*
*None an ass but who wants money.*

Cho. *Wines, indeed, and girls are good;*
*But brave victuals feast the blood;*
*For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,*
*Jove would leap down to surfeit here.*

## SCENE III.

MELIPPUS, PLATO, ARISTOTLE, CRISIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PARMENIO, CLYTUS, DIOGENES.

*Mel.* I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king: first, I came to Crisippus, a tall, lean, old mad man, willing him presently to appear before Alexander; he stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body; I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down, and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth; for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and so great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato, and to Aristotle, and to divers others, none refusing to come, saving an old obscure fellow, who, sitting in a tub turned towards the sun, read Greek to a young boy; him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, if Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatsoever it

---

Green's *Historie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, 1630:

After that English Henry by his lords,
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely *counterfeit*,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comly pourtrait of so brave a man, &c.

Ibid. Sig. G 2:

Seeing my lord his lovely *counterfeit*,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I come not troopt with all this warlike train, &c.

Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1582, Dedication to the Ladies, "Therefore, in my mind, you are more beholding to gentlemen that make the colours, than to the painters that draw your *counterfaite*," &c.

Ibid. p. 67: "At last it came to this passe, that hee in painting deserved most praise that could set down most colours: wherby ther was more contention kindled about the colour than the *counterfait*, and greater emulation for varietie in shew than workemanship in substance."

*Euphues*, 1581, p. 55: "A certaine painter brought Apelles the *counterfaite* of a face in a table," &c.

[14] *A gallimafrey*—i. e. a medley. So, in *Pierce Penilesse Supplication to the Devill*, 1592, p. 27.—"They mingled them all in one *gallimafry* of glory."

Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: "Why, noble Cerberus, nothing but patch pannel stuff, old *gallymawfries* and cotton candle eloquence."

[15] This song is restored from Blount's edition of "Sixe Court Comedies," 1632. It is omitted in all the 4to editions.

be, let him come to me. Why, said I, he is a king; he answered, why, I am a philosopher. Why, but he is Alexander; ay, but I am Diogenes. I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander; nay, smiling, answered he, Alexander may repent it, if he come not to Diogenes; virtue must be sought, not offered: and so turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming.

[*Exit.*

*Pla.* It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes should work supernatural effects.

*Aris.* I do not so much stand upon the apparition seen in the moon, neither the Dæmonium of Socrates, as that I cannot, by natural reason, give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which makes me, in the deph of my studies, to cry out, *O cns entium miserere mei!*

*Pla.* Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature, by searching for things which are not to be found, that whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the occasion itself. There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be called God.

*Cle.* I am of this mind, that the first mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man almost of mean capacity but can prove it natural?

*Anax.* These causes shall be debated at our philosophers feast; in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle, that there is *natura naturans*, and yet not God.

*Cra.* And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not nature.

*Aris.* Here cometh Alexander.

*Alex.* I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

*Heph.* They [16] were not philosophers, if they knew not their duties.

*Alex.* But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged.

*Heph.* I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus message.

*Alex.* I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come. Aristotle and the rest, sithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself in my court to have as many philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school, wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace, as I did in war discipline.

*Aris.* We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded; for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom, as they do in dignity.

*Alex.* It is so, Aristotle; but yet there is among you, yea, and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander: Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with reasons of his philosophy.

*Aris.* If ever mischief entered into the heart of Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth deny.

*Alex.* Well, Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me; but, in kings causes I will not stand to scholars arguments. This meeting shall be for a commandment, that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons: let your lives be answerable to your learnings, lest my proceedings be contrary to my promises.

*Heph.* You said you would ask every one of them a question, which yesternight none of us could answer.

*Alex.* I will.—Plato, of all beasts, which is the subtilest?

*Pla.* That which man hitherto never knew.

*Alex.* Aristotle, how should a man be thought a God?

*Aris.* In doing a thing impossible for a man.

*Alex.* Crisippus, which was first, the day, or the night?

*Cri.* The day, by a day.

*Alex.* Indeed, strange questions must have strange answers. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

*Cle.* Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

*Alex.* Crates, how long should a man live?

*Cra.* Till he think it better to die than to live.

*Alex.* Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

*Anax.* The earth; for the sea is but a part of the earth.

*Alex.* Hephestion, methinks they have answered all well; and in such questions I mean often to try them.

*Heph.* It is better to have in your court a wise man, than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

---

[16] *They were not*, &c.—The third and Blount's editions read, *these are not.*

*Alex.* So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let us go and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thralls. [*Exeunt.*

*Pla.* Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar.

*Aris.* And all you happy, that he is your sovereign.

*Cri.* I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be but a man.

*Aris.* He seeketh to draw near to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

*Enter* DIOGENES.

*Pla.* Let us question a little with Diogenes, why he went not with us to Alexander.—Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duty, that thou wentest not with us to the king.

*Dio.* And you your profession, that you went to the king.

*Pla.* Thou takest as great pride to be peevish, as others do glory to be virtuous.

Dio. And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought court-like, as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers.

*Aris.* These austere manners set aside, it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money.

*Dio.* And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money.

*Aris.* Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

*Dio.* As good be crooked, and endeavour to make myself straight from the court, as to be straight, and learn to be crooked at the court.

*Cra.* Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

*Dio.* [17] And thou to be jump with Alexander.

*Anax.* Let us go; for in contemning him, we shall better please him, than in wondering at him.

*Aris.* Plato, what dost thou think of Diogenes?

*Pla.* To be Socrates, furious. Let us go.

[*Exeunt Philosoph.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

DIOGENES, PSYLLUS, MANES, GRANICHUS.

*Psyl.* Behold, Manes, where thy master is, seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pins for his sleeves. I will go salute him.

*Manes.* Do so; but mum, not a word that you saw Manes.

*Gra.* Then stay thou behind, and I will go with Psyllus.

*Psyl.* All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

*Dio.* All hate to thy peevish conditions.

*Gra.* O dog!

*Psyl.* What doest thou seek for here?

*Dio.* For a man, and a beast.

*Gra.* That is easy, without thy light, to be found—Be not all these men?

*Dio.* Call'd men.

*Gra.* What beast is it thou look'st for?

*Dio.* The beast my man, Manes.

*Psyl.* He is a beast, indeed, that will serve thee.

*Dio.* So is he that begat thee.

*Gra.* What would'st thou do, if thou should'st find Manes!

*Dio.* Give him leave to do as he hath done before.

*Gra.* What's that?

*Dio.* To run away.

*Psyl.* Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

*Dio.* It were a shame for Diogenes to have need of Manes, and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

*Gra.* But put the case he were gone, would'st thou entertain any of us two?

*Dio.* Upon condition.

*Psyl.* What?

*Dio.* That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

---

[17] *And thou to be jump with Alexander—To be jump*, is to agree. So, in Pierce Penilesse his *Supplication to the Divell*, p. 29: "Not two of them *jump* in one tale."

Shakespeare's *Richard* III. A. 3. S. 1:—

> "No more can you distinguish of a man,
> Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
> Seldom, or never, *jumpeth* with the heart."

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 31: "Masse Vickar, assoone as hee saw these, had a reach in his head, and *jumpt* with the travailer to buie one; a price was pitcht, &c."

It is a common phrase even at present to say, *Great wits jump*, when two persons concur in the same thought without any communication with each other.

*Gra.* Why, I am a scholar, and well seen in philosophy.

*Psyl.* And I a 'prentice, and well seen in painting.

*Dio.* Well then, Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Psyllus, a philosopher, to correct thine evil manners.—But who is that, Manes?

*Manes.* I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

*Gra.* You are taken tardy.

*Psyl.* Let us slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master.

*Dio.* Manes, thou know'st the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determined to put away my man, and serve myself: *quia non egeo tui vel te.*

*Manes.* Master, you know a while ago I ran away; so do I mean to do again: *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*

*Dio.* I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man: for I was resolv'd long since to put away both my slaves, money, and Manes.

*Manes.* So was I determin'd to shake off both my dogs, hunger, and Diogenes.

*Psyl.* [18] O sweet consent between a crowd and a Jew's harp!

*Gra.* Come, let us reconcile them.

*Psyl.* It shall not need, for this is their use: now do they dine one upon another.

[*Exit* DIOGENES.

*Gra.* How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master?

*Manes.* No, I did but now bind myself to him.

*Psyl.* Why, you were at mortal jars.

*Manes.* In faith, no; we brake a bitter jest one upon another.

*Gra.* Why, thou art as dogged as he.

*Psyl.* My father knew them both little whelps.

*Manes.* Well, I will hie me after my master.

*Gra.* Why, is it supper-time with Diogenes?

*Manes.* Ay, with him at all times when he hath meat.

*Psyl.* Why then, every man to his home; and let us steal out again anon.

*Gra.* Where shall we meet?

*Psyl.* Why, at *Ala vendibili suspensa hædera non est opus.*

*Manes.* O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis*, thou blessest me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PAGE, DIOGENES, APELLES.

*Alex.* Stand aside, sir boy, till you be call'd.—Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

*Heph.* I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea.

*Alex.* Without doubt, Campaspe had some great man to her father.

*Heph.* You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

*Alex.* Timoclea still in thy mouth? art thou not in love?

*Heph.* Not I.

*Alex.* Not with Timoclea you mean; [19] wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most

---

[18] *O sweet consent between a crowd and a Jew's harp!*—The word *crowd* is an ancient word for a fiddle, and a crowder a player on that instrument. It appears from Junius's *Etymologicon*, in voce, and from Spelman's *Glossary*, v. *crotta*, that it is a term of considerable antiquity, but it is very doubtful whether it had originally the same meaning we now assign to it. Probably it might mean a musical instrument, very different from the violin. See *Gent. Mag.* 1757, p. 561.

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 1. S. 1:—"A lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, and warble upon *a crowd* a little, till out nectar when Ganymede's away," &c.

[19] *Wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.*—This simile occurs in our ancient writers perhaps more frequently than any other which can be pointed out.

In the *Old Law*, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, A. 4. S. 2:

> "H'as the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid my lord,
> That cries most when she's farthest from the nest."

*The Witch of Edmonton*, 1658, by Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, A. 2. S. 2: "Like to the lapwing have you all this while deluded me? pretending counterfeit senses for your discontent, and now at last it is by chance stole from you."

Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 22: "—yet it may be this sir, dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest of the nest."

*The Bel-man's Night Walkes*, by Dekker: "It hath the head of a man (the face well bearded), the eyes of a hawke, the tongue of a lapwing, which saies heere it is, when the nest is a good way off."

*Lyly* himself also uses it in the *Epistle Dedicatorie to Euphues and his England*, 1582: "And in this I resemble the lapwing, who fearing her young ones to be destroyed by passengers, flieth with a false crie farre from the neasts, making those that looke for them seeke where they are not."

See other examples in the Notes of Mr Steevens, Mr Smith, and Dr Grey, to Shakespeare, Vol. II. pp. 28. and 215.

where her nest is not. And so, you lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

*Heph.* Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms, as I know myself moderate in affection.

*Alex.* Is love a vice?

*Heph.* It is no virtue.

*Alex.* Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And since thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt be partaker of my torments: I love Hephestion, I love Campaspe; a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion, blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell?

*Heph.* Might my words crave pardon, and my counsel credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

*Alex.* Speak, Hephestion; for whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

*Heph.* I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shameful to be heard, or the cause sorrowful to be believed. What, is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind, whose greatness the world could not contain, drawn within the compass of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules, when you should shake the spear with Achilles? [20] Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that soft and yielding mind should not be in him, whose hard and unconquered heart hath made so many yield. But you love: ah grief! but whom? Campaspe? ah shame! a maid forsooth unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant. Ay, but she is beautiful; yea, but not therefore chaste. Ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body; yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the mind: ay, but she is wise: yea but she is a woman. Beauty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honey, which the smoother they look, the sooner they break. It is thought wonderful among the seamen, that mugil, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret, of all the slowest: and shall it not seem monstrous to wise men, that the heart of the greatest conqueror of the world should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature? of a woman? of a captive? Ermins have fair skins, but foul livers; sepulchres fresh colours, but rotten bones; women fair faces, but false hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not a chamber; fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus; from the fiery assaults of war, to the maidenly skirmishes of love; from displaying the eagle in thine ensign, to set down the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaspe; a hair curling by nature, not art; sweet alluring eyes; a fair face made in despite of Venus, and a stately port in disdain of Juno; a wit apt to conceive, and quick to answer; a skin as soft as silk, and as smooth as jet; a long white hand, a fine little foot; to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part: what of this? though she have heavenly gifts, virtue and beauty, is she not of earthly metal, flesh and blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be both overseen and overtaken in a woman, whose false tears know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly as that of love; in the one physic cannot prevail, nor in the other counsel.

*Alex.* My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salve that sense cannot conceive. Little do you know, and therefore slightly do you regard, the dead embers in a private person, or live coals in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity, as their callings do in majesty. An eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star; none can conceive the torments of a king, unless he be a king whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not to be conceived sighs cleave the heart in shivers;

---

20. *Is the warlike sound*, &c.—So, in Shakespeare's *Richard* III. A. I. S. I:

> "Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
> And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
> To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
> He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

whose wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. [21] Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seek to refell that which with their deity the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to answer thee, that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortal, nor I fear me to be borne, being intolerable.

*Heph.* I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard.

*Alex.* Yield, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain.

*Heph.* Suppose she loves not you: affection cometh not by appointment or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

*Alex.* I am king, and will command.

*Heph.* You may, to yield to lust by force; but to consent to love by fear, you cannot.

*Alex.* Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

*Heph.* Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist, love.

*Alex.* I am a conqueror, she a captive; I as fortunate as she fair: my greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind, the modesty of hers: Is it not likely, then, that she should love? is it not reasonable?

*Heph.* You say that in love there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood.

*Alex.* No more, Hephestion; in this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice: thou may'st be a good soldier, but never a good lover. Call my page. [*Enter Page.*] Sirrah, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me, without either delay or excuse.

*Page.* I go.

*Alex.* In the mean season, to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go see Diogenes. And see where his tub is—Diogenes!

*Dio.* Who calleth?

*Alex.* Alexander—how happen'd it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

*Dio.* Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

*Alex.* Why, then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

*Dio.* No.

*Alex.* Why so?

*Dio.* Because they be no Gods.

*Alex.* They be Gods of the earth.

*Dio.* Yea, Gods of earth.

*Alex.* Plato is not of thy mind.

*Dio.* I am glad of it.

*Alex.* Why?

*Dio.* Because I would have none of Diogenes's mind, but Diogenes.

*Alex.* If Alexander have any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

*Dio.* Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

*Alex.* What do'st thou want?

*Dio.* Nothing that you have.

*Alex.* I have the world at command.

*Dio.* And I in contempt.

*Alex.* Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

*Dio.* But I shall die whether you will or no.

*Alex.* How should one learn to be content?

*Dio.* Unlearn to covet.

*Alex.* Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

*Heph.* He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how: sharp with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

*Alex.* Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

*Dio.* Do.

*Alex.* But here cometh Apelles. [*Enter* APELLES.] How now, Apelles, is Venus's face yet finish'd?

*Apel.* Not yet: beauty is not so soon shadow'd, whose perfection cometh not within the compass either of cunning or of colour.

*Alex.* Well, let it rest unperfect; and come you with me, where I will shew you that finish'd by nature, that you have been trifling about by art. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

*Apel.* Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour so fresh, that may shadow a countenance so fair.

*Cam.* Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to gloss

---

[21] *Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seek to refell*—i. e. to refute. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, by Chaloner, Sig. L 1: "Yea, so muche dooe rhetoriciens attribute to foolishness, as oftentimes what abjection by no arguments *mai be refelled*, the same yet with some laughing and scoffynge conceits thei wolde have shifted of."

*Euphues and his England*, p. 60: "But I will not *refell* that heere, which shall be confuted hereafter."

Ibid. p. 98: "—and though I doubt not but that Martius is sufficiently armed to aunswere you, yet would I not have those reasons *refelled* which I loath to have repeated."

with your tongue[22]. But, as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard favour, which maketh you to despair of my face; and then shall you have as great thanks to spare your labour, as to discredit your art.

*Apel.* Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor your sex; for, knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration, where feeding themselves, they fall into an extasy; your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the other your perfections.

*Cam.* I am too young to understand your speech, though old enough to withstand your device; you have been so long used to colours, you can do nothing but colour.

*Apel.* Indeed the colours I see, I fear, will alter the colour I have. But come, madam, will you draw near? for Alexander will be here anon. Psyllus, stay you here at the window: if any enquire for me, answer *Non tubet esse domi.*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

PSYLLUS, MANES.

*Psyl.* It is always my master's fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he shadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart. And now, if any man could meet with Manes, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if Diogenes dropt out of his nose.

*Manes.* And here comes Manes, who hath as much meat in his maw, as thou hast honesty in thy head.

*Psyl.* Then I hope thou art very hungry.

*Manes.* They that know thee, know that.

*Psyl.* But do'st thou not remember, that we have certain liquor to confer withal?

*Manes.* Ay, but I have business; I must go cry a thing.

*Psyl.* Why, what hast thou lost?

*Manes.* That which I never had, my dinner.

*Psyl.* Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

*Manes.* I mean I must cry, not as one would say cry, but cry, that is, make a noise.

*Psyl.* Why, fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou must needs make a noise.

*Manes.* Boy, thou art deceived. Cry hath divers significations, and may be alluded to many things; knave but one, and can be apply'd but to thee.

*Psyl.* Profound Manes!

*Manes.* We Cynicks are mad fellows; did'st thou not find I did quip thee?

*Psyl.* No, verily: why, what's a quip?

*Manes.* We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

*Psyl.* How canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sudden?

*Manes.* Wit will have his swing: I am bewitch'd, inspir'd, inflam'd, infected.

*Psyl.* Well, then will not I tempt thy gibing spirit.

*Manes.* Do not, Psyllus; for thy dull head will be but a grind-stone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with over-thwarts, *periisti, actum est de te.* I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.

*Psyl.* Let me cross myself; for I die if I cross thee.

*Manes.* Let me do my business; I myself am afraid, lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I am sometimes in such a vein, that for want of some dull pate to work on, I begin to gird myself.

*Psyl.* The Gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax.

*Manes.* Well then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth to-morrow to fly.

*Psyl.* It is a jest.

*Manes.* Is it a jest to fly? should'st thou fly so soon, thou should'st repent it in earnest.

*Psyl.* Well, I will be the crier.

*Manes and Psyl. (one after another.)* Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see Diogenes, the Cynick, fly.

*Psyl.* I do not think he will fly.

*Manes.* Tush, say fly.

*Psyl.* Fly.

*Manes.* Now let us go; for I will not see him again till midnight. I have a back way into his tub.

*Psyl.* Which way call'st thou the back way, when every way is open?

*Manes.* I mean to come in at his back.

*Psyl.* Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

*Apel.* I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine.

*Cam.* Why then paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

---

[22] *Not to gloss with your tongue—To gloss* is to flatter. So, in *Euphues and his England*, p. 75:—"—bift wil beleeve but what they list; and in extolling their beauties, they give more credite to their owne glasses, than mens *glosses.*"

*Apel.* Were you ever shadow'd before of any?

*Cam.* No: and would you could so now shadow me, that I might not be perceived of any.

*Apel.* It were pity, but that so absolute a face should furnish Venus's temple amongst these pictures.

*Cam.* What are these pictures?

*Apel.* This is Leda, whom Jove deceived in likeness of a swan.

*Cam.* A fair woman; but a foul deceit.

*Apel.* This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in shape of Amphitrion her husband, and begat Hercules.

*Cam.* A famous son, but an infamous fact.

*Apel.* He might do it, because he was a God.

*Cam.* Nay, therefore it was evil done, because he was a God.

*Apel.* This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizled a golden shower, and obtained his desire.

*Cam.* What! gold can make one yield to desire.

*Apel.* This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravish'd. This Antiopa.

*Cam.* Were all the Gods like this Jupiter?

*Apel.* There were many Gods, in this, like Jupiter.

*Cam.* I think, in those days, love was well ratified among men on earth, when lust was so fully authorized by the Gods in heaven.

*Apel.* Nay, you may imagine there were women passing amiable, when there were Gods exceeding amorous.

*Cam.* Were women never so fair, men would be false.

*Apel.* Were women never so false, men would be fond.

*Cam.* What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

*Apel.* This is Venus, the goddess of love.

*Cam.* What, be there also loving goddesses?

*Apel.* This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

*Cam.* How is she hired, by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

*Apel.* By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

*Cam.* What prayer?

*Apel.* Vows irrevocable.

*Cam.* What sacrifice?

*Apel.* Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling.

*Cam.* What bribes?

*Apel.* Roses and kisses. But were you never in love?

*Cam.* No, nor love in me.

*Apel.* Then have you injured many.

*Cam.* How so?

*Apel.* Because you have been loved of many.

*Cam.* Flattered perchance of some.

*Apel.* It is not possible that a face so fair, and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

*Cam.* If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colours, and fall to that you must do, not that you would do.

## SCENE IV.

CLYTUS, PARMENIO, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CRYSUS, DIOGENES, APELLES, CAMPASPE.

*Cly.* Parmenio, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass, that in Alexander now-a-days there groweth an unpatient kind of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn; at all times either more sour or severe than he was accustomed.

*Par.* In kings causes I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive: [23] they have long ears and stretched arms, in whose heads suspicion is a proof, and to be accused is to be condemn'd.

*Cly.* Yet between us, there can be no danger to find out the cause; for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet: it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour: that he should be in love, it is not impossible.

*Par.* In love, Clytus? no; no, it is as far from his thought as treason from ours: he, whose ever-waking eye, whose never-tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unsatiable of victory hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of love: Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

*Alex.* Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an embassage no less profitable to me than to yourselves honourable.

*Cly.* We are ready at all commands, wishing nothing else but continually to be commanded.

*Alex.* Well, then, withdraw yourselves till I have farther considered of this matter. [*Exeunt* CLYTUS *and* PARMENIO.] Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning.

*Heph.* You love, and therefore think any thing.

*Alex.* But not so far in love with Campaspe as

---

[23] *They have long ears and stretched arms*—So, in *Euphues*, 1581, p. 23: "Knowest thou not, Euphues, that kings have long armes, and rulers large reaches?"

Again, in *Damon and Pithias*:

"What then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*"

with Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or of conquest.

*Heph.* Occasion cannot want, if will do not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power, the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do: the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augurs, and gaping over the smoke of their beasts intrails. All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head which you have sworn to conquer with that hand.

*Alex.* I confess the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles; give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him, as he can cowardise. But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.

*Cry.* One penny, Diogenes, I am a Cynick.

*Diog.* He made thee a beggar, that first gave thee any thing.

*Cry.* Why, if thou wilt give nothing, nobody will give thee.

*Diog.* I want nothing, till the springs dry, and the earth perish.

*Cry.* I gather for the gods.

*Diog.* And I care not for those gods, which want money.

*Cry.* Thou art a right Cynick, that wilt give nothing.

*Diog.* Thou art not, that wilt beg any thing.

*Cry.* Alexander, king Alexander, give a poor Cynick a groat.

*Alex.* It is not for a king to give a groat.

*Cry.* Then give me a talent.

*Alex.* It is not for a beggar to ask a talent. Away.—Apelles!

*Apel.* Here.

*Alex.* Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

*Cam.* Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

*Alex.* Would he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their savours.

*Apel.* Your majesty must know, it is no less hard to paint savours than virtues; colours can neither speak nor think.

*Alex.* Where do you first begin, when you draw any picture?

*Apel.* The proportion of the face in as just compass as I can.

*Alex.* I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

*Apel.* If you will paint as you are a king, your majesty may begin where you please; but as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face.

*Alex.* Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces.

*Apel.* I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

*Alex.* Why, is it so easy?

*Apel.* No, but he doth it so homely.

*Alex.* When will you finish Campaspe?

*Apel.* Never finish: for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.

*Alex.* Why should not I [24] be as cunning as Apelles?

*Apel.* God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles?

*Alex.* Me thinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance, and so it was in the time of Phydias.

*Apel.* Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many favours. For now if the hair of her eye-brows be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow: the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else would the picture seem like the blazon of ancient armory, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness. For as in garden knots, diversity of odours make a more sweet savour, or as in musick divers strings cause a more delicate consert; so in painting, the more colours the better counterfeit, observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

*Alex.* Lend me thy pencil, Apelles; I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

*Apel.* Here.

*Alex.* The coal breaks.

*Apel.* You lean too hard.

*Alex.* Now it blacks not.

*Apel.* You lean too soft.

*Alex.* This is awry.

*Apel.* Your eye goeth not with your hand.

*Alex.* Now it is worse.

*Apel.* Your hand goeth not with your mind.

*Alex.* Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many

---

[24] *Be as cunning as Apelles?*—The word *cunning*, at the time this play was written, had not acquired its present bad signification. It was generally, as here, used synonymously with *skilful*. So, in Lyly's *Epistle Dedicatorie to Euphues and his England*, 1582: "So that whereas I had thought to shewe *the* "*cunning* of a chyrurgian by mine anatomie with a knife, I must plaie the tailour on the shoppe board "with a paire of sheeres"

Again, in his *Epistle to the Ladies*: "It was objected unto her by a ladie more captious than cun-"*ning*, that in her worke there wanted some colours."

And in the same sense it is frequently used throughout the English translation of the Bible.

rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind, must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle, than blotting of a board. But how have I done here?

*Apel.* Like a king.

*Alex.* I think so: but nothing more unlike a painter. Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish, dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

*Apel.* I will.

*Alex.* Now, Hephestion, [25] doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will encrease her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.

*Hep.* [26] I will not contrary your majesty; for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed.

*Alex.* How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdain! desire mingled with coyness! and I cannot tell how to term it, a curst yielding modesty!

*Hep.* Let her pass.

*Alex.* So she shall for the fairest on the earth. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

PSYLLUS, MANES, APELLES.

*Psyl.* I shall be hanged for tarrying so long.

*Manes.* I pray God, my master be not flown before I come.

*Psyl.* Away, Manes, my master doth come.

*Apel.* Where have you been all this while?

*Psyl.* No where but here.

*Apel.* Who was here sithence my coming?

*Psyl.* No body.

*Apel.* Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been a loitering; was Alexander nobody?

*Psyl.* He was a king, I meant no mean body.

*Apel.* I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I say it was no body, because it was no honest body. Away, in. [*Exit* PSYLLUS.] Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beauty brought to pass, that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by how much the more thou hast shewed thy cunning? was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee, but with Satyrus thou must kiss the fire and burn thee? O Campaspe, Campaspe, art must yield to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection! Could Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into flesh; and cannot Apelles obtain by plaints to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so far inferior to carving? or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chissels, than shadowed with colours? What Pygmalion, or [27] what Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus, is he, that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy fame so far as I; unless, Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe, I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable? But, alas! she is the paramour to a prince; Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers, threats, and promises? Will not she think it better to sit under a cloth of estate like a queen, than in a poor shop like a housewife? and esteem it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou may'st swim against the stream with the crab, and feed against the wind with the deer, and peck against the steel with the cockatrice: Stars are to be look'd at, not reach'd at; princes to be yielded unto, not contended with; Campaspe to be honour'd, not obtain'd; to be painted, not possessed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! and why didst thou draw it so fair

---

[25] *Doth not this matter cotton as I would?*—The Glossary to the *Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697, explains the phrase *Naught cottons weell*, to be *Nothing goes right*. Alexander therefore means, *doth not this matter go as I would?* So, in *Mons. Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 8:

"Still mistress Dorothy? *this geer will cotton.*"

Again, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619:

"To shew you good, bad, and indifferent dayes,
"And all have their inscriptions, here's cock a hoop,
"This the *geere cottons*, and this faint heart."

[26] *I will not contrary your majesty*:—I will not *contradict* your majesty. So, in the *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*. Gascoigne's Works, 1587, p. 273: "The Lady Fraunces did not seeme *to contrary* him, but "rather smiled, &c."

[27] *What Pyrgoteles*, &c.—"Idem hic imperator [Alexander] edixit, ne quis ipsum alius, quam "Apelles pingeret: quam Pyrgoteles, sculpseret: quam Lysippus, ex ære duceret: quæ artes pluribus "inclaruere exemplis." Plinii *Nat. Hist.* lib. vii. c. 37.

a face? O beautiful countenance! the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher: the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter dreaming asleep, could not conceive again waking. Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee. Now must I paint things impossible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections: deep and hollow sighs, sad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancy, an unsettled resolution, and what not, Apelles? and what but Apelles? but as they that are shaken with a fever are to be warmed with clothes, not groans, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to be recured by [28]cullises, not conceits; so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries; by applying remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreme, I will hazard that little life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost; and this shall be my first practice; for wit must work where authority is not. As soon as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will, by device, give it a blemish, that by that means she may come again to my shop, and then as good it were to utter my love, and die with denial, as conceal it, and live in despair.

Song by Apelles. [29]

*Cupid and my Campaspe played*
*At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;*
*He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;*
*His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;*
*Loses them too; then down he throws*
*The coral of his lip, the rose*
*Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how,)*
*With these, the crystal of his brow,*
*And then the dimple of his chin;*
*All these did my Campaspe win.*
*At last he set her both his eyes,*
*She won, and Cupid blind did rise.*
*O love! has she done this to thee?*
*What shall, alas! become of me?*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

SOLINUS, PSYLLUS, GRANICHUS, MANES, DIOGENES, POPULUS.

*Sol.* This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

*Psyl.* I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, though my master cudgel my nobody, as he threatened.

*Gra.* What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings to-day?

*Psyl.* We shall hear, for here cometh Manes—Manes, will it be?

*Manes.* Be! he were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

*Gra.* How is he furnished to fly, hath he feathers?

*Manes.* Thou art an ass; capons, geese, and owls, have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders: O you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise.

*Sol.* Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad, his body must needs be too heavy.

*Manes.* Why, he hath eaten nothing this seven-night but cork and feathers.

*Psyl.* Touch him, Manes.

*Manes.* He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight.

*Populus intrat.*

*Manes.* See, they begin to flock, and behold my master bustles himself to fly.

*Dio.* Ye wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groan, and whose breaths infect the air with stench, come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink: you call me dog, so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. Ye term me an hater of men; no, I am a hater of your manners. Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day, and surfeit in the night? Back-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony. You flatter kings, and call them gods; speak truth of yourselves, and confess you are devils. From the bee you have taken not the honey, but the wax to make your religion,

---

[28] *Cullises*—*Cullises* were compositions calculated to restore worn-out constitutions, and invigorate feeble ones. They were of the same kind as jellies.—See Marston's *Fawne*, A. 2. S. 1. Massinger's *Bondman*, A. 4. S. 4. *The Picture*, A. 1. S. 2. *The Emperor of the East*, A. 1. S. 2.; and in most of the plays of the times.

[29] This elegant little sonnet is restored from Blount's edition. It is also printed in the third volume of Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, p. 83. A translation of it into French, by an unknown hand, is likewise published in the same volume, p. 348.

framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust you cover under a courtly colour of love: injuries abroad under the title of policies at home; and sacred malice creepeth under the name of public justice. You have caused Alexander to dry up springs, and plant vines; to sow rocket, and weed endive; to shear sheep, and shrine foxes. All conscience is seared [30] at Athens. Swearing cometh of a hot metal, lying of a quick wit, flattery of a flowing tongue, undecent talk of a merry disposition; all things are lawful at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever, and surfeit as though you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king of school-masters. O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look ye never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disordered lives, and if you will not amend your manners, I will study to fly farther from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

*Sol.* Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a brothel-house? was it not a shame!

*Dio.* It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

*Gra.* It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

*Manes.* You were as good eat my master.

*One of the People.* Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

*Dio.* I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly.

*Peo.* Dog, dog, take a bone.

*Dio.* Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

*Peo.* We will tell Alexander, that thou reprovest him behind his back.

*Dio.* And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

*Peo.* We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee.

*Dio.* Indeed I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

*Manes.* Why, master, mean you not to fly?

*Dio.* No, Manes, not without wings.

*Manes.* Every body will account you a liar.

*Dio.* No I warrant you; for I will always say, the Athenians are mischievous.

*Psyl.* I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles [31] hit home.

*Gra.* Nor I.

*Psyl.* Come, let us go, and hereafter when I mean to rail upon any body openly, it shall be given out I will fly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

CAMPASPE, APELLES.

*Cam.* [*sola:*] Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts. Tush, better thy tongue wag, than thy heart break. Hath a painter crept farther into thy mind than a prince? Apelles, than Alexander? [32] fond wench! the baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble, as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up, till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

*Enter* APELLES.

*Apel.* Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted.

---

[30] *Seared*—All the editions read *sealed*, except the last by Mr Dodsley. I have retained his alteration; although *sealed* may probably be right, being a term in falconry, signifying *blinded*.

[31] *Old huddles*—This contemptuous term is frequently used by our ancient writers, and is always applied to old people, who are either covetous or subject to any other vice peculiar to old age.

As in *Euphues*, 1581, p. 7: "But as to the stomacke quatted with deinties, all delicates seeme queasie, and as he that surfetteth with wine, useth afterwards to allay with water; so these *olde huddles* having overcharged their gorges with fancie, accompt all honest recreation mere follye," &c.

Ibid. p. 54: "This old miser asking of Aristippus what he woulde take to teach and bring up his sonne, he answered a thousande groates: a thousand groates God shield, answered this *olde huddle*, I can have two servants of that price!"—See also *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661, p. 4.

[32] *Fond wench*—It is observed by Mr Steevens (Notes to Shakespeare, Vol. X. p. 619.) that *wench* originally signified a young woman. The truth of this observation will appear from many instances in the course of these volumes. The word, in the common acceptation of it, is hardly yet disused.

*Cam.* It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

*Apel.* No, madam, to paint Venus was a pleasure; but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe, it is a heaven.

*Cam.* If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful whom you know black.

*Apel.* What might men do to be believed?

*Cam.* Whet their tongues on their hearts.

*Apel.* So they do, and speak as they think.

*Cam.* I would they did.

*Apel.* I would they did not.

*Cam.* Why, would you have them dissemble?

*Apel.* Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

*Cam.* So that you will answer me another without excuse.

*Apel.* Whom do you love best in the world?

*Cam.* He that made me last in the world.

*Apel.* That was a god.

*Cam.* I had thought it had been a man: but whom do you honour most, Apelles?

*Apel.* The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

*Cam.* My picture?

*Apel.* I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in; for Alexander will think it long till we return. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

CLYTUS, PARMENIO.

*Cly.* We hear nothing of our embassage; a colour belike to blear our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean season, but use for tantara, sol, fa, la; for his hard couch, down beds; for his handful of water, his standing cup of wine?

*Par.* Clytus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing peace; for what else do we see now than a kind of softness in every man's mind? Bees to make their hives in soldiers helmets, our steeds are furnished with foot-cloths of gold instead of saddles of steel: More time is required to scower the rust off our weapons, than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his hard armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court; youths that were wont to carry devices of victory in their shields, engrave now posies of love in their rings; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a launce, now in easy coaches ride up and down to court ladies; instead of sword and target to hazard their lives, use pen and paper to paint their loves: Yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in court, that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a horn to hunt, than the sound of a trumpet to fight. O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, [33] gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets, thou wouldst either die among them for sorrow, or confound them for anger.

*Cly.* Cease, Parmenio, lest in speaking what becometh thee not, thou feel what [34] liketh thee not; truth is never without a scratched face, whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

*Par.* It grieveth me not a little for Hephes-

---

[33] *Gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets*—It is observed by Mr Steevens (Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. IX. p. 467.) that it was "anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet;" and Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastrix*: "Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch;" and Pandora, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

"He that first presents me with his head,
Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

"Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says *she will wear for his sake*: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions the quarrel with the English soldier."

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, 1550, Henry IV. fol. 12; "One part had their plumes at whyt, another hadde them at redde, and the thyrde had them of several colours. One ware on his head-piece his ladies sleve, and another bare on hys helme *the glove* of his dearlynge."

And *The Battle of Agincourt*, by Drayton, Vol. I. p. 16:—

"The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courvetting coursers mounted fair.
One wore his mistress garter, *one her glove*;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he most did love.
There was not one but did some favour wear."

[34] *Liketh thee*—Pleaseth thee.

tion, who thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and nearness in friendship to Alexander, that he must lay a pillow under his head, when he would put a target in his hand.

But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes them to [35] tread the measures in a dance, that were wont to set the order for a march.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

*Apel.* I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

*Cam.* You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

*Apel.* Never end my love; for it shall be eternal.

*Cam.* That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

*Apel.* You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not mistrust.

*Cam.* What will you say, if Alexander perceive your love?

*Apel.* I will say, it is no treason to love.

*Cam.* But how, if he will not suffer thee to see my person.

*Apel.* Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

*Cam.* That will not feed thy heart.

*Apel.* Yet shall it fill mine eye; besides the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.

*Cam.* Well, I must be gone: but this assure yourself, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, than in Alexander's court, following higher fortunes. [*Exit* APELLES.

*Cam.* [*alone.*] Foolish wench, what hast thou done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near hand; or the sea, which makes men hoise their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who dares call them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love, but to queens: for as near must they meet in majesty, as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from king's love, Jove, and lightning. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

APELLES, PAGE.

*Apel.* Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together: Campaspe is no less wise than fair, thyself must be no less cunning than faithful. It is no small matter to be rival with Alexander.

*Page.* Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture; the king thinketh that now you have painted it, you play with it.

*Apel.* If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

*Page.* None perhaps you like so well.

*Apel.* It may be I have painted none so well.

*Page.* I have known many fairer faces.

*Apel.* And I many better boys. [*Exeunt.*

---

[35] *Tread the measures in a dance*—The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity at their halls on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety, even for the gravest characters, to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the Inns of Court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*—See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales.* Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them in this manner, S. 65:

"But after these as men more civil grew,
He did more *grave and solemn measures frame,*
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence every way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight,
With sober wondering, and with sweet delight."
Not those young students of the heavenly book,
Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
Which on the stars did all their lifetime look,
Could ever find such measure in the skies,
So full of change and rare varieties;
*Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,*
*Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

DIOGENES, SYLVIUS, PERIM, MILO, TRYCO, MANES.

*Syl.* I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

*Dio.* What can thy sons do?

*Syl.* You shall see their qualities: dance, sirrah. [*Then* PERIM *danceth.*] How like you this? doth he well?

*Dio.* The better, the worser.

*Syl.* The musick very good.

*Dio.* The musicians very bad, who only study to have their strings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

*Syl.* Now shall you see the other—tumble, sirrah. [MILO *tumbleth.*] How like you this? why do you laugh?

*Dio.* To see a wag that was born to break his neck by destiny, to practise it by art.

*Mi.* This dog will bite me, I will not be with him.

*Dio.* Fear not, boy, dogs eat no thistles.

*Per.* I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

*Dio.* When I am hungry, a mastiff; and when my belly is full, a spaniel.

*Syl.* Dost thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

*Dio.* I must needs believe there are gods; for I think thee an enemy to them.

*Syl.* Why so?

*Dio.* Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend his body every way, and his mind no way.

*Per.* Thou doest nothing but snarl, and bark like a dog.

*Dio.* It is the next way to drive away a thief.

*Syl.* Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a nightingale.

*Dio.* I care not; for I have heard a nightingale sing herself.

*Syl.* Sing, sirrah. [TRYCO *singeth.*

SONG.[36]

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail?*
*O 'tis the ravished nightingale.*
*Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,*
*And still her woes at midnight rise.*
*Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?*
[37] *None but the lark so shrill and clear;*
*How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,*
*The morn not waking till she sings.*

---

[36] *Song*—This song, as the two former, is omitted in all the quarto editions. It is here restored from Blount's edition, where it first appeared.

[37] *None but the lark*, &c.—Milton seems to have had this passage in his mind, when he wrote the following lines in his *L'Allegro*:—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

And a late elegant writer, Mr F. Coventry, appears also to have been indebted to our author, in the last of the following lines—

"When morn returns with doubtful light,
And Phebe pales her lamp of night;
Still let me wander forth anew,
And print my footsteps on the dew;
What time the swain with ruddy cheek,
Prepares to yoke his oxen meek,
And early drest in neat array,
The milk-maid chanting shrill her lay,
Comes abroad with milking pail;
And the sound of distant flail,
Gives the ear a rough good-morrow
And the lark from out the furrow,
*Soars upright on matin wings,*
*And at the gate of heaven sings.*"

Penshurst, a Poem. Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, Vol. IV.

*Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,*
*Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;*
*Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,*
*Cuckoo to welcome in the spring,*
*Cuckoo to welcome in the spring.*

*Syl.* Lo, Diogenes, I am sure thou canst not do so much.

*Dio.* But there is never a thrush but can.

*Syl.* What hast thou taught Manes thy man?

*Dio.* To be as unlike, as may be, thy sons.

*Manes.* He hath taught me to fast, lye hard, and run away.

*Syl.* How sayest thou, Perim, wilt thou be with him?

*Per.* Ay, so he will teach me first to run away.

*Dio.* Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so nimble.

*Syl.* How sayest thou, Milo, will thou be with him?

*Dio.* Nay, hold your peace, he shall not.

*Syl.* Why?

*Dio.* There is not room enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

*Syl.* Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not thy manners.

*Dio.* I thought no less, when they knew my virtues.

*Syl.* Farewell, Diogenes, thou needest not have scraped roots, if thou wouldst have followed Alexander.

*Dio.* Nor thou have followed Alexander, if thou hadst scraped roots. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Apel. alone.* I fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that which thy tongue durst not. What little regard hadst thou, whilst Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaspe! thou stoodst gazing on her countenance. If he espy or but suspect, thou must needs twice perish, with his hate, and thine own love. Thy pale looks, when he blushed, thy sad countenance, when he smiled, thy sighs, when he questioned, may breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy. O love, I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou made me that I know not what myself am! only this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions, for unknown pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yield to it: for better it is to melt with desire, than wrestle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful bed, be content to live unknown, and die unfound. O Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart! painted? nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted, and that in such deep characters, that nothing can rase it out, unless it rub my heart out. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS, LAIS, DIOGENES.

*Mil.* It shall go hard, but this peace shall bring us some pleasure.

*Phry.* Down with arms, and up with legs, this is a world for the nonce.[38]

*Lais.* Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foul scars in fair faces, and crooked maims in strait legs? as though men being born goodly by nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly; and all forsooth for a new-found term, called valiant, a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense can commendation.

*Mil.* It is true, Lais, a featherbed hath no fellow; good drink makes good blood; and shall pelting words spill it?

---

[38] *This is a world for the nonce*—"That is," says Mr Tyrwhitt, in his Notes on Chaucer, Vol. IV. 207—"As I conceive *for the occasion*. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *anon*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in tunc*."

To confirm this explanation, the following examples may be produced:

Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sig. K 2:—"This man mourneth, and lorde, what folies saieth he, and doeth he, hyrynge also some plaiers (as it were) to wepe and howle *for the nonces*."

Ibid. Sig. L 3:—"Eche of whome, in babyling maye compare with ten women chosen *for the nonces*."

Gascoigne's *Supposes*, 1587, A. 3. S. 3:—"Step to him all at once; take him; and with a cord that I have lay'd on the table *for the nonce*, bind him hand and foot."

Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, A. 2. S. 2: "Here's a medicine *for the nonce*."

Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "Norwich at her majesty's coming in progress thither, presented her with a shew of knitters, on a high stage placed *for the nonce*."

*The Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, by Tho. Dekker: "Oh lamentable! never did the olde buskinde tragedy beginne till now: for the wives of those husbands, with whom she had played at fast and loose, came with their nayles sharpened *for the nonce*, like cattes, and tongues forkedly cut like the stings of adders, &c."

Gascoigne's Works, 1587, p. 273:—"In the ende she tooke out a booke (which she had brought *for the nonce*) and bound him by othe to accomplish it."

*Phry.* I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawer's, not to curtail it off at the cutler's.

*Lais.* You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds with great words; but stay at home, where instead of alarms you shall have dances; for hot battles with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These pewter coats can never fit so well as sattin doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace, unless you despise the rudeness of war.

*Mil.* It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub!—Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel?

*Dio.* I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poison my stomach.

*Phry.* Thou speakest as thou art, it is no meat for dogs.

*Dio.* I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from carrion.

*Lais.* Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling! the time was thou wouldest have had my company, had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

*Dio.* I remember there was a thing, that I repented me of, and now thou hast told it: indeed it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

*Lais.* Down, villain, or I will have thy head broken.

*Mil.* Will you couch?

*Phry.* Avaunt, cur. Come, sweet Lais, let us go to some place, and possess peace. But first let us sing; there is more pleasure in tuning of a voice, than in a volley of shot.[39]

*Mil.* Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us here. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PAGE, DIOGENES, APELLES, CAMPASPE.

*Alex.* Me thinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace, nor my pleasure: be of good chear; though I wink, I sleep not.

*Heph.* Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scower it out with infinite labours.

*Alex.* Yes, yes, if all the travels of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them: But what think you of Apelles? did ye ever see any so perplexed? he neither answered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly upon any thing. I hold my life the painter is in love.

*Heph.* It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan; especially painters, who playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it; and then (poor souls) they kiss the colours with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

*Alex.* I will find it out. Page, go speedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, Apelles's shop is on fire.

*Page.* It shall be done.

*Alex.* Forget not your lesson.

*Heph.* I marvel what your device shall be.

*Alex.* The event shall prove.

*Heph.* I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

*Alex.* Pity him not, I pray thee; that severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

*Heph.* As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched.

*Alex.* But what do you imagine it to be?

*Heph.* A word by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humour, by self-will made a flattering madness.

*Alex.* You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes.—Diogenes, thou mayest think it somewhat, that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon.

*Dio.* If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; if to laugh, you be come too soon.

---

39 *Than in a volley of shot*—The writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, paid very little attention to the manners and customs either of the times or the country in which the scenes of their dramas were laid. They frequently introduce allusions to facts and circumstances in one age and country peculiar only to another, and perpetually violate every rule of chronology. Beaumont and Fletcher introduce one of the successors of Alexander with a pistol, and Shakespeare is ever at war with propriety and probability. Ben Jonson seems the only poet of the times to whom the charge of uniting dissimilar manners and discordant periods is not to be laid. Later writers have been more careful of falling into these mistakes; but improvements in these particulars by the directors of our theatres have not kept pace with others which have been with propriety adopted. It may be said, that these gentlemen have rather increased the number of their authors' errors, and made them guilty of anachronisms, where their writings do not give the least countenance for them. Absurd as it must appear to every intelligent spectator, and incredible to every informed reader, yet it is certainly true, that Hamlet has been lately represented with all the decorations of a modern order, that of the Elephant; and it is reported a late actor was with difficulty prevailed upon to forbear arming Macbeth with a case of pistols at his girdle.

*Heph.* It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please.

*Dio.* And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

*Alex.* What dost thou think of the time we have here?

*Dio.* That we have little, and lose much.

*Alex.* If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

*Dio.* Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

*Alex.* If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

*Dio.* As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

*Alex.* What, a world?

*Dio.* No, the length of my body.

*Alex.* Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

*Heph.* You may; but he will be very perverse with you.

*Alex.* [40] It skilleth not, I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

*Dio.* A little worser than I can of hate.

*Alex.* And why?

*Dio.* Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

*Alex.* Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

*Dio.* Next men and bees.

*Alex.* What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

*Dio.* One thing.

*Alex.* What?

*Dio.* That she is a woman.

*Alex.* In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who I am sure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

*Dio.* And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court farther from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

*Enter* APELLES.

*Alex.* But here cometh Apelles. Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

*Apel.* None in hand, if it like your majesty; but I am devising a platform in my head.

*Alex.* I think your hand put it into your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

*Apel.* No, but something, [41] above Venus.

*Page.* Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your shop is on fire.

*Apel.* Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone.

*Alex.* Stay, Apelles, no haste, it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost, so she be safe.

*Apel.* Not love her: but your majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves; and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous.

*Alex.* You lay your colours grossly; though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. Call hither Campaspe. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loved under hand, yea and under Alexander's nose, and —but I say no more.

*Apel.* Apelles loveth not so; but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

*Enter* CAMPASPE.

*Alex.* Campaspe, here is news; Apelles is in love with you.

*Cam.* It pleaseth your majesty to say so.

*Alex.* Hephestion, I will try her too.—Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another. How say you, Campaspe, would you say ay?

*Cam.* Your handmaid must obey, if you command.

*Alex.* Think you not, Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded?

*Heph.* I am no thought-catcher, but I guess unhappily.

*Alex.* I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love.

*Cam.* But your majesty may move a question, where you be willing to have a match.

*Alex.* Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness.—Apelles, take Campaspe. Why move ye

---

[40] *It skilleth not*, i. e. it matters not; it is of no importance. So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p 82:—"Whether it be an inchaunted leafe, a vearse of Pythia, a figure of Amphion, a character of Aschanes, an image of Venus, or a braunch of Sybilla, *it skilleth not.*"

Again, p. 86:—"saying that *it skilleth not*, how long things were a doing, but how well they were done."

[41] *Above*—Former editions read *about.*

not?—Campaspe, take Apelles. Will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles?

*Cam.* Pardon, my lord, I love Apelles.

*Alex.* Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

*Apel.* Only Campaspe.

*Alex.* Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew, as well upon the low grass, as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen.—Well, enjoy one another; I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters; using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for sempsters and scholars: the one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on; the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that, which thou wonderest at.

*Apel.* Thanks to your majesty on bended knee; you have honoured Apelles.

*Cam.* Thanks with bowed heart; you have blest Campaspe. [*Exeunt.*

*Alex.* Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio, and the other lords, to be in readiness; let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia.—How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

*Heph.* The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

*Alex.* It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself. But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart, than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or on my word I will fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKFRIERS.

Where the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillers will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day: We hope, in the ears where our travails be lodged, no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is always of the same colour into what it runneth. In the Trojan horse lay couched soldiers, with children; and in heaps of many words we fear divers unfit, among some allowable. But as Demosthenes, with often breathing up the hill, amended his stammering; so we hope, with sundry labours[42] against the hair, to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our pastimes be misliked, that have been allowed, you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour.—And so we rest in good case, if you rest well content.

[42] *Against the hair*—This phrase occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 3.; and Mr Steevens observes, that it is "proverbial, and is taken from stroking the hair of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows. We now say against the grain."

So, in Dekker's *Satiromastrix*: "Go, let him lift up baldness to the sky; and thou shalt see 'twill turn Minever's heart *quite against the hair*."

Middleton's *Mayor of Quinborough*, A. 3. S. 2:

> "Books in women's hands are as much *against*
> *The hair* methinks, as to see men wear stomachers."

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT.

We cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes's birds or his horses; the one received some men with sweet notes, the other bit all men with sharp teeth. But as Homer's gods conveyed them into clouds, whom they would have kept from curses; and as Venus, lest Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders, covered his face with the wings of swans; so we hope, being shielded with your highness's countenance, we shall, though we hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking, of those jades; and receive, though no praise, (which we cannot deserve,) yet a pardon, which in all humility we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should term our labours, iron, or bullion; only it belongeth to your majesty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint; current by the stamp, or counterfeit by the anvil. For as nothing is to be called white, unless it had been named white by the first creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, unless it be christened good by the judgement of yourself. For ourselves again, we are like these torches, wax, of which, being in your highness's hands, you may make doves or vultures, roses, or nettles, laurel for a garland, or elder for a disgrace.

## EDITIONS.

(1.) "A moste excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes, played beefore the Queene's Majestie on twelfe-day at night, by her Majesties children, and the children of Paules. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, 1584, 4to."

(2.) "Campaspe, played beefore the Queene's Majestie on New-yeares-day at night, by her Majesties children, and the children of Paules. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, 1584, 4to."

(3.) "Campaspe, played beefore the Queene's Majestie on twelfe-day at night, by her Majesties children, and the children of Paules. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, for William Broome, 1591, 4to."

(4.) "Campaspe, played before the Queene's Majestie on twelfe-day at night, by her Majesties children, and the children of Paules. London, printed by William Stansby, for Edward Blount, 1632, 12mo."

# EDWARD II.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, *a writer of considerable eminence in his time, was, according to Oldys,*[1] *born in the former part of the reign of Edward the Sixth, and received his education at Cambridge. The place of his birth is unknown, as are the circumstances of his parents, and the reason which induced him to quit the destination for which, by the nature of his education, he seemed to be intended. After leaving the university, he appeared upon the stage with applause as an actor, and then commenced dramatic writer with no inconsiderable degree of reputation. His character as a man does not appear in a favourable light. He is represented by an author,*[2] *quoted in Wood's Athenæ, p.* 338, *as "giving too large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, by which means he fell to that outrage and extremity as Jodelle, a French tragical poet did, (being an epicure and atheist,) that he denied God and his Son Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, but also, as was credibly reported, wrote divers discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses to be a conjuror; the Holy Bible also to contain only vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy."*[3] *A late writer*[4] *is willing to believe, that the whole of Marlow's offence was daring to reason on matters of religion; than which nothing could be a greater crime, in the opinion of those who did not dare to think for themselves. But the opinion of this gentleman will have less weight, when the violence of his prejudices against every kind of religious establishment are considered. Marlow was most probably a dissipated, abandoned man; and the circumstances of his death, as related by Wood, sufficiently prove it: "Being deeply in love with a certain woman, he had for his rival a bawdy serving-man, one rather fit to be a pimp, than an ingenious amoretto, as Marlow conceived himself to be. Whereupon Marlow, taking it to be a high affront, rushed in upon, to stab him with his dagger; but the serving-man, being very quick, so avoided the stroke, that withal catching hold of Marlow's wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he shortly after died of his wound before the year* 1593."

*As a writer, Marlow's character stands in a much fairer light. Langbaine*[5] *observes, that he was accounted an excellent poet by Jonson;*[6] *and Heywood, his fellow-actor, stiles him the best of poets. Meres*[7] *names him with Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Daniel, &c. for having mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments, and resplendent habiliments, the English tongue. Carew*[8] *the Cornish antiquary, places him along with Shakespeare, where he says, "Would you read Catullus, take Shakespeare and Marlow's fragments." Nash,*[9] *speaking of Hero and Leander, says, "Of whom divine Musæus sung, and a diviner muse than he, Kit Marlow." The author of* The Returne from Pernassus[10] *characterizes him thus:*

> "Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd muse,
> Alas! unhappy in his life and end:
> Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
> Wit lent from heav'n, but vices sent from hell."

---

[1] MS. Additions to Langbaine.
[2] Beard's Theatre of God's Judgments.
[3] Among the papers of Lord Keeper Puckering, in the British Museum, are some which give an account of Marlow's principles and tenets.
[4] Berkenhout's Historia Literaria, Vol. I. p. 358.
[5] P. 342.
[6] Verses to the memory of Shakespeare.
[7] Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth, p. 280.
[8] Excellencies of the English Tongue, p. 13.
[9] Lenten Stuff, 4to. 1599, p. 42.
[10] 1606, A. 1. S. 2.

*Drayton*[11] *in these terms:*

"Next Marlow, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave sublunary things,
That your first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear:
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

*And George Peele, in* The Honour of the Garter, *4to. 1593, or 99, mentions him in this manner:*

—— "Unhappy in thy end,
Marlow, the muses darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passions speak."

*His Dramatic Works are as follow:*

1. *The Tragedie of Dido, queene of Carthage. Played by the children of her Majesties chappel. Written by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nash, gent.* 1594, *4to.*

2. *The troublesome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edwarde the Second, &c.*

3. *Tamberlaine the Greate. Who, from the state of a Shepherd in Scythia, by his rare and wonderful Conquests, became a most puissant and mightie Monarque,* 1605, *4to. 1st Part, B. L.*

4. *Tamberlaine the Greate. With his impassionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Love faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three sonnes, and the manner of his owne death. The second Part,* 4*to.* 1606, *4to. B. L.*

5. *The Massacre of Paris, with the Death of the Duke of Guise. A Tragedy play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Admiral's Servants.* 8*vo. N. D.*

6. *The famous Tragedy of the rich Jew of Malta.*

7. *The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, with new additions,* 1631, *4to. B. L.* 1663, *4to. B. L.*

8. *Lust's Dominion; or, the Lascivious Queen. A Tragedy,* 12*mo.* 1661.

*Besides these, he was the Author of*

1. *Hero and Leander, translated from Musæus, with the first Book of Lucan,* 4*to.* 1600. *This translation, or at least Marlow's part of it, must have been published before* 1599, *being mentioned by several writers earlier than that year. It was entered at Stationer's Hall, in* 1593 *and* 1597; *and*[12] *Henry Petowe's Second Part of it appeared in* 1598. *Marlow's part was left unfinished, and was*

---

[11] Censure of Poets, p. 1236.

[12] This author exceeds all the panegyrists of Marlow in the extravagance of his eulogium. The following lines are taken from his poem:—

"Marlow admir'd, whose honey flowing vaine,
No English writer can as yet attaine.
Whose name in Fame's immortall treasurie,
Truth shall record to endles memorie.
Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all divine,
What soule more happy, than that soule of thine?
Live still in heaven thy soule, thy fame on earth
(Thou dead) of Marlo's hero findes a dearth."

Again,

"What mortall soule with Marlow might contend,
That could against reason force him stoope or bend?
Whose silver charming toung mov'd such delight,
That men would shun their sleepe in still dark night,
To meditate upon his goulden lynes,
His rare conceyts and sweete according rimes.
But Marlo still admired Marlo's gon,
To live with beautie in Elyzium,
Immortal beautie who desires to heare,
His sacred poesies sweete in every eare:
Marlow must frame to Orpheus melodie,
Himnes all divine to make heaven harmonie,
There ever live the prince of poetrie,
Live with the living in eternitie."

*completed by Chapman. Although the First Book of Lucan is mentioned in the title-page, not a line of that author is to be found with Marlow's Work.*

*2. Certaine of Ovid's Elegies; by C. Marlow, 12mo. at Middleburgh, no date. Afterwards published, with additions, under the title of All Ovid's Elegies, Three Books; by C. M. at Middleburgh, no date.*

*Mr Steevens says, (first volume of Shakespeare, p. 94,) that, in the forty-first of Queen Elizabeth, these translations from Ovid were commanded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to be burnt at Stationer's Hall.*

*He was also the author of that beautiful Sonnet, quoted in* The Merry Wives of Windsor, *A. 3. S. 1. called* The Passionate Shepherd to his Love; *to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a Reply. Both these pieces are printed in Dr Percy's* Reliques of Ancient Poetry, *Vol. I. p. 218.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD II.
EDWARD III.
GAVESTON.
SPENCER, *Sen.*
SPENCER, *Jun.*
*Earl* MORTIMER, *Sen.*
MORTIMER, *Jun.*
LANCASTER.
LEICESTER.
KENT.
ARUNDEL.
WARWICK.
PEMBROKE.
*Archbishop of* CANTERBURY.
*Bishop of* WINCHESTER.
*Bishop of* COVENTRY.
*Lord* MATREVIS.
*Sir* JOHN HAINAULT.
LEWNE.
BALDOCK.
MATREVIS, GURNIE, RICE AP HOWEL,
LIGHTBORNE, ABBOT, MESSENGERS, &c.

*Queen* ISABELLA.

# EDWARD II.

*Enter* GAVESTON, *reading a letter that was brought him from the King.*

Gav. *My father is deceas'd: come, Gaveston,*
*And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.*
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes,
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the artick people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers;
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty.
Tanti: I'll fan first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

*Enter three Poor Men.*

*Poor men.* Such as desire your worship's service.

*Gav.* What canst thou do?

1 *Poor.* I can ride.

*Gav.* But I have no horse.—What art thou?

2 *Poor.* A traveller.

*Gav.* Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?

3 *Poor.* A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

*Gav.* Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

*Sol.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital!

*Gav.* Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much,
As if a goose should play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.
[*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

*Omnes.* We thank your worship.

*Gav.* I have some business. Leave me to myself.

*Omnes.* We will wait here about the court.
[*Exeunt.*

*Gav.* Do:—these are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
[13] Musick and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like Sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard-by,
[14] One, like Acteon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die;
Such things as these best please his majesty.
My lord here comes; the king and the nobles,
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

*Enter the King,* LANCASTER, MORTIMER *senior,* MORTIMER *junior,* EDMUND *Earl of* KENT, GUY *Earl of* WARWICK, *&c.*

*Edw.* Lancaster.

*Lan.* My lord.

*Gav.* That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*

*Edw.* Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.

*Mort. sen.* If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

*Gav.* That villain, Mortimer, I'll be his death.
[*Aside.*

*Mort. jun.* Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realme:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

*Gav. Mort dieu!* [*Aside.*

*Edw.* Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plain the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

*Gav.* Well done, Ned. [*Aside.*

*Lan.* My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster;
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester:
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

---

[13] *Music and poetry,* &c.—How exactly the author, as the learned Dr Hurd observes, has painted the humour of the times, which esteemed masks and shows as the highest indulgence that could be provided for a luxurious and happy monarch, we may see from the entertainment provided, not many years after, for the reception of King James at Althrop, in Northamptonshire; where this very design of *Silvan Nymphs, Satyrs,* and *Acteon,* was executed in a masque by *Ben Jonson.*—Moral and Political Dialogues, Vol. I. p. 194.

[14] *One like Acteon,* &c.—See *Grim the Collier of Croydon.*

*Edw.* Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly moved,
Braved Moubery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
The undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeased,
And Moubery and he were reconciled.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face:—
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
*War.* O, our heads!
*Edw.* Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant—
*War.* Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
*Mor. jun.* I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.
*Mor. sen.* Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
*War.* All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.
*Lan.* And, northward, Gaveston hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord, and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The [15] glozing head of thy base minion thrown.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*
*Edw.* I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
And I a king, and must be over-rul'd?—
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll [16] bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.
*Gave.* I can no longer keep me from my lord.
*Edw.* What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand;
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel?
Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hilas was more mourned for Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.
*Gave.* And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.
*Edw.* I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee lord high chamberlain,
Chief secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.
*Gave.* My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
*Kent.* Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.
*Edw.* Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these words.—
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
[17] If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment. [18]
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard

---

[15] *Glozing*—Flattering. See Note 22 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, p. 111.

[16] *Bandy*—Oppose with all my force, *totis viribus se opponere*, says Skinner, voce *bandy*.

[17] *If for these dignities thou be* envied—That is, *hated*; in this sense the word is frequently used.

Green's *Thieves falling out*:—"The mayd replyed, that she spake not of *envy* to him, but of meere love she bare unto him."

Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 47:—"Although I have bene bolde to invay against many, yet am I not so brutish *to envie* them all."

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 5:—

——— "And, I am justly pay'd,
That might have made my profit of his service;
But by mistaking have drawn on *his envy*,
And done the worst defeat upon myself."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on the *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4. S. 1.

[18] *Kingly regiment*—Kingly government.

*Euphues and his England*, p. 111:—*The regiment* that they have dependeth upon statute law, and that is by parliament, &c."

Again, *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 6:—

"And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull."

See Mr Steevens's Note on the last passage.

Want'st thou gold? go to my treasury.
Would'st thou be loved and feared? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.
*Gave.* It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

*Enter the Bishop of* COVENTRY.

*Edw.* Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?
*Bish.* To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?
*Edw.* Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.
*Gave.* 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.
*Bish.* I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.
*Gave.* Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.
*Edw.* Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole.
And in the channel christen him anew.
*Kent.* Ah, brother, lay not valiant hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.
*Gave.* Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.
*Edw.* No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods;
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee---here, use him as thou wilt.
*Gave.* He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.
*Edw.* Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.
*Bish.* For this offence, be thou accurst of God.
*Edw.* Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.
*Bish.* Do, do.
*Edw.* But in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.
*Gave.* What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter both the* MORTIMERS, WARWICK, *and* LANCASTER.

*War.* 'Tis true! the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.
*Lan.* What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.
*Mor. jun.* Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.
*Mor. sen.* How now! why droops the earl of Lancaster?
*Mor. jun.* Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
*Lan.* That villain Gaveston is made an earl.
*Mor. sen.* An earl!
*War.* Ay, and besides, lord chamberlain of the realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.
*Mor. sen.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
*Mor. jun.* Why post we not from hence to levy men?
*Lan.* My lord of Cornwall now, at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
[19] For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.
*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.
*Mor. sen.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?
*Lan.* All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.
*Mor. jun.* Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

*Enter the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY.

*War.* Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.
*Lan.* His countenance bewrays he is displeased.
*Arch.* First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse.
*Lan.* My lord, will you take arms against the king?
*Arch.* What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offered to the church.

---

[19] *For vailing of his bonnet,* See Note to *The Pinner of Wakefield.*

*Mor. jun.* Then, will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
*Arch.* What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishopric of Coventry is his.

*Enter the* QUEEN.

*Mor. jun.* Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
*Queen.* Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.
*Mor. sen.* Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitched?
*Mor. jun.* Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full.
*Arch.* But yet lift not your swords against the king.
*Lan.* No; but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.
*War.* And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.
*Queen.* Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.
*Arch.* My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak.
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
*Lan.* What we confirm, the king will frustrate.
*Mor. jun.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
*War.* But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?
*Arch.* At the new Temple.
*Mor. jun.* Content.
*Arch.* And, in the meantime, I'll intreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.
*Lan.* Come then, let's away.
*Mor. jun.* Madam, farewell!
*Queen.* Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.
*Mor. jun.* Aye, if words will serve; if not, I must. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GAVESTON, *and the Earl of* KENT.

*Gave.* Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* NOBLES.

*Lan.* Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
*Arch.* Give me the paper.
*Lan.* Quick, quick, my lord;
I long to write my name.
*War.* But I long more to see him banished hence.
*Mor. jun.* The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

*Enter the King and* GAVESTON.

*Edw.* What! are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.
*Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.
*Mor. sen.* What man of noble birth can brook this sight!
*Quam male conveniunt!*
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
*Pem.* Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
*War.* Ignoble vassal! that, like Phaeton,
Aspirest unto the guidance of the sun.
*Mor. jun.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be faced and over-peered.
*Edw.* Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
*Mor. sen.* Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
*Kent.* Is this the duty that you owe your king?
*War.* We know our duties,—let him know his peers.
*Edw.* Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.
*Mor. sen.* We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.
*Gave.* No! threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king—
*Mor. jun.* Thou villain! wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
*Edw.* Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
*Lan.* My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.
*Mor. sen.* And with the earl of Kent, that favours him.
*Edw.* Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king.
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown;
Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

*Lan.* Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.
*Mor. jun.* What we have done,
Our heart-blood shall maintain.
*War.* Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
*Edw.* Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
*Arch.* Why are you moved? be patient, my lord,
And see what we, your counsellors, have done.
*Mor. jun.* My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
*Edw.* Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall [20] fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde!
*Arch.* You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
*Mor. jun.* Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.
*Edw.* Ay, there it goes, but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can!
*Lan.* Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
*Arch.* Remember how the bishop was abused!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
*Edw.* It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair:
The legate of the pope will be obeyed.—[*Aside.*
My lord, you shall be chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, high admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, president of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all;
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.
*Arch.* Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.
*Lan.* Come, come, subscribe.
*Mor. jun.* Why should you love him,
Whom the world hates so?
*Edw.* Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah! none but rude and savage-minded men,
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You, that be noble born, should pity him.
*War.* You, that are princely born, should shake him off;
For shame, subscribe! and let the loon depart.
*Mor. sen.* Urge him, my lord.
*Arch.* Are you content to banish him the realm?
*Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content.
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.
*Mor. jun.* The king is love-sick for his minion.
*Edw.* 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand! fall off!
*Lan.* Give it me—I'll have it published in the streets.
*Mor. jun.* I'll see him presently dispatched away.
*Arch.* Now is my heart at ease.
*War.* And so is mine.
*Pem.* This will be good news to the common sort.
*Mor. sen.* Be it or no, he shall not linger here.
[*Exeunt* NOBLES.
*Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
For these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy Antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce
Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
With slaughtered priests may Tyber's channel swell,
And banks rise higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

*Enter* GAVESTON.

*Gave.* My lord, I hear it whispered every-where,
That I am banished, and must fly the land.
*Edw.* 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh! were it, were it false!
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
But I will reign to be revenged of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or, if thou do'st,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.
*Gave.* Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?
*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.
*Gave.* To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.
*Edw.* And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine.
O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable!
*Gave.* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

---

[20] *Fleet.*—*Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Notes by Mr Steevens, Mr Tollet, and Mr Tyrwhitt, on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 11.

*Edw.* Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.
*Gave.* I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
*Edw.* Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.
*Gave.* For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
*Edw.* The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill:
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.
*Gave.* The peers will frown.
*Edw.* I pass not for their anger—Come, let's go;
O that we might as well return as go!

*Enter* EDMUND *and Queen* ISABEL.

*Queen.* Whither goes my lord?
*Edw.* Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.
*Queen.* On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
*Gave.* On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.
*Queen.* In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
*Gave.* I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
*Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exiled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.
*Queen.* Your highness knows it lies not in my power.
*Edw.* Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.
*Queen.* Villain! 'tis thou that rob'st me of my lord.
*Gave.* Madam! 'tis you that robs me of my lord.
*Edw.* Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.
*Queen.* Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.
*Edw.* And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.
*Queen.* O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embarked,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston.
But that will more exasperate his wrath:
I must intreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

*Enter the* NOBLES.

*Lan.* Look where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
*War.* The king, I fear, hath ill-treated her.
*Pem.* Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
*Mor. jun.* I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
*Mor. sen.* Why, he is gone.
*Mor. jun.* Madam, how fares your grace?
*Queen.* Ah! Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
*Mor. jun.* Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.
*Queen.* No, rather will I die a thousand deaths;
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.
*Lan.* Fear ye not, madam: now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
*Queen.* Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoined
To sue unto you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.
*Lan.* For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwrecked body.
*War.* And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
*Mor. jun.* But, madam, would you have us call him home?
*Queen.* Ay, Mortimer; for, till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banished me the court;
And therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
*Mor. jun.* What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?
*Mor. sen.* Plead for him he that will, I am resolved.
*Lan.* And so am I, my lord; dissuade the queen.
*Queen.* O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.
*War.* Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.
*Queen.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
*Pem.* No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
*Mor. jun.* Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish,
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;

I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, flouts on the Irish seas.
*Queen.* Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
*Mor. jun.* It is impossible; but speak your mind.
*Queen.* Then thus; but none shall hear it but ourselves.
*Lan.* My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?
*Mor. sen.* Not I, against my nephew.
*Pem.* Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
*War.* No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads.
*Lan.* And see how coldly his looks make denial.
*War.* She smiles; now for my life his mind is changed.
*Lan.* I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.
*Mor. jun.* Well, of necessity it must be so.—
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honours make no question;
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:
Nay, for the realms behoof, and for the king's.
*Lan.* Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself;
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
*Mor. jun.* My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.
*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.
*Queen.* Yet, good my lord, hear what he can alledge.
*War.* All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolved.
*Mor. jun.* Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
*Pem.* I would he were.
*Mor. jun.* Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
*Mor. sen.* But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
*Mor. jun.* This which I urge is of a burning zeal,
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
*War.* Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.
*Mor. jun.* But were he here detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborned,
To greet his lordship with a poynard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of such a plague?
*Pem.* He saith true.
*Lan.* Ay, but how chance this was not done before?
*Mor. jun.* Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home;
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.
*Mor. sen.* But how if he do not, nephew?
*Mor. jun.* Then may we with some colour rise in arms:
For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So shall we have the people on our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwal is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston,
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.
*Lan.* On that condition, Lancaster will grant.
*War.* And so will Pembroke and I.
*Mor. sen.* And I.
*Mor. jun.* In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.
*Queen.* And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn.
But see in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwal on his way,
Is new returned. This news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston. Would he loved me
But half so much! then were I treble blessed.

*Enter King* EDWARD, *mourning.*

*Edw.* He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.
*Queen.* Hark! how he harps upon his minion.
*Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!
*Lan.* Diablo, what passions call you these?
*Queen.* My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
*Edw.* That you have parlyed with your Mortimer?
*Queen.* That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.
*Edw.* Repealed! the news is too sweet to be true!
*Queen.* But will you love me, if you find it so?
*Edw.* If it be so, what will not Edward do?
*Queen.* For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
*Edw.* For thee, fair queen; if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,

Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
*Queen.* No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord: nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasure—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!
*Edw.* Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
*Queen.* And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your Majesty.
*Edw.* Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king,
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile!
Live thou with me as my companion.
*Lan.* This salutation overjoys my heart.
*Edw.* Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
*War.* Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
*Edw.* In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.
*Pem.* And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
*Edw.* But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office [21] like thee not,
I make thee here lord marshal of the realm.
*Mor. jun.* My lord, I'll marshall so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
*Edw.* And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.
*Mor. sen.* In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
*Queen.* Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.
*Edw.* Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beaumont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury!
*Beau.* It shall be done, my gracious lord.
*Edw.* Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in and feast it royally,
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwal comes:
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnized.
For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Glou'ster's heir?
*Lan.* Such news we hear, my lord.
*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your love.
*War.* In this, or aught, your highness shall command us.
*Edw.* Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent* MORTIMERS.

*Mor. sen.* Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king,
Thou see'st by nature he is mild and calm:
And, seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering [22] Hercules for his Hilas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.
*Mor. jun.* Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And, Midas like, [23] he jets it in the court,

---

[21] *Like thee not*—See the Note to *Cornelia*, p. 244.
[22] *Hercules*—All the editions read *Hector*. S. P.
[23] *He jets it in the court—To jet* is *to strut about*, or *walk in a supercilious, affected*, or *haughty manner*. So in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, &c. 1592:—"To see in that place such a strange headlesse courtier *jettinge up* and downe like the usher of a fense-schoole about to play his prise."
Ibid—"Was he not called to be dictator from the plough, and after many victories, what, did he *jet* up and down the court, in costly garments and velvet breeches?"
Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 228:

"Some in their ruffe would *jet* about the hall."

Deckkar's *Bel-man of London*, B. 2:—"How villainy *jettes* in silks, and like a god adorde!"
Deckkar's *Bel-man's Night-walkes*, H, 4,—"They *jetted* up and downe like proud tragedians."

With base outlandish [24] cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded-cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jet at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

*Mor. sen.* But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.

*Mor. jun.* Then so am I, and live to do him service;
But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SPENCER *and* BALDOCK.

*Bal.* Spencer, seeing that our lord the earl of Glou'ster's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

*Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me; a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal earl of Cornwal is the man,
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

*Bal.* What! mean you then to be his follower?

*Spen.* No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.

*Bal.* But he is banished, there's small hope of him.

*Spen.* Ay, for a while: but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secresy,
That he's repealed, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And as she read she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

*Bal.* 'Tis like enough; for since he was exiled,
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.

*Spen.* Our lady's first love is not wavering:
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

*Bal.* Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

*Spen.* Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd cloak, faced before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
[25] Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eye-lids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

*Bal.* Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord, while he lived, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
[26] I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*

*Spen.* But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem,*
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

*Bal.* Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

*Enter the* LADY.

*Lady.* The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston;
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou could'st not come and visit me:

[*Reads.*

*I will not long be from thee though I die.*
This argues the entire love of my lord: [*Reads.*
*When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart.*
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.—
Now to the letter of my lord the king.
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there, Baldock?
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

*Bal.* It shall be done, madam. [*Exit.*

*Lady.* And meet me at the Park-pail presently.—
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

*Spen.* I knew the king would have him home again.

*Lady.* If all things [27] sort out, as I hope they will,

---

[24] *Cullions*—See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

[25] *Or making low legs*—See Note 20 to *The Parson's Wedding.*

[26] *I am none of these common pedants*, I—Dr Farmer observes, that this duplication of the pronoun was formerly very common. See several instances of it by him, Mr Steevens, and Mr Malone, in note to second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4.

[27] *Sort out*—Succeed, or take effect. *Sortir effect.* Cotgrave.

Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.
*Spen.* I humbly thank your ladyship.
*Lady.* Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* EDWARD, EDMUND, *the* QUEEN, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *Attendants.*

*Edw.* The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wrecked upon the sea.
*Queen.* Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
*Lan.* My lord.
*Edw.* How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?
*Mor. jun.* Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.
*Edw.* A trifle! we'll expel him when we please:
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
*Mor. jun.* A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
*Edw.* Pray thee let me know it.
*Mor. jun.* But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*
*Edw.* And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
*Lan.* My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a [28] flying fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*
*Edw.* Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Against the earl of Cornwal and my brother?
*Queen.* Sweet husband! be content, they all love you.
*Edw.* They love me not, that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses [29] that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou comparest him to a flying fish,
And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.
*Mor. jun.* If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?
*Lan.* That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

*Enter* GAVESTON.

*Edw.* My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
For as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lockt up in a brazen tower,
Desired her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
*Gav.* Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine.
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.
*Edw.* Will none of you salute my Gaveston?
*Lan.* Salute him? yes;—welcome, lord chamberlain.
*Mor. jun.* Welcome is the good earl of Cornwal.
*Wur.* Welcome, lord Governor of the Isle of Man.
*Pem.* Welcome, master secretary.
*Edm.* Brother, do you hear them?
*Edw.* Still will these earls and barons use me thus?
*Gav.* My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.
*Queen.* Ah! me, poor soul! when these begin to jar.
*Edw.* Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
*Gav.* Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low,
As to bestow a look on such as you.
*Lan.* Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
[*Draws.*
*Edw.* Treason! treason! where's the traitor?
*Pem.* Here! here! king: convey hence Gaveston, they'll murder him.
*Gav.* The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
*Mor. jun.* Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.
*Queen.* Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

---

[28] *A flying fish*—The *Exocœtus.* See Plinii *Nat. Hist.* lib. ix. 19.
[29] *Gresses*—Or, as it is more commonly written, *Jesses*, which, *Latham* says, "are those short straps of leather, which are fastened to the hawk's legges, and so to the lease by varvels, amlets, or such like."

*Mor.* No more than I would answer, were he slain.
*Edw.* Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! come not near the court!
*Mor. jun.* I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.
*Lan.* We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.
*Edw.* Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.
*War.* Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
*Edm.* Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
*Edw.* Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads,
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men;
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
[*Exit the King.*
*War.* Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.
*Mor. jun.* Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!
*Lan.* Cousin, it is no dealing with him now.
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.
*Mor. jun.* By heaven! the abject villain shall not live.
*War.* I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
*Pem.* The like oath Pembroke takes.
*Lan.* And so doth Lancaster,
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

*Enter a Post.*

*Mor. jun.* Letters! from whence?
*Messen.* From Scotland, my lord.
*Lan.* Why, how now, cousin, how fare all our friends?
*Mor. jun.* My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
*Lan.* We'll have him ransom'd, man; be of good cheer.
*Mor. jun.* They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
*Lan.* Do, cousin; and I'll bear thee company.
*War.* Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
*Mor. jun.* About it then, and we will follow you.
*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.
*War.* I warrant you.
*Mor. jun.* Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.
*Lan.* Content, I'll bear my part—Holla! who's there?
*Mor. jun.* Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
*Lan.* Lead on the way.
*Guard.* Whither will your lordships?
*Mor. jun.* Whither else but to the king?
*Guard.* His highness is disposed to be alone.
*Lan.* Why, so he may; but we will speak to him.
*Guard.* You may not in, my lord.
*Mor. jun.* May we not?

*Enter* EDWARD.

*Edw.* How now! what noise is this!
Who have we there? is't you?
*Mor. jun.* Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots.
*Edw.* Then ransom him.
*Lan.* 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.
*Mor. jun.* And you shall ransom him, or else—
*Edm.* What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
*Edw.* Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.
*Lan.* Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
*Mor. jun.* My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
*Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus?
*Mor. jun.* Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.
*Lan.* And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
*Mor. jun.* The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shews,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.[30]
*Lan.* Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyle, with swarms of[31] Irish kerns,

---

[30] *Break*—All the editions read *hath*.

[31] *Irish Kerns*—"*Kern* in Ireland is a kind of foot souldier lightly armed with a dart or skeyn." Blount's *Glossary*. "*The kerne*," says Barnaby Ryche, in his *Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 37. are "the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live: these be they that live by robbing and spoiling the poore countreyman, that maketh him many times to buy bread

Live uncontrol'd within the [32] English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
*Mor. jun.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
*Lan.* What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?
*Mor.* Who loves thee? but a [33] sort of flatterers.
*Lan.* Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valoys,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
*Mor. jun.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street;
Ballads and rhimes made of thy overthrow.
*Lan.* The Northern Borderers, seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
*Mor. jun.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once: and then thy soldiers marched like players,

---

to give unto them, though he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they, that are ready to run out with everie rebell; and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows." The following description of the Irish in general, and of the dress of the *kern* in particular, is extracted from the Second Part of *The Image of Irelande*, by John Derricke, 4to, B. L. 1581:

"This bride it is the soile,
The bridegrome is the karne,
With writhed glibbes like wicked sprits,
With visage rough and stearne.
With sculles upon their poules,
Instead of civill cappes:
With speares in hand, and swordes by sides,
To beare of after clappes:
With jacekettes long and large,
Whiche shroude simplicitie:
Though spitfull dartes which thei do beare
*Importe* iniquitie,
Their skirtes be verie strange,
Not reaching paste the thie:
With pleates on pleates they pleated are,
As thicke as pleates may lye.
Whose sleves hang trailing doune
Almost unto the shoe:
And with a mantle commonlie,
The Irish karne doe goe.
Now some emongst the reste,
Doe use an other weede:
A coate I meane of strange device,
Which fancie first did breede.
His skirtes be verie shorte,
With pleates set thicke about,
And Irish trouzes," &c.

The same writer hath given a long detail of the manners of the Irish kerns. See also Dr Warburton's Note on *Macbeth*, A. I. S. 2.

[32] *English pale*—"The *English pale*," says Boate, in his *Ireland's Natural History*, 1657, p. 7. "comprehendeth onlie four counties, one whereof is in Ulster, viz. Louth, and the other three in Leinster, to wit, Meath, Dublin, and Kildare: the original of which division is this. The English at the first conquest, under the reign of Henry the Second, having within a little time conquered great part of Ireland, did afterwards, in the space of not very many yeares, make themselves masters of almost all the rest, having expelled the natives (called the Wild Irish, because that in all manner of wildness they may be compared with the most barbarous nations of the earth) into the desart woods and mountains. But afterwards being fallen at odds among themselves, and making several great warres the one upon the other, the Irish thereby got the opportunitie to recover now this, and then that part of the land; whereby, and through the degenerating of a great many from time to time, who, joining themselves with the Irish, took upon them their wild fashions and their language, the English in length of time came to be so much weakened, that at last nothing remained to them of the whole kingdome worth the speaking of, but the great cities and the forenamed four counties; to whom the name of *Pale* was given, because that the authority and government of the kings of England, and the English colonies or plantations, which before had been spread over the whole land, now were reduced to so small a compass, and as it were *impaled* within the same."

[33] *Sort*—See Note 4. to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

With [34]garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
*Lan.* And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, [35] have made this jig;
[36] *Maids of England, sore may you moorn,*
*For your lemmons you have lost, at Bennocks born,*
*With a heave and a ho.*
*What weeneth the king of England,*
*So soon to have won Scotland,*
*With a rombelow?*
*Mor.* Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.
*Lan.* And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*
*Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.
*Kent.* My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you;
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.
*Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
*Kent.* Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.
*Edw.* Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.
*Kent.* So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
*Edw.* Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!
*Kent.* No marvel that thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I, thy brother, am rejected thus. [*Exit.*
*Edw.* Away!—Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me!—
Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here.
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round!—
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

*Enter the Queen, three Ladies,* BALDOCK, *and* SPENCER.

*Queen.* My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.
*Edw.* Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them.
*Queen.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause?
*Ladies.* Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.
*Gave.* My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.
*Edw.* Pardon me, sweet! I forgot myself.
*Queen.* Your pardon is quickly got of Isabell.
*Edw.* The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,

---

[34] *Garish*—Splendid, gaudy. A word used by Shakespeare, *Richard III.* A. 4. S. 4:

——"a garish flag."

*Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. S. 4:

——"all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the *garish* sun."

And by Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 141:

"Hide me from day's *garish* eye."

[35] *Have made this* jig:—A *jig*, in Marlow's time, was not a dance only, if at all, but a ballad. In the Harleian Collection of Old Ballads, now in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq., are several under this title, as, "*A Northerne jige, called Daintie come thou to me.*" "*A merry new jigge, or the pleasant wooing betwixt Kit and Pegge.*" "*The West Country Jigg*, or *A Trenchmore Galliard*;" and several others.
Again, in *The Fatall Contract*, by Hemmings, A. 4. S. 4:

"Wee'l hear your *jigg*,
How is your *ballad* tit'l'd."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2.

[36] *Maids of England*, &c.—In Fabian's Chronicle, p. 155. Vol. II. these verses are given with some variation. "Than the Scottes enflamed with pryde in derysyon of the Englishmen, made thys ryme as followeth:

"Maydens of Englande sore may ye morne,
For your lemmans ye have lost at Banockys borne,
Wyth heve a lowe.
What weneth the king of England,
So soone to have wone Scotlande,
"Wyth rumbylowe.

"Thys songe was after many daies song in daunces in the carols of the maydens and mynstrelles of Scotland, to the reprofe and disdayne of Englyshemen, with dyvers other whych I over passe."

That to my face he threatens civil wars.
*Gave.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
*Edw.* I dare not, for the people love him well.
*Gave.* Why then we'll have him privily made away.
*Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both carousèd
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go; and tell me what are these.
1 *Lady.* Two of my father's servants whilst he lived:
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
*Edw.* Tell me, where wast thou born?
What is thine arms?
*Bal.* My name is Baldock; and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.
*Edw.* The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
*Bal.* I humbly thank your majesty.
*Edw.* Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
*Gave.* Ay, my lord, his name is Spencer, he is well allied;
For my sake let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
*Edw.* Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake,
I'll grace thee with a higher stile ere long.
*Spen.* No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty.
*Edw.* Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast.
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the earl of Glo'ster late deceased.
*Gave.* I know, my lord, many will stomach me;
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
*Edw.* The head-strong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* KENT.

*Kent.* My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.
*Lan.* I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a shew of love.
*War.* He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.
*Kent.* Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.
*Mor. jun.* Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.
*Pem.* But what's the reason you should leave him now?
*Kent.* I have informed the earl of Lancaster,
*Lan.* And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
And here in Tinmouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
*Mor. jun.* I'll give the onset.
*War.* And I'll follow thee.
*Mor. jun.* This tattered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.—
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
*Lan.* None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and* SPENCER, QUEEN, *Ladies, &c. to them* GAVESTON.

*Edw.* O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?
*Spen.* I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
*Edw.* No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.
Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough;
Spencer and I will post away by land.
*Gav.* O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.
*Edw.* I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!
*Gav.* Farewell, my lord.
*Edw.* Lady, farewell.
*Lady.* Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
*Edw.* Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
*Queen.* No farewell to poor Isabell thy queen?
*Edw.* Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.
[*Exeunt omnes, præter* ISABELLA.
*Queen.* Heavens can witness, I love none but you.
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drissel from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That, when I had him, we might never part!

*Enter the Barons. Alarums.*

*Lan.* I wonder how he 'scaped.
*Mor. jun.* Who's this, the Queen?
*Queen.* Ay, Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
*Mor. jun.* Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king.
*Queen.* What would you with the king? is't him you seek?
*Lan.* No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,

To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
*Queen.* He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
*War.* [37] Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.
*Mor.* How comes it that the king and he are parted?
*Queen.* That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force; and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone.
*Mor.* Here in the river rides a Flemish boy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.
*Mor.* Madam, stay you within this castle here.
*Queen.* No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.
*Mor.* Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.
*Queen.* You know the king is so suspicious,
As, if he hear I have but talked with you,
Mine honour will be called in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.
*Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.
*Queen.* So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabell could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer;
If he be strange, and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GAVESTON *pursued.*

*Gav.* Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
And, though divorced from king Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,
Breathing, in hope (that malgrado all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

*Enter the Nobles.*

*War.* Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.
*Mor. jun.* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.
*Lan.* Monster of men! that, like the Greekish strumpet,
Traineth to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death;
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.
*War.* Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go, soldiers, take him hence;
For by my sword his head shall off:—
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn.
It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person:—hang him upon a bough.
*Gav.* My lords!—
*War.* Soldiers, have him away;—
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.
*Gav.* I thank you all my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

*Enter the Earl of* ARUNDEL.

*Lan.* How now, my lord of Arundel?
*Arun.* My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.
*War.* Arundel, say your message.
*Arun.* His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And, if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.
*War.* How now?
*Gav.* Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

---

[37] *Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march*—i. e. *Lose no time, do not delay.*
So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 5. S. 8:—"Now therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not *foreslow* it."
Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 52:—"Let her *foreslow* no occasion that may bring the childe to quyetnesse."
*The Curtain Drawer of the World*, by W. Parkes, 1612, p. 8:—"How comes it then that prevention never comes? that men see this, yet foresee it not? that men know this, yet *foreslow it not.*"
See also the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* A. 2. S. 3. and Mr Steevens's Note thereon.
[38] *Malgrado*—Ital. *maugre, in despite of*, Florio's Dictionary, 1598.
[39] *All your beards*—To beard a person, is to oppose him to his face.
Again, p. 365:

"These barons thus *to beard* me in my land." S. P.

*War.* No, it needeth not:
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him.
*Gav.* Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will these delays beget me any hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.
*Mor. jun.* Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?—
Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee, let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
*Lan.* Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earned.
*Arun.* My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.
*War.* When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.
*Arun.* Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
*Mor. jun.* It is honourable in thee to offer this;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.
*Gav.* How meanest thou, Mortimer? this is over base.
*Mor.* Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.
*Pem.* My lord Mortimer, and you my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.
*War.* Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had I wist, and let him go?
*Pem.* My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon my oath I will return him back.
*Arun.* My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
*Lan.* Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
*Pem.* And you, lord Mortimer?
*Mor. jun.* How say you, my lord of Warwick?
*War.* Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how 'twill prove.
*Pem.* Then give him me.
*Gav.* Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.
*War.* Not yet, perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*
*Mor. jun.* My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you;
Return him on your honour, sound. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

*Manent* PEMBROKE, MATREVIS, GAVESTON, *and* PEMBROKE'S *Men, four Soldiers.*

*Pem.* My lord, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence, out of the way
A little; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.
*Mat.* 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.
*Pem.* So, my lord.—Come hither, James;
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone.
*Gav.* Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now? [*Exit cum serv.* PEM.
*Horse-boy.* My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.
[*Exeunt and*

*Enter* GAVESTON *mourning, and the Earl of* PEMBROKE'S *men.*

*Gav.* O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.
*James.* I see it is your life these arms pursue.
*Gav.* Weaponless must I fall? and die in bands?
O must this day be period of my life!
Center of all my bliss!—and ye be men,
Speed to the king.

*Enter* WARWICK *and his Company.*

*War.* My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more, I will have that Gaveston.
*James.* Your Lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.
*War.* No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well.
Come let thy shadow parley with king Edward.
*Gav.* Treacherous earl! shall not I see the king?
*War.* The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away:

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and his Men, with* GAVESTON. *Manent* JAMES, *cum cæteris.*

*James.* Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive;
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter King* EDWARD *and* SPENCER, *with Drums and Fifes.*

*Edw.* I long to hear an answer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is marked to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again.
The barons overbear me with their pride.
*Spen.* Were I king Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroul'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? my lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles;
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.
*Edw.* Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.
*Bal.* This haught resolve becomes your Majesty;
You ought not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.

*Enter* HUGH SPENCER *an Old Man, Father to the Young* SPENCER, *with his Trunchion and Soldiers.*

*Spen. sen.* Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
*Edw.* Welcome, old man: com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell the prince of whence, and what thou art.
*Spen. sen.* Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
[40] Brown-bills, and targiteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty;
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done in him unto us all.
*Edw.* Thy father, Spencer?
*Spen. jun.* True, and it like your grace,
That pours in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sun-shine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess and thrice welcome all.
*Spen.* My lord, here comes the queen.

*Enter the Queen and her Son, and* LEVUNE *a Frenchman.*

*Edw.* Madam, what news?
*Queen.* News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.
*Edw.* Welcome, Levune.—Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
*Prince.* Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
*Queen.* Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not marked to many days on earth.
*Edw.* Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,

---

[40] *Brown-bills*—"The old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called the *falcata securis.* Dr Johnson's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 3.
In the last edition of Shakespeare, the reader will find representations of the several kinds of *bills* which were formerly in use.

And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.

*Queen.* Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once.—My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

*Enter Lord* MATREVIS.

*Edw.* What, lord Matrevis, dost thou come alone?

*Mat.* Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

*Edw.* Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Matrevis, died he ere thou camest,
Or did'st thou see my friend to take his death?

*Mat.* Neither, my lord; for as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

*Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

*Spen.* Proud recreants!

*Edw.* Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

*Mat.* I found them at the first inexorable:
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returned,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-delivered to your hands.

*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

*Spen.* Some treason, or some villainy, was the cause.

*Mat.* The earl of Warwick seized him on his way.
For being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

*Spen.* A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.

*Edw.* O shall I speak! or shall I sigh and die!

*Spen.* My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons: hearten up your men;
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

[*Edward kneels, and saith:*

*Edw.* By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same;
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally,
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glo'ster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

*Spen.* My lord, here is a messenger from the barons,
Desires access unto your Majesty.

*Edw.* Admit him near.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his coat of arms.*

*Messen.* Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord!

*Edw.* So wish not they I [41] wis that sent thee hither.
Thou comest from Mortimer and his accomplices;
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

*Messen.* The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if, without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy;
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrefying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

*Spen.* Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[*Embraces Spencer.*

Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murthering Gaveston: hie thee! get thee gone!

---

[41] *Wis*—See Note 89 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.—
My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums, Excursions, a great Fight, and a Retreat.*

*Enter the* KING, SPENCER *the Father*, SPENCER *the Son, and the Noblemen of the King's side.*

*Edw.* Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.
*Spen. jun.* I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.
*Spen. sen.* 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while; our men, with sweat and dust
All choked well near, begin to faint for heat,
And this retire refresheth horse and man.
*Spen. jun.* Here come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons,* MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *&c.*

*Mor.* Look, Lancaster, yonder's Edward 'mong his flatterers.
*Lan.* And there let him be, till he pay dearly for their company.
*War.* And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.
*Edw.* What, rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?
*Mor. jun.* No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.
*Lan.* Th'ad best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.
*Spen. jun.* Traitor in thy face, rebellious Lancaster!
*Pem.* Away, base upstart! bravest thou nobles thus?
*Spen. sen.* A noble attempt! and honourable deed!
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king?
*Edw.* For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king.
*Mor. jun.* Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?
*Edw.* Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And plows to go about our palace-gates.

*War.* A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum to the fight, [42] St George for England,
And the barons' right.
*Edw.* St George for England, and king Edward's right! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* EDWARD, *with the Barons, captives.*

*Edw.* Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel, and the cause,
Vailed is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.
*Edm.* Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
*Edw.* So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence!—
Accursed wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messengers to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms?
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.
*War.* Tyrant! I scorn thy threats and menaces;
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.
*Lan.* The worst is death, and better die than live,
To live in infamy under such a king.
*Edw.* Away with them, my lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads! away.
*War.* Farewell, vain world!
*Lan.* Sweet Mortimer, farewell.
*Mor. jun.* England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed!
*Edw.* Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestowed; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all. Begone.
*Mor. jun.* What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may *not be*,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
*Edw.* Sound drums and trumpets, march with me, my friends;
Edward this day hath crowned him king anew.
[*Exit.*

---

[42] *St George for England*—See Note to *The Pinner of Wakefield.*

*Manent* SPENCER *filius*, LEWEN, *and* BALDOCK.

*Spen.* Lewen, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step unto his father's regiment.

*Lewen.* That's it these barons and the subtile queen
Long levied at.

*Bal.* Yea; but Lewen, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

*Lewen.* Have you no doubt, my lord; I'll clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

*Spen.* Then make for France, amain—Lewen, away!
Proclaim king Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* EDMUND.

*Edm.* Fair blows the wind for France; blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother! no, a butcher of thy friends.
Proud Edward, do'st thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men,
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device.

*Enter* MORTIMER *disguised.*

*Mor. jun.* Holla! who walketh there? is't you, my lord?

*Edm.* Mortimer, 'tis I; but hath thy potion wrought so happily?

*Mor. jun.* It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, give me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

*Edm.* Fear it not.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* QUEEN *and her Son.*

*Queen.* Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

*Prince.* Madam, return to England,
And please my father well; and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

*Queen.* Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, O whither dost thou bend thy steps?

*Enter Sir* JOHN *of* HENAULT.

*Sir John.* Madam, what cheer?

*Queen.* Ah, good Sir John of Henault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

*Sir John.* I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?—
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

*Prince.* So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes.
The king of England, not the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

*Sir John.* Well said, my lord.

*Queen.* Oh, my sweet heart! how do I moan thy wrong,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaise,
Will we with thee to Henault, so we will.
The marquis is a noble gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me.
But who are these?

*Enter* EDMUND *and* MORTIMER.

*Edm.* Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

*Queen.* Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

*Mor. jun.* Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives to advance your standard, good my lord.

*Prince.* How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

*Queen.* Not, son?—why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

*Mor. jun.* Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself: but, madam, right makes room,
Where weapons won't; and though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;

Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.
*Edm.* Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness!
*Mor.* But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserved;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
*Sir John.* My lords of England, sith the ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressed queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long, to bid the English king abase.—
How say, young prince? what think you of the match?
*Prince.* I think, king Edward will outrun us all.
*Queen.* Nay son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.
*Edm.* Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woeful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
*Queen.* Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good sir John!
*Mor. jun.* This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.
*Sir John.* Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* KING, MATREVIS, *the two* SPENCERS, *with others.*

*Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontrouled!—
My lord of Glo'ster, do you hear the news?
*Spen. jun.* What news, my lord?
*Edw.* Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
*Mat.* From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.
*Edw.* I pray let us see it. What have we there?
Read it, Spencer. [SPENCER *reads their names.*
Why so; they bark'd apace a month ago.
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Glo'ster, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabel gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
*Spen. jun.* My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
He will be had ere long, I doubt it not.
*Edw.* If! do'st thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

*Enter a Post.*

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?
*Post.* Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Glo'ster, from Lewen.
*Edw.* Read.

SPENCER *reads the Letters.*

"My duty to your honour premised, &c. I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France, his lords, and effected that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask; with Sir John of Henault, brother to the marquiss, into Flanders: with them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import. Your honour's in all service, LEWEN."

*Edw.* Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Henault lead the round?—
Welcome a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you, and all your rout.—
[43] Gallop a-pace bright Phœbus through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field!
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy

---

43 *Gallop a-pace*, &c.—Shakespeare has imitated these lines in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. S. 2:

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately."

Is thus misled to countenance their ills.—
Come, friends, to Bristol, there to make us strong;
And winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* QUEEN, *her Son*, EDMUND, MORTIMER, *and Sir* JOHN.

*Queen.* Now, lords, our loving friends, and countrymen,
Welcome *to* England all, with prosperous winds;
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case,
When force to force is knit, and sword and [44] gleave
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
*Mis*governed kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
And made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron should'st thou be,
But thou—

*Mor. jun.* Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.—
Lords, sith that we are, by sufferance of heaven,
Arrived and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreck it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours: and withall
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

*Sir John.* Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

*Edm.* I would he never had been flattered more! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* KING, BALDOCK, *and* SPENCER *the Son, flying about the Stage.*

*Spen.* Fly, fly, my lord, the queen is overstrong,
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

*Edw.* What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops,
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

*Bal.* O no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away, we are pursued.
[*Exeunt.*

EDMUND *alone, with a Sword and Target.*

This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?—
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!—
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then!—but, Edmund, calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love, forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristol to Longshanks's blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pryes near into thy walks.

*Enter the Queen,* MORTIMER, *the young Prince, and Sir* JOHN *of Henault.*

*Queen.* Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevailed,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you!
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord warden of the realm; and, sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

*Edm.* Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

*Prince.* Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

---

[44] *Gleave*—Or *glave*, a weapon like a halberd. It is mentioned in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 44:

"And wanting wealth to pay this heavy sum,
With billes and *glayves* from prison was I led."

Again, *Arden of Feversham*:

"O mistris, the major, and all the watch,
Are coming towards our house with *glaves* and bills."

*Edward* III. A. 3. S. 5:

"——— with their pond'rous *glaives*."

*Edm.* Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.
*Mor.* My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund,
[*Aside, to the Queen.*
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
*Queen.* My lord, the mayor of Bristol knows our mind.
*Mor.* Yea, madam, and they 'scape not easily
That fled the field.
*Queen.* Baldock is with the king;
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?
*Sir John.* So are the Spencers, the father and the son.
*Edm.* This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter* RICE AP HOWELL, *and the Mayor of Bristol, with* SPENCER *the Father.*

*Rice.* God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristol,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.
*Queen.* We thank you all.
*Mor. jun.* Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?
*Rice.* Spencer the son, created earl of Glo'ster,
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.
*Mor. jun.* Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all!
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
*Prince.* Shall I not see the king my father yet?
*Edm.* Unhappy Edward! chased from England's bounds!
*Sir John.* Madam, what resteth? why stand ye in a muse?
*Queen.* I rue my lord's ill fortune; but, alas!
Care of my country called me to this war.
*Mor.* Madam, have done with care and sad complaint,
Your king hath wronged your country and himself;
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.
*Spen.* Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
*Mor.* Take him away, he prates.—You, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runnagates.—
We in mean while, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Abbot, Monks,* EDWARD, SPENCER, *and* BALDOCK.

*Abbot.* Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from [45] suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he, whom rule and empiry
Have not in life or death made miserable?—
Come, Spencer, come, Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.—
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
Your lives, and my dishonour, they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.
*Monks.* Your grace may sit secure, if none but we do [46] wot of your abode.
*Spen.* Not one alive, but, shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomy fellow, in a mead below;
He gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the land I know is up in arms;
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

---

[45] *Suspect*,—i. e. *suspicion*. So, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, A. 2. S. 1:

——— "what a fair way
Had I made for my love to the general,
And cut off all *suspect*; all reprehension!"

[46] *Wot*—See Note 85 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

*Bald.* We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we!
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.
*Edw.* Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man!—Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!
*Spen.* Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good; here even we are betrayed.

*Enter, with Welch Hooks,*[47] RICE AP HOWEL, *a Mower, and the Earl of* LEICESTER.

*Mower.* Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.
*Rice.* Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.
*Lei.* The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer.
What cannot Mortimer with the queen!
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen,
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
*Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.—
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest;
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
My lord, why droop you thus?
*Edw.* O day! the last of all my bliss on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my stars!
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
*Rice.* Away with them!
*Spen.* It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
*Abbot.* My heart with pity yearns to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
*Edw.* Spencer, ah sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
*Spen.* We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.
*Edw.* Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heavens have not to do with this.
*Bald.* My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast,—I fear me, so is thine.
*Edw.* In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?
*Lei.* Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
Edw. *Must!* 'tis somewhat hard, when kings *must* go.
*Lei.* Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
*Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
*Edw.* A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore.
For friends hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.
*Rice.* My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
*Edw.* Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.
[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* LEICESTER.
*Spen.* O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence! never to see us more!
Rend, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign!
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.
*Bald.* Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life;
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart, and hand, to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer; therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.
*Rice.* Come, come, keep these preachments till you come
To the place appointed. You, and such as you are;

---

47 *Welch hooks,*—What kind of weapons these were is not precisely known. Mr Steevens is of opinion, that the *Welch hook* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *securis falcata*, or probably a weapon of the same kind with the Lochaber axe, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. Mr Tollet imagines a weapon, of which a print is given, from the hooked form of it, to be the *Welch hook*. See Notes in the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

Have made wise work in England.
Will your lordships away?
*Mower.* Your lordship, I trust, will remember me?
*Rice.* Remember thee, fellow! what else?
Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King,* LEICESTER, *with the Bishop of Winchester for the Crown.*

*Lei.* Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
*Edw.* Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And, highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison:
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full oft am I soaring up to high heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks, I should revenge me of the wrongs
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when [48] regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controuled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?
*Win.* Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.
*Edw.* No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vines be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.
*Lei.* My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer—will you yield your crown?
*Edw.* Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That, like a mountain, overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murthered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.—
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tyger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.
*Trusty.* My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
Edw. *(the King rageth.)* I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors, begone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, [49] confirm, install, do what you will;
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!
*Win.* This answer we'll return, and so farewell.
*Lei.* Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

---

[48] *Regiment*—See Note 18. 161.
[49] *Confirm*—All the editions read *conspire.* The allusion seems to be to the several forms observed in the creation of a Bishop, in which the act of *confirmation* comes between *election* and *installation.* S. P.

*Edw.* Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.
*Lei.* My lord, the king is willing to resign.
*Win.* If he be not, let him choose.
*Edw.* O would I might! but heaven and earth conspire
To make me miserable! here, receive my crown;
Receive it! no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He, of you all, that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire, than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here: now, sweet God of heaven!
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronized in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

*Enter* BERKELEY.

*Ber.* My lord.
*Edw.* Call me not lord;
Away, out of my sight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tyger's jaws,
Than his embracements—Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back, and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency!
*Trusty.* And thus, most humbly, do we take our leave.
*Edw.* Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be:—
To wretched men, death is felicity.
*Lei.* Another post, what news brings he?
*Edw.* Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.
*Ber.* My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.
*Lei.* My lord, the council and the queen command
That I resign my charge.
*Edw.* And who must keep me now? must you, my lord?
*Ber.* Ay, my most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.
*Edw.* By Mortimer, whose name is written here.
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart!
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!
*Ber.* Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.
*Edw.* Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.
*Lei.* Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.
*Ber.* Even so betide my soul as I use him.
*Edw.* Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.
*Ber.* And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?
*Edw.* I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell.
*Lei.* Not yet, my lord, I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MORTIMER, *jun. and Queen* ISABEL.

*Mor. jun.* Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.
Think, therefore, madam, that imports us much,
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof; 'twill bear the greater sway
When as a king's name shall be under writ.
*Queen.* Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel!
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.
*Mor. jun.* First would I hear the news he were deposed;
And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger and* WINCHESTER.

*Mor. jun.* Letters! from whence?
*Mes.* From Killingworth, my lord.
*Queen.* How fares my lord the king?
*Mes.* In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.
*Queen.* Alas! poor soul, would I could ease his grief! [*Winchester presents papers.*
Thanks, gentle Winchester; sirrah, be gone.
[*Exit Messenger.*
*Win.* The king hath willingly resigned his crown.
*Queen.* O happy news! send for the prince, my son.
*Win.* Further; or this letter was sealed, lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth:
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free;—no more but so;—
The lord of Berkeley is pitiful,
As Leicester, that had charge of him before.
*Queen.* Then let some other be his guardian.
*Mor. jun.* Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
Who's there? call hither Gurney and Matrevis.
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,

Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.
*Queen.* But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?
*Mor. jun.* Speak, shall he presently be dispatched and die?
*Queen.* I would he were, so 'twere not by my means.

*Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

*Mor. jun.* Enough; Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done we will subscribe our name.
*Mat.* It shall be done, my lord.
*Mor. jun.* Gurney?
*Gur.* My lord.
*Mor. jun.* As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind werd nor good look.
*Gur.* I warrant you, my lord.
*Mor. jun.* And this above the rest,—because hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty;—
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again:
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
[47] Speak curstly to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.
*Mat.* Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.
*Mor. jun.* So, now away; post thitherwards amain.
*Queen.* Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this, as witness of my love.
*Mat.* I will, madam.
[*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

*Enter the young Prince, and the Earl of Kent talking with him.*

*Mor. jun.* Finely dissembled! do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.
*Queen.* Something he whispers in his childish ears.
*Mor. jun.* If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.
*Queen.* Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.
*Mor. jun.* How fares my honourable lord of Kent?
*Edm.* In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?
*Queen.* Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.
*Edm.* I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
*Queen.* The more my grief.
*Mor. jun.* And mine.
*Edm.* Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*
*Queen.* Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
*Mor. jun.* You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.
*Edm.* Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life, I mean the queen?
*Prince.* Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown;
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.
*Queen.* But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.
*Prince.* Let me but see him first, and then I will.
*Edm.* Ay do, sweet nephew.
*Queen.* Brother, you know it is impossible.
*Prince.* Why, is he dead?
*Queen.* No, God forbid!
*Edm.* I would those words proceeded from your heart.
*Mor. jun.* Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
*Edm.* The more cause have I now to make amends.
*Mor. jun.* I tell thee 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
*Prince.* But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
*Queen.* Come son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
*Prince.* With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
*Mor. jun.* Why, youngling, disdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away!

---

[47] *Speak curstly.*—*Curstly* is *shrewishly, ill-naturedly,* or *frowardly.* As, in *Philaster*:

"Hadst a *curst* master when thou wentst to school."

*Taming of the Shrew*:

—— "her only fault
Is, that she is intolerably *curst.*"

*Prince.* Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.

*Queen.* Brother Edmund, strive not, we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

*Edm.* Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

*Queen.* Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

*Edm.* Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with the* KING. *Soldiers attending.*

*Mat.* My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

*Edw.* Friends!—Whither must unhappy Edward go!
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him,
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

*Gur.* Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge,
To keep your grace in safety;
Your passions make your choler to encrease.

*Edw.* This usage makes my misery encrease.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rend the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

*Mat.* Here's channel-water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

*Edw.* Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water?

*Gur.* No; but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

*Mat.* Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.

*Edw.* The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain; so vainly do I strive,
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away.*

Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul!
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wronged.
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

*Mat.* 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come away, now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

*Enter* EDMUND.

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?

*Mat.* Guard the king sure; it is the earl of Kent.

*Edw.* O, gentle brother, help to rescue me!

*Mat.* Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

*Edm.* Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

*Edm.* Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king.

*Mat.* Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

*Edm.* Base villains! wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

*Edm.* Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will visit him; why stay you me?

*Mat.* The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY, *with the King.*

*Manent* EDMUND *and the Soldiers.*

*Edm.* O miserable is that common-weal, where lords
Keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

*Soldiers.* Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.

*Edm.* Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MORTIMER, *jun. alone.*

*Mor. jun.* The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
*Ewdardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.*
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit, that caused it to be done.
Within this room is locked the messenger,
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.
Lightborn, come forth; art thou so resolute as thou wast?

*Enter* LIGHTBORN.

*Light.* What else, my lord, and far more resolute.

*Mor. jun.* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

*Light.* Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.

*Mor. jun.* But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

*Light.* Relent! ha, ha, I use much to relent.

*Mor. jun.* Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

*Light.* You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man.
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

*Mor. jun.* What's that?

*Light.* Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my tricks.

*Mor. jun.* I care not how it is, so it be not 'spied.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away; and never see me more.

*Light.* No!

*Mor. jun.* No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

*Light.* That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Mor. jun.* The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Feared am I more than loved—let me be feared;
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as [48] a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that which I desire:
While at the Council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is, *onus quam gravissimum*,
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
*Suscepi* that *provinciam*, as they term it,
And, to conclude, I am protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm; the king, and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,
And what I list command; who dare controul?
*Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.*
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young* KING, BISHOP, CHAMPION, NOBLES, QUEEN, *&c.*

*Bish.* Long live king Edward, by the grace of God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland!

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm, that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

*Mor. jun.* None comes, sound trumpets.

*King.* Champion, here's to thee.

*Queen.* Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Soldiers, with the Earl of* KENT *prisoner.*

*Mor. jun.* What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

---

[48] *A breeching—A whipping.* So, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. I. S. I:

"Tales out of school! take heed, you will *be breeched* else."

*The Bashful Lover*, A. I. S. I:

"You will be *breeched*, boy,
"For your physical maxims."

*The Guardian*, A. I. S. I:

"How he looks! like a school-boy that had played the truant,
"And went *to be breached*."

Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 3. S. I:

"I am no *breeching* scholar in the schools."

See also Mr Stevens's Note on the last passage.

*Sol.* Edmund, the earl of Kent.
*King.* What hath he done?
*Sol.* He would have taken the king away per force,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
*Mor. jun.* Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? Speak.
*Edm.* Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.
*Mor. jun.* Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.
*Edm.* Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.
*King.* My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.
*Mor. jun.* My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.
*Edm.* Stay, villains!
*King.* Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreat my lord protector for his life.
*Queen.* Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.
*King.* Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But seeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
*Mor. jun.* 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realms'.—
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
*Edm.* Art thou king? must I die at thy command?
*Mor. jun.* At our command! Once more away with him.
*Edm.* Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And neither of them thirst for Edmund's blood;
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
[*They hale* EDMUND *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*
*King.* What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?
*Queen.* Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.
*King.* And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
*Queen.* He is a traitor, think not on him; come.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

*Mat.* Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run;
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man:
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.
*Gur.* And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.
*Mat.* He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now,
Let us assail his mind another while.
*Gur.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
*Mat.* But stay, who's this?

*Enter* LIGHTBORN.

*Light.* My lord protector greets you. [*Giving a paper.*
*Gur.* What's here? I know not how to construe it.
*Mat.* Gurney, it was left unpointed for the[49] nonce;
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*
That's his meaning.
*Light.* Know ye this token? I must have the king.
*Mat.* Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.—
This villain's sent to make away the king.
*Gur.* I thought as much.
*Mat.* And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.
*Pereat iste*:—let him have the king:
What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
*Light.* I know what I must do, get you away,
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.
*Mat.* Very well.
*Gur.* Need you any thing besides?
*Light.* A table and a feather bed.
*Gur.* That's all?
*Light.* Ay, ay; so when I call you, bring it in.
*Mat.* Fear not thou that.
*Gur.* Here's a light to go into the dungeon.
[*Exeunt* GURNEY *and* MATREVIS.
*Light.* So now must I about this geer; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!
*Edw.* Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
*Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:

---

[49] *Nonce*—See Note to *Alexander and Campaspe*.

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
*Light.* O villains!
*Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days space; and least that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my [50] tottered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
*Light.* O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.
*Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
*Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
*Light.* These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
*Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O! if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain?
*Light.* You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.
*Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids closed.
Now, as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sit'st thou here?
*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.
*Edw.* No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore, stay.
*Light.* He sleeps.
*Edw.* O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.
*Light.* How now, my lord?
*Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
*Light.* To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

*Enter* GURNEY *and* MATREVIS.

*Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.
*Light.* Run for the table.
*Edw.* O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.
*Light.* So, lay the table down, and stamp on it.
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
[*They murder him.*
*Mat.* I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
*Light.* Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
*Gur.* Excellent well; take this for thy reward.
[GURNEY *stabs* LIGHTBORN.
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
away.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS.

*Mor. jun.* Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
*Mat.* Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.
*Mor. jun.* Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
*Mat.* Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.
*Mor. jun.* Fly to the savages.
*Mat.* I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*
*Mor. jun.* As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;
And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

---

[50] *Tottered Robes*—i. e. *tattered*, as we now pronounce it. In most writers of this period the word was spelt as above written, and perhaps, as Mr Steevens observes, the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was, at that time, common to both nations. (See Note 6 on *King John*.) To the several instances there produced may be added the following:

Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sig. D. 4:—"The turn spits (who were poore *tottered* greasie fellows) looking like so many hee divells."

*Bel-man's Night walkes*, Sig. M, 8;—"By none but the Souldiers of these *tottered* bands, it is familiarly or usually spoken."

*Enter the Queen.*

*Queen.* Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him!

*Mor. jun.* What if he have? the king is yet a child.

*Queen.* Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

*Enter the King, with the Lords.*

*Lords.* Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

*King.* Villain!

*Mor. jun.* How now, my lord?

*King.* Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die; and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was so soon interred.

*Queen.* Weep not, sweet son.

*King.* Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.

*Lords.* Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

*Mor. jun.* Because I think scorn to be so accused.
Who is the man dares say I murdered him?

*King.* Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murdered him.

*Mor. jun.* But hath your grace no other proof than this?

*King.* Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

*Mor. jun.* False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself.

*Queen.* I feared as much; murder cannot be hid.

*Mor. jun.* 'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?

*King.* That thither thou did'st send a murderer.

*Mor. jun.* What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

*King.* Ay, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up!
But bring his head back presently to me.

*Queen.* For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

*Mor. jun.* Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

*King.* Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

*Mor. jun.* Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair Queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

*King.* What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

*Queen.* As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

*King.* This argues, that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

[*Mortimer borne off.*

*Queen.* I spill his blood! no.

*King.* Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

*Queen.* That rumour is untrue; for loving thee!
Is this report raised on poor Isabel.

*King.* I do not think her so unnatural.

*Lords.* My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

*King.* Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

*Queen.* Nay, to my death; for too long have I lived,
When as my son thinks to abridge my days.

*King.* Away with her! her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her, if she speak again.

*Queen.* Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord!
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

*Lords.* Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

*Queen.* He hath forgotten me; stay! I am his mother.

*Lords.* That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

*Queen.* Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief. [*Exeunt Queen and Lords.*

*Lords.* My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

*King.* Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head!
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatched this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost,
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.

[*Exeunt.*

## EDITIONS.

(1.) The troublesome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer. And also, the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earl of Pembroke his servauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow, Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne Conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598, 4to.

(2.) The troublesome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer. And also the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publiquely acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Written by Christopher Marlow, Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane, over-against the Rolles, 1612, 4to.

(3.) The troublesome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also, the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveston, the greate Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publikely acted by the late Queenes Majesties Servants, at the Red Bull in S. Johns-streete. Written by Christopher Marlow, Gent. London printed for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his shop at the Lane Hospital Gate neere Smithfield, 1622, 4to.

# THE HEIR.

BY

## THOMAS MAY.

THOMAS MAY, *was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in the county of Sussex, knight; a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, which had resided there many generations. He was born in the year* 1595, *and received his early education in the neighbourhood of his birth-place; from thence he was removed to Sidney-Sussex College in Cambridge, and took the degree of B. A. in* 1612. *On the* 6*th of August,* 1615, *he was admitted into the society of Gray's-Inn, and soon after became celebrated for his poetical performances.*

*Lord Clarendon,* * *with whom he was intimately acquainted, says, "That his father spent the fortune which he was born to, so that he had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education; yet, since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune, by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of Lucan, (none of the easiest work of that kind,) and more by his Supplement to Lucan, which, being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places; yet (to shew that pride and envy have their influences upon the narrowest minds, and which have the greatest semblance of humility) though he had received much countenance, and a very considerable donative from the king; upon his majesty's refusing to give him a small pension,† which he had designed and promised to another very ingenious person, whose qualities he thought inferior to his own; he fell from his duty, and all his former friends, and prostituted himself to the vile office‡ of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the king; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits when he left his honesty; and shortly after died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be forgotten."*

*He died suddenly on the night of the* 13*th of November,* 1650, *after having drank his cheerful bottle as usual. The cause of his death is said to have arisen from the tying of his night-cap too close under his chin, which occasioned a suffocation when he turned himself about.*

*He was buried, by appointment of the Parliament, in a splendid manner, in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, where a monument to his memory was erected, with a Latin inscription thereon, composed by Marchemont Needham; which remained there until the Restoration, when it was destroyed, and his body dug up, and buried in a large pit, belonging to St Margaret's church, with many others, who had been interred in the Abbey during the inter-regnum.*

*He was the author of the following dramatic pieces:*

1. *The Tragedy of Antigone, the Theban princesse.* 8*vo.* 1631.
2. *The Heire, a Comedy; acted by the company of the Revels,* 1620. 4*to.* 1633.
3. *The Tragedy of Julia Agrippina, Empress of Rome.* 12*mo.* 1639. 12*mo.* 1654.

---

* Life, 8vo. edition 1759, p. 35.

† Some writers suppose he was disgusted that Sir William Davenant was appointed to succeed Ben Jonson as poet laureat, in the year 1637.

‡ He was appointed to the post of Historiographer by the Parliament.

4. *The Tragedy of Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt.* 12mo, 1639. 12mo, 1654.
5. *The Old Couple, a Comedy.* 4to. 1658.

*He also wrote "The Reign of King Henry the Second," and "The victorious Reign of Edward the Third," both in English verse; and translated, besides Lucan, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epigrams of Martial, the Icon Animorum, by Barclay, and the verses in Argenis, by the same author. He likewise was the author of "The History of the Parliament of England, which began November 3, 1640, with a short and necessary view of some precedent years." Folio, 1647.*

*The following inscription was made upon him by one of the Cavalier party, which he had abused:*

Asta, Viator, et Poetam legas
Lucani interpretem,
Quem ita feliciter Anglicanum fecerat,
Ut Mayus simul et Lucanus videretur,
Et sane credas Metempsichosin:
Nam uterque ingratus Principis sui Proditor;
Hic Neronis Tyranni, ille Caroli Regum optimi,
At fata planè diversa;
Lucanum enim ante obitum pœnitentem legis,
Mayus vero repentina morte occubuit,
Ne forsan pœniteret.
Parliamenti rebellis tam pertinax adstipulator,
Ut Musarum, quas olim religiose coluerat,
Sacrilegus hostis evaserit:
Attamen fingendi artem non penitus amisit,
Nam gesta eorum scripsit et typis mandavit
In prosâ mendax Poeta.
Inter tot Heroas Poetarum, Nobiliumque, &c.
Quod tam indigni sepeliantur Cineres,
Videntur flere Marmora,
Nec tamen mirere cum hic rebelles posuisse,
Qui tot sacras Ædes, et Dei delubra
Equis fecere stabula.

---

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

## MR THOMAS MAY,

UPON HIS COMEDY

## THE HEIR.

THE Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rocked in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand;
Since, having gathered strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the public theatre,
The world: where he despairs not but to find
A doom from men more able, not less kind.
I but his usher am, yet, if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things, must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wished their own:
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers, with such grace,
As each word had been moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun,
When he pursued the swiftly-flying maid,
Courted her in such language, she had staid;
A love so well exprest must be the same
The author felt himself, from his fair flame.
The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth a lock that goes

With letters; for, till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none;
And where his sportive muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
As men might judge my aim rather to be,
To gain praise to myself than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
Deserved, and what must my faint breath outlast.
Yet was this garment (though I skilless be
To take thy measure) only made for thee;
And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
Nature allowed me was not large enough.

THOMAS CAREW.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*The* KING.
VIRRO, *an old rich Count.*
POLYMETES, *an old Lord.*
EUGENIO, *his Son.*
LEUCOTHOE, *his Daughter.*
ROSCIO, *his Man.*
EUPHUES, *another Lord.*
PHILOCLES, *his Son.*
CLERIMONT, *a Gentleman, Friend to Philocles.*
FRANKLIN, *an old rich Gentleman.*
LUCY, *his Daughter.*
FRANCISCO, *a young Man.*
ALPHONSO.
SHALLOW, *a foolish Gentleman.*
NICANOR, *a Courtier.*
MATHO, *a Lawyer.*
PSECTAS †, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*
*A Parson.*
*A Sumner.*
*A Constable and Watch.*
*Servants.*

*Scene*—SICILY.

## PROLOGUE.

JUDICIOUS friends, if what shall here be seen
May taste your sense, or ope your tickled spleen,
Our author has his wish: he does not mean
To rub your galls with a satiric scene;
Nor toil your brains, to find the fustian sense
Of those poor lines that cannot recompense
The pains of study: Comedy's soft strain
Should not perplex, but recreate the brain;
His strain is such, he hopes it, but refers
That to the test of your judicious ears.

* *Thomas Carew* "was the younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and, returning from travel, followed the court, which the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time, before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the king himself for some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the king; and when the king conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scottish nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it; and of so great value were those relations held in that age, when majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way,) which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time: but his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."—*Life of Clarendon.* 8vo. edit. 1759. Vol. I. p. 36. He died in the year 1639.

† *Psectas.*—i. e. *Vituperator,* which answers to her character. Former editions read *Psecas.*

# THE HEIR.

## ACT I.

*Enter* POLYMETES, ROSCIO.

*Poly.* Roscio.
*Ros.* My lord.
*Poly.* Hast thou divulged the news,
That my son died at Athens?
*Ros.* Yes, my lord,
With every circumstance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that 'tis believed
And told for news with as much confidence
As if 'twere writ in Gallo-belgicus.[1]
*Poly.* That's well, that's very well: now, Roscio,
Follows my part; I must express a grief
Not usual; not like a well-left heir
For his dead father, or a lusty widow
For her old husband, must I counterfeit:
But in a deeper, a far deeper strain,
Weep like a father for his only son.
Is not that hard to do, ha! Roscio?
*Ros.* Oh no, my lord,
Not for your skill; has not your Lordship seen
A player personate Hieronimo?[2]
*Poly.* By the mass 'tis true, I have seen the knave paint grief
In such a lively colour, that for false
And acted passion, he has drawn true tears
From the spectators. Ladies in the boxes
Kept time with sighs and tears to his sad accents,
As he had truly been the man he seemed.
Well then, I'll ne'er despair; but, tell me, thou,
Thou that hast still been privy to my bosom,
How will this project take?
*Ros.* Rarely, my lord;
Even now, methinks, I see your lordship's house
Haunted with suitors of the noblest rank,
And my young lady, your supposed heir,
Tired more with wooing than the Grecian queen,[3]
In the long absence of her wandering lord.
There's not a ruinous nobility
In all this kingdom, but conceives a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.
*Poly.* Those are not they I look for; no, my nets
Are spread for other game; the rich and greedy,
Those that have wealth enough, yet gape for more,
They are for me.
*Ros.* Others will come, my lord,
All sorts of fish will press upon your nets;
Then in your lordship's wisdom it must lie
To cull the great ones, and reject the fry.
*Poly.* Nay, fear not that; there's none shall have access

---

[1] *Gallo-belgicus.*—Gallo-belgicus was the name of the first news-paper published in England. Cleveland, in his Character of a London Diurnal, says, "The original sinner of this kind was Dutch, Gallo-belgicus the Protoplast, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en Kelders." The exact time when they were printed I am unable to discover; but they certainly were as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth; some intelligence given by Mercurius Gallo-belgicus being mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwal, p. 126, originally published in 1602. Dr Donne, in his Verses upon Thomas Coryat's Cordities, 1611, says,

——— "To Gallo-belgicus appear
"As deep a statesman as a gazetteer."

Beaumont and Fletcher mention Mercurius Gallo-belgicus, in the Fair Maid of the Inn, act 4.; and *Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster, act 5. scene 3.* Glapthorne also, in Wit in a Constable; and Howel, in his Letters, p. 185, edition 1754.

[2] *Hieronimo.* See the Spanish Tragedy.

[3] *Grecian Queen.*—Penelope.

To see my daughter, or to speak to her,
But such as I approve, and aim to catch.
*Ros.* The jest will be, my lord, when you shall see
How your aspiring suitors will put on
The face of greatness, and belye their fortunes,
Consume themselves in show, wasting, like merchants,
Their present wealth in rigging a fair ship
For some ill-ventured voyage, that undoes 'em.
Here comes a youth with letters from the court,
Bought of some favourite at such a price,
As will for ever sink him; yet, alas!
All's to no purpose, he must lose the prize.
*Poly.* 'Twill feed me fat with sport that it shall make;
Besides the large adventures it brings home
Unto my daughter.—How now?

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* My lord, Count Virro is come to see you.
*Poly.* Conduct him in. So, so, it takes already.
See, Roscio, see, this is the very man
My project aimed at, the rich Count, that knows
No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more.
There was no other loadstone could attract
His iron heart; for could beauty have moved him,
Nature has been no niggard to my girl.
But I must to my grief; here comes the Count.

*Enter* COUNT VIRRO.

*Vir.* Is your lord asleep?
*Ros.* No, sir,
I think not. My lord!—Count Virro.
*Vir.* How do you, sir?
*Poly.* I do intreat your lordship pardon me;
Grief, and some want of sleep, have made me
At this time unmannerly, not fit to entertain
Guests of your worth.
*Vir.* Alas, sir, I know your grief.
*Ros.* 'Twas that, that fetched you hither. [*Aside.*
*Vir.* You have lost a worthy and a hopeful son;
But Heaven, that always gives, will sometimes take,
And that the best. There is no balsam left us
To cure such wounds as these, but patience;
There is no disputing with the acts of Heaven;
But if there were, in what could you accuse
Those Powers that else have been so liberal to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age,
A fair and virtuous daughter?
*Ros.* Now it begins. [*Aside.*
*Vir.* Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childless;
From that fair branch that's left may come much fruit,
To glad posterity; think on that, my lord.
*Poly.* Nay, Heaven forbid I should repine at what the justice of those Powers ordain; it has pleased them to confine my care only to one, and to see her well bestowed, is all the comfort I now must look for; but if it had pleased Heaven that my son—ah my Eugenio!— [*He weeps.*
*Vir.* Alas, good gentleman!
*Ros.* 'Fore Heaven he does it rarely!
*Vir.* But, sir, remember yourself, remember your daughter; let not your grief for the dead make you forget the living, whose hopes and fortunes depend upon your safety.
*Poly.* Oh my good lord, you never had a son.
*Ros.* Unless they were bastards, and for them no doubt but he has done as other lords do. [*Aside.*
*Poly.* And therefore cannot tell what 'tis to lose a son, a good son, and an only son.
*Vir.* I would, my lord, I could as well redress,
As I can take compassion of your grief,
You should soon find an ease.
*Poly.* Pray pardon me, my lord, if I forget myself toward you at this time; if it please you visit my house ofter, you shall be welcome.
*Vir.* You would fain sleep, my lord, I'll take my leave; Heaven send you comfort! I shall make bold shortly to visit you.
*Poly.* You shall be wondrous welcome.
Wait on my lord out there.— [*Exit Virro.*
So, now he's gone; how thinkest thou, Roscio,
Will not this gudgeon bite?
*Ros.* No doubt, my lord,
So fair a bait would catch a cunning fish.
*Poly.* And such a one is he; he ever loved
The beauty of my girl, but that's not it
Can draw the earth-bred thoughts of his gross soul.
Gold is the god of his idolatry;
With hope of which I'll feed him, till at length
I make him fasten, and, Ixion-like,
For his loved Juno grasp an empty cloud.
*Ros.* How stands my young lady affected to him?
*Poly.* There's all the difficulty; we must win her to love him. I doubt the peevish girl will think him too old; he's well near fifty. In this business I must leave somewhat to thy wit and care: praise him beyond all measure.
*Ros.* Your lordship ever found me trusty.
*Poly.* If thou effect it, I will make thee happy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* PHILOCLES, CLERIMONT.

*Philo.* Eugenio's sister then is the rich heir
By his decease?
*Cler.* Yes, and the fair one too;
She needs no gloss that fortune can set on her,
Her beauty of itself were prize enough
To make a king turn beggar for.
*Phil.* Hey-day!
What, in love, Clerimont? I lay my life 'tis so;
Thou couldst not praise her with such passion else.
*Cler.* I know not; I slept well enough last night:
But if thou saw'st her once, I would not give
A farthing for thy life; I tell thee, Philocles,
One sight of her would make thee cry,—ay me!
Sigh, and look pale: Methinks I do imagine

How like an idolatrous lover thou wouldst look
Through the eye-lids, and know nobody.
*Phil.* 'Tis very well, but how did your worship 'scape?
You have seen her?
*Cler.* True, but I have an antidote, and I can teach it thee.
*Phil.* When I have need on't, I'll desire it.
*Cler.* And 'twill be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see the tyranny of that same scurvy boy, and what fools he makes of us: Shall I describe the beast?
*Phil.* What beast?
*Cler.* A lover.
*Phil.* Do.
*Cler.* Then, to be brief, I will pass over the opinion of your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange loves spoken of in the authentic histories of chivalry, Amadis de Gaul, Parismus, the Knight of the Sun, or the witty knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, where those brave men, whom neither enchantments, giants, wind-mills, nor flocks of sheep could vanquish, are made the trophies of triumphing love.
*Phil.* Pr'ythee come to the matter.
*Cler.* Neither will I mention the complaints of Sir Guy for the fair Phelis, nor the travels of Parismus for the love of the beauteous Laurana; nor, lastly, the most sad penance of the ingenious knight Don Quixote upon the mountains of Sienna Morena, moved by the unjust disdain of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. As for our modern authors, I will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of Tully's love, written by the master of art.[4]
*Phil.* I would thou wouldst pass over this passing over of authors, and speak thine own judgement.
*Cler.* Why then, to be brief, I think a lover looks like an ass.
*Phil.* I can describe him better than so myself: he looks like a man that had sitten up at cards all night, or a stale drunkard wakened in the midst of his sleep.
*Cler.* But, Philocles, I would not have thee see this lady, she has a bewitching look.
*Phil.* How darest thou venture, man? What strange medicine hast thou found? Ovid ne'er taught it thee: I doubt I guess thy remedy for love, go to a bawdy-house, or so, is it not?
*Cler.* Faith, and that's a good way, I can tell you; we younger brothers are beholden to it; alas, we must not fall in love, and chuse whom we like best; we have no jointures for them as you blest heirs can have.
*Phil.* Well, I have found you, sir; and pr'ythee tell me, how gettest thou wenches?
*Cler.* Why I can want no panders; I lie in the constable's house.
*Phil.* And there you may whore by authority. But, Clerimont, I doubt this paragon
That thou so praisest, is some ill-favoured wench,
Whom thou wouldst have me laughed at for commending.
*Cler.* Believe it, I spoke in earnest; trust your eyes,
I'll show you her.
*Phil.* How canst thou do it?
Thou knowest this lady's father is to mine
A deadly enemy; nor is his house
Open to any of our kindred.
*Cler.* That's no matter;
My lodging's the next door to this lord's house,
And my back window looks into his garden;
There every morning fair Leucothoë
(For so I hear her named) walking alone,
To please her senses, makes Aurora blush,
To see one brighter than herself appear.
*Phil.* Well, I will see her then. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* FRANKLIN, FRANCISCO, *and* LUCY.

*Franc.* Yet for her sake be advised better, sir.
*Frank.* Impudent rascal, can'st look me in the face, and know how thou hast wronged me? Thou hast dishonoured my daughter, made a whore of her.
*Franc.* Gentle sir,
The wrong my love has made to your fair daughter,
'Tis now too late to wish undone again;
But if you please, it may be yet closed up
Without dishonour; I will marry her.
*Frank.* Marry her! she has a hot catch of that; marry a beggar! What jointure canst thou make her?
*Franc.* Sir, I am poor, I must confess;
Fortune has blest you better: but I swear
By all things that can bind, 'twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true-built love;
It was her single uncompounded self,
Herself without addition, that I loved,
Which shall for ever in my sight outweigh
All other women's fortunes, and themselves;
And were I great, as great as I could wish
Myself for her advancement, no such bar
As fortune's inequality should stand
Betwixt our loves.
*Lucy.* Good father, hear me.
*Frank.* Dost thou not blush to call me father, strumpet?

---

[4] *Tully's love, written by the master of art.*—The work here mentioned is entitled, "*Tullies Love*, wherein is discovered the prime of Ciceroes youth, &c. &c." By Robert Greene. *In artibus magister*, I have seen no earlier edition of it than that in 1616. S.

I'll make thee an example.

*Lucy.* But hear me, sir; my shame will be your own.

*Frank.* No more, I say. Francisco, leave my house,
I charge you come not here.

*Franc.* I must obey, and will; dear Lucy be constant.

*Lucy.* Till death. [*Exit Francisco.*

*Frank.* Here's a fine wedding towards!
The bridegroom, when he comes for his bride,
Shall find her great with child by another man!
Passion-a-me, minion, how have you hid it so long?

*Lucy.* Fearing your anger, sir, I strove to hide it.

*Frank.* Hide it one day more then, or be damned.*
Hide it till Shallow be married to thee,
And then let him do his worst.

*Lucy.* Sir, I should too much wrong him.

*Frank.* Wrong him! there be great ladies have done the like; 'tis no news to see a bride with child.

*Lucy.* Good sir.

*Frank.* Then be wise, lay the child to him; he's a rich man, t'other's a beggar.

*Lucy.* I dare not, sir.

*Frank.* Do it, I say, and he shall father it.

*Lucy.* He knows he never touched me, sir.

*Frank.* That's all one, lay it to him, we'll outface him 'tis his: but hark, he is coming, I hear the music; swear thou wilt do thy best to make him think 'tis his, only for this time; swear quickly.

*Lucy.* I do.

*Frank.* Go step aside, and come when thy cue is; thou shalt hear us talk. [*Lucy aside.*

*Enter* SHALLOW *with Music.*

*Shal.* Morrow, father.

*Frank.* Son bridegroom, welcome; you have been looked for here.

*Shal.* My tailor a little disappointed me: but is my bride ready?

*Frank.* Yes, long ago; but you and I will talk a little. Send in your music.

*Shal.* Go wait within; and tell me, father, did she not think it long till I came?

*Frank.* I warrant her she did; she loves you not a little.

*Shal.* Nay, that I dare swear; she has given me many tastes of her affection.

*Frank.* What, before you were married?

*Shal.* I mean in the way of honesty, father.

*Frank.* Nay, that I doubt; young wits love to be trying; and, to say truth, I see not how a woman can deny a man of your youth and person upon those terms: you'll not be known on't now.

*Shal.* I have kissed her, or so.

*Frank.* Come, come, I know you are no fool; I should think you a very ass, nay, I tell you plainly, I should be loth to marry my daughter to you, if I thought you had not tried her in so long acquaintance; but you have tried her, and she poor soul could not deny you.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, he!

*Frank.* Faith, tell me, son, 'tis but a merry question; she's yours.

*Shal.* Upon my virginity, father——

*Frank.* Swear not by that, I'll ne'er believe you.

*Shal.* Why then, as I am a gentleman, I never did it, that I remember.

*Frank.* That you remember! oh! is't thereabouts?

*Lucy.* He'll take it upon him presently. [*Aside.*

*Frank.* You have been so familiar with her, you have forgot the times; but did you never come in half fuddled, and then,—in a kind humour, *cætera quis nescit?*

*Shal.* Indeed I was wont to serve my mother's maids so, when I came half foxed, as you said, and then next morning I should laugh to myself.

*Frank.* Why there it goes; I thought to have chid you, son Shallow; I knew what you had done, 'tis too apparent: I would not have people take notice of it; pray God she hide her great belly as she goes to church to-day.

*Shal.* Why, father, is she with child?

*Frank.* As if you knew not that; fie, fie, leave your dissembling now.

*Shal.* Sure it cannot be mine.

*Frank.* How's this; you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? This is but to try if you can stir my choler: you wits have strange tricks, do things over night when you are merry, and then deny 'em. But stay, here she comes alone: step aside, she shall not see us.

[*They step aside.*

*Lucy.* Ah my dear Shallow, thou need'st not have made
Such haste, my heart thou know'st was firm enough
To thee; but I may blame my own fond love,
That could not deny thee.

*Shal.* She's with child indeed, it swells.

*Frank.* You would not believe me.—'Tis a good wench, she does it handsomely. [*Aside.*

*Lucy.* But yet I know, if thou hadst been thyself, thou wouldst ne'er have offered it; 'twas drink that made thee.

*Shal.* Yes sure I was drunk when I did it, for I had forgot it; I lay my life 'twill prove a girl, because 'twas got in drink.

*Lucy.* I am ashamed to see any body.

*Frank.* Alas, poor wretch, go comfort her: Lucy!

*Shal.* Sweetheart! nay, never be ashamed. I was a little too hasty, but I'll make thee amends; we'll be married presently.

*Frank.* Be cheary, Lucy; you were man and wife before; it wanted but the ceremony of the church, and that shall be presently done.

*Shal.* Ay, ay, sweetheart, as soon as may be.

*Frank.* But now I think on't, son Shallow, your

wedding must not be public, as we intended it.

*Shal.* Why so?

*Frank.* Because I would not have people take notice of this fault; we'll go to church, only we three, the minister and the clerk, that's witnesses enough; so, the time being unknown, people will think you were married before.

*Shal.* But will it stand with my worship to be married in private?

*Frank.* Yes, yes, the greatest do it, when they have been nibbling before hand; there is no other way to save your bride's credit.

*Shal.* Come, let's about it presently.

*Frank.* This is closed up beyond our wishes.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet* LUCY.

*Lucy.* I am undone, unless thy wit, Fransisco,
Can find some means to free me from this fool.
Who would have thought the sot could be so gross,
To take upon him what he never did,
To his own shame? I'll send to my Francisco,
And I must lose no time; for I am dead,
If not delivered from this loathed bed.

## ACT II.

*Enter* PHILOCLES, CLERIMONT *at the Window.*

*Cler.* See, Philocles, yonder's that happy shade
That often veils the fair Leucothoë,
And this her usual hour; she'll not be long:
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an object
E'er blest thine eyes before.

*Phil.* Well, I would see her once,
Wer't but to try thy judgment, Clerimont.

*Cler.* And when thou dost, remember what I told thee,
I would not be so fickle; but, soft, look to thy heart,
Yonder she comes, and that's her waiting-woman.

[LEUCOTHOE *and* PSECTAS *in the Garden.*

Now gaze thy fill; speak man, how likest thou her?

*Leucoth.* Psectas!

*Psect.* Madam.

*Leucoth.* What flower was that,
That thou wer't telling such a story of
Last night to me?

*Psect.* 'Tis called Narcissus, madam:
It bears the name of that too beauteous boy,
That lost himself by loving of himself;
Who, viewing in a fair and crystal stream
Those lips, that only he could never kiss,[1]
Doats on the shadow, which to reach in vain
Striving, he drowns; thus, scorning all beside,
For the loved shadow the fair substance died.

*Leucoth.* Fie, fie, I like not these impossible tales;
A man to fall in love with his own shadow,
And die for love, it is most ridiculous!

*Psect.* Madam, I know not; I have often seen
Both men and women court the looking-glass
With so much seeming contentation,
That I could think this true; nay wear it about 'em
As lovers do their mistress' counterfeit.[2]

*Leucoth.* That's not for love, but to correct their beauties,
And draw from others admiration;
For all the comfort that our faces give
Unto ourselves, is but reflection
Of that fair liking that another takes.

*Cler.* I would we were a little nearer 'em,
We might but hear what talk these wenches have
When they are alone; I warrant, some good stuff.

*Phil.* 'Tis happiness enough for me to see
The motion of her lips.

*Cler.* I'faith it's thereabouts;
Why, Philocles, what lost already, man!
Struck dead with one poor glance! Look up, for shame,
And tell me how thou likest my judgment now,
Now thou dost see.

*Phil.* Ah, Clerimont, too well,
Too well I see what I shall never taste,
Yon lady's beauty: she must needs be cruel
(Though her fair shape deny it) to the son
Of him that is her father's enemy.
That, Clerimont, that fatal difference
Checks my desire, and sinks my rising hopes;
But love's a torrent violent if stopt,
And I am desperately mad: I must,
I must be her's, or else I must not be.

*Cler.* Contain that passion, that will else o'erwhelm
All virtue in you, all that is called man,
And should be your's; take my advice; my heart,
My life, to second you: let us consult;
You may find time to speak to her, and woo her.

*Phil.* Nay, nay, I will, in spite of destiny.
Let women and faint-hearted fools complain
In languishing despair, a manly love
Dares shew itself, and press to his desires
Through thickest troops of horrid opposites.
Were there a thousand waking dragons set
To keep that golden fruit, I would attempt
To pluck and taste it; 'tis the danger crowns
A brave achievement: what if I should go
And boldly woo her in her father's house;
In spite of enmity, what could they say?

*Cler.* 'Twere madness that, not wisdom: rash attempts
Betray the means, but never work the end.

*Phil.* She would not hate a man for loving her;

---

[2] *Counterfeit*—See note 13 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, p. 136.

Or if she did, better be once denied
Than live for ever hapless.
*Cler.* Bet take time,
The second thoughts, our wise men say, are best.
*Phil.* Delay's a double death; no, I have thought
A means that straight I'll put in execution:
I'll write a letter to her presently,
Take how it will.
*Cler.* A letter! who shall carry it?
*Phil.* I'll tell thee when I have done; hast thou pen and ink in thy chamber?
*Cler.* Yes, there is one upon the table. I'll stay here at the window, and watch whether she stay or not. What a sudden change is this!
*Leucoth.* Did not Count Virro promise to be here
To day at dinner?
*Psect.* Yes, madam, that he did; and I dare swear
He will not break.
*Leucoth.* He needs not, he is rich enough; unless he should break in knavery, as some of our merchants do now-a-days.
*Psect.* Break promise, madam, I mean; and that he will not for your sake; you know his business.
*Leucoth.* I would I did not: he might spare his pains,
And that unusual cost that he bestows
In pranking up himself, and please me better.
*Psect.* He would not please his tailor and his barber;
For they get more for your sake by their lord,
Than they have got this twenty years before.
*Leucoth.* Ah, Psectas, Psectas, can my father think
That I can love Count Virro? one so old,
(That were enough to make a match unfit,)
But one so base, a man that never loved,
For any thing called good, but dross and pelf:
One that would never, had my brother lived,
Have moved this suit; no, I can never love him:
But canst thou keep a secret firmly, Psectas?
*Psect.* Doubt me not, madam.
*Leucoth.* Well, I'll tell thee then;
I love,—alas! I dare not say I love him:
But there's a young and noble gentleman,
Lord Euphues' son, my father's enemy,
A man whom nature's prodigality
Stretched even to envy in the making up;
Once, from a window, my pleased eye beheld
This youthful gallant as he rode the street
On a curvetting courser, who, it seemed,
Knew his fair load, and with a proud disdain
Checked the base earth: my father being by,
I asked his name, he told me Philocles,
The son and heir of his great enemy.
Judge, Psectas, then, how my divided breast
Suffered between two meeting contraries,
Hatred and love; but Love's a deity,
And must prevail 'gainst mortals, whose command
Not Jove himself could ever yet withstand.
*Cler.* What, is the letter done already? I see these lovers have nimble inventions; but how will you send it?
*Phil.* What a question's that!—Seest thou this stone?
*Cler.* Ah! then I see your drift; this stone must guide
Your fleeting letter in the air, and carry it
To that fair mark you aim at.
*Phil.* Hard by her.
*Cler.* I think you would not hit her with such stones as this;—lady, look to yourself, now it comes to proof.
*Phil.* But pr'ythee tell me, what dost thou think this letter may do?
*Cler.* Well, I hope.
'Tis ten to one this lady oft hath seen you;
You never lived obscure in Syracuse,
Nor walked the streets unknown, and who can tell
What place you bear in her affections;
Loved or misliked? if bad, this letter sent
Will make her shew her scorn; if otherwise,
Fear not a woman's wit; she'll find a time
To answer your kind letter, and express
What you desire she should; then send it boldly,
You have a fair mark there.
*Phil.* Cupid, guide my arm; [*Throws the letter.*
Oh be as just, blind god, as thou art great,
And with that powerful hand, that golden shaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender breast!
There is no salve but that, no cure for me.
*Cler.* See what a wonder it strikes 'em in, how it should come!
*Phil.* She'll wonder more to see what man it comes from.
*Cler.* I like her well, she is not afraid to open it.
She starts;—stay,—mark her action when she has read the letter.
*She reads.*
"Let it not wrong this letter, that it came
From one that trembled to subscribe his name,
Fearing your hate; O let not hate descend,
Nor make you cruel to so vowed a friend.
If you'll not promise love, grant but access,
And let me know my woes are past redress.
Be just then, beauteous judge, and, like the laws,
Condemn me not till you have heard my cause;
Which, when you have, from those fair lips return
Either my life in love, or death in scorn.
Your's, or not, PHILOCLES."
Am I awake, or dream I? Is it true,
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest
What I most covet?
*Psect.* Madam, the words are there,
I'll swear it can be no illusion.
*Leucoth.* It is too good for truth.
[*Kisses the paper.*
*Phil.* Mock me not, fortune!
She kissed it; saw'st thou her? Oh, friend, she kissed it!

*Cler.* And with a look that relished love, not scorn.

*Leucoth.* This letter may be forged, I much desire to know the certainty; Psectas, thy help must further me.

*Psect.* I'll not be wanting.

*Leucoth.* Here comes my father; he must not see this.

*Psect.* No, nor your t'other sweetheart, he is with him yonder.

*Enter* POLYMETES, VIRRO, ROSCIO.

*Poly.* Nay, noble Count, you are too old a soldier
To take a maid's first no, for a denial;
They will be nice at first, men must pursue,
That will obtain; woo her, my lord, and take her,
You have my free consent if you get her's;
Yonder she walks alone, go comfort her.

*Vir.* I'll do the best I may, but we old men
Are but cold comfort; I thank your lordship's love.

*Poly.* I wonder, Roscio, that the peevish girl
Comes on so slowly; no persuasions
That I can use, do move: the setting forth
Count Virro's greatness, wealth, and dignity,
Seems not to affect her, Roscio.

*Ros.* I doubt the cause, my lord;
For were not that, I dare engage my life
She would be won to love him; she has placed
Already her affections on some other.

*Poly.* How should I find it out?

*Ros.* Why thus, my lord;
There's never man nor woman that e'er loved,
But chose some bosom friend, whose close converse
Sweetened their joys, and eased their burdened minds
Of such a working secret: Thus no doubt
Has my young lady done; and but her woman,
Who should it be? 'tis she must out with it:
Her secrecy, if wit cannot o'er-reach,
Gold shall corrupt; leave that to me, my lord.
But if her lady's heart do yet stand free
And unbequeathed to any, your command,
And father's jurisdiction interposed,
Will make her love the Count. No kind of means
Must want to draw her.

*Poly.* Thou art my oracle,
My brain, my soul, my very being, Roscio.
Walk on and speed, while I but second thee.

*Cler.* It is even so; Count Virro is your rival;
See how the old ape smugs up his mouldy chaps
To seize the bit.

*Phil.* He must not, if I live;
But yet her father brings him: he has the means
That I shall ever want.

*Cler.* If he do marry her,
Revenge it nobly, make him a cuckold, boy.

*Phil.* Thou jest'st, that feel'st it not; pr'ythee let's go.

*Cler.* Stay, I'll but curse him briefly for thy sake.
If thou dost marry her, may'st thou be made
A cuckold without profit, and ne'er get
An office by it, nor favour at the court;
But may thy large ill-gotten treasury
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine own gold
Bring thee adulterers; so farewell, good Count.

[*Exeunt* PHILOCLES, CLERIMONT.

*Enter Servant.*

*Eug.* My lord, there's a messenger within
Desires access, has business of import,
Which to no ear but your's he must impart.

*Enter* EUGENIO *disguised.*

*Poly.* Admit him.—Now, friend, your business with me?

*Eug.* If you be the lord Polymetes.—

*Poly.* The same.

*Eug.* My lord, I come from Athens with such news
As I dare say is welcome, though unlooked for;
Your son Eugenio lives, whom you so long
Thought dead, and mourned for.

*Poly.* How? lives!

*Eug.* Upon my life, my lord, I saw him well
Within these few days.

*Poly.* Thanks for thy good news.—
Reward him, Roscio:—but now tell me, friend,
Hast thou revealed this news to any man
In Syracuse but me?

*Eug.* To none, my lord:
At every place where I have staid in town,
Enquiring for your lordship's house, I heard
These tragic, but false news: the contrary
I still concealed, though knew, intending first
Your lordship's ear should drink it.

*Poly.* Worthy friend,
I now must thank your wisdom as your love,
In this well-carried action. I'll requite it:
Mean time pray use my house, and still continue
Your silence in this business. Roscio, make him welcome,
And part as little from him as you can, for fear.

*Ros.* Think it done, my lord.

*Poly.* Psectas, come hither.

*Vir.* Be like yourself, let not a cruel doom
Pass those fair lips, that never were ordained
To kill, but to revive.

*Leucoth.* Neither, my lord, lies in their power to do.

*Vir.* Yes, sweet, to me,
Whom your scorn kills, and pity will revive.

*Leucoth.* Pity is shewed to men in misery.

*Vir.* And so am I, if not relieved by you.

*Leucoth.* 'Twere pride in me, my lord, to think it so.

*Vir.* I am your beauty's captive.

*Leucoth.* Then, my lord,
What greater gift than freedom can I give?
'Tis that, that captives most desire, and that
You shall command; you're free from me, my lord.

*Vir.* Your beauty contradicts that freedom, lady.

*Poly.* Come, noble Count,
I must for this time interrupt you; you'll find
Enough within to talk.
*Vir.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

*Manet* EUGENIO *solus.*

*Eug.* Thus, in disguise, I have discovered all,
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me; but 'tis well,
'Tis to draw on the match between my sister
And this rich Count:—Heaven grant it be content,
As well as fortune to her, but I fear
She cannot love his age: how it succeeds
I shall perceive, and, whilst unknown I stay,
I cannot hurt the project, help I may. [*Exit.*

*Enter* FRANCISCO, *Sumner.*[5]

*Franc.* This will make good work for you in the spiritual court; Shallow is a rich man.

*Sum.* Those are the men we look for; there's somewhat to be got: the court has many businesses at this time, but they are little worth; a few waiting-women got with child by serving-men or so, scarce worth citing.

*Franc.* Do not their masters get 'em with child sometimes?

*Sum.* Yes, no doubt, but they have got a trick to put 'em off upon the men, and for a little portion save their own credits; besides, these private marriages are much out of our way, we cannot know when there is a fault.

*Franc.* Well, these are no starters; I warrant you, Shallow shall not deny it, and for the wench she need not confess it, she has a mark that will betray her.

*Sum.* I thank you, Sir, for your good intelligence; I hope 'tis certain.

*Franc.* Fear not that; is your citation ready?

*Sum.* I have it here.

*Franc.* Well, step aside, and come when I call; I hear 'em coming. [*Exit Sumner.*

*Enter* FRANKLIN, SHALLOW, LUCY, *Parson.*

*Frank.* Set forward there; Fransisco, what make you here?

*Franc.* I come to claim my right; Parson, take heed,
Thou art the author of adultery
If thou conjoin this couple; she's my wife.

*Frank.* Your's, sauce-box!

*Shal.* Father, I thought she had been mine; I hope I shall not lose her thus.

*Frank.* Francisco, dare not to interrupt us; for I swear
Thou shalt endure the law's extremity
For thy presumption.

*Franc.* Do your worst, I fear not; I was contracted to her.

*Frank.* What witness have you?

*Franc.* Heaven is my witness, whose impartial eye
Saw our contract.

*Shal.* What an ass is this, to talk of contracting! He that will get a wench, must make her bigger, as I have done, and not contract.

*Franc.* Sir, you are abused.

*Shal.* Why so?

*Franc.* The wife you go to marry is with child, and by another.

*Shal.* A good jest i'faith, make me believe that.

*Franc.* How comes this fool possest?
He never touched her, I dare swear.

*Frank.* No more, Francisco, as you will answer it.
Parson, set forward there.

*Franc.* Stay.
If this will not suffice,—Sumner, come forth.

*Frank.* Ah, Sumner! we are all betrayed.

*Enter Sumner.*

*Sum.* God save you all! I think you guess my business;
These are to cite to the spiritual court
You master Shallow, and you mistress Lucy:
Ask not the cause, for it's apparent here,
A carnal copulation *ante matrimonium.*

*Frank.* This was a bar unlooked for; spiteful Francisco!

*Franc.* Injurious Franklin, could the laws divine,
Or human, suffer such an impious act,
That thou shouldst take my true and lawful wife,
And great with child by me, to give to another,
Gulling his poor simplicity?

*Shal.* Do you mean me, sir?

*Sum.* Gallants, farewell; my writ shall be obeyed.

*Frank.* Sumner, it shall. [*Exit Sumner.*

*Pars.* I'll take my leave, there's nothing now for me to do. [*Exit Parson.*

*Franc.* Farewell, good master parson.

*Frank.* Francisco, canst thou say thou ever lov'dst my daughter, and wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly?

*Franc.* No, I would win her thus;
And, did you hold her credit half so dear
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thrust her 'gainst her will
On this rich fool.

*Shal.* You are very bold with me, sir.

*Franc.* Let me have news what happens, dearest Lucy.

---

[5] *Sumner*—Or *Sompner*, now called *an apparitor.* He is an officer whose proper business and employment is to attend the Spiritual Court, to receive such commands as the judge shall please to issue forth; to convene and cite the defendants into court; to admonish or cite the parties in the production of witnesses, and the like; and to make due return of the process by him executed.

*Lucy.* Else let me die. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.

*Frank.* This was your doing, Lucy; it had been impossible he should e'er have known the time so truly else; but I'll take an order next time for your blabbing.

*Shal.* What's the matter, father?

*Frank.* We may thank you for it; this was your haste, that will now shame us all; you must be doing afore your time!

*Shal.* 'Twas but a trick of youth, father.

*Frank.* And therefore now you must e'en stand in a white sheet for all to gaze at.

*Shal.* How! I would be loth to wear a surplice now; 'tis a disgrace the house of the Shallows never knew.

*Frank.* All the hope is, officers may be bribed; and so they will, 'twere a hard world for us to live in else.

*Shal.* You say true, father; if 'twere not for corruption, every poor rascal might have justice as well as one of us, and that were a shame.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* LUCY.

*Frank.* This was a cunning stratagem well laid;
But yet, Francisco, th' hast not won the prize.
What should I do? I must not let this cause
Proceed to trial in the open court,
For then my daughter's oath will cast the child
Upon Francisco: no, I have found a better;
I will, before the next court-day, provide
Some needy parson, one whose poverty
Shall make him fear no canons; he shall marry
My daughter to rich Shallow; when 'tis done,
Our gold shall make a silence in the court. [*Exit.*

*Enter* PHILOCLES, PSECTAS.

*Psect.* I must return your answer to my lady;
I'll tell her you will come.

*Phil.* Come!
And such an angel call, I should forget
All offices of nature, all that men
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty.
Commend my service to her, and to you
My thanks for this kind message. [*Exit* PSECTAS.
I never breathed till now, never till now
Did my life relish sweetness; break not, heart,
Crack not yet, ye feeble ministers of nature,
With inundation of such swelling joy,
Too great to bear without expression.
The lady writes that she has known me long
By sight, and loved me; and she seems to thank
Her stars, she loves, and is beloved again.
She speaks my very thoughts! How strange it is
And happy, when affections thus can meet!
She further writes, at such an hour to-day,
Her father's absence, and all household spies
Fitly removed, shall give access to me,
Unmarked, to visit her; where she alone
Will entertain discourse, and welcome me.
I hope 'tis truly meant; why should I fear?
But wisdom bids me fear: fie, fie, 'tis base
To wrong a creature of that excellence
With such suspicion; I should injure her.
I will as soon suspect an angel false;
Treason ne'er lodged within so fair a breast.
No, if her hand betray me, I will run
On any danger: 'tis alike to me
To die, or find her false; for on her truth
Hangs my chief being. Well, I'll lose no time,
No not a minute: dearest love, I come;
To meet my sweetest wishes I will fly,
Heaven and my truth shield me from treachery!
[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

*Enter* POLYMETES, ROSCIO, EUGENIO, *and* PSECTAS.

*Poly.* I cannot credit it, nor think, that she,
Of all the noble youth in Sicily,
Should make so strange a choice, that none but he,
None but the son of my avowed enemy,
Must be her mate; it strikes me to amaze:
Minion, take heed, do not belie your mistress.

*Psect.* Mercy forsake me if I do, my lord:
You charged me to confess the truth to you,
Which I have fully done; and presently
I'll bring you where, concealed, you shall both see
Their privacy, and hear their conference.

*Poly.* Well, I believe thee, wench, and will reward
Thy trust[6] in this; go get thee in again,
And bring me word when Philocles is come.
[*Exit* PSECTAS.
Sir, you'll be secret to our purpose?

*Eug.* As your own breast, my lord.

*Poly.* I shall rest thankful to you:—
This stranger must be soothed, lest he mar all.

*Ros.* This was well found out, my lord; you now have means to take your enemy.

*Poly.* Which blest occasion I will so pursue,
As childless Euphues shall for ever rue.
Rise in thy blackest look, direst Nemesis,
Assistant to my purpose, help me glut
My thirsty soul with blood. This bold young man,
To his rash love, shall sacrifice his life.

*Ros.* What course do you intend to ruin him?

*Poly.* Why, kill him presently.

*Ros.* Oh no, my lord,
You'll rue that action; think not that the law
Will let such murder sleep unpunished.

---

[6] *Thy trust*, &c.—*i. e.* trustiness or fidelity, or perhaps we should read *truth*.

*Poly.* Should I then let him go, when I have caught him?
*Ros.* Yes, sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.
*Poly.* How should that be? Speak, man.
*Ros.* Why thus, my lord;
You know the law speaks death to any man
That steals an heir, without her friends consent;
This must he do, his love will prompt him to it.
For he can never hope, by your consent,
To marry her; and she, 'tis like, will give
Consent, for women's love is violent:
Then mark their passage, you shall easily find
How to surprise them at your will, my lord.
*Poly.* Thou art my oracle, dear Roscio.

*Enter* PSECTAS.

Here's Psectas come again. How now, what news?
*Psect.* My lord, they both are coming; please you withdraw;
You shall both hear and see what you desire.

*Enter* PHILOCLES *and* LEUCOTHOE.

*Leucoth.* You're welcome, noble sir; and did my power
Answer my love, your visitation
Should be more free, and your deserved welcome
Exprest in better fashion.
*Phil.* Best of ladies,
It is so well, so excellently well,
Coming from your wished love, my barren thanks
Wants language for't; there lies in your fair looks
More entertainment, than in all the pomp
That the vain Persian ever taught the world.
Your presence is the welcome I expected;
That makes it perfect.
*Leucoth.* 'Tis your noble thought
Makes good what's wanting here; but, gentle friend,
For so I now dare call you—
*Poly.* 'Fis well, minion; you are bold enough, I see,
To chuse your friends without my leave.
*Phil.* 'Tis my ambition ever to be your's.
*Leucoth.* Think me not light, dear Philocles, so soon
To grant thee love, that others might have sought
With eagerest pursuit, and not obtained.
But I was your's by fate, and long have been;
Before you woo'd, Leucothoe was won,
And your's without resistance.
*Phil.* Oh my stars!
'Twas your kind influence, that, whilst I slept
In dullest ignorance, contrived for me
The way to crown me with felicity.
*Poly.* You may be deceived though;
You have no such great reason
To thank your stars, if you knew all.
*Phil.* And know, fair mistress, you have met a love,
That time, nor fate, nor death, can ever change;
A man, that but in you can have no being.
Let this kiss seal my faith.
*Leucoth.* And this mine.
*Poly.* Nay, to't again; your sweet meat shall have sour sauce.
*Phil.* But, sweet, 'mongst all these roses there's one thorn
That pricks and galls me; our parents' enmity
Will cross our loves: I do assure myself
Thy father never will give his consent.
*Leucoth.* No, so I think; he moves me still to Virro,
That old crazed count, and with such vehemency,
I dare scarce 'bide his presence if I deny him;
Therefore, we must be speedy in our course,
And take, without his leave, what he denies.
*Poly.* I thank you for that, good daughter.
*Ros.* I told you, sir, 'twould come to this at last.
*Phil.* Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hast shewed
Thyself in love as good as beautiful;
Then let's away, dearest Leucothoe.
My fortunes are not poor, then fear no want;
This constant love of ours may prove so happy,
To reconcile our parents' enmity.
*Leucoth.* Heaven grant it may!
*Poly.* Never by this means, youngster.
*Leucoth.* But soft; now I think better on't, I'll not go.
*Phil.* Why, dearest, is thy love so quickly cold?
*Leucoth.* No, but I'll not venture thee, thine is the danger;
Thou knowest 'tis death by law to steal an heir,
And my dear brother's most untimely death
Hath lately made me one; what if thou shouldst be taken?
*Phil.* Oh fear not that; had I a thousand lives,
They were too small a venture for such prize.
I tell thee, sweet, a face not half so fair
As thine, hath armed whole nations in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to Tenedos,
To sack lamented Troy; and should I fear
To venture one poor life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee?
Come, come, make that no scruple; when shall we go?
*Leucoth.* This present evening; for to-morrow morning
My father looks that I should give consent
To marry with the Count.
*Phil.* Best of all! would 'twere this present hour!
I'll go prepare: but shall I call thee here?
*Leucoth.* Oh no, we'll meet.
*Phil.* Where, dearest?
*Leucoth.* East from the city, by the river's side,
Not distant half a mile, there stands a grove,
Where often riding by, I have observed
A little hermitage, there will I stay
If I be first; if you, do you the like:
Let the hour be ten, then shall I best escape.
*Phil.* Ne'er sweeter comfort came from angel's lips:
I know the place, and will be ready there
Before the hour: I'll bring a friend with me
As true as mine own heart, one Clerimont,
That may do us good, if danger happen.

*Leucoth.* Use your pleasure.
*Phil.* Dearest, farewell;
Hours will seem years till we are met again.
[*Exeunt.*

*Poly.* Ah, sirrah, this geer goes well; god-a-mercy, man, for thy intelligence; why this is as much as a man could desire, the time, place, and every thing: I warrant 'em they pass no further. Well, go thou in and wait upon thy mistress, she's melancholy till she see her sweetheart again, but when she does, she shall not see him long. Not a word of what's past among us for your life.

*Psect.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Poly.* I'll not so much as shew an angry look, or any token that I know of any of their proceedings. But, Roscio, we must lay the place strongly; if they should 'scape us, I were prettily fooled now after all this.

*Ros.* Why 'tis impossible, my lord; we'll go strong enough; besides, I think it fit we took an officer along with us, to countenance it the better.

*Poly.* Thou sayest well; go get one. I'll go myself along with you too; I love to see sport, though I am old; you'll go along with us too, sir?

*Eug.* Aye, sir; you shall command my service when you are ready.

*Poly.* Now, Euphues, what I did but barely act,
Thy bleeding heart shall feel, loss of a son.
If law can have his course, as who can let it?[7]
I know thou thinkest mine dead, and in thy heart
Laugh'st at my falling house; but let them laugh
That win the prize, things ne'er are known till ended. [*Exeunt* POLYMETES *and* ROSCIO.

EUGENIO *solus.*

*Eug.* Well, I like my sister's choice, she has taken a man whose very looks and carriage speak him worthy; besides, he is noble, his fortune's sufficient, they both love each other; what can my father more desire, that he gapes so after this old Count, that comes for the estate, as t'other, upon my soul, does not, but pure spotless love? but now his plot is for revenge upon his old enemy: fie, fie, 'tis bloody and unchristian, my soul abhors such acts; this match may rather reconcile our houses, and I desire, where worth is, to have friendship, as on my soul 'tis there. Well, Philocles, I hope to call thee brother. Somewhat I'll do; I'll go persuade Count Virro not to love her, I know the way: and I'll but tell him truth, her brother lives, that will cool his love quickly.—But, soft, here comes the Count as fit as may be.

*Enter* VIRRO.

*Vir.* She loves me not yet, but that's no matter; I shall have her, her father says I shall, and I dare take his word; maids are quickly overruled. Ah ha, methinks I am grown younger than I was by twenty years; this fortune cast upon me, is better than Medea's charm, to make an old man young again, to have a lord's estate freely bestowed, and with it such a beauty as would warm Nestor's blood, and make old Priam lusty. Fortune, I see, thou lovest me now; I'll build a temple to thee shortly, and adore thee as the greatest deity. Now, what are you?

*Eug.* A poor scholar, my lord, one that am little beholden to fortune.

*Vir.* So are most of your profession. Thou shouldest take some more thriving occupation; be a judge's man, they are the bravest now-a-days? or a cardinal's pander, that were a good profession, and gainful.

*Eug.* But not lawful, my lord.

*Vir.* Lawful! that cardinal may come to be pope, and then he could pardon thee and himself too.

*Eug.* My lord, I was brought up a scholar, and I thank you for your counsel: my lord, I have some for you, and therefore I came.

*Vir.* For me! what I pr'ythee?

*Eug.* 'Tis weighty, and concerns *you near.*

*Vir.* Speak, what is't?

*Eug.* My lord, you are *to marry* old Polymetes's daughter.

*Vir.* And heir.

*Eug.* No heir, my lord; her brother is alive.

*Vir.* How! thou art mad.

*Eug.* My lord, what I speak is true; and to my knowledge his father gives it out in policy, to marry his daughter the better, to hook in suitors, and specially aimed at you, thinking you rich and covetous; and now he has caught you.

*Vir.* But dost thou mock me?

*Eug.* Let me be ever miserable if I speak not truth; as sure as I am here, Eugenio lives; I know it, and know where he is.

*Vir.* Where, pr'ythee?

*Eug.* Not a day's journey hence, where his father injoined him to stay till your match, and sends word to him of this plot: besides, I overheard the old lord, and his man Roscio, laughing at you for being caught thus.

*Vir.* Why, wer't thou at the house then?

*Eug.* Yes, but had scurvy entertainment, which I have thus revenged.

*Vir.* Beshrew my heart, I know not what to think on't; 'tis like enough: this lord was always cunning beyond measure, and it amazed me that he should grow so extreme kind to me on the sudden, to offer me all this. Besides, this fellow is so confident, and on no ends of cozenage, that I can see. Well, I would fain enjoy her, the wench is delicate; but I would have the estate too, and not be gulled: what shall I do! Now, brains, if ever you will, help your master.

*Eug.* It stings him,

---

[7] *Let it.*—*i. e.* hinder it.

*Vir.* Well, so sir, what may I call your name?—
*Eug.* Irus, my lord.
*Vir.* Your name, as well as your attire, speaks you poor.
*Eug.* I am so.
*Vir.* And very poor.
*Eug.* Very poor.
*Vir.* Would you not gladly take a course to get money, and a great sum of money?
*Eug.* Yes, gladly, if your lordship would but shew me the way.
*Vir.* Hark ye. [*Whispers.*
*Eug.* Oh! my lord, conscience!
*Vir.* Fie, never talk of conscience; and for law thou art free; for all men think him dead, and his father will be ashamed to follow it, having already given him for dead; and then who can know it? Come, be wise, five hundred crowns I'll give.
*Eug.* Well, 'tis poverty that does it, and not I; when shall I be paid?
*Vir.* When thou hast done it.
*Eug.* Well, give me your hand for it, my lord.
*Vir.* Thou shalt.
*Eug.* In writing, to be paid when I have poisoned him, and think it done.
*Vir.* Now thou speakest like thyself; come in, I'll give it thee.
*Eug.* And this shall stop thy mouth for ever, Count. [*Exeunt.*

LEUCOTHOE *sola, in Boys' Clothes.*

*Leucoth.* There is no creature here, I am the first.
Methinks this sad and solitary place
Should strike a terror to such hearts as mine;
But love has made me bold. The time has been,[8]
In such a place as this I should have feared
Each rolling leaf, and trembled at a reed
Stirred in the moonshine: my fearful fancy
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And work some fear out of my very shadow.
I wonder Philocles is tardy thus;
When last we parted, every hour, he said,
Would seem a year till we were met again;
It should not seem so by the haste he makes.
I'll sit and rest me; come, I know, he will.

*Enter* PHILOCLES *and* CLERIMONT.

*Phil.* This, Clerimont, this is the happy place
Where I shall meet the sum of all my joys,
And be possest of such a treasury
As would enrich a monarch.
*Leucoth.* This is his voice! My Philocles!
*Phil.* My life! my soul! what here before me?
Oh thou dost still outgo me, and dost make
All my endeavours poor in the requital
Of thy large favours: but I forget myself;
Sweet, bid my friend here welcome; this is he
That I dare trust next mine own heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus?
*Leucoth.* I durst not venture else to make escape.
*Phil.* Even now, methinks, I stand as I would wish,
With all my wealth about me; such a love,
And such a friend, what can be added more
To make a man live happy? Thou dark grove,
That hast been called the seat of melancholy,
And shelter for the discontented spirits;
Sure thou art wronged, thou seem'st to me a place
Of solace and content; a paradise,
That givest me more than ever court could do,
Or richest palace. Blest be thy fair shades;
Let birds of music ever chant it here,
No croaking raven, or ill-boding owl,
Make here their baleful habitation,
Frighting thy walk; but may'st thou be a grove
Where love's fair queen may take delight to sport:
For under thee two faithful lovers meet.
Why is my fair Leucothoë so sad?
*Leucoth.* I know no cause; but I would fain be gone.
*Phil.* Whither, sweet?
*Leucoth.* Any whither from hence;
My thoughts divine of treason, whence I know not;
There is no creature knows our meeting here,
But one, and that's my maid; she has been trusty,
And will be still, I hope, but yet I would
She did not know it: pr'ythee let's away;
Any where else we are secure from danger.
Then let's remove, but pr'ythee be not sad.
What noise is that? [*Noise within.*
Ah me!
*Phil.* Oh fear not, love! [*Draws.*

*Enter* POLYMETES, ROSCIO, EUGENIO, *and Officers.*

*Poly.* Upon them, officers; yonder they are.
*Phil.* Thieves! villains!
*Poly.* Thou art the thief, and the villain too;
Give me my daughter, thou ravisher.

---

[8] See *The Old Couple*, where MAY has borrowed from this passage the same sentiment:

"——— The time has been,
In such a solitary place as this,
I should have trembled at each moving leaf;
But sorrow, and my miserable state,
Have made me bold."

*Phil.* First take my life.
*Poly.* Upon them, I say; [*Fight.*
Knock them down, officers, if they resist.
[*They are taken.*
*Leucoth.* Oh they are lost! ah wicked, wicked Psectas!
*Poly.* So, keep them fast; we will have them faster shortly: and for you, minion, I will tie a clog about your neck for running away any more.
*Leucoth.* Yet do but hear me, father.
*Poly.* Call me not father, thou disobedient wretch,
Thou run-away; thou art no child of mine,
My daughter ne'er wore breeches.
*Leucoth.* O, sir, my mother would have done as much
For love of you, if need had so required;
Think not my mind transformed as my habit.
*Poly.* Officers, away with him; peace, strumpet! You may discharge him,[9] he is but an assistant.
*Leucoth.* O stay and hear me yet, hear but a word,
And that my last, it may be: Do not spill
The life of him in whom my life subsists;
Kill not two lives in one; remember, sir,
I was your daughter once, once you did love me;
And tell me, then, what fault can be so great,
To make a father murderer of his child?
For so you are in taking of his life.
Oh think not, sir, that I will stay behind him,
Whilst there be asps, and knives, and burning coals,
No Roman dame shall in her great example
Outgo my love.
*Phil.* Oh where will sorrow stay!
Is there no end in grief, or in my death
Not punishment enough for my offence,
But must her grief be added to afflict me?
Dry up those pearls, dearest Leucothoë,
Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable;
Preserve that life, that I may after death,
Live in my better part. Take comfort, dear,
People would curse me if such beauty should
For me miscarry; no, live happy thou,
And let me suffer what the law inflicts.
*Leucoth.* My offence was as great as thine,
And why should not my punishment?
*Poly.* Come, have you done? Officers away with him. [*Exit* PHILOCLES.
I'll be your keeper, but I'll look better to you.
But, Roscio, you and I must about the business:
Sir, let it be your charge to watch my daughter,
And see she send no message any whither,
Nor receive any.
[*Exeunt* POLYMETES *and* ROSCIO.

*Eug.* It shall, my lord, I'll be an Argus; none shall come here, I warrant you.—My very heart bleeds to see two such lovers, so faithful, parted so. I must condemn my father, he is too cruel in this action: and, did not nature forbid it, I could rail at him, to wreak his long-fostered malice against lord Euphues thus upon his son, the faithful lover of his own daughter; and upon her, for should it come to pass, as he expects it shall, I think it would kill her too, she takes it so. See in what strange amazement now she stands! Her grief has spent itself so far, that it has left her senseless; it grieves me thus to see her, I can scarce forbear revealing of myself to her, but that I keep it for a better occasion, when things shall better answer to my purpose.—Lady!
*Leucoth.* What are you?
*Eug.* One that my lord, your father, has appointed
To give attendance on you.
*Leucoth.* On me! alas, I need no attendance,
He might bestow his care better for me.
*Eug.* I came but lately to him, nor do I mean
Long to stay with him; in the mean time, lady,
Might I but do you any service.
*Leucoth.* All service is too late, my hopes are desperate.
*Eug.* Madam, I have a feeling of your woe,
A greater your own brother could not have;
And think not that I come suborned by any
To undermine your secrets; I am true,
By all the gods, I am; for further trial,
Command me any thing, send me on any message,
I'll do it faithfully, or any thing else
That my poor power can compass.
*Leucoth.* Oh strange fate!
Have I lost pity in a father's heart,
And shall I find it in a stranger? Sir,
I shall not live to thank you, but my prayers
Shall go with you.
*Eug.* 'Tis not for thanks or meed,
But for the service that I owe to virtue,
I would do this.
*Leucoth.* Surely this man
Is nobly bred, howe'er his habit give him.
But, sir, all physic comes to me too late,
There is no hope my Philocles should live.
*Eug.* Unless the king were pleased to grant his pardon;
'Twere good that he were moved.
*Leucoth.* Ah! who should do it?
I fear me, 'tis in vain; Count Virro,
And my father, both will cross it; but I would venture
If I could but get thither.

---

[9] *You may discharge him—i. e.* Clerimont.

*Eug.* 'Tis in my power
To give you liberty; your father left
Me to be your keeper: but in an act
So meritorious as this, I will not hinder you;
Nay, I will wait upon you to the court.
*Leucoth.* A thousand thanks to you; well, I will go.

Grant, oh ye powers above, if virgin's tears,
If a true lover's prayers had ever power
To move compassion, grant it now to me!
Arm with so strong a vigour my weak words,
They may pierce deep into his kingly breast,
And force out mercy in spite of all opposers!
*Eug.* Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter* FRANCISCO, *reading a Letter.*

*Franc.* My dearest Lucy, were thy old sire as just
As thou art truly constant, our firm love
Had never met these oppositions.
All my designs as yet, all practices
That I have used, I see are frustrated;
For, as my fair intelligencer writes,
He will before the next court-day provide
Some careless parson, that in spite of laws
Shall marry her to Shallow; this being done,
He means to hold the court's severity
In by a golden bit. And so he may,
Alas! it is too true; I must prevent it,
And that in time, before it grow too far:
But how? there lies the point of difficulty.—
But what strange sight is this that greets mine eyes?
Alphonso, my old captain! sure 'tis he.

*Enter* ALPHONSO.

*Alph.* Thus once again from twenty years exile,
Tost by the storms of fortune to and fro,
Has gracious heaven given me leave to tread
My native earth of Sicily, and draw
That air that fed me in my infancy.
*Franc.* 'Tis he! Most noble captain, oh, what power
Has been so gracious, as to bless mine eyes
Once more with sight of my most honoured master?
*Alph.* Kind youth, the tears of joy that I have spent
To greet my native country, have quite robbed
Mine eyes of moisture, and have left me none
To answer thy affection. But tell me,
Tell me how thou hast lived in Syracuse
These five years here, since that unlucky storm
Divided us at sea.
*Franc.* Faith poorly, sir,
As one that knows no kindred or alliance,
Unknown of any, have I shifted out:
But I have heard you say that I was born
In Syracuse; tell me what stock I come of,
What parentage; how mean soe'er they be,
They cannot well be poorer than myself:
Speak, do you know them, sir?
*Alph.* Yes, very well,
And I am glad the fates have brought me home,
For thy dear sake, that I may now disclose
Thy honourable birth.
*Franc.* Honourable!
*Alph.* Yes, noble youth, thou art the second son
To old lord Euphues; a man more worthy
And truly noble never drew this air;
Thy name's Lysandro: this discovery
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.
*Franc.* You do amaze me, sir.
*Alph.* I'll tell you all:
It was my fortune, twenty years ago,
Upon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea divides
This isle from Italy, to keep a fort
Under your noble father, where yourself,
Then but a child, was left to my tuition;
When suddenly the rude assailing force
Of strong Italian pirates so prevailed,
As to surprisal of the fort and us.
Your name and noble birth I then concealed,
Fearing some outrage from the enmity
Of those fell pirates; and since, from yourself
I purposely have kept the knowledge of it,
As loth to grieve your present misery,
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost.
That this is true, you straight shall see the effect;
I'll go acquaint your father with the tokens,
And make his o'erjoy'd heart leap to embrace
Thee, his new-found, and long-forgotten son.
*Franc.* Worthy captain, your presence was always
Welcome to me, but this unlooked-for news
I cannot suddenly digest.
*Alph.* Well, I'll go to him presently.
[*Exit* ALPHONSO.
*Franc.* Now, my dear Lucy, I shall find means to 'quite
Thy love, that could'st descend so low as I,
When I was nothing, and with such affection,
This was my suit still to the powers above,
To make me worthy of thy constant love.
But I'll about the project I intended.
[*Exit* FRANCISCO.

*Enter* VIRRO *and* POLYMETES.

*Poly.* Why now, my lord, you are nearer to her love than ever you were yet; your rival, by this accident, shall be removed out of the way; for before, the scornful girl would never fancy any man else.

*Vir.* I conceive you, sir.

*Poly.* I laboured it, for your sake, as much as for my own, to remove your rival and my enemy: you have your love, and I have my revenge.

*Vir.* I shall live, my lord, to give you thanks. But it will be after a strange manner, if Irus has dispatched what he was hired to; then, my kind lord, I shall be a little too cunning for you.

[*Aside.*

*Poly.* My lord, you are gracious with the king.

*Vir.* I thank his majesty, I have his ear before another man.

*Poly.* Then see no pardon be granted, you may stop any thing; I know Euphues will be soliciting for his son.

*Vir.* I warrant you, my lord, no pardon passes whilst I am there; I'll be a bar betwixt him and the king.—But hark, the king approaches.

*Enter King, with Attendants.*

*Ambo.* Health to your majesty.

*King.* Count Virro, and lord Polymetes, welcome;
You have been strangers at the court of late;
But I can well excuse you, count; you are about a wife,
A young one, and a fair one too, they say.
Get me young soldiers, count; but speak,
When is the day? I mean to be your guest;
You shall not steal a marriage.

*Vir.* I thank your majesty; but the marriage that I intended is stolen to my hand, and by another.

*King.* Stolen! how, man?

*Vir.* My promised wife
Is lately stolen away by Philocles,
Lord Euphues' son, against her father's will;
Who followed them, and apprehended them:
The law may right us, sir, if it may have course.

*King.* No reason but the law should have its course.

*Enter* EUPHUES.

*Euph.* Pardon, dread sovereign, pardon for my son.

*King.* Your son, lord Euphues! what is his offence?

*Euph.* No heinous one, my liege, no plot of treason
Against your royal person, or your state;
These aged cheeks would blush to beg a pardon
For such a foul offence; no crying murder
Hath stained his innocent hands; his fault was love,
Love, my dear liege: unfortunately he took
The daughter and heir of lord Polymetes;
Who follows him, and seeks extremity.

*Poly.* I seek but law; I am abused, my liege,
Justice is all I beg: my daughter stolen,
Staff of my age; let the law do me right.

*Vir.* To his just prayers do I bend my knee;
My promised wife is stolen, and by the son
Of that injurious lord; justice I crave.

*Euph.* Be like those powers above, whose place on earth
You represent; shew mercy, gracious king,
For they are merciful.

*Poly.* Mercy is but the king's prerogative,
'Tis justice is his office; doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complain;
But mercy shewed, oft takes away relief
From the wronged party, that the law would give him.

*Euph.* The law is blind, and speaks in general terms,
She cannot pity where occasion serves;
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And that's the king.

*Poly.* The king I hope in this will not do so.

*Euph.* 'Tis malice makes thee speak,
Hard-hearted lord: hadst thou no other way
To wreak thy cankered and long-fostered hate
Upon my head but thus, thus bloodily
By my son's suffering, and for such a fault
As thou should'st love him rather? Is thy daughter
Disparaged by his love? is his blood base,
Or are his fortune's sunk? This law was made
For such-like cautions, to restrain the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind; but, where equality
Meets in the match, the fault is pardonable.

*Enter* LEUCOTHOE.

*Leucoth.* Mercy, my sovereign; mercy, gracious king.

*Poly.* Minion, who sent for you? 'twere modesty
For you to be at home.

*King.* Let her alone; speak, lady,
I charge you no man interrupt her.

*Leucoth.* If ever pity touched that princely breast!
If ever virgin's tears had power to move,—
Or if you ever loved, and felt the pangs
That other lovers do,—pity, great king!
Pity and pardon two unhappy lovers.

*King.* Your life is not in question.

*Leucoth.* Yes, royal sir,
If law condemn my Philocles; he and I
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.

*Euph.* Excellent virtue! thou hadst not this from thy father.

*King.* There's music in her voice; and in her face
More than a mortal beauty:—Oh, my heart!
I shall be lost in passion if I hear her.
I'll hear no more, convey her from my presence;
Quickly, I say.

*Euph.* This is strange!

*Vir.* I told you what he would do; I knew
He would not hear of a pardon, and I against it;
He respects me.

*Poly.* No doubt he does, my lord:
I like this passage well.

*King.* But stay,
Stay, lady, let me hear you;—beshrew my heart,

My mind was running of another matter.
*Vir.* Where the devil hath his mind been all this while? Perhaps he heard none of us neither, we may e'en tell our tales again.
*Poly.* No, sure he heard us; but 'tis very strange.
*King.* 'Tis such a tempting poison I draw in,
I cannot stay my draught.—Rise up, lady.
*Leucoth.* Never, until your grace's pardon raise me:
There's pity in your eye, oh shew it, sir;
Say pardon, gracious king; 'tis but a word,
And short, but welcome as the breath of life.
*King.* I'll further hear the manner of this fact:
Avoid the presence, all but the lady,
And come not till I send.
*Poly.* I like not this.
*Vir.* Nor I; here is mad dancing.
*Euph.* Heaven bless thy suit, thou mirror of thy sex,
And best example of true constant love!
That, in the sea of thy transcendent virtues,
Drown'st all thy father's malice, and redeem'st
More in my thoughts than all thy kin can lose.
[*Exeunt.*
*King.* Now, lady, what would you do to save the life
Of him you love so dearly?
*Leucoth.* I cannot think that thought I would not do.
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.
*King.* You would be thankful then to me,
If I should grant his pardon?
*Leucoth.* If ever I were thankful to the Gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,
Could I to you be unthankful for a gift
I value more than those, and without which
These blessings were but wearisome?
*King.* Those that are thankful, study to requite a courtesy; would you do so? would you requite this favour?
*Leucoth.* I cannot, sir;
For all the service I can do your grace
Is but my duty; you are my sovereign,
And all my deeds to you are debts, not merits.
But to those powers above, that can requite,
That from their wasteless treasures heap rewards,
More out of grace than merits, on us mortals,
To those I'll ever pray, that they would give you
More blessings than I have skill to ask.
*King.* Nay, but Leucothoë, this lies in thy power to requite: thy love will make requital; wilt thou love me?
*Leucoth.* I ever did, my lord:
I was instructed from my infancy
To love and honour you, my sovereign.
*King.* But in a nearer bond of love?
*Leucoth.* There is no nearer, nor no truer love,
Than that a loyal subject bears a prince.
*King.* Still thou wilt not conceive me, I must deal
Plain with you; wilt thou lie with me?
And I will seal his pardon presently;
Nay more, I'll heap upon you both, all favours
All honours that a prince can give.
*Leucoth.* Oh me unhappy!
In what a sad dilemma stands my choice,
Either to lose the man my soul most loves,
Or save him by a deed of such dishonour
As he will ever lothe me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was so basely kept!
Name any thing but that to save his life;
I know you do but tempt my frailty, sir,
I know your royal thoughts could never stoop
To such a foul, dishonourable act.
*King.* Bethink thyself, there is no way but that;
I swear by Heaven never to pardon him
But upon those conditions.
*Leucoth.* Oh I am miserable!
*King.* Thou art not, if not wilful; yield, Leucothoë,
It shall be secret; Philocles for his life
Shall thank thy love, but never know the price
Thou paid'st for it. Be wise; thou heard'st me swear:
I cannot now shew mercy, thou may'st save him,
And if he die, 'tis thou that art the tyrant.
*Leucoth.* I should be so, if I should save him thus:
Nay, I should be a traitor to your grace,
Betray your soul to such a foe as lust.
But, since your oath is past, dear Philocles,
I'll shew to thee an honest cruelty,
And rather follow thee in spotless death,
Than buy with sinning a dishonoured life.
*King.* Yet pity me, Leucothoë; cure the wound
Thine eyes have made: pity a begging king;
Uncharm the charms of thy bewitching face,
Or thou wilt leave me dead! Will nothing move thee?
Thou art a witch, a traitor, thou hast sought,
By unresisted spells, thy sovereign's life:
Who are about us? Call in the lords again!

*Enter* POLYMETES, VIRRO, EUPHUES, *&c.*

Lord Polymetes, take your daughter to you,
Keep her at home.
*Poly.* I will, my liege; Roscio, see her there.
I wonder what is done.
*King.* Euphues, I have ta'en a solemn oath
Never to grant a pardon to thy son.
*Euph.* Oh say not so, my liege; your grace, I know,
Has mercy for a greater fault than this.
*King.* My oath is past, and cannot be recalled.
*Poly.* This is beyond our wishes.
*Vir.* What made him swear this, I wonder?
*Euph.* A heavy oath to me, and most unlooked for!
Your justice, Sir, has set a period
Unto a loyal house, a family
That have been props of the Sicilian crown,
That with their bloods in many an honoured field,
'Gainst the hot French, and Neapolitan,
Have served for you, and your great ancestors:
Their children now can never more do so.

Farewell, my sovereign! whilst I in tears
Spend the sad remnant of my childless age,
I'll pray for your long life, and happy reign,
And may your grace, and your posterity,
At need, find hands as good, and hearts as true,
As ours have ever been!

*King.* Farewell, good old man.

*Euph.* For you, my lord, your cruelty has deserved
A curse from me, but I can utter none;
Your daughter's goodness has weighed down your malice,
Heaven prosper her! [*Exit* EUPHUES.

*Poly.* Amen.

*King.* He is an honest man, and truly noble.
Oh my rash oath!—my lust, that was the cause!
Would any price would buy it in again!

*Vir.* Your majesty is just.

*Poly.* 'Tis a happy land,
Where the king squares his actions by the law.

*King.* Away, you are base and bloody,
That feed your malice with pretence of justice;
'Tis such as you make princes tyrannous,
And hated of their subjects; but look to it,
Look your own heads stand fast; for if the law
Do find a hole in your coats, beg no mercy.

*Vir.* Pardon us, my lord, we were wronged.

*Poly.* And sought redress but by a lawful course.

*King.* Well, leave me alone.

*Vir.* Farewell, my liege:—now let him chafe alone.

*Poly.* Now we have our ends. [*Exeunt.*

*King.* Is there no means to save him, no way
To get a dispensation for an oath?
None that I know, except the court of Rome
Will grant one; that's well thought on:
I will not spare for gold, and that will do it.—
Nicanor!

*Enter* NICANOR.

*Nic.* Sir!

*King.* What book is that
Thou hadst from Paris, about the price of sins?

*Nic.* 'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery.[10]

*King.* Is there a price for any sin set down?

*Nic.* Any, sir; how heinous e'er it be,
Or of what nature, for such a sum of money
As is set down there, it shall be remitted.

*King.* That's well; go fetch the book presently.

*Nic.* I will, my lord. [*Exit* NICANOR.

*King.* Sure there is perjury
Among the rest, and I shall know what rate
It bears, before I have committed it.

*Re-enter* NICANOR.

How now, hast brought it?

*Nic.* Yes, sir.

*King.* Read; I would know the price of perjury.

*Nic.* I shall find it quickly, here's an index. [*He reads.*
"*Imprimis.* For murder of all kinds, of a clergyman, of a layman, of father, mother, son, brother, sister, wife."—

*King.* Read till you come at perjury.

*Nic.* "*Item,* for impoisoning, enchantments, witchcraft, sacrilege, simony, and their kind and branches.

"*Item, pro lapsu carnis,* fornication, adultery, incest without any exception or distinction; for sodomy, brutality, or any of that kind."

*King.* My heart shakes with horror
To hear the names of such detested sins.
Can these be bought for any price of money?
Or do these merchants but deceive the world
With their false wares! No more of that foul book;
I will not now know what I came to know.
I would not, for the world redeem my oath
By such a course as this; no more, Nicanor,
Unless thou find a price for Atheism.
Well, this is not the way to help, I see;
I have thought of another that may prove,
And both discharge my oath, and save his life.
Nicanor, run presently, call Matho hither,

---

[10] *'Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolical Chancery*—This book, entitled, *The Tax of the Roman Chancery,* which has been several times translated into English, was first published at Rome in the year 1514. It furnishes the most flagrant instances of the abominable profligacy of the Roman court at that time. Among other passages in it are the following: "*Absolutio a lapsu carnis super quocunque actu libidinoso commisso per Clericum, etiam cum monialibus, intra et extra septa monasterii; aut cum consanguineis vel affinibus, aut filia spirituali, aut quibusdam aliis, sive ab unoquoque de per se, sive simul ab omnibus absolutio petatur cum dispensatione ad ordines et beneficia, cum inhibitione tur.* 36. *duc.* 3. *Si verò cum illis petatur absolutio etiam a crimine commisso contra naturam, vel cum brutis, cum dispensatione ut supra, et cum inhibitione tur.* 90. *duc.* 12. *car.* 16. *Si verò petatur tantum absolutio a crimine contra naturam, vel cum brutis, cum dispensatione et inhibitione, turon* 36. *duc.* 9. *Absolutio pro moniali qui se permisit pluries cognosci intra vel extra septa monasterii, cum rehabilitate ad dignitates illius ordinis etiam abbatialem, turon* 36. *duc.* 9." In the edition of Bois le Duc there is "*Absolutio pro eo, qui interfecit patrem, matrem, sororem, uxorem, . . . . g. 5. vel. 7.*" Vide *Bayle,* art. Banck.

Matho the lawyer; command him to make haste,
I long to be resolved.
*Nic.* I run, sir. [*Exit.*
*King.* He is a subtle lawyer, and may find
Some point, that in the law's obscurity
Lies hid from us,—some point, may do us good.
I have seen some of his profession
Out of a case as plain, as clear as day
To our weak judgments, and no doubt, at first,
Meant, like our thoughts, by those that made the law;
Pick out such hard, inextricable doubts,
That they have spun a suit of seven years long,
And led their hood-wink clients in a wood,
A most irremeable labyrinth,
Till they have quite consumed them; this they can do
In other cases, why not as well in this?
I have seen others could extend the law
Upon the rack, or cut it short again
To their own private profits, as that thief,
Cruel Procrustes, served his hapless guests,
To fit them to his bed. Well, I shall see;
I would Nicanor were returned again,
I would fain ease my conscience of that oath,
That rash and inconsiderate oath I took.—
But see; here they are coming.

*Enter* MATHO, *and* NICANOR.

*Mat.* Health to my sovereign!
*King.* Matho, welcome.
I sent for thee about a business
I would entreat thy help in.
*Mat.* Your highness may command my service in that,
Or any thing lies in my power.
*King.* 'Tis to decide a case that troubles me.
*Mat.* If it lie within the compass of my knowledge, I will resolve your highness presently.
*King.* Then thus it is: Lord Euphues' son,
Young Philocles, has lately stolen away
The daughter and heir of Lord Polymetes,
Who is his enemy: he, following him hard,
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his trial
To-morrow morning. Thou hast heard this news?
*Mat.* I have, my liege, with every circumstance
That can be thought on in the business.
*King.* And what will be the issue of the law?
*Mat.* He must die for't; the case is plain, unless
Your grace will grant his pardon.
*King.* But can there be no means thought upon
To save him by the law?
*Mat.* None, my lord.
*King.* Surely there may; speak, man, I'll give thee double fees.
*Mat.* It cannot be, my liege, the statute is plain.
*King.* Nay, now thou art too honest; thou should'st do
As other lawyers do, first take my money,
And then tell me thou canst do me no good.
*Mat.* I dare not undertake it; could it be done,
I'd go as far as any man would do.
*King.* Yes, if it were to cut a poor man's throat, you could;
For some rich griping landlord you could grind
The face of his poor tenant, stretch the law
To serve his turn, and, guided by his angels,
Speak oracles more than the tongues of men;
Then you could find exceptions, reservations,
Stand at a word, a syllable, a letter,
Or coin some scruples out of your own brains:
But in a case so full of equity,
So charitable as this, you can find nothing.
I shall for ever hate all your profession.
*Mat.* I do beseech your highness to excuse me;
I cannot do more than your laws will let me;
Nor falsify my knowledge, nor my conscience.
*King.* Then I am miserable. Rise, Matho, rise,
I do not discommend thy honesty,
But blame my own hard fate: ah Philocles,
I would redeem thy life at any price,
But the stars cross it, cruel fate condemns thee.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable and Watch.* [11]

*Con.* Come, fellow-watchmen, for now you are my fellows.
*Watch.* It pleases you to call us so, master constable.
*Con.* I do it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we commanders have; your great captains call your soldiers, fellow-soldiers, to encourage them.
2 *Watch.* Indeed, and so they do. I heard master curate reading a story-book the other day to that purpose.
*Con.* Well, I must shew now what you have to do, for I myself, before I came to this preferment, was as simple as one of you; and, for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman? Secondly, what is the office of a watchman? For the first, if any man ask me what is a watchman? I may answer him, he is a man as others are; nay, a tradesman, as a vintner, a tailor, or the like, for they have long bills.
3 *Watch.* He tells us true, neighbour, we have bills indeed.
*Con.* For the second, what is his office? I answer, he may, by virtue of his office, reprehend any person or persons that walk the streets too late at a seasonable hour.
4 *Watch.* May we indeed, master constable.

[11] *Constable and Watch*—This Constable and Watch are poor imitations of Shakespeare's Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado about Nothing*. S.

*Con.* Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable hours, you may, by virtue of your office, commit him to prison, and then ask him whither he was going.

1 *Watch.* Why that's as much as my Lord Mayor does.

*Con.* True, my Lord Mayor can do no more than you, in that point.

2 *Watch.* But, master constable, what if he should resist us?

*Con.* Why, if he do resist, you may knock him down, and then bid him stand, and come before the constable. So, now I think you are sufficiently instructed concerning your office: take your stands, you shall hear rogues walking at these seasonable hours, I warrant you; stand close.

*Enter* EUGENIO.

*Eug.* Now do I take as much care to be apprehended, as others do to escape the watch; I must speak to be overheard, and plainly too, or else these dolts will never conceive me.

*Con.* Hark, who goes by?

*Eug.* Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terror of a guilty conscience!

*Con.* How, conscience talks he of? he's an honest man, I warrant him, let him pass.

2 *Watch.* Aye, aye, let him pass; good-night, honest gentleman.

*Eug.* These are wise officers! I must be plainer yet. That gold, that cursed gold, that made me poison him, made me poison Eugenio!

*Con.* How, made me poison him! he's a knave I warrant him.

3 *Watch.* Master constable has found him already.

*Con.* I warrant you a knave cannot pass me; go reprehend him, I'll take his excommunication myself.

1 *Watch.* Come afore the constable.

2 *Watch.* Come afore the constable.

*Con.* Sirrah, sirrah, you would have escaped, would you? no, sirrah, you shall know the king's officers have eyes to hear such rogues as you. Come, sirrah, confess who it was you poisoned. —He looks like a notable rogue.

1 *Watch.* I do not like his looks.

2 *Watch.* Nor I.

*Con.* You would deny it, would you, sirrah? we shall sift you.

*Eug.* Alas, master constable, I cannot now deny what I have said, you over-heard me; I poisoned Eugenio, son to Lord Polymetes.

1 *Watch.* O rascal!

2 *Watch.* My young landlord!

*Con.* Let him alone, the law shall punish him; but, sirrah, where did you poison him?

*Eug.* About a day's journey hence; as he was coming home from Athens I met him, and poisoned him.

*Con.* But, sirrah, who set you a work? confess, I shall find out the whole nest of these rogues; speak.

*Eug.* Count Virro hired me to do it.

*Con.* Oh lying rascal!

1 *Watch.* Nay, he that will steal will lie.

2 *Watch.* I'll believe nothing he says.

3 *Watch.* Belye a man of worship!

4 *Watch.* A nobleman!

*Con.* Away with him. I'll hear no more, remit him to prison. Sirrah, you shall hear of these things to-morrow, where you would be loth to hear them. Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter* FRANKLIN, SHALLOW, LUCY, FRANCISCO *in a Parson's habit, and a true Parson otherwise attired.*

*Frank.* I'll take your council, sir, I'll not be seen in it, but meet you when it is done; you'll marry them?

*Franc.* Fear not that, sir, I'll do the deed.

*Frank.* I shall rest thankful to you; till then I'll leave you.

*Shal.* I pray, father, leave us, we know how to behave ourselves alone; methinks, Lucy, we are too many by two yet.

*Lucy.* You are merry, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Manet* FRANKLIN.

Now they are sure, or never; poor Francisco,
*Thou met'st thy match when thou durst undertake*
*To over-reach me with tricks.* Where's now your Sumner?
'Fore heaven I cannot but applaud my brain,
To take my daughter even against her will,
And great with child by another; her shame published,
She cited to the court, and yet bestow her
On such a fortune as rich Shallow is:
Nay, that which is the master-piece of all,
Make him believe 'tis his, though he ne'er touched her.
If men ne'er met with crosses in the world,
There were no difference 'twixt the wise and fools.
But I'll go meet them; when 'tis done, I fear not. [*Exit.*

*Enter* FRANCISCO, *Parson*, SHALLOW, LUCY.

*Franc.* Nay, fret not now, you had been worse abused
If you had married her; she never loved you.

*Lucy.* I ever scorned thy folly, and hated thee; though sometimes afore my father I would make an ass of thee.

*Shal.* Oh women, monstrous women! little does her father know who has married her.

*Lucy.* Yes, he knows the parson married me, and you can witness that.

*Franc.* And he shall know the parson will lie with her.

*Shal.* Well, parson, I will be revenged on all thy coat; I will not plough an acre of ground for you to tythe, I'll rather pasture my neighbours cattle for nothing.

*Par.* Oh be more charitable, sir; bid God give them joy.

*Shal.* I care not greatly if I do, he is not the first parson that has taken a gentleman's leavings.

*Franc.* How mean you, sir?

*Shal.* You guess my meaning. I hope to have good luck to horse-flesh now, she is a parson's wife.

*Franc.* You have lain with her then, sir?

*Shal.* I cannot tell you that, but if you saw a woman with child, without lying with a man, then perhaps I have not.

*Lucy.* Impudent coxcomb! darest thou say that ever thou layest with me? Did'st thou ever so much as kiss my hand in private?

*Shal.* These things must not be spoken of in company.

*Lucy.* Thou knowest I ever hated thee.

*Shal.* But when you were in the good humour, you would tell me another tale.

*Lucy.* The fool is mad; by heaven, my Francisco, I am wronged. [*He discovers himself.*

*Franc.* Then I must change my note. Sirrah, unsay what you have spoken; swear here, before the parson and myself, you never touched her, or I'll cut thy throat; it is Francisco threatens thee.

*Shal.* I am in a sweet case, what should I do now? Her father thinks I have lain with her; if I deny it, he will have a bout with me; if I say I have, this young rogue will cut my throat.

*Franc.* Come, will you swear?

*Shal.* I would I were fairly off, I would lose my wench with all my heart.—I swear.

*Franc.* So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can stick upon thee.

*Enter* FRANKLIN.

*Frank.* Well, now I see 'tis done.

*Shal.* Here's one shall talk with you.

*Frank.* God give you joy, son Shallow.

*Franc.* I thank you, father.

*Frank.* How's this, Francisco, in the parson's habit?

*Franc.* I have married her, as you bade me, sir; but this was the truer parson of the two, he tied the knot, and this gentleman is our witness.

*Frank.* I am undone; strumpet, thou hast betrayed thyself to beggary, to shame besides, and that in open court; but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starve, I'll never pity thee.

*Lucy.* Good sir.

*Shal.* I told you what would come on't.

*Franc.* How did your wisdom lose her?

*Shal.* E'en as you see, I was beguiled, and so were you.

*Frank.* Francisco, take her; thou seest the portion thou art like to have.

*Franc.* 'Tis such a portion as will ever please me; but, for her sake, be not unnatural.

*Lucy.* Do not reject me, father.

*Franc.* But for the fault that she must answer for, or shame she should endure in court, behold her yet an untouched virgin. Cushion, come forth; here, signior Shallow, take your child unto you, make much of it, it may prove as wise as the father. [*He flings the Cushion at him.*

*Frank.* This is more strange than t'other; ah, Lucy, wer't thou so subtle to deceive thyself and me? Well, take thy fortune, 'tis thine own choice.

*Franc.* Sir, we can force no bounty from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

*Enter* EUPHUES, ALPHONSO.

*Alph.* Yonder he is, my lord, that's he in the parson's habit; he is thus disguised about the business I told you of. Lysandro, see your noble father.

*Euph.* Welcome, my long-lost son, from all the storms
Of frowning fortune that thou hast endured,
Into thy father's arms.

*Lucy.* Is my Francisco noble?

*Frank.* Lord Euphues' son! I am amazed.

*Euph.* I hear, Lysandro, that you are married?

*Franc.* Yes, my lord, this is my bride; the daughter and heir of this rich gentleman; 'twas only she, that when my state was nothing, my poor self and parentage unknown, vouchsafed to know; nay, grace me with her love, her constant love.

*Euph.* Such merit must not be forgot, my son. Daughter, much joy attend upon your choice.

*Franc.* Now, wants but your consent
*To* FRANK.

*Frank.* Which, with a willing heart, I do bestow.
Pardon me, worthy son, I have so long
Been hard to you; 'twas ignorance
Of what you were, and care I took for her.

*Franc.* Your care needs no apology.

*Euph.* But now, Lysandro, I must make thee sad
Upon thy wedding-day, and let thee know
There is no pure and uncompounded joy
Lent to mortality: in depth of woe
Thou meet'st the knowledge of thy parentage;
Thy elder brother Philocles must die;
And in his tragedy our name and house
Had sunk for ever, had not gracious heaven
Sent, as a comfort to my childless age,
Thy long-lost self, supporter of the name.

*Franc.* But can there be no means to save his life?

*Euph.* Alas, there's none; the king has taken an oath
Never to pardon him; but since, they say,
His majesty repents, and fain would save him,

*Franc.* Then am I wretched: like a man long blind,
That comes at last to see the wished-for sun,
But finds it in eclipse; such is my case,
To meet, in this dark woe, my dearest friends.
*Euph.* Had you not heard this news before, Lysandro?
*Franc.* Yes, sir; and did lament,
As for a worthy stranger, but ne'er knew
My sorrow stood engaged by such a tie
As brotherhood. Where may we see him, sir?
*Euph.* This morning he's arraigned: put off that habit you are in, and go along with me; leave your friends here a while.
*Franc.* Farewell, father;
Dear Lucy, till soon, farewell; nought but so sad
A chance could make me cloudy now. [*Exeunt.*
*Frank.* Well, Lucy, thy choice has proved better than we expected; but this cloud of grief has dimmed our mirth, but will, I hope, blow over; Heaven grant it may! And, signior Shallow, though you have missed what my love meant you once, pray be my guest.
*Shal.* I thank you, sir, I'll not be strange. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* KING, NICANOR.

*King.* Nicanor, I would find some privy place,
Where I might stand unseen, unknown of any,
To hear th' arraignment of young Philocles.
*Nic.* The judges are now entering; please you, sir,
Here to ascend, you may both hear and see.
*King.* Well, I'll go up;
And, like a jealous husband, hear and see
That, that will strike me dead. Am I a king,
And cannot pardon such a small offence?
I cannot do't, nor am I Cæsar now;
Lust has uncrowned me, and my rash-ta'en oath
Has reft me of a king's prerogative.
Come, come, Nicanor, help me to ascend,
And see that fault that I want power to mend.
[*They ascend.*

*Enter three Judges,* VIRRO, POLYMETES, EUPHUES, FRANCISCO, LEUCOTHOE, CLERIMONT, *and* ROSCIO.

1 *Judge.* Bring forth the prisoner; where are the witnesses?
*Poly.* Here, my lords; I am the wronged party, and the fact, my man here, besides the officers that took them, can justify.
2 *Judge.* That's enough.

*Enter* PHILOCLES, *with a Guard.*

1 *Judge.* Philocles, stand to the bar, and answer to such crimes
As shall be here objected against thy life.
Read the indictment.
*Phil.* Spare that labour;
I do confess the fact that I am charged with,
And speak as much as my accusers can,
As much as all the witnesses can prove;
'Twas I that stole away the daughter and heir
Of lord Polymetes, which, were't to do again,
Rather than lose her, I again would venture.
This was the fact: your sentence, honoured fathers.
*Cler.* 'Tis brave and resolute.
1 *Judge.* A heavy sentence, noble Philocles;
And such a one, as I could wish myself
Off from this place, some other might deliver;
You must die for it, death is your sentence.
*Phil.* Which I embrace with willingness. Now, my lord,
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life [*To* POLY.
Too poor a sacrifice to appease the rancour
Of your inveterate malice? If it be, to[12]
Invent some scandal, that may after blot
My reputation.—Father, dry your tears,
[*To* EUPH.
Weep not for me, my death shall leave no stain
Upon your blood, nor blot on your fair name:
The honoured ashes of my ancestors,
May still rest quiet in their tear-wet urns
For any fact of mine; I might have lived,
If heaven had not prevented it, and found
Death for some foul, dishonourable act.
Brother, farewell; no sooner have I found
[*To* FRANC.
But I must leave thy wished-for company.
Farewell, my dearest love; live thou still happy;
And may some one of more desert than I,
Be blest in the enjoying what I lose.
I need not wish him happiness that has thee,
For thou wilt bring it; may he prove as good
As thou art worthy!
*Leucoth.* Dearest Philocles,
There is no room for any man but thee
Within this breast. Oh good my lords,
Be merciful, condemn us both together,
Our faults are both alike; why should the law
Be partial thus, and lay it all on him?
1 *Judge.* Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Save him as you, he should not die for this.

*Enter Constable, leading* EUGENIO.

How now, who's that you have brought there?
*Con.* A benefactor, an't please your lordships; I reprehended him in my watch last night.
*Vir.* Irus is taken!
2 *Judge.* What's his offence?
*Con.* Murder.
*Watch.* No, Mr Constable, 'twas but poisoning of a man.
*Con.* Go, thou art a fool.
*Vir.* I am undone for ever, all will out.
3 *Judge.* What proofs have you against him?

---

[12] ——— *If it be,* to *Invent some scandal,* &c.—I think we should read *go.*—S. P.

*Con.* His own profession, if it please your honour.

3 *Judge.* And that's an ill profession, to be a murderer; thou meanest he has confest the fact?

*Con.* Yes, my lord, he cannot deny it.

1 *Judge.* Did he not name the party, who it was that he had poisoned?

*Con.* Marry, with reverence be it spoken, it was Eugenio, my lord Polymetes' son.

*Poly.* How's this!

1 *Judge.* He died long since at Athens.

*Poly.* I cannot tell what I should think of it; This is the man that lately brought me news My son was living.

2 *Judge.* Fellow, stand to the bar; thou hear'st thy accusation, what can'st thou say?

*Eug.* Ah, my good lord,
I cannot now deny what I have said;
This man o'erheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confession of my crime.

*Con.* I told him, an't shall please your lordships, the king's officers had eyes to hear such rascals.

1 *Judge.* You have been careful in your office, constable;
You may now leave your prisoner.

*Con.* I'll leave the felon with your lordship.

1 *Judge.* Farewell, good constable; murder, I see, will out. [*Exit Constable.*
Why didst thou poison him?

*Eug.* I was poor, and want made me be hired.

2 *Judge.* Hired, by whom?

*Eug.* By count Virro; there he stands.

*Vir.* I do beseech your lordships not to credit what this base fellow speaks; I am innocent.

1 *Judge.* I do believe you are; sirrah, speak truth,
You have not long to live.

*Eug.* Please it your lordship, I may relate the manner.

3 *Judge.* Do.

*Eug.* Eugenio was alive, when first the news
Was spread in Syracuse that he was dead;
Which false report, count Virro crediting,
Became an earnest suitor to his sister,
Thinking her heir; but finding afterwards
Her brother lived, and coming home,
Not a day's journey hence, he sent me to him,
And, with a promise of five hundred crowns,
Hired me to poison him: that this is true,
Here's his own hand to witness it against him.
Please it your lordships to peruse the writing.

1 *Judge.* This is his hand.

2 *Judge.* Sure as I live, I have seen warrants from him with just these characters.

3 *Judge.* Besides, methinks this fellow's tale is likely.

*Poly.* 'Tis too true.
This fellow's sudden going from my house
Put me into a fear.

1 *Judge.* Count Virro, stand to the bar;
What can you say to clear you of this murder?

*Vir.* Nothing, my lords, I must confess the fact.

2 *Judge.* Why, then, against you both do I pronounce
Sentence of death.

*Ambo.* The law is just.

*Poly.* Wretch that I am, is my dissembled grief
Turned to true sorrow? Were my acted tears
But prophecies of my ensuing woe,
And is he truly dead? Oh pardon me,
Dear ghost of my Eugenio, 'twas my fault
That called this hasty vengeance from the gods,
And shortened thus thy life; for whilst with tricks
I sought to fasten wealth upon our house,
I brought a cannibal to be the grave
Of me and mine! base, bloody, murderous count!

*Vir.* Vile cozener! cheating lord! dissembler!

1 *Judge.* Peace! stop the mouth of malediction there,
This is no place to rail in.

*Euph.* Ye just powers,
That to the quality of man's offence
Shape your correcting rods, and punish there
Where he has sinned! did not my bleeding heart
Bear such a heavy share in this day's woe,
I could, with a free soul, applaud your justice.

*Poly.* Lord Euphues, and Philocles, forgive me;
To make amends, I know's impossible,
For what my malice wrought; but I would fain
Do somewhat that might testify my grief
And true repentance.

*Eug.* That is what I looked for.

*Euph.* You're kind too late, my lord; had you been thus
When need required, y' had saved yourself and me,
Our hapless sons; but if your grief be true,
I can forgive you heartily.

*Phil.* And I.

*Eug.* Now comes my cue. My lord Polymetes,
Under correction, let me ask one question.

*Poly.* What question? speak.

*Eug.* If this young lord should live, would you bestow your daughter willingly upon him? would you, my lord?

*Poly.* As willingly as I would breathe myself.

*Eug.* Then dry all your eyes,
There's no man here shall have a cause to weep.
Your life is saved, Leucothoë is no heir, [*To* PHIL.
Her brother lives; and that clears you, count Virro,
Of your supposed murder.

*All.* How! lives?

*Eug.* Yes, lives to call thee brother, Philocles.

*Leucoth.* Oh, my dear brother!
[*He discovers himself.*

*Poly.* My son, welcome from death.

*Eug.* Pardon me, good my lord, that I thus long
Have from your knowledge kept myself concealed;
My end was honest.

*Poly.* I see it was.
And now, son Philocles, give me thy hand;
Here take thy wife, she loves thee, I dare swear;
And for the wrong that I intended thee,

Her portion shall be double what I meant it.
*Phil.* I thank your lordship.
*Poly.* Brother Euphues,
I hope all enmity is now forgot
Betwixt our houses.
*Euph.* Let it be ever so, I do embrace your love.
*Vir.* Well, my life is saved yet, though my wench be lost.
God give you joy!
*Phil.* Thanks, good my lord.
1 *Judge.* How suddenly this tragic scene is changed,
And turned to comedy!
2 *Judge.* 'Tis very strange.
*Poly.* Let us conclude within.
*King.* Stay, and take my joy with you.
[*The King speaks from above.*
*Euph.* His majesty is coming down, let us attend.

*Enter King.*

*King.* These jars are well closed up: now, Philocles,
What my rash oath denied me, this blest hour,
And happy accident, has brought to pass,
The saving of thy life.
*Phil.* A life, my liege,
That shall be ever ready to be spent
Upon your service.
*King.* Thanks, good Philocles.
But where's the man, whose happy presence brought
All this unlooked for sport? where is Eugenio?
*Eug.* Here, my dread liege.
*King.* Welcome to Syracuse.
Welcome Eugenio; pr'ythee ask some boon,
That may requite the good that thou hast done.
*Eug.* I thank your majesty; what I have done
Needs no requital: but I have a suit
Unto lord Euphues; please it your majesty
To be to him an intercessor for me,
I make no question but I shall obtain.
*King.* What is it? speak; it shall be granted thee.
*Eug.* That it would please him to bestow on me
His niece, the fair and virtuous lady, Leda.
*Euph.* With all my heart; I know 'twill please her well:
I have often heard her praise Eugenio.
It shall be done within.
*King.* Then here all strife ends.
I'll be your guest myself to-day, and help
To solemnize this double marriage.
*Poly.* Your royal presence shall much honour us.
*King.* Then lead away; the happy knot you tie,
Concludes in love two houses' enmity.

## THE EPILOGUE.

Our Heir is fallen from her inheritance;
But has obtained her love: you may advance
Her higher yet; and from your pleased hands give
A dowry, that will make her truly live.

## EDITION.

The Heire, a Comedie, as it was acted by the Company of the Revels, 1620. Written by T. M. The second impression. London, printed by Augustine Mathewes for Thomas Jones; and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstans Church-yard, in Fleet-street. 1633. 4to.

THE

# BIRD IN A CAGE.

BY

JAMES SHIRLEY.

JAMES SHIRLEY *was descended from the family of the Shirleys, of Sussex, or Warwickshire. He was born in the year* 1594, *in the parish of St Mary Wool-church, where Stocks-market formerly stood. His grammatical learning he acquired in Merchant-Taylors School, and from thence was removed to St John's College, Oxford; but in what condition he lived there, whether as servitor, batler, or commoner, Wood* says, he was not able to discover. At that time, Dr Laud, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, presided in that seminary; and, having observed early marks of genius in young Shirley, conceived a great regard for him, but is said to have prevented him from entering into holy orders, on account of a large mole, which disfigured his left cheek, and which he deemed a sufficient reason for refusing to permit him to be ordained. He afterwards left Oxford, and removed to Catharine Hall,† Cambridge, where Wood supposes he took his degrees in arts, and entering into holy orders, began his ministry in or near St Albans. It was not long before he began to entertain scruples about his religion, which ended in his embracing the tenets of the Roman Catholic church. On this change he quitted his living, and taught a grammar school at St Albans; but this also growing irksome to him, he came to reside in the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and commenced writer for the stage. In this profession he met with considerable success, and obtained sufficient advantages to enable him to live with credit and decency, until the breaking out of the civil wars, which occasioning the theatres to be shut up, he was compelled to leave London, and accepted an invitation from William, then earl, afterwards duke of Newcastle, to take his fortune with him in the wars.‡ On the decline of the king's fortune, he retired obscurely to London, where, in* 1647, *he published the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and was some time maintained at the expence of Thomas Stanley, Esq.‖ He afterwards returned to his former profession of teaching school, chiefly in White-Friars, and gained a decent subsistence from it until the king's return; but whether on that event he had any office or employment conferred on him to recompense his sufferings, Wood says he could not discover. At length, after a life of full seventy-two years; in which he had experienced various fortunes, he, with his second wife, Frances, were driven from their house near Fleet-street, by the great fire which happened in* 1666, *into the parish of St Giles in the Fields, where, being overcome by the fright and the loss they had sustained, added to the infirmities of old age, they both died in one day, and were buried in one grave in St Giles's church-yard, on the 29th of October,* 1666. *Wood says, that Shirley assisted his patron, the duke of Newcastle, in composing of certain plays, which the duke afterwards published; he also was consulted by Fletcher, after the death of his coadjutor Beaumont, and was besides a drudge for John Ogilvy, in writing annotations for that author's translations of Homer and Virgil. Dryden,§ with great injustice, has classed him with Flecknoe, a writer too contemptible to de-*

* Athen. Oxon. 2 vol. p. 376.
† Bancroft's Epigrams, 4to. 1639, B. i. Epig. 13.
‡ Ath. Oxon. p. 377.
‖ Ibid.
§ See Mac-Flecknoe.

*serve the slightest mention. According to the fashion of the times, in which every poet of reputation took another as his poetical son, and as such patronised and supported his reputation; Shirley was adopted by Chapman, in the same manner as Brome was by Dekker, Field by Massinger, Randolph first, and afterwards Cartwright, by Ben Jonson.*

*Shirley wrote several books for the instruction of youth in grammatical learning, many poems, and the following dramatic pieces:*

1. *The Wedding, a comedy, acted at the Phœnix, in Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1629. 4*to*, 1633. 4*to*, 1660.
2. *The Grateful Servant, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1633. 4*to*, 1637.
3. *The School of Compliments, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1631. 4*to*, 1637, *and in* 4*to*, 1667, *under the title of, Love Tricks, or the School of Compliments, as acted at the duke of York's theatre, Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*
4. *Changes, or Love in a Maze, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Salisbury Court.* 4*to*, 1632.
5. *A Contention for Honour and Riches, a Masque.* 4*to*, 1633.
6. *The Witty Fair One, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*. 1633.
7. *The Triumph of Peace, a masque, presented by the Four Inns of Court, at the Banqueting-House, Whitehall, Feb.* 3, 1633. 4*to*. 1633. *See Warton's History of Poetry, Vol.* II. p. 400.
8. *The Bird in a Cage, a comedy, acted at the Phœnix, Drury-Lane.* 4to, 1633.
9. *The Traitor, a tragedy, acted by his majesty's servants.* 4*to*. 1635.

*This play was revived and reprinted in* 4*to*, 1692: *and P. Motteaux, in his Gentleman's Journal, says, "Shirley only ushered it on the stage, but that it was written by one Mr Rivers, a Jesuit, who wrote it, and died in Newgate." See also Gildon on it.* Oldys MS. Notes on Langbaine. *It was also revived in* 1718, *at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and printed in* 8*vo the same year. To that edition, as well as the former in* 1692, *the name of Rivers is put as the author.*

10. *The Lady of Pleasure, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1637.
11. *The Young Admiral, a tragi-comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1637.
12. *Hide Parke, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1637.
13. *The Gamester, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*. 1637.
14. *The Example, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1637.
15. *The Royal Master, a tragi-comedy, acted at the New Theatre in Dublin, and before the Lord Deputy of Ireland in the Castle.* 4*to*, 1638.

*By the Dedication to the Earl of Kildare, it appears that the author was that year in Ireland.*

16. *The Duke's Mistress, a tragi-comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1638.
17. *The Maid's Revenge, a tragedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1639.
18. *Chabot, Admiral of France, a tragedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1639. *Chapman joined in writing this play.*
19. *The Ball, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1639. *Chapman also joined in writing this play.*
20. *Arcadia, a pastoral, acted at the Phœnix, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1640.
21. *The Opportunity, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1640.
22. *Love's Cruelty, a tragedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1640.
23. *St Patrick for Ireland, the first part.* 4*to*, 1640.
24. *The Constant Maid, a comedy.* 4*to*, 1640.

*This was afterwards published under the title of Love will find out the Way. By T. B.* 4*to*, 1662.

25. *The Coronation, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1640.

*This play was printed with the name of John Fletcher, as the author, and as such it is included in the works of him and Beaumont; Shirley, however, claims it, in the catalogue printed at the end of The Cardinal, and says it was falsely ascribed to Fletcher.*

26. *The Humorous Courtier, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Drury-Lane.* 4*to*, 1640.
27. *The Triumph of Beauty, a masque.* 8*vo*. 1646.
28. *The Brothers, a comedy, acted at the Private House in Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1652.
29. *The Sisters, a comedy, acted at the Private House, Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1652.
30. *The Doubtful Heir, a tragi-comedy, acted at the Private House, Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1652.
31. *The Imposture, a tragi-comedy, acted at the Private House, Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1652.
32. *The Cardinal, a tragedy, acted at the Private House in Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1652.
33. *The Court Secret, a tragi-comedy, never acted, but prepared for the scene at Blackfriars.* 8*vo*, 1653.

*These last six were printed in one volume.*

34. *Cupid and Death, a masque, presented before the ambassador of Portugal, on the 26th of March,* 1653. 4*to*, 1653. 4*to*, 1659.
35. *The Politician, a tragedy, presented at Salisbury-Court.* 4*to*, 1655.

36. *The Gentleman of Venice, a tragi-comedy, presented at a private house in Salisbury-Court.* 4to, 1655.
37. *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles's Armour, a masque.* 8vo, 1659.
38. *Honoria and Mammon, a comedy.* 8vo, 1659.
39. *Andromana, or the Merchant's Wife, a tragedy.* 4to, 1660.

*Langbaine mentions only thirty-seven dramatic pieces by Shirley, but says there were others in MS. One of them was intitled, Rosania, or Love's Victory,* a comedy. Shirley appears to have left some children; one of them, in Wood's time, was the butler of Furnival's inn in Holborn.*

---

TO

## MASTER WILLIAM PRINNE,†

UTTER-BARRISTER OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

SIR,

THE fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of human knowledge, poetry, and, in particular, to that which concerns the stage and scene, (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a tragedy,) doth justly challenge from me this dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as "Health's Sickness," "The Unloveliness of Love-Locks," &c.) how aptly I may present you at his time with "The Bird in a Cage;" a comedy which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament which the stage and action lent it, for, it comprehending also another play or interlude, personated by ladies, I must refer to your imagination, the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment. I was the rather inclined to make this oblation, that posterity might read you a patron to the Muses, and one that durst, in such a critical age, bind up the wounds which ignorance had printed upon wit and the professors. Proceed, inimitable Mecænas, and having such convenient leisure, and an indefatigable Pegasus, I mean your prose, (which scorneth the road of common sense, and despiseth any stile in his way,) travel still in the pursuit of new discoveries; which you may publish, if you please, in your next book of Digressions. If you do not happen presently to convert the organs, you may in time confute the steeple, and bring every parish to one bell.

This is all I have to say at this time; and my own occasions not permitting my personal attendance, I have entreated a gentleman to deliver this testimony of my service. Many faults have escaped the press, which your judgment will no sooner find than your mercy correct; by which you shall teach others a charity to your own volumes, though they be all errata. If you continue where you are, you will every day enlarge your fame; and, beside the engagement of other poets to celebrate your Roman constancy, in particular oblige the tongue and pen of your devout honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

---

* Mr Malone's attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's plays, p. 331.

† This is he who wrote *Histrio-mastrix*, the *Players Scourge*, or *Actors Tragedy*, printed in 1633. It is a large railing rhapsody, consisting chiefly of stupid quotations from the Fathers; from whence he endeavours to prove, that all who write, act, or frequent plays, are certainly damned. He particularly reflected upon the king and queen for the countenance and encouragement they gave to plays, for which he was prosecuted in the Star-Chamber, and sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, lose an ear each time, pay 5000l., suffer perpetual imprisonment, and have his book burnt by the common hangman.

MR DODSLEY.

This very extraordinary man, whose severe punishment, and *Roman constancy* in submitting to it, had

THE

# BIRD IN A CAGE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of Mantua.*
PERENOTTO, *Captain of his Guard.*
PHILENZO, *lover of Eugenia, under the disguise and name of Rolliardo.*
FULVIO, ORPIANO, } *Noblemen.*
MORELLO, DONDOLO, GRUTTI, } *Courtiers.*
*Ambassador of Florence.*
BONAMICO, *a Mountebank, or decayed Artist.*
*Servant, Guard, Attendants.*

EUGENIA, *the Duke's Daughter.*
DONELLA, KATHARINA, MARDONA, FIDELLA, CASSIANA, } *Ladies, attendant on the Princess.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* FULVIO, ORPIANO.

*Orp.* He does not mean this building for a college, I hope?

*Fulv.* That were an ill foundation; there are more scholars than can live one by another already: 'tis pity we should have more plenty of learned beggars.

*Orp.* 'Tis past all my conjecture why he built it.

*Fulv.* Signior Perenotto, captain o' the guard, Is of counsel only with the duke in't.

*Enter* MORELLO.

*Morel.* Signior Orpiano, and Fulvio.

*Fulv.* My spark! whither in such haste? Let us change air a little.

*Morel.* You are travelling to your mistress.

---

no small effect upon the minds of the people, and contributed more than is generally imagined to the disasters of the times, was born at Swanswick, near Bath, in Somersetshire, in the year 1600. He was educated in the last-mentioned city; entered of Oriel College in 1616, and took the degree of B.A. January 20, 1620. From thence he was removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he studied the common law, and became successively barrister, bencher, and reader, in that society. After the execution of his sentence, on account of *Histrio-mastrix* he printed other pieces which gave equal offence, which occasioned his being again prosecuted. In consequence of which, he was fined, branded, and imprisoned, and in each with equal or more severity than before. The place of his confinement was Mount Orguiel, in the island of Jersey, where he continued three years; at the end of that time, being chosen member for Newport, in Cornwall, he was released, and entered London in triumph; and he soon had an opportunity to revenge the severe treatment he had experienced from his inveterate foe, archbishop Laud. He sat in the Long Parliament, and was one of the secluded members who were imprisoned on account of their zeal for a peace with the king. From this time he was an avowed enemy of Oliver Cromwell, and was by him imprisoned in Dunster Castle, in Somersetshire. At the Restoration he became instrumental in recalling the king, and was rewarded with being appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, and a salary of 500l. per annum. He was soon after named one of the commissioners for appeals and regulating the excise, was elected member for Bath, and embroiled himself with the House of Commons, on which account he was obliged to make a submission. He died at his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, October 24, 1669, and was buried under the chapel there.

*Orp.* Madam Donella is newly returned to court.

*Fulv.* With the princess?

*Orp.* She was but late retired into the country:
What's the matter?

*Morel.* Your lordships, I hope, have heard the duke sent post for them, as they say. There is something in it.

*Fulv.* What?

*Morel.* Does not your lordship know?

*Fulv.* Not I.

*Morel.* Your lordship's wisdom and mine is much about a scantling then; yet, for aught I hear, there be others of the court as ignorant as we.——Your honour's pardon, I beseech you; I must in all haste to the princess's lodging.

*Orp.* Farewell, signior,
Your amorous lock [1] has a hair out of order.

*Morel.* Um! what an oversight was this of my barber!
I must return now and have it corrected, dear signior. [*Exit.*

*Fulv.* Here's a courtier, that will not miss a hair of his compliment when he is to appear before his mistress. Every morning does this fellow put himself upon the rack, with putting on's apparel; and manfully endures his tailor when he screws and wrests his body into the fashion of his doublet.—But that the court cannot subsist without a fool, I should marvel what this fellow does to follow it.

*Orp.* There are more have much about his parcel of brains: the benefit of youth and good clothes procured their places, and ignorance and impudence have since maintained them.

*Fulv.* Two great helps, as the world goes.

*Enter Gentleman-Ushers,* DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Gentleman-Ush.* Clear the presence, the duke is entering.

*Enter* DUKE, EUGENIA, PERENOTTO. *Attendants.*

*Eug.* I ever was obedient ———

*Duke.* 'Tis for thy honour, which I know
Is to thyself a precious sound.——That building,
I late erected, then shall be thy palace.

*Eug.* Or my prison, sir, if I do rightly understand.

*Duke.* That name
Is too unworthy of it, my Eugenia.
Nor will it seem restraint to my loved daughter,
Since free to all delights, thy mind shall be
Its own commander; every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities: time shall be
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.

*Eug.* Indeed I shall think time has lost his wings,
When I am thus caged up.

*Duke.* Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest. Mantua
Shall pour her raptures on thee.—Why have I
A crown, but to command what thou can'st wish for,
My dear Eugenia?

*Eug.* A deer, it seems;
For, as you had suspicion of my wildness,
You'll measure out my walk.

*Duke.* I am thy father,
Who, by example of the wisest kings,
But build a place to lay my treasure in,
Safe from the robber, where I'll place a guard—

*Eug.* Do you suspect I shall break prison?

*Duke.* To keep off violence, and soliciting,
Which may disturb thy pleasures, until we
Shall find out one to match thy birth and virtues;
My dukedom is too poor that way. Maintain
Thy father's soul: thou hast no blood to mix
With any beneath prince. Forget, as I shall,
Thy love was ever falling from thy greatness,
Into the arms of one carries but stile of honour.

*Eug.* Sir, I am your daughter.

*Duke.* Thou'st deserved my blessing: and thy obedience
In this new crowns thy father. I see I need not
Urge what I am to move thee, and lay force:
Thy understanding does appear convinced,
And loving duty teaches thee to more
Than the command.—Perenotto—

*Eug.* What narrow ground I tread! I know he is
Too passionate to be denied his will,
And yet to yield will make me miserable.
'Tis my misfortune to be born so great.
Each common man and woman can enjoy
The air, when the condition of a princess
Makes me a prisoner: but I must obey,
In hope it will not last.—I have a soul
Is full of grateful duty, nor will suffer me
Farther dispute your precept: you have power
To steer me as you please.

*Duke.* All the Graces
Speak in my girl—each syllable doth carry
A volume of thy goodness: all my cares,
So well rewarded, do convert to sweetness:
I thank thy filial piety. Know, my girl,

---

[1] *Your amorous lock.—i. e.* One of the *love-locks* anciently worn. Prynne, to whom this play is satirically dedicated, wrote a book against them. See Dr Warburton's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 5. S. 1.

The fashion appears to have been derived from France. In *Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592, it is said:—"Will you be *Frenchefied* with a *love-locke* down your shoulders? wherein you may weare your mistres favour." *Love-locks* are often mentioned or alluded to. See *Ben Jonson's Epicœne*, A. 4. S. 6; *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 3. S. 2; and in other pieces.

That place wherein I lock so rich a jewel,
I do pronounce again, shall be thy paradise.
Thy paradise, my Eugenia, saving that
In this, man only finds no being; other
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
And those that pass shall flow again, to invite
Thy sense to tasting.—Perenotto—
*Peren.* Your Grace's pleasure?
*Duke.* Admit those ladies that attend.
*Fulv.* The duke shews much indulgence.
*Orp.* Observe the issue.
*Duke.* We will not limit thy companions;
Elect what Mantuan beauties thou canst best
Delight in, they shall serve thee; or if some
Of your own train, whom we have thought most proper
To be your personal guard, affect you, they

*Enter* DONELLA, KATHARINA, MARIONA, *and* FIDELLA.

Attend our pleasures: see, they are ignorant
Yet of our purpose. If to any, thy
Affection be not free, thy breath discharge them,
And 'point thy own attendants.
*Eug.* I shall be pleased with your appointment.
Ladies, I know you love me: [*She goes to the Ladies.*
*Don.* Doth your Grace hold suspicion any of us
Serve you not with our heart?
*Eug.* I do not doubt;
Or if I did, you now approach a trial;
For my sake, can you be content to be
All prisoners.
*Ladies.* Prisoners!
*Eug.* Yes, shut up close prisoners, and be barred
The conversation, nay the sight of men.
*Kath.* Marry, heaven defend! wherein have we offended,
That we must lose the sweet society
Of men?
*Mar.* How have we forfeited our freedom?
*Duke.* No one argue——'tis our pleasure.
*Don.* 'Las, madam, I am new contracted to a handsome signior.
*Kath.* I have but newly entertained a servant, that gave me these gloves: they smell of him still, a sweet courtier!
*Don.* Not one man among so many ladies! Not a gentleman-usher! nor a page!
How shall we do, madam!
*Mar.* I beseech your Grace let me be exempted.
If I have committed an offence deserves your anger,
Let one of your lords cut off my head rather—signior Dondolo?
*Fid.* Shall we express
So cold a duty to her highness? fie, ladies.
*Eug.* You shall but suffer with me. I partake
As much severity as any of you shall.
*Duke.* I will expect your duties, lords, in silence.
Orpiano, you shall to Florence with
Our daughter's picture: your commission's sealed.—
Now, fair ladies,
I hope you're fixed to wait upon Eugenia.
If your restraint be a burthen, it shall be
In her power to enlarge you, and elect
New friends into your places.
*Ladies.* 'Tis our duties
To obey your grace and her.
*Duke.* Perenot, are all things prepared?
*Peren.* They are, my lord.
*Duke.* For once then let us usher you.
*Kath.* Whither do we go?
*Peren.* I'll tell you.
*Don.* Whither?
*Peren.* To take physic, madam.
The duke has prepared to stay all looseness in your bodies:
You must be all fast: stone-walls and mortar will bind.
*Fid.* Come, follow with a courage.
*Don.* I hope we shall be allowed our little dogs and monkeys.
*Dond.* Sweet madam. [*Exeunt omnes præter*

FULVIO, ORPIANO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Grut.* Madam Katharina!——they are gone, signior.
*Dond.* Would I had known this afore.
*Fulv.* The duke will be censured for this act.
*Orp.* 'Tis very strange! good lady,
I read a forced obedience in her eye,
Which hardly held up rain.

*Enter* MORELLO.

*Morel.* Save you, dear signior. Which way went the ladies?
*Grut.* News, signior, news.
*Morel.* I beseech you I may partake.
*Fulv.* Have you forgot there was suspicion
She affected signior Philenzo, the cardinal's nephew.
*Orp.* Alas, poor gentleman, he suffers for't.
*Fulv.* By this restraint he would make her sure: his jealousy is not yet over.—Signior Morello, is your lock rectified? You have missed your lady but a hair's breadth.
*Morel.* Nay but, my lords and gentlemen, where are the ladies gone, indeed?
*Grut.* We ha' told you.
*Mor.* What, committed to New-prison?
*Fulv.* Very true, signior.
*Dond.* Our dancing days are done: shut up close, not
A man must enter.
*Morel.* Would I were a mouse then.—Why but is the duke mad?
*Orp.* Take heed what you say, signior: though we be no informers, yet walls have ears.
*Morel.* Ears! would I had left mine behind me: here's news indeed!

*Fulv.* An' y'ad come a little sooner, you might ha' taken your leave; but it was your barber's fault.

*Morel.* Would he had left me i'the suds an hour ago!

What shall we do, gentlemen? 'Tis a hard case, when a man that has an intention to marry and live honest—

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

How now, what art thou?

*Rol.* Any thing, nothing; yet a man, yet no man;

For I want ——

*Morel.* What? th' art no capon, I hope.

*Rol.* Money, sir; will you spare any from your precious sins?

*Grut.* Th' art very free.

*Rol.* Yet, sir, I am in debt.

*Dond.* What do'st owe?

*Rol.* Nobody harm.

*Fulv.* Whence cam'st?

*Rol.* I dropt from the moon.

*Orp.* So methinks; thou talk'st very madly: Th'ast much humour in thee.

*Rol.* Ha' ye any thing to do, that ye account impossible, gentlemen?

*Fulv.* Why, wilt thou do't?

*Rol.* An' you'll pay for't. Let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

*Orp.* Hold, hold!

*Rol.* Yes, I will hold.

*Morel.* I'll lay with thee; what wilt hold?

*Rol.* Why paradoxes.

*Grut.* & *Dond.* Paradoxes!

*Morel.* I hold you a paradox.

*Fulv.* Let's hear some.

*Rol.* There are no beasts but cuckolds and flatterers; no cold weather but i'the dog-days; no physic to a whore; no fool to an alderman; no scholar to a justice of peace; nor no soldier to a belt and buff jerkin.

*Orp.* A smart fellow.

*Enter Duke.*

*Morel.* The Duke.

*Duke.* So, my fears are over; in her restraint I bury all my jealousies.—How now, what fellow's this?

*Fulv.* Such an humourist as I never before conversed withal; it seems he makes himself free of all places.

*Duke.* What would he have?

*Rol.* Thy pardon, mighty man, if it be no treason to pray for thee. Save thee, wilt employ me? 'tis vacation, and I want work. Ask me not what I can do, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

*Duke.* You have your senses?

*Rol.* I take it; I can see greatness big with an imposthume, yet towering in the air like a faulcon; I can hear a man swear, I am thy eternal slave and will serve thee; when, if opportunity were offered, for price of a plush cloak, he will be the first shall strip thee to the very soul: I can taste wine that another man pays for, and relish any thing that comes of free cost: I can smell a knave through a furred gown, a politician through a surplice, a fool through a scarlet outside: I can touch a wench better than a lute, and tell money with a secretary, to shew I ha' lost my feeling: tush, all's nothing, I have a humour to do something to be talked on; nothing can come amiss to me; let me have money enough, and my life to a cheese-paring, I'll do any thing.

*Duke.* You'll except somewhat.

*Rol.* Not to do o'er the seven wonders of the world, and demolish 'em when I ha' done. Let me have money enough, what star so high, but I will measure by this Jacob's staff! Divine money, the soul of all things sublunary, what lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver? and will not money with a judge make it a plain case? Does not gouty greatness find ease with *Aurum palpabile*? and he's a slight physician cannot give a golden glister at a dead lift.——Money, I adore thee; it comes near the nature of a spirit, and is so subtle it can creep in at a cranny, be present at the most inward councils; and betray 'em: money! it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds alms-houses.

*Duke.* A wild fellow.

*Fulv.* Will your Grace have him punished for this insolence?

*Duke.* No, his humour is good mirth to us. Whence art?

*Rol.* I am of no country.

*Duke.* How?

*Rol.* I was born upon the sea.

*Duke.* When?

*Rol.* In a tempest, I was told——

*Morel.* A blustering fellow.

*Duke.* Thy name?

*Rol.* Rolliardo.

*Duke.* And how long hast thou been mad thus?

*Rol.* Your highness may be merry—and if you have no employment for me, I am gone.

*Duke.* Stay, we command you, and bethink again,

What to except in your bold undertaking.

*Rol.* I except nothing, nothing Duke, it were no glory

Not to be general, active in all; let me have money

Enough, and I'll do any thing.

*Duke.* You shall.

*Fulv.* Will your Grace set him a-work?

*Rol.* Name the action.

*Duke.* What say you to a lady?

*Rol.* I will fall upon her, as Jupiter on Danae: let me have a shower of gold, Acrisius' brazen tower shall melt again, were there an army about it; I would compass her in a month, or die for't.

*Duke.* Ha!—A lady without guard would try

your wit and money, to get her love.

*Rol.* A toy, a toy.

*Duke.* Through a credulity, you may too much
Traduce the sex, and merit such a justice
No money will buy off:—admit some branches
Grow not so straight and beautiful as nature
Intended them, will you disgrace the stem?
Or for some woman's lenity,[2] accuse
That fair creation? money buy their love?
Promise a salary of that sacred flame
Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
Divine intelligence?

*Rol.* Your highness' pardon; if you prohibit, I must not undertake; but let me have freedom and money enough, (for that's the circle I walk in), and if I do not conjure up a spirit hot enough to enflame a frozen Lucretia's bosom, make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries.[3] Try me with some master-piece; a woman's love is as easy as to eat dinner without saying grace, getting of children, or going to bed drunk; let me have money enough, and task me to the purpose.

*Fulv.* & *Orp.* He's constant.

*Duke.* Admit there be a lady, whom a prince
Might court for her affection; of a beauty
Great as her virtue; add unto them, birth,
Equal to both, and all three but in her
Not to be matched—Suppose this miracle
(Too precious for man's eye) were shut up, where
A guard more watchful than the dragon's did
Forbid access to mankind:—men picked out,
Between whose souls and money were antipathy
Beyond that which we know; and you as soon
Might bribe to be a saint:—what would you do
With your enough of money, were your life
Engaged to win her love?

*Rol.* The sky may fall,[4] and aldermen cry larks About the city.

*Duke.* The fellow's impudent—Sirrah, thou hast landed thyself upon a rock; you shall have sense of what you would contemn, a life: put on a most fortified resolution, you shall need it; we have a daughter thus locked up——

*Fulv.* What does the Duke mean?

*Duke.* A virgin,——

*Orp.* He is in a passion.

*Duke.* Shalt not engage thee on a work so much
Impossible as procurement of her love;
Make it appear, with all thy art, thou canst
Get but access to her. A month we limit;
But take heed, bonster, if you fail, your life
Shall only satisfy our charge, and teach
All other mountebanks to be at distance,
With such bold undertakings: you shall expect
A severe justice.
By this, I shall know the fidelity of those are trusted.

*Rol.* 'Tis a match. I shall have money enough?

*Duke.* You shall. What d'ye call enough?[5]

*Rol.* I will not be particular, and agree o' the sum; you look I should die if I perform not, and I'll look to be merry, and want nothing while I live; I'll not take the advantage on you, because I hope to receive credit by it: if I use now and then a round sum, set me up o' the tick for't. But who shall pass his word, if I do this feat, you'll let me keep my head o' my shoulders?

*Duke.* Our royal word secures thee.

*Rol.* 'Tis enough.

*Fulv.* What security can your grace expect for his

---

[2] *Or for some woman's lenity, accuse*
*That fair creation? money buy their love!*
*Promise a salary of that sacred flame*
*Themselves cannot direct, as guided by*
*Divine intelligence?*—This passage is very obscure, if at all intelligible. In the first line I should not hesitate to read *levity* instead of *lenity*. What follows may have this meaning: *Will you, as if guided by divine intelligence, promise yourself a reward from that heavenly passion, which women, who feel and inspire it, cannot direct for any purpose beneficial to themselves?*—Or, in yet plainer terms: *Do you, as a superior being, pretend to turn the passions, which women cannot direct for their advantage, to your own?*—— In defence of this explanation, which is wrung with some degree of violence from the text, it may be observed, that the duke, who is the speaker, has just imprisoned his daughter, lest she should dispose of herself improperly. Such a sentiment, therefore, from one reflecting on the impotence of female reason, is not out of character; but seems naturally enough to arise from his own particular situation and opinions. S.

[3] *Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries.*—"Mummy is said to have been first brought into use in medicine, by the malice of a Jewish physician; who wrote, that flesh thus embalmed was good for the cure of divers diseases, and particularly bruises; to prevent the blood's gathering and coagulating. It is, however, believed, that no use whatever can be derived from it in medicine; and that all which is sold in the shops, whether brought from Venice or Lyons, or even directly from the Levant by Alexandria, is factitious, the work of certain Jews; who counterfeit it by drying carcases in ovens, after having prepared them with powder of myrrh, caballin aloes, Jewish pitch, and other coarse or unwholesome drugs." See *Chambers's Dictionary*, voce MUMMY.

[4] *The sky may fall*, &c.—See Note 17, to *The Muses Looking-Glass*. DODSLEY'S Edit.

[5] *What d' ye call enough?*—In the 4to edition this sentence follows, which in the errata is directed to be obliterated: "Yet it shall be under twenty-thousand crowns. I will not leave the pawn here for twice so much."

Forth-coming, if he fail?
*Duke.* We ha' studied that,
'Tis but the loss of some superfluous crowns:
Let the end carry what success fate please,
All the expence will not be lost, to try
The faith of those we shall employ in this.
Our city's strong, the river that environs
On three parts, shall be carefully attended,
A wall makes safe a fourth, which shall be guarded.
Our vigils shall be so exact, he shall
Deserve his liberty, if he escape us.
We are constant, sir.
*Fulv.* Would he might pay for his curiosity!
*Rol.* I'll wait upon your highness for some earnest: I have a month good, let me have fair play, and my bargain, money enough; if I do come short, let my head be too heavy for my shoulders; if I do more than is expected, you'll believe it possible hereafter when a man has money enough he may do any thing.

*Duke.* Maintain your humour still—attend us.
[*Exeunt.*

*Manent* MORELLO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Morel.* Here's a mad fellow; does he mean to get into the ladies?
*Dond.* It seems so.
*Grut.* Or I wou'd not be in his taking when the moon changes.
*Morel.* Our best course then is to observe and humour him, he may have a trick more than we know; he seems to be a good fellow, let's be drunk together, and get him to confess it——ha!
*Dond. and Grut.* A match.
*Morel.* Like errand knights our valiant wits must wrestle,
To free our ladies from the enchanted castle.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* BONAMICO *and a Servant.*

*Serv.* D'ye think this hair
And habit will sufficiently disguise you,
From your inquiring creditors?
*Bonam.* No question.
Have you dispersed my bills about the city?
Does every public place carry the scroll,
As I commanded?
*Serv.* I have been careful.
*Bonam.* What do they say abroad? do they not wonder?
*Serv.* They are strucken dumb at reading; he that has
The use of tongue, employs it to express
His admiration of your art,— your deep
Invisible art.
*Bonam.* There's hope then we shall prosper.
In this believing age, Italy is full
Of juggling mountebanks, that shew tricks with oils
And powders. Here an empiric dares boast
Himself a Paracelsian, and daub
Each post with printed follies, when he went
O' the tick with some midwife, or old woman,
For his whole stock of physic. Here a fellow
Only has skill to make a handsome periwig,
Or to sow teeth i' the gums of some state madam,
Which she coughs out again, when so much phlegm
As would not strangle a poor flea, provokes her,
Proclaims himself a rectifier of nature,
And is believed so, getting more by keeping
Mouths in their quarterly reparations,
Than knowing men for all their art and pains
In the cure of the whole body—Shall we doubt
To be made rich, rich, Carlo, by our art,
Whereof I am the first and bold professor
In Italy? we shall grow fat and purchase,—
Dost not think so?
*Serv.* To go invisible
Who will not learn at any rate?
*Bonam.* True, Carlo.
There may be, in the throng of our admirers,
Some will presume 't above the power of art
To make men walk and talk invisible;
But we can clear the mystery, and make
Mantua in the proof acknowledge it
A matter feasible.—Here's some customer:

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

Ha! 'tis the humourist, the undertaker
The bird I spread my art for; he has money
Enough, and's apt to prove a fortune to me.
*Rol.* So, the covenants are sealed: I am like a famous cathedral with two rings of bells, a sweet chime o' both sides. Now 'tis noised, I ha' money enough, how many gallants of all sorts and sexes court me! here's a gentleman ready to run himself in the kennel for haste to give me the wall; this cavalier will kiss my hand, while t'other signior crinkles in the hams, as he were studying new postures against his turn comes to salute me. As I walk, every window is glazed with eyes, as some triumph were in the street; this Madona invites me to a banquet for my discourse, t'other Bona-roba sends me a spark, a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald, and all but in hope to put their jewels to usury, that they may return again with precious interest——Thus far it goes well: very well. What's next?
*Bonam.* Save you signior.
*Rol.* What art thou?
*Bonam.* One appointed by fate to do you service, Sir.
*Rol.* But I gave fate no commission to take

you up for me: I ha' more followers than the Duke already. Pr'ythee have me commended to the lady Destinies, and tell 'em I am provided.

*Bonam.* Mistake me not, he speaks to you, has power
To make you happy.

*Rol.* Pr'ythee make thyself happy with a warm suit, first, thy house is but poorly thatched: and thou be'st so good at making happy, why hast no better clothes?

*Bonam.* 'Tis no felicity: or admit the sun
Dispenseth a rich warmth about the world,
Yet hath no heat itself.

*Rol.* Philosophy!

*Bonam.* To omit circumstance, I know what you
Have undertaken, to the general
Amazement: upon penalty of death,
You must procure access to the fair princess,
'Tis in my art to help——to perfect what
The Duke holds so impossible.

*Rol.* How canst thou assist me?

*Bonam.* Altho' my outside promise not, my brain
Is better furnished: I ha' gained by study
A secret, will advance the work you labour with;
I'll teach you, sir, to go invisible——

*Rol.* How? th' hast no cloven foot: I scent brimstone, and thou be'st a devil, tell me.

*Bonam.* I trifle not; I am a man, whose fame
Shall out-live time, in teaching you this mystery,
For which I must expect reward——you are,
(Loud noise proclaims it) able, and can pay me
Out of the Duke's exchequer, being yourself
His walking treasury.

*Rol.* You'll teach me to go invisible, you say?

*Bonam.* I can, and with your safety; for I deal not
With magic to betray you to a faith
Black and satanical; I abhor the devil.

*Rol.* Very like so.

*Bonam.* Which some have conjured into a ring
To effect the wonder: I admit of no
Suffumigation, incense offered to
Infernal spirits; but by art, whose rules
Are lawful and demonstrative——

*Rol.* You think I admire you all this while—harkee, when did you eat? or do you hope again, that you are put to this pitiful and desperate exigent? I see you, my would-be-invisible, fine knave!

*Bonam.* D'ye mock me, sir?

*Rol.* I'll tell you a better project, wherein no courtier has prefooled you. Stick your skin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the city for pence a-piece to see a monstrous bird brought from Peru: baboons have passed for men already, been taken for usurers, i'their furred gowns and night-caps: keep a fool in play, to tell the multitude of a gentle faith, that you were caught in a wilderness, and thou may'st be taken for some far-country howlet. [6]

*Bonam.* Do you despise my art?

*Rol.* Art! but such another word, and I shall mar the whole expectation of your invisible traffic: in to your nest, and leave me: distinguish men before you practise on 'em; 'tis wholesome caution.

*Bonam.* I leave you to the misery of your unbelief. When you hear of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* PERENOTTO, *with three or four of the Guard.*

*Rol.* This is Perenotto, captain of the guard.

*Peren.* Not yet attemped you?

1 *Guard.* We have not seen him, my lord,

*Peren.* He's here.

2 *Guard.* Is that he that has gold enough? would I had some of his yellow-hammers.

*Rol.* D'ye hear?——you are one of the list.

1 *Guard.* A poor halbert man, sir.

*Rol.* Poor! hold thee, there's gold for thee:—thou wo't be honest now?

1 *Guard.* O yes, sir.

*Rol.* Not a penny; and thou hadst not been a fool, thou wouldst ha' been a knave, and so thou might'st have got by me: yet by those scurvy legs there's some hope thou'lt be converted; at all adventures take it.

1 *Guard.* I will be what you please, sir.

*Rol.* Tell me what condition is that signior of; is he rich?

1 *Guard.* He loves money.

*Rol.* Come, shalt be my pensioner—here's more gold for thee; and will he take a bribe?

1 *Guard.* D'ye make question of that, sir? he bought his office, and therefore may sell his conscience; he has sold two hundred one's twice over: he was brought up at court, and knows what belongs to his place, I warrant you.

*Rol.* Good.

1 *Guard.* Am I not a knave, now, sir?

*Rol.* I like thee.

1 *Guard.* To your cost:—I hope you wo'not tell him what I say; but if you do, and he chance to turn me out of my office, your gold is restorative.

*Peren.* To your stations, and be circumspect.
[*Exit Guard.*

*Rol.* Noble sir, you are the only man I have ambition to honour.

*Peren.* I should be proud to merit such a phrase.

---

[6] *Howlet*— *i. e.* owl.

*Rol.* 'Tis in your power to oblige my soul—we're private,
I am jealous of the wind, least it convey
Our noise too far. This morn I had some traffic
With a jeweller; and, if my judgment err not,
Ha's richly furnished me.
What says your lordship to this diamond?
*Peren.* 'Tis a glorious one.
*Rol.* Does it not sparkle most divinely, signior?
A row of these stuck in a lady's forehead,
Would make a Persian stagger in his faith,
And give more adoration to this light
Than to the sun-beam. I ha' fellows to 'em,
A nest of bright ones.
*Peren.* This box is studded like a frosty night with stars.
*Rol.* You have outbid their value; make me a gainer
In changing them for your commands.
*Peren.* How, sir?
*Rol.* I'm serious.
*Peren.* I never shall deserve this bounty: if
You'd point me out some service to begin my gratitude—
*Rol.* You have a noble soul,
I'll teach you how to merit more.
*Peren.* I am covetous of such a knowledge.
*Rol.* Make but my path a smooth one to the Princess——
I am brief, you know my undertaking.
*Peren.* So I should be a traitor?
*Rol.* It comes not near the question of a life; no't, I'll enable you to buy another dukedom, state, and title.
*Peren.* Although 'twere necessary in the affairs
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once I'll be as brief as you;
I wo'not do't.
*Rol.* How!
*Peren.* No indeed, signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and I'll keep your jewels too,
For they are gifts: hereafter you will know me.
So fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
*Rol.* Was I not told this officer was corrupt?
I want faith to believe the miracle.
Sure he does but jest with me, ha?

*Enter* MORELLO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Morel.* The guard will accept no money.
*Dond.* What an age do we live in, when officers will take no bribes!
*Grut.* Not the golden one.
*Dond.* Here's Rolliardo.
*Rol.* I'm quite lost.
*Grut.* 'Tis he.
*Rol.* Yet he keeps my jewels; there may be some hope:
I'll to him again; 'tis but his modesty
At first, not to seem easy; he must be courted.
Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial,
Experience and opportunity make the trial.—
Save you, gallants.
*Morel.* And you go there too, save yourself, you are in a worse pickle than we are.
*Dond.* And how is't w' ye, signior?
*Grut.* Do you thrive in your hopes?
*Rol.* I do not despair, gentlemen; you see I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms, or intreat your lordship's brain to melt in a petition for me.
*Morel.* I did but jest, I know you have a way to the wood in your perieranium, what is't? we are honest, simple-minded lords.
*Rol.* I think so.
*Grut.* Nay, nay, impart.
*Dond.* We tell no tales.
*Morel.* Wou'd we were whip'd an' we do.
*Rol.* Why, shall I tell you?—You are three——
*Morel.* Very secret——
*Rol.* Coxcombs.
*All three.* How?
*Rol.* A miserable leash of court mimics.
*Morel.* Mimics! what's that?
*Rol.* You perfumed goats!
*Morel.* Oh, is that it? I never heard what a mimic was before.
*Rol.* D'ye think I am so wretched, in a point that concerns my life and honour, to trust my ways and purposes to you that have no souls?
*Dond.* No souls!
*Morel.* Peace, how comes he to know that?
*Grut.* Why, hast thou none?
*Morel.* 'Twas more than ever I could see in myself yet.
*Rol.* Things that have forfeited their creation; and, had not your tailors took compassion on you, you had died to all men's thoughts, who long since wou'd have forgotten that ever there were such things in nature.
*Dond.* Shall we suffer this?
*Rol.* Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfulness. If I were at leisure, I would make you shew tricks now.
*Morel.* Do I look like a jackanapes?
*Rol.* But I wo'not.
*Morel.* It were not your best course.
*Rol.* How?
*Morel.* Alas, sir, I should but shame myself, and be laugh'd at 'fore all this company.
*Rol.* When you see me next, avoid me as you would do your poor kindred when they come to court. Get you home, say your prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my miracles. [*Exit.*
*Morel.* Had we not better a' gone to tavern, as I plotted at first? he could not have been more valiant in his drink.
*Grut.* I'm glad he's gone.
*Dond.* I know not what to make on him.
*Morel.* Make on him, quotha! he made little reckoning of us, and he had not gone as he did, I should ha' made——
*Dond.* What?
*Morel.* Urine in my breeches—he squeezed me, I think I was ready to melt o' both sides.

*Grut.* But harkee you, signior, we forget the ladies still.

*Morel.* Well remembered.

*Dond.* Let's consult to purpose about that—shall we?

*Morel.* No, every one think what he can by himself, my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time; every one scratch his own head.

*Grut.* And he that gets the first hint, communicate—

*Dond.* A match.

*Morel.* Let me see——hum.

*Dond.* What if I did—nothing, my brains are dull.

*Grut.* Ten to one, but if I did—let it alone, a pox on't; I were best drink some sack, they say it helps invention.

*Morel.* O rare!

*Both.* Rub, rub, out with it.

*Morel.* No, 'tis gone back again, I drank butter'd sack this morning, and it slipt back when 'twas almost at my tongue's end—but it was a delicate project, whatsoever it was.

*Grut.* Recover it with thy finger.[7]

*Dond.* Follow it, Morello.

*Morel.* Now, now, now, let me alone—make no noise, 'tis coming again; I ha't, I ha't—

*Dond.* Hold it fast now.

*Grut.* Lose it not, thou art great with wit; let us deliver thee. What is't?

*Morel.* Some wiser than some—

[*They follow him up and down for discovery.*

*Dond.* Wilt not tell us?

*Grut.* Didst not promise?

*Morel.* No haste—as occasion serves—it cost more than so, yet you may know't.

*Dond.* Well said.

*Morel.* Hereafter, but not now. Away, do not tempt me, I will eat the sweat of my own brain. O rare! never was such a strain of wit invented. D'ye hear, gentlemen, if you will command me any service to the ladies, I do purpose to visit them—with a quirk—hey.

*Grut.* How?

*Morel.* Marry do I.

*Dond.* Nay, Morello.

*Morel.* Gentlemen, as I told you, if you have any thing to the ladies, before I go, I am the messenger. There is a crochet, and so forth—a carwhichet is found out—your ears—I will do such a stratagem as never the like was heard of in the world. Oh rare! [*Exit.*

*Dond.* He's mad.

*Grut.* So am I, that he is so reserved. What shall's do?

*Enter* BONAMICO.

*Bonam.* Save you, signiors. Pray whereabouts is the sign of the invisible man?

*Dond. and Grut.* The invisible man!

*Bonam.* Cry ye mercy, now I see it. [*Exit.*

*Dond.* See't! he does more than we can. The gentleman's mistaken; here's no such sign. Yet he went in there.

*Grut.* He has better eyes than we to distinguish it.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* This, ay, this is it.

*Dond.* What is it, pray?

*Ser.* What's that to you?

*Grut.* In courtesy we ask.

*Ser.* Then, by the sign, this is the house whither I am going to enquire for a gentleman that teaches men to walk invisible.

*Grut.* That would be seen. This is news.

*Ser.* News! either you have slept long, or you are gentlemen of very small intelligence. Examine the next paper you see advanced, and inform yourselves. Farewell, gallants. [*Exit.*

*Dond.* He's entered there too.

*Grut.* Teach men to walk invisible! a very fine trade.

*Dond.* Would 'twere true; we should desire no other device to get in to the ladies.

*Re-enter* BONAMICO *and Servant to the House.*

*Grut.* 'Tis impossible—See, see, more gentlemen! Pr'ythee let's to him; this will be a trick worth our learning.

*Dond.* Stay, we are not acquainted, let's knock first.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Your pleasures, gentlemen?

*Dond.* Pray, sir, what sign is this?

*Ser.* The invisible man, sir.

*Grut.* Man! I see no man.

*Dond.* Here's nothing but a cloud.

*Ser.* Right, sir, and he's behind it; the man's invisible.

*Dond.* Pretty faith; it may be the man i'the moon for aught we know.

*Ser.* Would ye any thing with my master?

*Grut.* He does teach to walk invisible, they say.

*Ser.* He is the only professor of the miraculous invisible art.

*Dond.* May we change a little discourse with him?

*Ser.* There are some gentlemen with him; but

---

[7] *Recover it with thy finger—i. e.* make yourself sick, by putting your *finger* down your throat, and so bring it up again. S.

I'll tell him. I am prevented, he's coming forth himself.

*Enter* BONAMICO.

*Dond.* Signior Altomaro, I take it.

*Bonam.* 'Tis my name, sir, a poor artist, not warm in these parts of Italy.

*Grut.* And you were not too busy, sir,—

*Bonam.* Please you walk in. I am now alone; your persons will grace my poor habitation.

*Dond.* We saw four or five enter but now.

*Bonam.* I ha' dispatched 'em, they are fresh departed.

*Dond.* Which way?

*Grut.* Here's not a man. Are they not sunk? Came they out here?

*Bonam.* Upon my credit, sir, no other way.

*Dond.* Then they went invisible.

*Bonam.* Right, sir, they came hither to that purpose: their designs required haste.

*Grut.* This man can do't, I see already.

*Dond.* Sir, if you can assure us this invisible walking, for we are not so ignorant as we seem, we have seen the play of the Invisible Knight, and—

*Bonam.* That of the Ring too,[8] ha' ye not?

*Dond.* Yes.

*Bonam.* The one was magic, and t'other an imposture; what I do is by art, fair and natural. Are you in debt, and fear arresting? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the face of a serjeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace-proof.[9] If you have a mind to rail at 'em, or kick some o' their loose flesh out, they sha'not say black's your eye,[10] nor with all their lynx's eyes discover you. Would you see, when the mercer's abroad, how his man plays the merchant at home with his mistress' silkworm, and deals underhand for commodity; would yourself talk with a lady in secret, sit down, play with her, ravish a diamond from her finger, and bind her soft wrist with a bracelet, kiss her abroad, at home, before her servants, in the presence of her jealous husband, nay, truss her up, when the tame lord is a-bed with her, and to his eyes be undiscovered as the wind, signior? Do you suspect your mistress plays double? Would you hear how she entertains t'other's love, and know what she does i'the closet with the smooth page? Would you be present at secret counsels, betray letters, see how such a lord paints his thighs, this perfume his breath, t'other marshal his fine French teeth, see this statesman's eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the duke, and his secretary abuses 'em both, this lawyer take fees o' both sides, while the judge examines the fertility and price of the manor before the witnesses, and then decrees who shall have the land? Would you see Justice employ her scales to weigh light gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flourish with her sword, like a fencer, to make more room for causes i'the court—

*Dond.* All this and more may be done, if we can but go invisible; but how can you assure us of that? I would fain see any man go invisible once.

*Bonam.* See him, sir?

*Grut. Fideo pro intelligo*, I mean, sir.

*Bonam.* Nay, sir, you need not distinguish, for it is possible to see a man invisible. Observe me, you see me now perfectly in every part, if I should walk before you without a body—

*Grut.* How?

*Bonam.* My head only visible, and hanging in the air like a comet.

*Dond.* That were a strange sight.

*Bonam.* Sometimes nothing shall be seen but my arm; another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

*Grut.* This is admirable.

*Bonam.* When I please, I will have nothing conspicuous but my hand, nay, perhaps my little finger.

*Dond.* Do not you conjure then?

*Grut.* Come, you will cast a mist before our eyes.

*Bonam.* 'Tis a mystery indeed, but a safe one, signiors.

*Dond.* Why, look you, sir, if you will be pleased that we may see you first walk invisible, we shall not only credit your art, but, at any rate, be ambitious to be your disciples.

*Bonam.* Why, gentlemen, you speak but justice, you shall have experiment. I will be invisible first, but as t'other in this kind, I will not demonstrate without half in hand. Let me have fifty crowns apiece; I'll point you a day when I will be invisible.

*Grut.* Can you not do it presently?

---

[8] *That of the* Ring *too*—This is the comedy of *The Two merry Milkmaids*, or, *The best Words weare the Garland*. By J. C. 1620.

[9] *Mace-proof*—Brainworm, in *Every Man in his Humour*, when in the disguise of a serjeant, or bailiff, says, "A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a *mace*, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself."

[10] *Black's your eye*—The same phrase is in Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, p. 65.—"Then having estraunged themselves thus for a small space, they returne againe, not to their pristine cursed life, (I dare say,) but to their countrey, and then no man say *blacke is their eie*, but all is wel, and they as good Christians, as those that suffer them unpunished." The expression is even yet to be heard among the vulgar.

*Bonam.* I can be invisible in a twinkling; but what assurance can you have, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of me? I may deceive you.

*Dond.* He says true.

*Bonam.* I do purpose therefore to give you reality and proof; for I will walk invisible, all but—my hand.

*Both.* Your hand?

*Bonam.* Only my hand; you shall touch it, see every line in it, and the rest of my body be to you invisible. This will require a little time for preparation; and when, with the consent of your eyes and understandings, I keep my promise in this point, you will think your money is well expended to be taught the mystery.

*Dond.* This is very fair.

*Grut.* The crowns are ready, sir.

*Dond.* Expect them within this hour.

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

*Bonam.* At your own pleasures.—Ha, Rolliardo! I must not be seen, gentlemen.

*Both.* Farewell, incomparable signior—what luck had we to light upon this artist! he shall not publish it; we'll buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remove into some other province.—Who is this?

*Rol.* Am not I mad?—sure I am, though I do not know it; and all the world is but a Bedlam, a house of correction, to whip us into our senses. I have known the time when jewels and gold had some virtue in them; the generation of men now are not subject to corruption. Democritus, the world is refined.

*Dond.* It is Rolliardo; he looks melancholy, let us have a fling at him.—Give you joy of the great lady; sir: which is the next way to the moon, pray?

*Rol.* Bolt upright, musk-cat; and if you make haste, you may be one of her calves: next time she appears, you shall see her beckon to you, with a pair of horns, just of the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animal.

*Dond.* Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's mad.

*Grut.* Can you tell, sir, what became of all the swallows, cuckoos, and small birds, we had here last summer?

*Rol.* Marry, sir, they went to sea, to avoid the cranes, and there have been mustering ever since; but for want of a woodcock they have left behind them, they dare not venture upon the pygmies: you may do well to overtake the buzzard, and relieve the army, sir.

*Grut.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Rol.* I shall be grinned to death, as I walk the streets: it is no policy to be dull and modest.—But let me see, which way to compass my work, and put myself out of the common laughter; the very children will jeer me shortly I think, and point me out with stones, the precious undertaker. I might have more wit, than to run myself into this calamity.—Whom have we next?

*Enter the Duke, Ambassador,* FULVIO, DONDOLO, GRUTTI, *Attendants, Courtiers.*

The duke? what stranger's that? I must not seem dejected.

*Ambas.* Is this he, your highness discoursed of?

*Duke.* This is the piece made up of all performance,
The man of any thing without exception:
Give him but gold, kings daughters and their heirs,
Though lockt in towers of brass, are not safe from him.
Nay, though I play the chemist with my trust,
And from a million of sure confidences
I draw the spirit of honesty into a few,
He can corrupt them.

*Rol.* You are my prince, great sir, and you have spoke
Not much unlike a brave one.

*Dond.* He'll jeer the duke too.

*Rol.* If my head
Come to be paid to you before sun-set,
That day when it is forfeit, I have cleared with you,
And shall depart out of your royal debt;
There's all you can demand; a good sharp sword
Will make an even reck'ning.

*Ambas.* He seems confident.

1 *Court.* With your grace's leave, let me come to him.

*Rol.* Now a fierce dog.

1 *Court.* What came into thy mind, thou daring madman? fool is a word of favour to thee——

*Rol.* So, sir.

1 *Court.* To undertake such an impossible task?

*Rol.* Mushroom—I'll cast away a few words on thee:
Had I another life, I'd undertake yet,
Though I be low in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I have spread
To corrupt others, to make thee my parasite;
I would engage my life to wear no steps
To thy white daughter: thou and thy grave matron
Most humbly should present her, when I was pleased too,
For fear I should refuse the sport you brought me

*Duke.* I never knew man bear his scorn so high
To him some other.

*Grut.* Not I, sir, you shall excuse me, 'twas the last thing I did.

2 *Court.* In the position general, I'll not touch him,
For money may be said to purchase all things;
But to aspire to my good sovereign's daughter
Of blessed memory——

*Rol.* She's not dead, I hope.

2 *Court.* There gold and trash was impudently inferred,
And 'twas a task too insolent; in that point

You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh
To be released.
*Rol.* I heard a pound of flesh,[11] a Jew's demand once:
'Twas gravely now remembered of your lordship—released!
Fortune, and courtesy of opinion,
Gives many men nobility of birth,
That never durst do nobly, nor attempt
Any design, but fell below their honours.
Cased up in chambers, scarcely air themselves
But at a horse-race, or i'the park with puppets.
That for which I'm your laughter, (I speak to
You flattering tribe of courtiers, to you glow-worms,)
Is my chief glory, that, perhaps, being sprung
From humble parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed so far above me, that sets all
Your wisdoms in combustion. You may think
I've made a sorry bargain for my life:
Let scorners know, in aiming at her only,
My memory after death receives more honour
Than all your marble pinnacles can raise you,
Or alabaster figures, whiter far
Than e'er your souls were; and that hour I die,
If you dare look upon me without fainting,
(Which I much fear,) you shall see death so scorned,—
I mean for any terror,—you shall think him
My slave to take my upper garment off.[12]
*Dond.* I told your highness how you should find him.
*Ambas.* A brave resolution!
*Duke.* Be this the prologue to the mirth; my lord
Attends to entertain you; set on, we'll leave him.
Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exeunt.* ROL. *pulls* FULV. *back.*
*Rol.* Sir, I observed you noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me with the rest;
Which does encourage me to ask you a question.
*Fulv.* Name it, sir.
*Rol.* Pray, what stranger's that walked with the duke?
*Fulv.* 'Tis an ambassador from Florence, sir.
*Rol.* An ambassador! his design, I pray?
*Fulv.* To treat of marriage betwixt our princess
And the great duke's son, desired much by our master,
Who has some hope 'twill be effected too.
H'as brought rich presents to her.
*Rol.* This is all?
*Fulv.* You have it freely. [*Exit.*
*Rol.* You've honoured me—Married to Tuscany?—So, if my ambition had been fortunate, I might have been his taster; but my stars want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate.—Rollardo then must forfeit: why that's the worst on't; I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I live make the duke's treasury pay for it: nor shall he accuse me I exhaust him poorly; I'll study out some noble way to build me a remembrance.—Ha!—a church or college! tedious, my glass has but few sands; I must do something I may live to finish:—I ha't; I will send to all the prisons i'the city, and pay the poor men's debts for them: the world wants such a precedent. I ha' money enough: since I fail in my other ends, I will do some good deeds before I die, so shall I be more sure of prayers than if I built a church; for they are not certain to continue their foundation. Fate, I despise thee: I sink under no cheap and common action, but sell my life to fame, in catching my death by so brave an aspiring.
If I obtain a monument, be this all
Writ on my grave; *This man climbed high to fall.*
[Exit.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Guard.*

1 *Guard.* Come, gentlemen, we must watch still, that none run away with the princess.
2 *Guard.* He must have an excellent stomach, that can break these stone-walls to come to her.
3 *Guard.* Beside this moveable wall of flesh, which we carry.
2 *Guard.* One makes towards us.—'Tis a lady.

*Enter* MORELLO, *like a Lady.*

*Morel.* So, now am I as valiant as Hercules when he turned spinster. Great Jupiter, the patron of 'scapes, assist my petticoat, and at my return I will sacrifice my linen-breeches to thee.—Here be the men, the men of metal:—now, Venus, I be-

[11] *I heard a pound of flesh*, &c.—See *The Merchant of Venice.*
[12] *My* slave *to take my* upper garment *off*—If the unjust censure, which Dryden had passed on our author did not preclude every idea of his having read the works of the latter, the sameness of the words here used, with those put into the mouth of Creon in Œdipus, A. 1, would tempt one to suppose, that Mr Dryden had this line in his mind, when he wrote Creon's description of conscience:

"'Tis *my slave*, my drudge, my supple glove,
*My upper garment*, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient conscience."

The first and third acts of Œdipus were written by Mr Dryden. See *Defence of the Duke of Guise.*

seech thee, an' they be men, they will let a lady enter without many questions.

1 *Guard.* Save you, sweet lady; your affairs this way?

*Morel.* I go but in to the princess.

1 *Guard.* From whom?

*Morel.* From the duke's grace.

1 *Guard.* What may be your ladyship's name?

*Morel.* I never thought to give myself a name.—my name is madam—um. My name is something an odd name; but—I do not stand upon't—my name is Thorn.

1 *Guard.* Indeed, Madam Thorn, if his grace hath sent you to such a purpose, you must shew something for our discharge.

*Morel.* Why, hark'e you, it was but forgotten of the duke to send his signet;—but I have brought some of his higness's deputies with me: I hope that will satisfy.

[*As he takes out money, discovers breeches.*

2 *Guard.* By this gold, breeches!

3 *Guard.* No, they are but silk—here will be sport; I have a hint already.

1 *Guard.* Say you so? 'Tis very well—But, madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture; deal ingeniously,[12*] sweet lady; have you no more gold in your breeches?

*Morel.* Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful.

1 *Guard.* Pass—but, d'ye hear, an' you should not be secret now?

*Morel.* As I am a gentleman——

3 *Guard.* A gentleman? do'st hear him? I'll put him to't.

*Morel.* I have left some crowns with your fellow.

2 *Guard.* Tush, that wo'not satisfy me.

*Morel.* Indeed, I·ha' no more money.

2 *Guard.* You have commodity: hang this transitory gold—give me—what's this?

*Morel.* Nothing but a wart o' my little finger.

2 *Guard.* A wart! let me see't.

[*Pulls off his glove.*

*Morel.* 'Tis a diamond; 'twas my mother's legacy—or else—

2 *Guard.* Is it your will I should have it?

*Morel.* It was my mother's will I should wear it: her ghost will haunt me, an' I should give it away

2 *Guard.* You know the way back, lady.

*Morel.* You will give me my gold again?

1 *Guard.* Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful. Stand with him for a toy, and know you've no warrant from the duke?—'Tis in our power.

*Morel.* D'ye hear, sir, an' it were a diamond of gold you should have it.

2 *Guard.* Lady, I kiss your hand.

*Morel.* You've kissed the ring off my finger, I'm sure.

1 *Guard.* Use your fortune; pass.

*Morel.* If I get to the ladies, somebody shall pay for this; that's my comfort.

3 *Guard.* Can you wrestle, madam?

[*Takes him by the shoulder.*

*Morel.* Ah—wrestle, sir, ladies do not use to wrestle.

3 *Guard.* They are thrown down with their good-wills then. Come, you and I will have a bout; I must hug your little body.

1 *Guard.* Humour him, and you're past danger.

*Morel.* Would you ha' me tear my clothes?

1 *Guard.* I'll persuade him.

2 *Guard.* To tell you true, madam, this fellow is an abominable lecher; there is no 'scaping him without a fall; a very satyr; he leaps all comes near him: if your ladyship's modesty can dispense with a private favour—you understand; for our parts, we are satisfied otherwise, and our lips are sewed up. Take him a one side, and see how you can mollify him; he's a cock o' the game, and will tread you an' you were ten thorns.

*Morel.* Mollify him! Doth he use ladies so? He will mollify me?

2 *Guard* An' you were his sister, all's one to him; the devil is not more hot and robustious, where he finds opposition to the sport; therefore the duke made choice of him, as suspecting some lord might come disguised o' this fashion, to prevent dishonour to the princess and ladies.—Use your own discretion.

*Morel.* What will become of me? If he be such a wencher, he'll ravish me, and discover all. What a rascal was I to venture thus! I'll give thee my fan to persuade him—help, help.

3 *Guard.* Nay then.

[*He throws him down, and discovers his breeches.*

Why, how now? breeches!

1 *Guard.* This is a man.

2 *Guard.* Sure 'tis a woman.

*Morel.* To tell you true, gentlemen, I am neither a man nor a woman; I am an hermaphrodite.

1 *Guard.* How! an hermaphrodite? what would you do among the ladies, then?

2 *Guard.* An hermaphrodite!

3 *Guard.* Let's search him.

*Morel.* Ah!

1 *Guard.* Stay, let's be advised; if he be such a monster, our best way is to carry him to the Duke.

2 *and* 3 *Guard.* Agreed.

*Morel.* I shall be undone.—D' ye hear, noble

---

12* *Ingeniously*—Ingeniously and ingenuously are, in our ancient writers, used, without the least distinction, for each other.

friends; 'tis but a folly to dissemble, I am no such thing, I am no hermaphrodite, I am a friend of yours.

*All.* Of ours?

2 *Guard.* Your name, I beseech you?

*Morel.* I did but jest all this while; the Duke himself put me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you; my name's *Morello*.

1 *Guard.* Signior Morello! 'tis not possible.

*Morel.* As I am virtuous, I am; I am no hermaphrodite; no matter for the gold or diamonds, 'tis your own. I'll acquaint his Grace how careful I found you; and if he does not reward you beside, I'll say he's the poorest duke in Christendom: I'll tell him presently.

3 *Guard.* Noble signior, we'll wait upon you to him.

*Morel.* No, no, 'tis better for me to go alone.

1 *Guard.* Your pardon, you shall tell him how careful you found us; we'll relate to him how cunningly you carried the business.

*Morel.* Nay, d've hear, gentlemen—

*All.* It must be so, sir; come, sweet effeminate signior. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* FULVIO *and Ambassador.*

*Ambas.* Y'ave done me a noble office, signior, in this
Discovery; where now lives her banished lover?

*Fulv.* My kinsman lives in Florence; but two days since
I received letters from him.

*Ambas.* In Florence too?

*Fulv.* Sir, you may censure me;
But my affection to the injured lord,
And not without respect unto the honour
Of your master too, hath been the cause of
My free language.

*Ambas.* Trust me, signior,
We are all engaged to study you a recompence;
But Mantua was unjust to banish him,
For being too much a servant.

*Fulv.* Sir, when princes resolve to punish—

*Ambas.* Virtue shall be treason.
'Twas tyranny—why now is she thus caged?

*Fulv.* I can conjecture nothing but his jealousy,
Which will be ever active. By that love
We interchanged at Pisa, when we grew
Together in our studies, I conjure
Your nobleness to silence.

*Ambas.* You will dishonour me by suspicion:—
I am charmed.

*Enter* PERENOTTO, DONDOLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Peren.* My honoured lord!

*Ambas.* Signior Perenotto!

*Fulv.* My gentle sparks!

*Dond. and Grut.* Your servants.

*Fulv.* You are all courtship.

*Peren.* Is your lordship for this wonder?

*Ambas.* What wonder, my lord?

*Peren.* These pair of gentlemen have discoursed me into admiration; there's one has undertaken to go invisible.

*Ambas.* Invisible!

*Peren.* This hour expected, and in this place.

*Fulv.* How?

*Dond.* With a trick that he has.

*Fulv.* Do you believe him, gentlemen?

*Grut.* You shall see't.

*Dond.* We were heretics in that point; but our understandings are convinced; he did demonstrate.

*Grut.* And, because you shall know the truth of his art, he will be invisible all but his hand: what think you of that? the rarest fellow in Christendom.

*Ambas.* Nothing visible but his hand?

*Dond.* As sure as we have given him a hundred crowns in hand.

*Ambas.* Why is not the Duke presented with this novelty?

*Dond.* He's travelling to the emperor first; only as he goes, for our sake, he will shew us a figary of his art.

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

Here's Rolliardo; he's somewhat costive o' t'other side, wants faith.

*Rol.* Save you, nest of courtiers; smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime compliments, make you amorous in sight of your ladies. Donzell del Phebo and Rosicleer[13], are you there? what pestilent diseases have you got, that you wear so much musk and civet about you? Oh for a priest of Cupid to sacrifice you now! how your breeches would burn like incense, and your hair, disguised in sweet powder, leave your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of dame Venus's altar!

*Dond.* The same humourist still.

*Rol.* I heard say we shall have strange apparitions i'the air, and yet invisible wonders; a hand must appear as fatal to some, as that hung o'er the capitol; for there is a suspicion some purses will be jiggled empty, and as silent as the moon; no bright Sol appearing, nor a piece of pale-faced silver in your silken hemispheres.

*Grut.* He is an infidel.

*Rol.* Right, Jebochanan! right, my precious Jew! we are all infidel that wo'not believe the court-catechism. My lord ambassador, you are welcome from Florence: does the great duke pick sallads still? I mean continue his assize, return into his exchequer, once in seven years, the wealth of Tuscany? Vespasian was held covetous

[13] *Donzell del Phebo and Rosicleer*—Famous heroes of romance. See *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.

for ordaining vessels to receive the beneficial public urine; but 'tis heathenism among Christians not to hold *dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet.*

*Ambas.* He's mad.

*Rol.* Signior Perenotto, it has puzzled my understanding how you can subsist at court, without making use of the common sins, flattery and corruption; take heed, you're a great man, and 'tis ominous to die in your bed; a sign your children are like to inherit but weak brains: thou mayst go to heaven, but thy heir had rather thou shouldst make a journey to Erebus for the proverb's sake, "Happy is that son whose father goes to the devil."—Why, when comes out my don Invisible? may be he's here already, for we cannot see him. What says my squirrel? thou lookest dull and physical, methinks: the crowns will return again invisibly, never fear it. And how does my grave gymnosophist, whose ambition is to be registered an honest lord, though thou beest buried upon alms, carried to church with four torches, and have an inscription on thy marble worse than the ballad of the *devil and the baker*, and might be sung to as vile a tune too.—Gentlemen, I'll invite you shortly to see my head cut off; and do only intreat you would not laugh at me when I am dead; 'twill shew but poorly in you, and I shall revenge it with my ghost walking.

*Fulv.* Either he is very confident to atchieve his design, or, late grown desperate, he talks so wildly.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Dond.* I wonder signior Altomaro forgets us! Now, now ye shall hear: this is his servant; I know he is not far off. Where is thy master?

*Serv.* He is invisible——this letter is directed to you.

*The Letter.*

*Gentlemen,*

*That you may perceive I deal plainly with you, I am now invisible all but my hand, and here it is; you may with ease read every line, as I promised upon the receipt of your crowns.—*

His Hand.

*Serv.* Ay, sir, 'tis his own hand, I can assure you.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Dond.* He does not mean to serve us so? thou dost but jest. Where is he invisible?

*Serv.* Here, I think, for I cannot see him; nor do I know when I shall, or where he will be visible again. Upon diligent search I found this paper, but my master is not to be found.

*Fulv.* Then he is invisible, indeed.

*Rol.* All but his hand. Ha, ha!

*Grut.* I do incline to believe that we are cheated.

*Peren.* With a trick that he has. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ambas.* You were heretics in that point, till he did demonstrate. Ha, ha, ha!

*Rol.* I cannot contain my merry spleen. Ha, ha!

*Fulv.* Come, my lord, let's leave them now, to be their own derision.

[*Exeunt Ambassador and* FULVIO.

*Enter Guard, with* MORELLO.

*Dond.* Signior Morello, ha, ha, ha! How came he in a petticoat?

*Morel.* Carry me away quickly; they will laugh me out of my little wit.

*Rol.* No, no, do not, gentlemen; remember yourselves.

*Grut.* We wo'not then.

*Peren.* Morello! I'll wait upon him to the Duke myself.

*Morel.* What wise man in Italy would be in my coat now? [*Exit.*

*Rol.* I was costive, and an infidel; you are Christian coxcombs; and so, while I see what will become of the mirth that is gone before, I leave your wise signiorships to the mercy of your garters; which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make yourselves invisible indeed. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Dond.* Signior Grutti, we are gull'd.

*Grut.* I always thought he would cheat us. What shall's do to prevent more laughter?

*Serv.* I am resolved.—I shall get no more money by him. Gentlemen, be not head-hung, droop not; 'tis in this sconce[14] to revenge yourselves, and it may be recover your crowns too.

*Dond.* How, pr'ythee?

*Serv.* My master—

*Dond.* Is invisible; we know't too well.

*Serv.* What will you give me if I discover him to your eyes again, nay, give him to your possession?

*Dond.* This.

*Grut.* And this—oh, quickly.

[*Give him money.*

*Serv.* Then first know, my master is not that man you took him for; no Altomaro he, but Bonamico the decayed artist, he that made properties, and grew poor for want of pictures; who, for fear of his creditors, left his dwelling, and, in this quaint disguise, set up the trade of cozening such wise gentlemen as you are.

*Grut. and Dond.* Bonamico!

*Serv.* The same.

*Dond.* Oh that we could reach him again!

*Serv.* Follow me close, and I will bring you within an hair's breadth of his false beard immediately.

---

[14] *Sconce*—head.

*Grut.* That will be excellent.

*Dond.* Nimbly, good Mercury, nimbly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* EUGENIA, FIDELLA, MARDONA, DONELLA, KATHARINA, CASSIANA.

*Fid.* Madam, you are too passive; if you be dejected, what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your fortune?

*Don.* Oh liberty, liberty! Are all the Roman spirits extinct? Never a Brutus in nature to deliver poor ladies from this captivity?

*Cas.* Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our sufferings, laugh, tell tales, sing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

*Eug.* There are some thoughts, that stick upon my memory, I would fain discharge.

*Kath.* Shall we try our lutes, madam?

*Eug.* And voices, if you please.

*Don.* Yes, you may try: they say music built the walls of Thebes; it were a greater miracle if you could charm these to fall. I shall never endure to live an anchorite thus; and, if it were not for the happiness that I do sometimes dream of a man, I should leap the battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the sight of a pair of breeches, though there were nothing in 'em.

[*Song.*

This but feeds our dullness. Shall we dance, madam, and stir ourselves?

*Cas.* I am for that music: we shall grow to the ground, an' we use no more activity.

*Eug.* With all my heart.

*Don.* None o' your dull measures;[15] there's no sport but in your country figaries; a nimble dance will heat, and make us merry.

[*They dance; which done, a bell rings.*

*Eug.* Hark, the bell.

[*Exit* DONELLA, *and enters again with a letter.*

*Don.* Some news from the Duke; A letter, madam, and these jewels.

*Eug.* Ha! whence—from Florence? [*Reads.* This is my father's practice; I'll peruse the paper. [*Exit.*

*Don.* I have an excellent hint, ladies, of a mirth Cannot but please the princess.

*Fid.* What is't?

*Don.* It will require every one's endeavour: What if we play some pretty comic story?

*Kath.* A play?

*Cas.* Shall we?

*Don.* We! do not distrust your own performance. I ha' known men ha' been insufficient, but women can play their parts.

*Mar.* I like it; 'twill be new.

*Don.* We will not present it to the princess, But engage her person in the action; We shall be too few else; some pretty interlude, To square with our number.——D' ye allow it?

*All.* Willingly.

*Don.* Come, I'll acquaint you with a plot then instantly; refer yourselves to me for your parts. We can receive no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeer us; for we'll speak but to the people in the hangings, and they have as much judgment as some men, that are but clothes, at most but walking pictures.

*Fid.* I shall be out.

*Cas.* What part will you give me? I'll be a king.

*Kath.* Thou'lt play a tyrant bravely.

*Don.* Let me alone, I'll fit you all, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DONDOLO *and* GRUTTI.

*Dond.* Now our invisible merchant is caged, we may redeem our opinion, and pass again in the rank of discreet courtiers.

*Grut.* I think now, to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at.

*Dond.* He shall gull no more with his art, I warrant him.

*Grut.* Nay, he is like to lie by't; for I hear since, all his creditors, like so many crows, have light upon him, and they'll leave him but a thin carcase.

*Dond.* Let 'em pick out his eyes, what care we?

*Grut.* He sent me an epistle to take pity on him.

*Dond.* But, I hope, thou hast more wit than to shew thyself a Christian to such a rascal as he is.

*Grut.* I returned him my court-compliment, that I was sorry I could not serve him; I would do him any office that stretched not to mine own prejudice; that we had taken order with his keepers, upon payment of our sums disburst, he might be enlarged.

*Dond.* Which is impossible.

*Enter* BONAMICO *brave.*

Pr'ythee let me see his letter; in what submissive language the rogue does beseech us—Most heroic signiors,—good—I throw myself at the feet of your mercy, for to your justice I beg I may not be made a sacrifice—nay, we'll make him beg ere we ha' done.

*Grut.* At the grate.

*Dond.* I confess I ha' done you wrong—does he so? it shall not serve the turn—there is no hope I shall ever satisfy you,—all the better, lie and rot—if I be known a prisoner to my creditors, I am irrecoverably lost;—oh, compassionate a miserable man, who otherwise must soon forfeit his day-light, and die in a dungeon.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Bonam.* Save you, noble signiors.

---

[15] *Dull measures*—See note 35 to *Alexander and Campaspe.*

*Grut.* Ha!

*Dond.* 'Tis he.

*Grut.* Did he not die in prison, and his ghost haunts us, brave?—'Tis not he.

*Bonam.* *When this eternal substance*[16] *of my soul*
*Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,*

and so forth—And how d'ye like Don Andrea gentlemen? poor snake! but he has cast his skin, and recovered a new coat o'the Destinies' spinning. The bird is flown again.

*Dond.* How the devil came he at liberty?

*Grut.* And thus gallant?

*Bonam.* The slave does not beg of your heroic signiorships a court-compassion: debts must be paid: there is no danger of the grate, as the case goes, nor of forfeiting his day-light in a dungeon, if I mistake not, my illustrious pair of wigeons, my serene smooth-faced coxcombs, whose brains are curdled this hot weather. Will your neat worship sell your cloak, ha? or you that superfluous double-hatch'd rapier? there be sums in nature to lend you, upon security that I shall like of.

*Dond.* He jeers us.

*Grut.* Would we durst beat him.

*Bonam.* You see me now, gentlemen, perfectly: what if I should walk before you without a body, my head hanging in the air like a comet?

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

*Grut.* Would thou wer't hanged any way.

*Dond.* Here's Rolliardo too!
Let's be gone.

*Bonam.* Or shall I appoint you a day when I will be invisible all but my hand?

*Dond.* No, I thank you, sir; we have some business at this present.

*Grut.* Let's to the prison, and know the wonder better:
Noble signior——

*Bonam.* For your crowns—

*Dond.* We are glad we had 'em for you: dear signior, talk no more on 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Bonam.* Farewell phantasmas then—ha! 'tis he, sir!

*Rol.* Keep your way.

*Bonam.* You do not know me:
But I ha' brought a life, which by your means
Has been preserved from wretchedness; your bounty
Deserves you should dispose it.

*Rol.* What are you?

*Bonam.* I was the object of a charity
We seldom meet in mankind; from a prison
You sent a sum to free me.

*Rol.* Pr'ythee, friend, if thou'st received a benefit, go home, and say thy prayers;——I would forget it.

*Bonam.* 'Mong many whom your nobleness enlarged,
I came to make you tender of my service:
Despise not, sir, my gratitude.

*Rol.* D'ye mock me?

*Bonam.* May my soul want heaven's mercy then! to you,
Next my Creator, I do owe this my being;
I have a soul is full of thanks; but name
Employment to assure you, and you make me twice happy.

*Rol.* I ha' nothing to say to you.

*Bonam.* Then I ha' something to say to you.

*Rol.* How?

*Bonam.* And you shall hear it too, and give me thanks;
You've sowed your charity in a fruitful ground,
Which shall return it tenfold, nay one hundred.
What you have done for me, you shall acknowledge
I will deserve to the height.

*Rol.* Th' art liberal in language.

*Bonam.* I'll be active—off with this sullen face,
It scurvily becomes you, d'ye hear?
I studied for you since you paid my debts;
I'll do you a courtesy, and save your life,
Which your attempt upon the princess has
Left desperate; a happy fancy, sir,
If heaven will please to prosper it, and you
Not be your own enemy to refuse it.

*Rol.* Ha, ha, ha! what mean'st?

*Bonam.* Nay, you shall laugh, and heartily, ere I ha' done wi' ye.
The Duke does love his daughter, sends her all
Rarities are presented to him.

*Rol.* His soul's not dearer to him——what of that?

*Bonam.* Why then you shall be admitted into the castle of comfort, that's all; the conceit is in my brain; and would you could as probably get her consent to untie her virgin-zone, as I dispose your access to her; it shall not cost you much. If I fail, instead of saying of my prayers, I'll curse the destinies, and die with you.

*Rol.* D'ye hear, I ha' bestowed three hundred crowns already to set your heels at liberty. If you do mock me, it shall cost me five hundred, but I'll ha' you clapped up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the basket.[17]

---

[16] *When this eternal substance*, &c.—See *The Spanish Tragedy.*

[17] *The basket*—In which broken meat was formerly sent to the prisons. S.

Stowe says, that "the poorer sort of prisoners, as well in this counter, (*i. e.* the Poultry,) as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the sheriff's table of all the broken meat and bread."—Strype's

*Bonam.* Are you in earnest now?

*Rol.* Yes.

*Bonam.* By all that you have threatened, so am I. Have but the patience to walk, and hear me.

*Rol.* Can thy art procure this?

*Bonam.* My art! Why, look you, I made this watch. I'll bestow it on you.

*Rol.* What to do? to reckon the hours I have to live?

*Bonam.* It sha'not cost me so much trouble, as that toy did, to make you master of your wishes stil., if Heaven prosper it. Come, let's talk privately, you shall ha' the pot.

He that doth many good deeds, it may fall,
Among the rest, one may reward them all.
I long to be discoursing it. Pray lead the way.

*Rol.* Provide again you mock me not. Come on, sir.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* DONDOLO *and* GRUTTI.

*Dond.* Rolliardo pay his debts! Sure the fellow, that never saw much money in's life, now, by the Duke made master of so many sums, is grown mad with 'em.

*Grut.* Many other hath he discharged, they say.

*Dond.* He'll undo the Exchequer an' he hold on. He shall be chronicled for't.

*Grut.* He has some cause to imagine himself short-lived, and that makes him so desperately charitable toward his end. Signior Perenotto.

*Enter* PERENOTTO.

*Peren.* Dondolo and Grutti, news, news for ye!

*Dond.* What, we beseech you?

*Peren.* You have lost the best mirth in Italy in your absence; your companion Morello---

*Dond.* Was carried to the Duke in a petticoat, in which he attempted a passage to the sequestered ladies. What's the issue?

*Peren* Mirth in abundance.

*Grut.* How came he off?

*Peren.* Nay, 'tis on still. The Duke, to make himself sport, would call a council, before whom the poor signior must be arraigned. Not to hold you in suspence, the business was merrily discussed, and the pitiful projector was judged---

*Dond.* How, how?

*Peren.* To wear the petticoat for a month. If he appear without it, during the term, he incurs his perpetual exile from court.

*Dond. and Grut.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Peren.* You may imagine, with what variety of lamentable faces the courtier heard his unexpected sentence. Some would have pleaded for him, but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scattered senses; and, instead of swooning, which was expected, he grew fortified, and most humbly besought the Duke, since his sentence had past so definitive, he would be so merciful to admit him that course of a moon to be his jester; that, since he could not shake off the fool's coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keep it on.

*Grut.* Very good.

*Peren.* 'Twas easily granted; but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is grown so jocund and airy, nay, as if he had been born with a song in's head, he talks everlasting ballad; no man laughs at him, but he lashes him in rhyme worse than a satyr. The Duke has privileged his mirth, made him fool-free, and now he plays the tyrant.---He's here already.

*Enter* MORELLO *like a jester.*

*Morel.* O yes, O yes, O yes!
If there be any one, in city or in town,
Can shew me a wise man, I'll please him for his pains.

*Peren.* Disgrace has made him witty.

*Dond.* What will you say to him will shew you a wise man?

*Morel.* Marry, if he go far, he is not so wise as he should be. Dondolo, Grutti! old acquaintance, how is't? how is't?

---

dition, 1720, b. iii. p. 51. And Massinger, in *The City Madam*, act i. sc. 1., mentions the sheriff's basket:

——"Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
Thy patrimony spent, ragged, and lowsy;
When *the sheriff's basket* and his broken meat
Were your festival exceedings; and is this
So soon forgot?"

At Christmas, and probably at some other times, it is still customary for the lord mayor and sheriffs to visit the markets, and the houses of those who vend either meat or bread, and solicit charity for the prisoners confined in the several jails.

*Grut.* The case is altered with you.

*Morel.* It does appear so; but nothing can make me proud, I'll know my fellows.

*Peren.* How do you mean, Morello?

*Morel.* Your lordship may make one at foot-ball;
'Tis all the sport now-a-days.
What other is the world than a ball,
Which we run after with hoop and with hollow?
He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,
His heels trip'd up by him that doth follow.

*Dond.* Do not women play too?

*Grut.* They are too light, quickly down.

*Morel.* O yes, they are the best gamesters of all,
For though they often lie on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coats the ball will be found.
*With a fading.* [18]

But we be three of old, without exception to your lordship, only with this difference, I am the wisest fool; for you play the fool in your old clothes, and I have a new coat on.

*Peren.* Does it not become him?

*Dond.* Rarely well; Do you ever mean to resign it?

*Grut.* 'Twere pity but he should have a patent for't, to him and his posterity.

*Morel.* Hark you, gentlemen, d'ye hear the news?

*Dond.* News! what news?

*Morel.* Do you not hear on't yet? why, 'tis in a ballad already.

*Grut.* And thou can'st sing it.

*Morel.* 'Twas well gues'd, and I can but hit o' the tune.

*There was an invisible fox, by chance*
*Did meet with two visible geese;*
*He led 'em a fine invisible dance,*
*For a hundred crowns a-piece.*
*Invisible all but his hand he would go,*
*But when it came to be try'd,*
*Not only his hand which was left he did show,*
*But a fair pair of heels beside.*
*Invisible since their wits have been,*
*But yet there is hope of either,*
*Their wit and their crowns may return again,*
*Invisible altogether.* [*Exit.*

*Grut.* And he continue thus but a moon, he'll make the court mad.

*Peren.* Oh 'twill be excellent; since it is not safe for a wise man to speak truth, 'twere pity fools should lose their privilege. The Duke.

*Enter Duke,* FULVIO, *and Courtiers.*

*Fulv.* My lord.

*Duke.* What is't?

*Fulv.* Here's an important suitor calls himself
An artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your acceptance,
And, if my judgment err not, a most pleasing one.

*Duke.* Let us see him and his present;
It will reward my daughter's patience,
Love and obedience:——All the rarities
Ten kingdoms yield, shall not be thought too weighty,
That she may shift each solitary hour
With a fresh object.

*Enter* BONAMICO. *A Cage discovered.*

*Dond.* Bonamico!

*Grut.* 'Tis he.

*Duke.* By my love to goodness,
It is a master-piece, 'twill feed the eye
With plenty of delight.

*Bonam.* I am as jocund since I am admitted, I talk as glib,
Methinks, as he that farms the monuments. [19]

*Duke.* Is't not, sirs?

*Peren.* My lord, I have not seen so much delight
In any piece these seven years.

*Duke.* Where's the master of this work?

*Bonam.* My lord,
I am the constable, that put all these in the cage, and you may call it a point of injustice, for they never kept late hours: though they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer amongst them, and yet, were they suffered, they'd fly high, for some of them are very lofty-minded.

*Duke.* A pleasant fellow too.

*Bonam.* Oh, my lord, we are all born in our degrees to make one another merry: the birds make me merry, I make my wife merry, the fool makes your courtiers merry, and the courtiers make your Grace merry.

*Duke.* And whom do I make merry?

*Bonam.* The whole commonwealth, if you govern handsomely.

*Duke.* There's salt in's mirth:——
I'll have this fellow wait i'the court.

*Bonam.* I shall be kicked out by the pages.

*Duke.* Why so?

*Bonam.* Because I cannot flatter.

*Duke.* A conceited thing:
We lack the humourist Roillardo here.

*Dond.* We saw him in the court ere while, my lord.

*Duke.* This humour would have been a gad-fly to him,
And stung him to the quick.

*Bonam.* Not altogether so, Duke.

*Grut.* Fellow, what bird is that?

*Bonam.* Fellow!—cry mercy, I do forget you, fellow. I'll tell thee: d'ye not know him? 'tis

---

[18] *Fading.*—*A fading* is an Irish dance. See Mr Tyrrwhit's note on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

[19] *That farms the monuments.*—I suppose he means the *monuments* in old St Paul's, or those in Westminster-Abbey. S.

an Arabian woodcock, the same that carried a bunch of grapes in January last to Bethlem Gabor.

*Dond.* And what call you this?

*Bonam.* This was the duke of Venice his own bullfinch, and taken by the Turks.

*Duke.* By the Turks say'st thou? he droops indeed.

*Bonam.* Since his captivity, the wretch endured
Much misery by the infidel; it had nothing
But bread and water for three months.

*Fulv.* A shrewd calamity.

*Duke.* I do affect this fellow's prate.

*Peren.* What's this?

*Bonam.* This is the blackbird which was hatcht that day
Gondamore died;[20] and which was ominous,
About that time Spinola's thrush[21] forsook him.

*Peren.* Was this he?

*Bonam.* Yes.

*Duke.* And what was this?

*Bonam.* This was the pigeon was so shrewdly handled
For carrying letters at the siege of Bergen.[22]

*Peren.* Alas, pretty bird——

*Bonam.* This, a wagtail of the city, which a silkman
So dearly loved, he called it wife, but could not
(Though in much jealousy he had caged her up)
Keep her from flying out. This was a rail,
Bred up by a zealous brother in Amsterdam,[23]
Which being sent unto an English lady,
Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirkers.—Name but Rome,
And straight she gapes as she would eat the pope;
A bird to be made much on: she and the horse
That snorts at Spain, by an instinct of nature,
Should have shewn tricks together. I could run over—
But your gracious pardon.

*Duke.* How, our pardon?

*Bonam.* I'm now another man, and know my distance.

*Duke.* This man is good at all.

*Bonam.* My buffoon face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a mountebank,
That sets off base toys with miraculous lies.
Thus far I'll boast: they are the only choice
Italy, and other parts of Europe yield
For the work; if it prove so fortunate
To receive grace from your divine acceptance,
The workmanship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender——

*Duke.* No, that were to quench
The fire in all deservers—Fulvio.

*Fulv.* My lord.

*Duke.* Pay the cost double: I'll send it to my daughter.

*Bonam.* It takes as art could wish it. [*Aside.*

*Duke.* I know it is a present, the sweet soul
Will raise much joy in.—Signior Perenotto—

*Peren.* My lord.

*Bonam.* There are two birds I ha' not named.

*Dond.* What are they?

*Bonam.* A pair of gulls, which you may share between you.

*Peren.* It shall, my lord.

*Duke.* If Florence now keep touch, we shortly shall
Conclude all fear with a glad nuptial. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* EUGENIA, FIDELLA, MARDONA, DONELLA, CASSIANA, KATHARINA.

*Don.* You like this story best then?

*Eug.* That of Jupiter and Danae comes near our own.

*Don.* Be it so: we are all perfect in the plot, I think.

*Eug.* You shall dispose the rest.

*Don.* You will not be ambitious then, and quarrel about the parts, like your spruce actor, that will not play out of the best clothes, and the fine young prince, who, if he fight, 'tis six to four he kills all, and gets the lady.

*Fid.* We are constant, you shall appoint them.

*Don.* Then, madam, without ceremony, you shall play Danae, that is shut up in the brazen tower.

*Eug.* Well, I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present fortune.

*Don.* I need not to instruct you in the character. You shall be the king Acrisius, her father; a jealous, harsh, crabbed man, who, in fear of the oracle, commands her to be thus enclosed.

*Mar.* So:—I'll fit you for a vinegar king.

---

[20] *Gondamore died.*—The celebrated ambassador from Spain, who obtained an influence over King James, as dishonourable to the crown as disgraceful to the nation. He died a very short time after the king, in the year 1625, at a place called Bunnel, *of pure apprehensions of grief*, as *Howel* says it was given out. He was then on his way to Flanders, from whence he designed to have come to England. See Howel's Letters, edit. 1754, p. 178.

[21] *Spinola's thrush.*—This seems to allude to some circumstance at that time well known, but now perhaps irrecoverably lost. The marquis of Spinola was the person who carried on the siege of *Ostend* and that of *Bergen*, taken notice of below.

[22] *The siege of Bergen.* The town of Bergen was invested by the marquis of Spinola in 1623, but without success. After being before it some time, he found himself obliged to raise the siege.

[23] *Amsterdam.*—See note 16 to *The Mayor of Quinborough.* Dodsley's edit.

*Don.* No matter for properties—[24]
We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard.
*Fid.* What shall I play?
*Don.* You must be ladies, whom the king leaves to keep her company; entertain what humour you please.
*Cas. and Kath.* This is our own parts indeed.
*Don.* You will play it the more natural, and let me alone to play the Thunderer, I'll wanton Jove it:—now whet your inventions and about it, imagine our scene expressed, and the New-prison, the title advanced in form.
*Eug.* The New-prison! why?
*Don.* O 'tis an excellent name, where spectators throng together, as ours do methinks in the arras already; the music have their part. Dispose yourselves for your entrances, while I speak the prologue to our mixed audience of silk and crewel gentlemen [25] in the hangings.—*Hem.*
*Kath.* Let it be a confident prologue howsoever. [*Music.*
*Don.* Ye are welcome to New-prison; we have still
Our ancient keeper, and we fear he will
Speak in his old key too; but do not look for
Choice diet, for alas, we play the cook for
All you are like to feed on; let your palate
Expect at most then but a root or sallad
Picked from the prison garden. We know you are
Judicious hangings, and well seen; nor dare
We lift you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your green and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in rhyme;
Hang still, you learned critics of the time.
Now Danae and the ladies.
*Eug.* Was ever father to his child
So unkind? It makes me wild,
When, to beguile a tedious hour,
From the top of this high tower,
I see every other creature,
Enjoy a liberty by nature.
Can the silver running fountains,
And the cloud-aspiring mountains,
Every grove and flowery field,
But a new affliction yield?
*Don.* This is excellent; she has played the part before.
*Cas.* Waste not yourself in woeful plaint,
Sorrow will not help restraint.
*Think, madam, all is but a dream,*
*That we are in—Now I am out——beam, cream;*
*Help me, Katharina, I can make no sense rhyme to't.*
*Don.* Cream is as good a rhyme as your mouth can wish; ha, ha, ha!
*Cas.* Does not the arras laugh at me? it shakes, methinks.
*Kath.* It cannot chuse, there's one behind does tickle it.
*Eug.* A dream! alas, 'tis no relief
For us to flatter so much grief!
Fancy wants power to delight,
Or, if we could think it might,
Such a dream so sad would make us,
That it could not chuse but wake us.
*Don.* My lady has helped her pretty well out of her dream.
*Kath.* The sun with glittering golden rays,
May appear one of these days;
You know always, after winter,
Comes the spring and pleasant summer.
*Don.* Winter and summer! ha, ha, ha.
*Mar.* Winter and summer! by my faith that's well, there's but half a year between; there be some call themselves poets, make their rhymes straddle so wide, a twelvemonth will hardly reconcile them, and I hope, a lady may straddle a little by poetical licence.
*Cas.* Madam, your father, king Acrisius.
*Mar.* Must I enter already?—Hum.
*Eug.* This is his hour to visit us.
*Mar.* How fares our daughter?
*Cas.* What voice is that?
*Don.* The king speaks through a trunk.
*Mar.* How is't, heroic birth? what dulness, cold
As Saturn's, dwells on thy forehead? be bold
To give thy grief a tongue; instruct, child,
My paternal nature, lest I grow wild
As the rude north:—thought of thee makes my hairs
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares.
*Don.* Most high and mighty nonsense! sure the king has swallowed pills, and his stomach, not able to digest them, does vomit them up again.
*Mar.* Is thy organ dumb,
Or am I grown cheap *in majesty? trivial fool,*
Shall I reap crabbed thistles in neglect for rich love?
*Cas.* Crabbed language, I am sure.
*Don.* Sure my lady does not understand him?
*Eug.* If my brow so sad appear,
My fortune's livery I wear.
*Mar.* Weep no more, thy eyes pave the ground with pearl.
My power is raised, my crown thy tribute, girl,
Here is nothing to want.
*Eug.* Nothing to want, indeed? to be
A prisoner speaks all misery.
*Mar.* Curse not thy soft stars, but take thy fair bliss
With comfort: free from loud noise and fear is

---

[24] *Properties*, in the language of the playhouse, are every implement necessary to the exhibition. See notes by Dr Johnson and Mr Stevens to *The taming of the Shrew*, Induction.
[25] *Silk and crewel gentlemen —Crewel* is *worsted*. See note on *King Lear*, A. 2. S. 4. vol. 9. p. 428. edit.

Thy gaudy station. When I have unscrewed
Mystical oracles, which not understood,
Do perplex with involved sense—I shall then
Enlarge thy person, Danae; till when,
If aught else do clog thy thoughts with unkind
Thoughts, unload the dark burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grief aloud, my amorous darling,
And I will——

*Cas.* Let him chuse his rhyme, I beseech you, madam.

*Mar.* Uh, uh—cold phlegm obstructs my language—barling, carling.

*Don.* Ha, ha, 'tis time to make an end,
He was almost choked with his own phrase.

*Mar.* And you get me to play an old man again—

*Don.* We'll have a young one for thee; twenty-one and a coat, is a double game:—my turn comes next.

*Eug.* He's gone, and leaveth us behind,
To tell our passions to the wind.
Ha! what o'the sudden doth surprize
My active motion? On my eyes
What dark and heavy cloud doth sit,
To persuade me it is night?
It is some charm; I cannot keep
These windows open, I must sleep.

*Enter* JUPITER.

*Cas.* This was well passionated: now comes Jupiter, to take my lady napping; we'll sleep too: let the wanton have her swing, would she were a man for her sake.

*Jup.* Let the music of the spheres
Captivate these mortal ears;
While Jove descends into this tower,
In a golden streaming shower.
To disguise him from the eye
Of Juno, who is apt to pry
Into my pleasures, I to-day
Have bid Ganymed go play,
And thus stole from heaven to be
Welcome on earth to Danae.
And see where the princely maid,
On her easy couch is laid,
Fairer than the queen of loves,
Drawn about with milky doves.
To thee let Paphian altars smoke,
Priests thy better name invoke.
When Hymen lights his holy fires,
Thou that canst infuse desires
In the gods, from thy lip
Let Jove heavenly nectar sip,
And translate, by kissing thee,
Into thy breast his deity.
But I rob myself of treasure,
This is but the gate of pleasure:
To dwell here, it were a sin,
When Elysium is within.
Leave off then these flattering kisses,
To rifle other greater blisses. [*Bell within.*

*Eug.* The bell—news from my father.

*Cas.* Then your play is interrupted Jove—— Madam, I'll see.

*Don.* Besbrew the bell-man; and you had not waked as you did, madam, I should ha' forgot myself, and played Jupiter indeed with you; my imaginations were strong upon me, and you lay sweetly—how now?

*Cas.* A present, madam, from the duke: one of the finest pieces of pageantry that e'er you saw: 'tis a cage with variety of birds in it: it moves on wheels. Your assistance, ladies, to bring it in.

*Eug.* A cage—if from Florence, it shall to the fire,
Or whence soe'er: it cannot be intended
But as a mockery of my restraint.
I'm very sad o'the sudden: ha! 'tis so:
Break it to pieces.

*Don.* 'Twere pity, madam, to destroy so much art.

*Eug.* Yet spare the workmanship, in the perusal
There's something pleads for mercy:——I feel within
Some alteration, I know not what;
Let me intreat your absence for some minutes;
I am in earnest, pray do, without reply.
Your eyes shall feed with plenteous satisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you.

*Ladies.* We obey you. [*Exeunt.*

*Eug.* Yet can't I say I am alone, that have
So many partners in captivity.
Sweet fellow-prisoners, 'twas a cruel art,
The first invention to restrain the wing,
To keep the inhabitants o'the air close captive,
That were created to sky freedom: surely
The merciless creditor took his first light,
And prisons their first models, from such bird-loops.
I know you nightingale is not long lived.
See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate!
And doth the duke, my father, think I can
Take comfort either in restraint, or in
The sight of these that every moment do
Present it to me? were these tendered me?
They shall no more be prisoners to please me,
Nor shall the woods be robbed of so much music.

[*She opens the Cage, and* ROLLIARDO *comes from the Pillar.*

*Rol.* I take you at your word, fair princess,
I am the truest prisoner: tremble not,
Fear flies the noble mind, for injury dares not come near.

*Eug.* Sir, what are you?

*Rol.* The humblest of your servants.

*Eug.* You are not mine; for in this bold attempt
You have undone me.

*Rol.* You see I keep at distance.

*Eug.* You're too near; I will discover you though
I fall myself by your presumption.

*Rol.* Hold, be counselled rather.
But to calm silence for a pair of minutes,

And none shall perish: you shall save him too
That would for your sake lose himself for ever.
*Eug.* For my sake? what relation has my birth,
Or any passion I call mine, to you?
*Rol.* Nor doom me unto scorn; I am a gentleman;
And when my inimitable resolution
In those attempts whose very sound breeds earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill
With wonder and amaze, you will at least
Think I fall too low, if I love beneath you.
*Eug.* Ha! this is a strange accident.
*Rol.* Was it less
Than death, dear princess, to adventure hither?
*Eug.* It will be death, however.
*Rol.* You're deceived, lady.
*Eug.* How I am perplexed!
*Rol.* It had been death;
Your sight gives me a lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.
*Eug.* He speaks all mystery; I sha'not get him off,
I fear, without some stain.
*Rol.* The truth is, princess, if you now discover me,
(Though I made nice at first, to put your fright by,)
You cannot harm me much, I ha' done my task.
Do you fear me still? why is there such a space
Betwixt us, lady?——Can you keep that man
At so unkind a distance, that for your sake
Has in his undertaking swallowed danger,
Robb'd death of all his fears?
*Eug.* For my sake?
*Rol.* Your's——fair princess, dare you so far trust me yet,
To let me kiss your hand?
*Eug.* Audacious!——sir,
I shall grow loud, if you forget your distance,
Not that you may hold long——
I'm studying how I should be rid of him without their
Knowledge: yet that's dangerous too, and might
Shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.
*Rol.* Such was the Duke, your gracious father's care,
He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himself.
*Eug.* This is a fine paradox.
*Rol.* Which must be to high purpose. Come, be wise,
And keep me while you have me; 'tis but reaping
This fruitless harvest from my cheek and chin,
And you can form the rest. You're young and beautiful;
Lose not the blessing of your youth, sweet princess;
Fair opportunity waits upon your pleasure;
You want but the first knowledge of your joy.
Your blood is ripe; come, I am confident
Your will is but controul'd by upstart fears,
Like advanced beggars, that will check their princes.
My safest way is yours now to conceal me,
It may be thought I have enjoyed you else;
Ill censure soon takes fire: nay, perhaps,
To be revenged of your stern cruelty,
I'll swear myself I have possessed you freely.
Play your game wisely then, your honour lies
Full at my mercy; come, 'tis in your love
To lead me to a secret couch.
*Eug.* Bold villain,
For these uncivil, most unhallowed words,
I'll die, but I'll undo thee.
*Rol.* Stay, and let me circle in mine arms
All happiness at once; I have not soul
Enough to apprehend my joy, it spreads
Too mighty for me.—Know, excellent *Eugenia*,
I am the prince of Florence, that owe heaven
More for thy virtues, than his own creation.
I was born with guilt enough to cancel
My first purity; but so chaste a love
As thine, will so refine my second being,
When holy marriage frames us in one piece,
Angels will envy me.
*Eug.* Ha, the prince of Florence?
*Rol.* I ha' made no travail for so rich a blessing;
Turn me to pilgrimage, divinest beauty,
And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the world,[26]
This purchase will reward me.
*Eug.* Purchase!—I am not bought and sold, I hope?
*Rol.* Give it what name you will, you're mine, Eugenia.
*Eug.* Your's, prince? I do not know by what title you pretend this claim; I never yet remember that I saw you;
And, if I had any interest in myself,
Produce your witness when I gave it you.
I have possession yet; ere I deliver it,
You must shew stronger evidence.
*Rol.* Are we not contracted?
*Eug.* Contracted! when? where?——Good prince, I pity your abuse.
*Rol.* 'Tis firm between our fathers.
*Eug.* Mine cannot give away my heart.
*Rol.* Cannot?
*Eug.* Shall not, prince: 'tis not your travail and your trouble,
With this conceit to boot, were it your own
Invention, with all your birds about you,
That can take me.
*Rol.* Is it my person, madam,

---

[26] *And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the world.*—This expression seems to have been proverbial. See Mr Steevens's note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 2.

You hold unworthy? For my birth and fortune
Cannot deserve your scorn.
*Eug.* It takes not from
The greatness of your state, or blood, my lord,
To say I cannot love you, since affection
Flows uncompelled, and rests in the clear object;
Nor do I rob your person of just value,
If to me other seem as fair and comely.
Form may apparel, and become what we
Affect, not cause true love: you have enough
To promise you a happier choice; attempt
A nobler fate, and leave me to myself,
And humble destiny: for know, Florentine,
I have but one faith, one love, and though my father
Lock up my person, 'tis beyond his will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to;
And you're not noble now if you proceed.
Be then what you were born, and do not tempt
A woman to commit a sacrilege;
For when I give my heart to any other
Than my Philenzo, I commit that sin.
[*He discovers himself.*

*Rol.* If you'll not pardon, I'll deliver up
Philenzo to be punished for this trial.—See, lady.
*Eug.* My dear banished Philenzo!
*Rol.* O let not such a glorious building stoop;
It is my duty.
*Eug.* I will make it mine.
*Rol.* I have a double duty, for I owe
Your constancy as much respect and reverence,
As your most princely person.
*Eug.* What, for our safety?
*Rol.* Oh with what willingness could I be lost
In this distracted wilderness of joy!
To-morrow, madam, I go to my arraignment.
*Eug.* How?
*Rol.* Spend no fear upon't,
Your story shall be pleasing:—I ha' much
To tell you—for your ladies——
*Eug.* They are mine, what should our innocence
Fear in their knowledge? I desire to hear
The circumstance of this wonder.
*Rol.* It attends.
The story past, we must some counsel find:
The puzzle of our fate is still behind. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* DONDOLO, MORELLO, *and* GRUTTI.

*Dond.* We are sorry we gave thee distaste; come, let's be friends; you did apprehend too nicely.
*Morel.* Nicely? it might ha' been your own case.
*Grut.* Come, you were unkind to rub us before the Duke so.
*Morel.* Be wise hereafter, and make the fool your friend; 'tis many an honest man's case at court. It is safer to displease the Duke than his jester: every sentence the one speaks, flatterers make an oracle; but let the impudent fool bark never so absurdly, other men ha' the wit to make a jest on't; 'tis policy in state to maintain a fool at court, to teach great men discretion.
*Dond. and Grut.* Great men! we are none.
*Morel.* No, but you may be, by the length of your wit, and shortness of your memory; for if you have but wit enough to do mischief, and oblivion enough to forget good turns, you may come to great places in time; keep a fool o' your own, and then you are made——
*Dond.* Made! what?
*Morel.* Cuckolds, if my lady take a liking to the innocent.[27] O your fool is an excellent fellow upon all occasions.

### SONG.

*Among all sorts of people,*
*The matter if we look well to,*
*The fool is the best; he from the rest*
*Will carry away the bell too.*
*All places he is free of,*
*And fools it without blushing.*
*At masks and plays, is not the bays*
*Thrust out, to let the plush in?*
*Your fool is fine, he's merry,*
*And of all men doth fear least;*
*At every word he jests with my lord,*
*And tickles my lady in earnest:*
*The fool doth pass the guard now,*
*He'll kiss his hand and leg it;*
*When wise men prate, and forfeit their state,*
*Who but the fine fool will beg it?*
*He without fear can walk in*
*The streets that are so stony;*
*Your gallant sneaks, your merchant breaks,*
*He's a fool that does owe no money.*

*Enter* ROLLIARDO.

*Rol.* The Duke, where is the Duke?
*Morel.* He's forthcoming; there's no more money i'the exchequer.
*Rol.* I come to give up my accounts, and reckon with him; somebody tell him so.
*Morel.* And you do not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you; I'll do your message.
*Rol.* Do, and say I sent a fool o' my errand, pr'ythee. Cry mercy, such an office would ha' become either of you, gentlemen.
*Dond.* His tongue moves circular in abuses.
*Grut.* The Duke.

---

[27] *Innocent*—a Fool.

*Enter* DUKE, FULVIO, PERENOTTO, &c.

*Duke.* How now, what day is't?

*Rol.* 'Tis holiday.

*Duke.* How?

*Rol.* Therefore we are preparing a morris to make your grace merry: they have chosen me for the hobby-horse,[28] and, if I do not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extremely before I die.

*Duke.* Do you come like one prepared for death?

*Rol.* Not so well, I hope, as I may be hereafter, unless you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapt into the chronicles, with some of your predecessors, for cutting off heads, when you do not like their complexion; 'tis but laying one block upon another, and I am quickly sent of a headless errand.

*Duke.* Unjust! do you remember what sums you owe for? do not jest away your life.

*Rol.* I crave no longer day for't, and I prove not myself free from my engagements.

*Duke.* How?

*Rol.* For although I had not the art to go invisible, as these wise courtiers, nor could counterfeit another sex so becomingly as t'other gaudy signior, to introduce me to the ladies; yet, with your princely licence, I may say, 'tis done.

*Duke.* Done! what is done?

*Peren.* He's mad, sir.

*Rol.* I come not to petition for a mercy,
But to cry up my merit, for a deed
Shall drown all story; and posterity,
When it shall find in her large chronicle
My glorious undertaking, shall admire it
More than a Sybil's leaf, and lose itself
In wonder of the action: poets shall
With this make proud their muses, and apparel it
In ravishing numbers, which the soft-haired virgins,
Forgetting all their legends, and love-tales
Of Venus, Cupid, and the 'scapes of Jove,
Shall make their only song, and in full quire
Chant it at Hymen's feast.

*Duke.* What means this boasting?

*Fulv.* Rolliardo.

*Rol.* You think I am a lost man; and your gay things,
That echo to your passions, and see through
Your eyes all that's presented, do already
Tickle their very souls, with expectation
To see me beg most miserably for life.
But you are all deceived——here I pronounce
The great work done that cancels all my debts;
I have had access unto the fair Eugenia,
Your princely daughter, staid, discoursed with her;
More, she has entertained me for her servant.

*Peren.* Sir, do you believe him?

*Duke.* Thou hast profaned a name will strike thee dead.

*Rol.* It cannot be; for if you mean your daughter,
'Tis that is my preserver: blest Eugenia,
To whose memory my heart does dedicate
Itself an altar, in whose very mention
My lips are hallowed, and the place a temple
Whence the divine sound came; it is a voice,
Which should our holy churchmen use, it might
Without addition of more exorcism
Disenchant houses, tie up nightly spirits
Which fright the solitary groves. Eugenia
When I have named, I needs must love my breath
The better after it.

*Duke.* Thou hast undone
Thyself i'the repetition; and in this,
Wherein thou cunningly wouldst beg our pity,
Thou hast destroyed it, and not left a thought
To plead against our anger; where, before,
Thy life should have been gently invited forth,
Now with a horrid circumstance death shall
Make thy soul tremble, and, forsaking all
Thy noble parts, it shall retire into
Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
To inform thy eyes, lest they let in a horror
They would not look on.

*Rol.* I am still the same, and let me be so bold
To plead your royal word; 'twas my *security*;
Nor shall you take mine to induce *your faith*:
To what is done, I have more *pregnant evidence*;
Your higness knows that character.
[*Presents a Paper.*

*Duke.* Ha, 'tis not so; I'll not believe my eyes.
Come hither, Fulvio; Perenotto, read,
But not too loud; does she not write to me——
*It is unjust you let Rolliardo die,*
*Unless Eugenia bear him company?*
Give me the paper.

*Peren.* 'Tis counterfeit, my lord; cut off my head
If this be not a jig of his invention.

*Duke.* My soul is in a sweat. I feel my blood
Heave in my veins—he looks as he had seen her.
More my prophetic thoughts do whisper to me—

*Fulv.* Believe it not, sir.

*Duke.* I wo'not—Perenotto——
[*Whispers.* PER. *goes out.*

*Dond.* I know not what to think.

*Grut.* The Duke's perplext; observe.

*Rol.* Will either of you speak for me, gentlemen, if the justice of my cause should fail me? I'll pay you for't. I know courtiers, that live upon countenance, must sell their tongues; what is the price of yours, pray?

*Grut.* Humble yourself, you coxcomb.

*Duke.* Away, and let not him stir, I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her person.
Have my endeavours to preserve Eugenia,
Of whom I thought so many men unworthy,

[28] *Hobby-horse*—See Mr Tollet's Dissertation on the Morris-Dancers, *First Part of Henry IV.* p. 425.

Ruined themselves? Human invention
Could not instruct me to dispose her where
She could be more defenced from all men's eyes;
An anchorite lives not prisoned in a wall
With more security. 'Tis not possible.
Why am I troubled thus? My fear abuses me;
In such a cause I would check an oracle.
And shall his dexterous forgery unsettle
My confidence? I wo'not shew a guilt
Of so much weakness in me. *Fulvio*—
And gentlemen—we'll speak to you anon.

*Rol.* I ha' spoke too much already, it seems; sure he has sent for her; I dare repose my life on her, to whose trust I gave my heart; she is a thousand witnesses in herself.

*Fulv.* It will be mirth, sir.

*Rol.* I like not this consulting—they break off pleasantly—now, in the name of Mercury, what crotchet?

*Duke.* I see it is in vain
To interrupt our fate; what is decreed
Above, becomes not mortals to dispute.
Sit there,— nay, be not modest, you were born to't,
And therefore take your place: nay, nay, be covered;
Imagine that a crown, and these your subjects,
As, when I die, you know 'twill come to that,
In right of my sole daughter—So: does he not
Look like a prince indeed? appears he not
A pretty lump of majesty?

*Dond.* He's studying some speech, I'll lay my life——

*Duke.* Against his coronation, to thank all
His loving subjects, that as low as earth
Thus offer him their duties.

[*Draw their Swords:* EUGENIA *enters, and* PERENOTTO.

*Eug.* Hold, I beseech you;
Let not my duty suffer misconstruction,
If, while my knee doth beg your blessing, here
I throw my arms, and circle next to heaven
What must be dearest to me.

*Duke.* Ha?

*Eug.* My joy of life!

*Duke.* Destroy me not.

*Eug.* Alas! I would preserve all, am so far from killing,
That I would die myself, rather than see
One drop of blood forced from his crimson fountain,
Or but one tear rackt from your eye. Oh hear me,
And after let your anger strike two dead,
So you would let us dwell both in one grave;
And did you know how near we were in life,
You would not think it fitting that in death
Our ashes were divided. You have heard,
When the poor turtle's ravished from her mate,
The orphan'd dove doth groan away her life
In widowed solitude; let me call him husband,
And tell yourself the rest.

*Duke.* Kill not thy father with one word, Eugenia;
Thy husband!

*Eug.* I do beseech you hear me.

*Duke.* Beg thou mayst be forgotten, 'tis sin
'Bove my forgiveness.—This a match for thee?
What man can bring me a certificate
He had a father, *or was christened? He?*
We are all in a dream; awake me, thunder.

*Rol.* Temper your passion, sir.

*Duke.* Some tortures, to enforce confession from him
How he procured access.

*Rol.* They sha'not need; you sent me, sir, yourself.

*Duke.* We?

*Rol.* The cage was my conveyance.

*Peren.* That was presented lately with the birds, you gave command.

*Duke.* Be dumb, I dare not hear you.

*Dond.* This was a Bird in a Cage, indeed.

*Duke.* Search for the traitor Bonamico presently,
He has betrayed *me*; they shall suffer both,
Before the noise be spread to our dishonour.

*Eug.* Yet will you hear me?

*Duke.* I hear too much; thou hast forgot thy birth,
Thy fortunes, and thy father. Were my cares,
So wondered at abroad, censured at home,
Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee,
From whom they were begotten? thou hast ploughed
Upon my face; Canst thou undo a wrinkle,
Or change but the complexion of one hair?
Yet thou hast grayed a thousand, taken from me,
Not added to my comforts, more than what,
Like an indulgent parent, I have flattered
Myself into.

*Enter* BONAMICO.

*Grut.* Here is the other traitor, sir.

*Duke.* Away with 'em to death.

*Eug.* Let me go too.

*Duke.* It needs not; thou art dead already, girl,
And in thy shame I and the dukedom suffer:
Thou may'st remember, (false to thy own vow,)
Philenzo, whom I banished for thy sake:
The title of my subject, and thy love
To him, pulled our displeasure on him; since
We studying to add more height to thee,
Thou hast made thyself less, and, for aught we know,
Clasped with the son of earth to cool the fever
Of hot sin in thy veins; ungrateful to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

*Rol.* 'Tis happiness enough that you have mentioned him;
And, whether to your mercy or your justice,
See that Philenzo kneels.

*Omnes.* Lord Philenzo!

*Fulv.* My noble cousin, so near me, and concealed!

*Eug.* Your daughter's knees join with his bended heart,
To beg your pardon.

*Duke.* Philenzo! were not you banished, sir?

*Rol.* It was your sentence.
*Duke.* On pain of death not to return. Blest fate!
Thou hast relieved me! hadst thou died before
By our command, it would have been thought tyranny,
Though none durst tell us so: now we have argument
Of justice, and our every breath is law,
To speak thee dead at once; we sha'not need
To study a divorce, thy second exile
Shall be eternal—death.
*Rol.* You do me honour.
*Duke.* Be it your punishment, as you preferred him
By art to her, now, by another art,
For ever to divide them; be's executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition: see't advanced.
*Rol.* Ere I go, dread sir,
I have an humble suit; it is not life
I'll ask, for that I give up willingly,
And call it mercy in you, to immortalize
The affection I shall owe Eugenia:
Your other banishment is only death,
You new-create me now; it was my aim,
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serve this end, that, since I could not live,
I might die for her; pray reprieve my breath
But till I take my leave; one minute does it;
It shall be a very short and silent farewell.

*Enter Ambassador.*

*Duke.* 'Tis granted.
*Fulv.* My lord ambassador!
*Duke.* Not the least whisper of Philenzo, as you value our regard.—O, my good lord, welcome!
*Ambas.* Letters to your grace.
*Duke.* They are grateful as my comfort:—Perenotto, let them withdraw; her vein will be discovered:—Fulvio, follow and part them; give order for his execution; off with his head instantly—I can read no more for joy: Perenotto, use your best oratory on my daughter to forget that traitor, and prepare to marry Florence; 'tis concluded to be solemnized by proxy.
*Dond.* I'll see the execution. [*Exit.*
*Duke.* Now to the rest: [*Reads.*
"Your last letters were acceptable; and our son before had intention to finish the marriage in his person; but lately receiving intelligence, that one Philenzo, of noble birth, now in exile, though without your consent, had long since interest in your daughter's affection, we thought meet rather to advise for his repeal, than proceed to our dishonour. Where the hearts meet, there only marriages are sacred; and princes should be exemplary in all justice. Although we disclaim in this design, on our parts, we will continue all other princely correspondence."
I am justly punished, and have run myself
Into a labyrinth, from whence no art
Can bring me off with safety.—My lord, you may
Please to retire yourself; a thousand wheels
Do move preposterous in my brain: what cure?
I lose myself. Run with a haste thou wouldst
Preserve my life, and stay the execution:
I will not have a drop of blood fall from
Philenzo for my dukedom! fly, I say,
Thou shouldst be there already.

*Enter* DONDOLO.

How now, has Philenzo still a head on?
*Dond.* Yes, my lord.
*Duke.* Follow him, and with that nimbleness thou wouldst
Leap from thy chamber when the roof's a-fire,
Proclaim aloud our pardon to Philenzo,
And bring him back to us.
*Dond.* 'Tis too late, sir; Philenzo's dead already:
He saved the executioner that trouble.
The voice is, he is poisoned.

*Enter* FULVIO.

*Duke.* Poisoned! how?
Where is Philenzo?
This fool reports him poisoned! what circumstance?
*Fulv.* He had no sooner parted from Eugenia,
But suddenly he fainted; at which fall
Of his own spirit he seemed grieved with shame,
To shew so little courage near his death,
Which he called martyrdom; and presently,
Whether supplied by other, or prepared
By himself, we know not, he had a *vial*
Of water sovereign, as was pretended,
To enliven his dull heart; he drank it up,
And soon shewed chearful in his eyes: we led
Him smiling forward; but before we could
Approach the place of death, he sunk again,
But irrecoverably; for in vain we applied
Our help: by which we did conclude he had
Drank poison.
*Duke.* All this talk is such, and through
My ear I take it in with as much danger;
I feel it active in my brain already.
Call our physicians, I will hang them all,
Unless they can recover him; it shall be
Death to save any man hereafter, if
They suffer him to perish.

*Enter* PERENOTTO, EUGENIA.

*Fulv.* Sir, your daughter!
It seems the accident has arrived at her.
*Duke.* Arrived at her? fame will soon spread it, Fulvio,
About the world, and we shall be their mockery.
He's dead, they tell me, girl; poisoned, they say, too.
*Eug.* Oh, my Philenzo!

*Enter* GRUTTI.

PHILENZO's *Body is brought in, and laid upon a carpet.*

*Duke.* Eugenio shalt not marry Florence now,
Nor any other, since Philenzo's dead;

But thou wo't not believe me: had he lived,
He had been thine; that minute took him hence,
Wherein I first resolved to ha' given thee to him.
*Eug.* Oh! do not mock me, sir, to add to my
Affliction; you ne'er would give me to him!
*Duke.* May heaven forgive me never then; but what
Avails too late compunction? Noble gentleman!
Thou shalt have princely funeral, and carry
On thy cold marble the inscription of
Our son in death, and my Eugenia's husband.
*Fulv.* Madam, this sorrow for his loss is real.
We met the Florentine ambassador,
Who told me the expectation of that prince
Was now dissolved, and messengers were sent
To stay the execution.
*Duke.* Who now
Shall marry my Eugenia? I have undone
The hope of our posterity.
*Eug.* Not so, sir;
If yet you'll give me leave to make my choice,
I'll not despair to find a husband.
*Duke.* Where?
*Eug.* Here, royal sir; Philenzo is not dead,
But made, by virtue of a drink, to seem so;
Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might,
Or other friend by my confederacy,
By begging of his body fit for burial,
Preserve him from your anger.
*Duke.* Do'st not mock me?
*Eug.* Let me beg your pardon:
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confessed what terror could not force me to.

*Enter* MORELLO, BONAMICO, *and Ladies.*

*Grut.* This is pretty, Dondolo:
*Duke.* Blessings fall doubly on thee!
*Eug.* He expects
Not such a full stream of happiness; Heaven dispose him
To meet it quickly!
*Peren.* Here are strange turnings! see, he stirs!
*Rol.* Where am I now? no matter where I be;
'Tis heaven if my Eugenia meet me here:
She made some promise sure to such a purpose.
This music sounds divinely. Ha, Eugenia!
'Tis so; let's dwell here for eternity.
If I be dead, I wo'not live again;
If living——Ha! I'm lost, lost for ever.
*Duke.* Not found till now: take her, a gift from me,
And call me father.
*Rol.* I am not yet awake.
*Eug.* Thou art, Philenzo, and all this is truth;
My father is converted.
*Rol.* 'Tis a miracle!
*Duke.* You must believe it:
In sign how we are pleased, proclaim this day,
Through Mantua, a pardon to all offenders,
As amply as when we took our crown.
*Morel.* Then my petticoat is discharged.
*Dond.* Now, lady, you are free.
*Grut.* Make me happy to renew my suit.
*Mor.* And mine. Shall's to barlibreak?[29]
I was in hell last; 'tis little less to be in a petticoat sometimes.
*Rol.* Madam, vouchsafe him kiss your hand;
We owe him much. [*Presenting* BONAMICO.
*Duke.* We'll take him to our service.
*Bon.* I am too much honoured.
*Duke.* And you into our bosom. This day shall
Be consecrate to triumph; and may time,
When 'tis decreed the world shall have an end,
By revolution of the year, make this
The day that shall conclude all memories!
[*Exeunt.*

---

[29] *Barlibreak*—Littleton explains *Chorus circularis*, "Barley-break, when they dance taking hands round."
So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, A. 5. S. 1:
"He is at *Barli-break*, and the last couple are now in hell."
*The Guardian*, A. 1. S. 1.:
"Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At *Barli-break*."
*A new Wonder, A Woman never vext*, 1632, A. 1.:
"——— If you find my mistris
Have a mind to this coupling at *barly-breake*;
Let her not be the last couple to be left in hell."
*Reynard's Deliverance of 266 Christians*, 1608, Sign. A. 3.:
"——— or rather, as lovers roming after young damosels at *barli-breake*."

## EDITION.

The Bird in a Cage, a Comedie, as it hath beene presented at the Phœnix in Drury-lane. The author James Shirley, servant to her Majesty:—Juven. Satyra 7, *Et spes et ratio Studiorum in Cæsare tantum.* London, printed by B. Alsop and T. Fawcet, for William Cooke; and are to be sold at his shop neere Furnivals Inne Gate, in Holborne. 1633. 4to.

THE

# JEW OF MALTA.

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

---

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

## MR THOMAS HAMMON,

OF GRAY'S INN, &c.

THIS Play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr Marlow, and the part of the Jew presented by so inimitable an actor as Mr Allen,* being in this latter age commended to the stage: as I ushered it unto the court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain

*Tuissimus,*
THO. HEYWOOD†.

---

### THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this, writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew,
Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavel;
And that's his character: he that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears; grace you *him then*,
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

---

* The praises bestowed on this excellent actor and worthy man, by his contemporaries, would be sufficient to send his name down to posterity with honour, independent of the noble endowment which he founded at Dulwich. He was born in London on the 1st of September, 1566, was early introduced to the stage, and appears to have been at the head of his profession, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He retired to Dulwich several years before his death, which happened on the 25th of November, 1626. See his life in the *Biographia Britannicâ*.

† *Thomas Heywood.*—See an account of him, page 1 of this volume.

## EPILOGUE.

It is our fear, dread sovereign, we have been
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act, and speak, what others write.

## THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE AT THE COCKPIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets* in that age,
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by the best of actors† played.
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamerlane,
This Jew, with others many; th' other won
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue:
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him‡ who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

## EPILOGUE.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was played;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid:
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you (by me) 'twas well.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*
BARABAS, *the Jew.*
FERNEZE, *Governor of Malta.*
CALYMATH, *Son to the Grand Signior.*
DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's Son.*
DON MATHIAS.
ITHAMORE, *a Turkish Slave.*
DEL BOSCO, *the Spanish Vice Admiral.*
JACOMO, } *Friars.*
BARNARDINO, }
PHILIA BORZO.

*Two Merchants.*
*Three Jews.*
*Knights.*
*Bashaws.*
*Officers.*
*Reader.*

ABIGAIL, *Daughter to Barabas.*
*Two Nuns.*
*Abbess.*
BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

* Marlow. † Allen.

‡ *Perkins.*—This was Richard Perkins, one of the performers belonging to the Cockpit theatre in Drury-Lane. His name is printed among those who acted in *Hannibal and Scipio*, by *Nabbes*; *The Wedding*, by *Shirley*; and *The Fair Maid of the West*, by *Heywood*. After the playhouses were shut up, on account of the confusion arising from the civil wars, *Perkins and Sumner*, who belonged to the same house, lived together at Clerkenwell, where they died and were buried. They both died some years before the Restoration. See *The Dialogue on Plays and Players*, vol. xii.

THE

# JEW OF MALTA.*

## ACT I.

*Enter* MACHIAVEL.

*Mach.* Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guize[1] is dead, is come from France
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious;
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admired I am of those that hate me most;
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and when they cast me off,
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past;
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown.
What right had Cæsar to the empery?[2]
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When, like the Draco's[3], they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had but Phalaris observed,
He had never bellowed in a brazen bull.
Of great ones envy; o'the poor petty wights,
Let me be envied and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the Tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed,
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertained the worse
Because he favours me.

*Enter* BARABAS *in his Counting-house, with heaps of Gold before him.*

*Bar.* So that of thus much that return was made.
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Samintes, and the men of Uzz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverbings.[4]
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,

* This play, though not printed earlier than 1633; was, with the ballad on the same subject, intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible death of the Rich Jewe of Malta*, entered on the Stationers books May 1594. See Mr Steevens's note to *The Merchant of Venice*.

[1] *The Guize.*—*i. e.* the Duke of Guise, who had been the principal contriver and actor in the horrid massacre on St Bartholomew's day, 1572. He met with his deserved fate, being assassinated, by order of the French king, in 1588.

[2] *Empery*—The quarto edition reads *empire*: but to complete the verse, we should read *empery*; a word that occurs often in our ancient plays. S.

[3] *Draco's*—*i. e.* The severe law-giver of Athens; "whose statutes," said Demades, "were not written with ink, but blood." S.

[4] *Silverbings.*—I am unacquainted with any such word: perhaps we should read *silverings*, or *silverlings*; a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold. S.

And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearing his fingers ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, saphires, amethysts,
Jacints, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
*And* seld seen[5] costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a carreet[6] of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade;
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?[7]
Ha! to the east? yes; see how stand the vanes?
East and by south; why, then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
Mine Argosie from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? how now?

*Enter a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Barabas, thy ships are safe
Riding in Malta Road; and all the merchants
With other merchandize are safe arrived,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.[8]

*Bar.* The ships are safe thou sayst, and richly fraught?

*Mer.* They are.

*Bar.* Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send them threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine;
And is thy credit not enough for that?

*Mer.* The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth;
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

*Bar.* Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man;
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

*Mer.* I go.

*Bar.* So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

*Mer.* Of the Speranza, sir.

*Bar.* And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Cairo,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main;
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

*Mer.* I neither saw them, nor enquired of them;
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst, with so much wealth,
Trust such a crazy vessel, and so far.

*Bar.* Tush, they are wise; I know her and her strength;
Bye, go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in;
[*Exit* 1 *Merchant.*
And yet I wonder at this Argosie.

*Enter a 2d Merchant.*

2 *Mer.* Thine Argosie from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta Road,
Laden with riches and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

*Bar.* How chance you came not with those other ships,
That sailed by Egypt?

2 *Mer.* Sir, we saw 'em not.

*Bar.* Belike they coasted round by Candy shore,
About their oils, or other businesses;
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2 *Mer.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

*Bar.* Oh, they were going up to Sicily; well go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharged.

2 *Mer.* I go. [*Exit.*

*Bar.* Thus trouls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched;
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness.
What more may heaven do for earthly man,
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,

---

[5] *Seld seen—i. e.* rarely beheld.

[6] *A carreet*—or carat, a weight of four grains, with which diamonds are weighed. S.

[7] *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?*—It was anciently believed, that this bird, (the King Fisher) if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew. See note on *King Lear*, vol. 9. p. 419. edit. 1778.

[8] *Custom them—i. e.* enter the goods they contain at the custom-house.

Ripping the bowels of the earth for them.
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride;
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled[9] up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
I, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings;
That's not our fault: alas! our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene;
And all I have is her's.—But who comes here?

*Enter three Jews.*

1 *Jew.* Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.
2 *Jew.* Come therefore let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs:
And here he comes.
*Bar.* Why, how now, countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?
1 *Jew.* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.
*Bar.* Why, let them come, so they come not to war;
Or let them war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let them combat, conquer, and kill all,—
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
[*Aside.*
1 *Jew.* Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.
2 *Jew.* I fear their coming will afflict us all.
*Bar.* Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace, that are in league?
The Turks, and those of Malta, are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.
1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.
*Bar.* Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatic sea,
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.
3 *Jew.* And very wisely said; it may be so.
2 *Jew.* But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.
*Bar.* Hum! all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough; why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.—
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.
1 *Jew.* I know you will; well, brethren, let us go.
2 *Jew.* Let's take our leaves;—farewell, good Barabas.
*Bar.* Do so:—farewell, Zaareth;—farewell, Temainte. [*Exeunt Jews.*
And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute, all in policy, I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: Aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure of one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.
*Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.*
Why, let them enter, let them take the town. [*Exit.*

*Enter Governors of Malta, Knights, met by Bashaws of the Turk, and* CALYMATH.

*Gov.* Now, Bashaws, what demand you at our hands?
*Bash.* Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas——
*Gov.* What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles,
To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?
*Caly.* The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.
*Gov.* Alas, my lord, the sum is over great;
I hope your highness will consider us.
*Caly.* I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my power
To favour you; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.
*Gov.* Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

---

[9] *Scambled—Scambled* has much the same meaning as *scrambled*. See note on *King Henry V.* Vol. VI. p. 9. edit. 1778.

*Caly.* Stand all aside, and let the knights determine:
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here.
Now, governors, how are you resolved?
*Gov.* Thus: Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.
*Bash.* That's more than is in our commission.
*Caly.* What, Callapine, a little courtesy?
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace,
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you, governors?
*Gov.* But a month.
*Caly.* We grant a month; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en;
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell, great governors, and brave knights of Malta, [*Exeunt.*
*Gov.* And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one, and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summoned to appear to-day?
*Offi.* They were, my lord, and here they come.

*Enter* BARABAS *and three Jews.*

1 *Knight.* Have you determined what to say to them?
*Gov.* Yes, give me leave; and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the emperor of Turkey is arrived
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years tribute past;
Now then, here know that it concerneth us.
*Bar.* Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.
*Gov.* Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what these ten years tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars that robb'd our store:
And therefore are we to request your aid.
*Bar.* Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a Prince?
1 *Knight.* Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant and a monied man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.
*Bar.* How, my lord! my money?
*Gov.* Thine and the rest;
For, to be short, amongst you't must be had.
*Bar.* Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!
*Gov.* Then let the rich increase your portions.
*Bar.* Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?
2 *Knight.* Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.
*Bar.* How, equally?
*Gov.* No, Jew, like infidels:
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befallen:
And therefore thus we are determined;
Read there the articles of our decrees.
*Read.* First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be
Levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one
Half of his estate.
*Bar.* How! half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.
*Gov.* Read on.
*Read.* Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become
A Christian.
*Bar.* How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?
*Read.* Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.
*All Three Jews.* Oh, my lord, we will give half.
*Bar.* Oh earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?
*Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?
*Bar.* No, Governor, I will be no convertite.[10]
*Gov.* Then pay thy half.
*Bar.* Why know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.
*Gov.* Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
*Bar.* *Corpo di deo;* stay, you shall have half,
Let me be used but as my brethren are.
*Gov.* No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recalled.
*Bar.* Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?
*Gov.* No, Jew, we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.
*Bar.* Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
1 *Knight.* From nought at first thou cam'st to little wealth,

---

[10] *Convertite*—*i. e.* convert. So in *King John*, A. 5. S. 1.
"But since you are a gentle *convertite.*" S.

From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor, and scorned of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.
*Bar.* What? bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
*Gov.* Out, wretched Barabas, shamest thou not thus
To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh 'tis a monstrous sin.
*Bar.* Aye, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me, then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forced to steal and compass more.
1 *Knight.* Grave governors, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery.

*Enter Officers.*

His house will harbour many holy nuns.
*Gov.* It shall be so. Now, officers, have you done?
*Offi.* Aye, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seized half.
Then we'll take order for the residue.
*Bar.* Well then, my lord, say are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.
*Gov.* No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.
*Bar.* Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.
*Gov.* Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.
*Bar.* Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong;
But take it to you, i'the Devil's name.
*Gov.* Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.
1 *Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto;
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. [*Exeunt.*
*Bar.* Aye, policy, that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban [11] their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.
1 *Jew.* Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.
*Bar.* Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I and die in this distress?
1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this;
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
*Bar.* Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.
1 *Jew.* Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.
*Bar.* What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses; but for every one of these,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth day, forlorn Barabas!
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only I have toiled to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.

---

[11] *I ban their souls.*] *To ban*, is *to curse*. So in *Arden of Feversham*:
"Nay, if thou *ban*, let me breath curses forth."
*First part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3.
"Wee wring ourselves into this wretched world,
"To pule and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,
"To fret and *ban* the fates to strike,
"As I doe now."

2 *Jew.* Good Barabas, be patient.
*Bar.* Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possest of wealth, are pleased with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,
And knows no means of his recovery;
Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.
1 *Jew.* Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his extacy. [12]
2 *Jew.* On then; but trust me, 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction.
Farewell, Barabas.
*Bar.* Aye, fare you well.—
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
That will with every water wash to dirt!
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And framed of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come;
For evils are apt to happen every day.—
But whither wends [13] my beauteous Abigail?

*Enter* ABIGAIL, *the Jew's Daughter.*

Oh, what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman, moan not for a little loss;
Thy father has enough in store for thee.
*Abig.* Not for myself, but aged Barabas;
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail.
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
And, urged thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.
*Bar.* No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cured with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond, [14]
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.
*Abig.* Where, father?
*Bar.* In my house, my girl.
*Abig.* Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas;
For they have seized upon thy house and wares.
*Bar.* But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.
*Abig.* That may they not;
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect [15]
Must enter in; men generally barred.
*Bar.* My gold, my gold, and all my wealth, is gone!
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was?
No, I will live; nor loath I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me;
Be ruled by me, for, in extremity,
We ought to make bar of no policy.
*Abig.* Father, whate'er it be, to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt?
*Bar.* Why, so; then thus, thou told'st me they have turned my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?
*Abig.* I did.
*Bar.* Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertained.
*Abig.* How, as a nun?
*Bar.* Aye, daughter; for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.
*Abig.* Aye, but, father, they will suspect me there.
*Bar.* Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.
*Abig.* Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.
*Bar.* Tush; as good dissemble that thou never mean'st,

---

[12] *Extacy*—The word extacy was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.
[13] *Wends*—See note on *Tancred and Sigismunda.*
[14] *Fond*—i. e. *foolish.*
[15] *Sect*—i. e. sex. *Sect* and *sex* were, in our ancient dramatic writers, used synonymously for each other. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note on *The 2d Part of Henry II.* A. 2. S. 4.

As first mean truth and then dissemble it:
A counterfeit profession is better,
Than unseen hypocrisy.
*Abig.* Well, father, saw I be entertained,
What then shall follow?
*Bar.* This shall follow, then:
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.—
But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.
*Abig.* Then, father, go with me.
*Bar.* No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen;
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

*Enter three Friars and two Nuns.*

1 *Friar.* Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
1 *Nun.* The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long, since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
1 *Friar.* But, madam, this house,
And waters of this new-made nunnery,
Will much delight you.
1 *Nun.* It may be so; but who comes here?
*Abig.* Grave abbess, and you happy virgins guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid!
*Abbess.* What art thou, daughter?
*Abig.* The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turned to a nunnery.
*Abbess.* Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?
*Abig.* Fearing the afflictions, which my father feels,
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.
1 *Friar.* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.
2 *Friar.* Aye, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let us intreat she may be entertained.
*Abbess.* Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.
*Abig.* First let me, as a novice, learn to frame
My solitary life to your straight laws;
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.
*Bar.* As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth. [*Aside.*
*Abbess.* Come, daughter, follow us.
*Bar.* Why, how now, Abigail, what makest thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?
1 *Friar.* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.
*Bar.* How? mortified!
1 *Friar.* And is admitted to the sisterhood.

*Bar.* Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee, on my blessing, that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.
*Abig.* Father, give me——
*Bar.* Nay back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
[*Whispers to her.*
The board is marked thus that covers it.—
Away, accursed, from thy father's sight!
1 *Friar.* Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions;
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.
*Bar.* Blind friar, I wreck not thy persuasions.—
The board is marked thus † that covers it.—
For I had rather die than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter?—Go, forget not.—
[*Aside to her.*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?—
To-morrow early I'll be at the door.—
[*Aside to her.*
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.—
Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.—
[*Aside.*
Out, out, thou wretch! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MATHIAS.

*Mat.* Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
Become a nun? Her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

*Enter* LODOWICK.

*Lod.* Why how now, Don Mathias, in a dump?
*Mat.* Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.
*Lod.* What was't, I pr'ythee?
*Mat.* A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age;
The sweetest flower in Citherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphosed nun.
*Lod.* But say, what was she?
*Mat.* Why, the rich Jew's daughter.
*Lod.* What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?
Is she so fair?
*Mat.* And matchless beautiful;
As, had you seen her, 'twould have moved your heart,
Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.
*Lod.* And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:

How say you, shall we?
*Mat.* I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.
*Lod.* And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.
*Mat.* Farewell, Lodowick.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* BARABAS, *with a light.*

*Bar.* Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak;
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas,
With fatal curses, towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night, or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

*Enter* ABIGAIL *above.*

*Abig.* Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here, behold, (unseen) where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.
*Bar.* Now I remember those old women's words,
Who, in my wealth, would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night,
About the place where treasure hath been hid;
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.
*Abig.* Now that my father's fortune were so good,
As but to be about this happy place!
'Tis not so happy; yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus, that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.
Bar. *Birn para todos, my ga nada no er:*
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus;
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The Loadstar [16] of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?
*Abig.* Who's that?
*Bar.* Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.
*Abig.* Then, father, here receive thy happiness.
[*Throws down bags.*
*Bar.* Hast thou't?
*Abig.* Here, hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
*Bar.* Oh, my girl!
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss:
Oh Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied!
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!
[*Hugs his Bags.*
*Abig.* Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore let us part.
*Bar.* Farewell, my joy; and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
Now, Phœbus, ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven, wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
*Hermoso Piarer, de les Denirch.* [Exeunt.

*Enter Governor,* MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *the Knights.*

*Gov.* Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou can'st ashore without our leave?
*Del Bos.* Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I; Del Bosco is my name,
Vice admiral unto the Catholic king.
1 *Knight.* 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.
*Del Bos.* Our freight is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors:
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vailed [17] not to the Turkish fleet,
Their creeping gallies had us in the chase;
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:
Some have we fired, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.
*Gov.* Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;

---

[16] *The Loadstar*—See note on *The Spanish Tragedy.*
[17] *We vailed not*—*i. e.* did not strike or lower our flags. See note on *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1. edit. 1778. S.

Welcome to Malta, and to all of us:
But to admit a safe of these thy Turks,
We may not; nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.
1 *Knight.* Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.
*Del Bos.* Will knights of Malta be in league with Turks?
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember, that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.
*Gov.* Captain, we know it; but our force is small.
*Del Bos.* What is the sum that Calymath requires?
*Gov.* A hundred thousand crowns.
*Del Bos.* My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel them hence:
Therefore, be ruled by me, and keep the gold;
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.
*Gov.* On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.
Go, officers, and set them straight in show.
Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.
*Del Bos.* So shall you imitate those you succeed;
For, when their hideous force environed Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man survived
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.
*Gov.* So will we fight it out. Come, let's away:
Proud, daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved;
Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Officers with Slaves.*

1 *Offi.* This is the market-place, here let 'em stand;
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.
2 *Offi.* Every one's price is written on his back;
And so much must they yield, or not be sold.
1 *Offi.* Here comes the Jew; had not his goods been seized,
He'd give us present money for them all.

*Enter* BARABAS.

*Bar.* In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcised;
Such poor villains as were ne'er thought upon,
Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us,)
Am I become as wealthy as I was.
They hoped my daughter would have been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's;
And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
Having Ferneze's hand; whose heart I'll have,
Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels, when we please;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar;
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our synagogue;
That when the offering-bason comes to me,
Even for charity, I may spit into't.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

*Enter* LODOWICK.

*Lod.* I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way;
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.
*Bar.* Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent
Than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.
*Lod.* Yond' walks the Jew; now for fair Abigail.
*Bar.* Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command.
*Lod.* Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.
*Bar.* I would you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm
I wish you. The slave looks like a hog's cheek new singed.
*Lod.* Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?
*Bar.* No further; 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles, like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.
*Lod.* Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?
*Bar.* 'Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds,
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn;
I mean my daughter:—but ere he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I ha' the poison of the city for him, and the
White leprosy. [*Aside.*
*Lod.* What sparkle does it give without a foil?
*Bar.* The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foiled;—
But when he touches it, it will be foiled:—
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.
*Lod.* Is it square or pointed? pray let me know.
*Bar.* Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you.
[*Aside.*
*Lod.* I like it much the better.

*Bar.* So do I too.
*Lod.* How shews it by night?
*Bar.* Outshines Cynthia's rays:—
You'll like it better far a-nights than days. [*Aside.*
*Lod.* And what's the price?
*Bar.* Your life, and if you have it.—Oh my lord
We will not jar about the price; come to my house
And I will giv't your honour—with a vengeance. [*Aside.*
*Lod.* No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.
*Bar.* Good sir, your father has deserved it at my hands,
Who of mere charity and Christian ruth,[18]
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seized all I had, and thrust me out a-doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.
*Lod.* No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.
*Bar.* Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous;—and indeed do no man good. [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit;
I mean in fulness of perfection.
*Lod.* Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.
*Bar.* No, but I do it through a burning zeal,—
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for that diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.—
It shall go hard but I will see your death. [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.
*Lod.* And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.
*Bar.* Come then, here's the market-place. What's the price
Of this slave? two hundred crowns? do the Turks weigh so much?
*Offi.* Sir, that's his price.
*Bar.* What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got,
To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purged.
*Lod.* Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?[19]
1 *Offi.* No more, my lord.
*Bar.* Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?
*Offi.* Because he is young, and has more qualities.
*Bar.* What, hast the philosophers stone? and thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.
*Slave.* No sir, I can cut and shave.
*Bar.* Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?
*Slave.* Alas, sir, I am a very youth.
*Bar.* A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity,[20]
If you do well.
*Slave.* I will serve you, sir.
*Bar.* Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?
*Slave.* Aye, passing well.
*Bar.* So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly:
And't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a-day
Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one
That's somewhat leaner.
1 *Offi.* Here's a leaner, how like you him?
*Bar.* Where wast thou born?
*Itha.* In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.
*Bar.* So much the better, thou art for my turn;
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.
1 *Offi.* Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.
*Bar.* Aye, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villainy.
My lord, farewell: come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond, it shall be yours;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

*Enter* MATHIAS *and his Mother.*

*Mat.* What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.
*Bar.* Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear;
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be revenged upon the governor.
*Moth.* This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.
*Mat.* No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

---

[18] *Ruth*—*i. e.* pity.
[19] *Plates*—*i. e.* pieces of silver money. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. 8. p. 295 edit. 1778. S.
[20] *Lady Vanity*—A vice or puppet of that name, which is mentioned in one of Ben Jonson's plays.
"Get you a cittern, *Lady Vanity!*" S.

*Bar.* Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father. Son, farewell.
*Mat.* But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?
*Bar.* Tush, man, we talked of diamonds, not of Abigail.
*Moth.* Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?
*Bar.* As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.
*Mat.* Yes, madam, and my talk with him was
About the borrowing of a book or two.
*Moth.* Converse not with him, he is cast off from Heaven.
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow; come, let's away.
*Mat.* Sirrah, Jew, remember the books.
[*Exeunt.*
*Bar.* Marry will I, sir.
*Offi.* Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.
*Itha.* Faith, sir, my birth is but mean; my name's Ithamore;
My profession what you please.
*Bar.* Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee:
First, be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.
*Itha.* Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this.[21]
*Bar.* As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure,[22]
With digging graves, and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And, with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I filled the jails with bankrupts in a year;
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad;
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?
*Itha.* Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once, at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strewed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laughed a good[23] to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.
*Bar.* Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both;
Both circumcised; we hate Christians both.
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.—
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

*Enter* LODOWICK.

*Lod.* Oh Barabas, well met; where is the diamond
You told me of?
*Bar.* I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me.
What ho, Abigail; open the door, I say.

*Enter* ABIGAIL.

*Abig.* In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.
*Bar.* Give me the letters; daughter, do you hear,
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,

---

[21] *Oh brave master, I worship your nose for this*—We have here an allusion to the manner in which the Jew used to be dressed on the stage. From the following passage in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 12, we find he was always equipped with a huge nose, "—but as ill a head in forme (and worse in condition) than ever held a spout of lead in his mouth at the corner of a church: an old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne: his visage (or vizard) like *the artificial Jewe of Maltae's nose*; the wormes fearing his bodie would have gone along with his soule, came to take, and indeed had taken possession, where they peept out still at certaine loope holes, to see who came neare their habitation."

[22] *In ure*—See note to *Ferrex and Porrex*.

[23] *That I have laughed a good*—*i. e.* in good earnest. *Tout de bon*, Fr. See note on *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 202. edit. 1778. S.

Provided, that you keep your maidenhead,
Use him as if he were a Philistine;
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him;
He is not of the seed of Abraham.—
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.—
Abigail, bid him welcome, for my sake.
*Abig.* For your sake, and his own, he's welcome hither.
*Bar.* Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak him fair,
And, like a cunning Jew, so cast about,
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.
*Abig.* Oh father, Don Mathias is my love.
*Bar.* I know it; yet, I say, make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay, on my life it is my factor's hand;
But go you in, I'll think upon the account:
[*Exeunt* LOD. *and* ABIG.
The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled,
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough,
For now by this has he kissed Abigail;
And she vows love to him and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rained manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.—
Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.

*Enter* MATHIAS.

*Mat.* Whither, but to my fair love, Abigail.
*Bar.* Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
*Mat.* Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.
*Bar.* Oh Heaven forbid I should have such a thought:
Pardon me, though I weep; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
*Mat.* Does she receive them?
*Bar.* She! No, Mathias, no, but sends them back:
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.
*Mat.* Oh treacherous Lodowick!
*Bar.* Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.
*Mat.* I'll rouse him thence.
*Bar.* Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.—
Away, for here they come.

*Enter* LODOWICK *and* ABIGAIL.

*Mat.* What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.
*Bar.* Mathias, as thou lovest me, not a word,
*Mat.* Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.
[*Exit.*
*Lod.* Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
*Bar.* No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.
*Lod.* Why, loves she Don Mathias?
*Bar.* Doth she not, with her smiling, answer you?
*Abig.* He has my heart; I smile against my will.
*Lod.* Barabas, thou knowest I have loved thy daughter long.
*Bar.* And so has she done you, even from a child.
*Lod.* And now I can no longer hold my mind.
*Bar.* Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
*Lod.* This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?
*Bar.* Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoiled.
Oh but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross
With Christian posies round about the ring.
*Lod.* 'Tis not thy wealth, but her, that I esteem:
Yet crave I thy consent.
*Bar.* And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.—
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come;
*This gentle maggot, Lodowick I mean,*
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.
[*Aside.*
*Abig.* What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?
*Bar.* It is no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics;
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.——
I have intreated her, and she will grant.
*Lod.* Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.
*Abig.* I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.
*Lod.* Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.
*Bar.* So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.
[*Aside.*
*Abig.* Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?
*Lod.* Why on the sudden is your colour changed?
*Abig.* I know not; but, farewell, I must be gone.
*Bar.* Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.
*Lod.* Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.

*Bar.* Oh muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new betrothed should weep a while.
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.
*Lod.* Oh, is't the custom? then I am resolved:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.—
There comes the villain, now I'll be revenged.

*Enter* MATHIAS.

*Bar.* Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
*Lod.* Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabbed; but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
*Mat.* Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
*Bar* No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds:
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
*Mat.* For this I'll have his heart.
*Bar.* Do so; lo here I give thee Abigail.
*Mat.* What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.
*Bar.* My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore after him.
*Mat.* What, is he gone unto my mother?
*Bar.* Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
*Mat.* I cannot stay; for if my mother come
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*

*Abig.* I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?
*Bar.* What's that to thee?
*Abig.* I'll make them friends again.
*Bar.* You'll make them friends! are there not Jews enough
In Malta, but thou must doat upon a Christian?
*Abig.* I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.
*Bar.* Yes, you shall have him.—Go, put her in.
[*Exit* ABIGAIL.
*Itha.* Aye, I'll put her in.
*Bar.* Now tell me, Ithamore, how likest thou this?
*Itha.* Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: Is it not so?
*Bar.* True; and it shall be cunningly performed.
*Itha.* Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this!
*Bar.* Aye, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.
*Itha.* 'Tis poisoned; is it not?
*Bar.* No, no; and yet it might be done that way;
It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.
*Itha.* Fear not; I'll so set his heart a fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.
*Bar.* I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
*Itha.* As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.
*Bar.* Away then. [*Exit.*
So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lye,
Till I have set them both at enmity. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Since this town was besieged, my gain grows cold:
The time has been, that, but for one bare night,
A hundred ducats have been freely given;
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice, merchants; and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Philia Borzo, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

*Enter* PHILIA BORZO.

*P. Bor.* Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.
*Cour.* 'Tis silver, I disdain it.
*P. Bor.* Aye, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.
*Cour.* Tell me, how cams't thou by this?

*P. Bor.* Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens,
I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house,
Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
Clambered up with my hooks; and as I was taking
My choice, I heard a rumbling in the house, so I took
Only this, and run my way; but here's the Jew's man.

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

*Cour.* Hide the bag.
*P. Bor.* Look not towards him, let's away:
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.
*Itha.* O, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is
A courtezan by her attire: now would I give a hundred
Of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,

As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport!
[*Exit.*

*Enter* MATHIAS.

*Mat.* This is the place; now Abigail shall see,
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

*Enter* LODOWICK, *reading.*

*Lod.* What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
*Mat.* I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.
[*Fight.*

*Enter* BARABAS *above.*

*Bar.* Oh bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;
So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows.[24] [*They fall.*
*Within.* Part them, part them.
*Bar.* Aye, part them now they are dead; farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Enter Governor, Mother.*

*Gov.* What sight is this? My Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.
*Moth.* Who is this? My son Mathias slain!
*Gov.* Oh Lodowick! hadst thou perished by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have 'venged thy death.
*Moth.* Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.
*Gov.* Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.
*Moth.* O leave to grieve me, I am grieved enough!
*Gov.* Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.
*Moth.* Who made them enemies?
*Gov.* I know not, and that grieves me most of all.
*Moth.* My son loved thine.
*Gov.* And so did Lodowick him.
*Moth.* Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
*Gov.* Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
*Moth.* Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.
*Gov.* Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forced their hands divide united hearts.
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are;
Then of true grief let us take equal share.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

*Itha.* Why, was there ever seen such villainy, so neatly
Plotted, and so well performed? both held in hand, and
Flatly both beguiled.

*Enter* ABIGAIL.

*Abig.* Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?
*Itha.* Oh, mistress, ha, ha, ha!
*Abig.* Why, what ail'st thou?
*Itha.* Oh my master!
*Abig.* Ha!
*Itha.* Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtile,
Bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had.
*Abig.* Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?
*Itha.* Oh, my master has the bravest policy.
*Abig.* Wherein?
*Itha.* Why, know you not?
*Abig.* Why, no.
*Itha.* Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?
*Abig.* No, what was it?
*Itha.* Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it,
And I carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathias;
And then they met, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.
*Abig.* And was my father furtherer of their deaths?
*Itha.* Am I Ithamore?
*Abig.* Yes.
*Itha.* So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.
*Abig.* Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.
*Itha.* I pray, mistress, will you answer me one question?
*Abig.* Well, sirrah, what is't?
*Itha.* A very feeling one:—Have not the nuns fine sport
With the friars now and then?
*Abig.* Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get you gone.
*Itha.* I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*
*Abig.* Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas;
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?

[24] *Tall fellows—i. e.* brave fellows.

To make me shew them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain!
Admit thou lovest not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee;
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossest thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but upon his son;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me:
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.—
But here comes cursed Ithamore with the friar.

*Enter* ITHAMORE *and Friar.*

Friar. *Virgo, salve.*
*Itha.* When duck you?
*Abig.* Welcome, grave friar.—Ithamore, begone.— [*Exit.*
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.
*Friar.* Wherein?
*Abig.* To get me be admitted for a nun.
*Friar.* Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.
*Abig.* Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,
And I was chained to follies of the world;
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas! hath paced too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son, that gives eternal life.
*Friar.* Who taught thee this?
*Abig.* The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.
*Friar.* Abigail, I will; but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.
*Abig.* That was my father's fault.
*Friar.* Thy father's! how?
*Abig.* Nay, you shall pardon me.—Oh, Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.
*Friar.* Come, shall we go?
*Abig.* My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BARABAS, *reading a Letter.*

*Bar.* What, Abigail, become a nun again?
False and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrained of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance? Spurca: what portendeth [25] this?
I fear she knows—'tis so—of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodowick's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or, loving, doth dislike of something done.—

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love, come near; thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;
For I have now no hope but even in thee;
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?
*Itha.* To-day.
*Bar.* With whom?
*Itha.* A friar.
*Bar.* A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.
*Itha.* How, sir?
*Bar.* Why, made mine Abigail a nun.
*Itha.* That's no lye, for she sent me for him.
*Bar.* Oh, unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let them go: and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.
*Itha.* Oh, master——
*Bar.* Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am moved,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And least thou yield to this that I intreat,
I cannot think but that thou hatest my life.
*Itha.* Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock, and
Throw myself headlong into the sea; why, I'll do any
Thing for your sweet sake.
*Bar.* Oh, trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir;
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself:
Here, take my keys, I'll give them thee anon:
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.
*Itha.* I hold my head my master's hungry:—go, sir. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:
But hush't.

*Enter* ITHAMORE *with the Pot.*

*Itha.* Here 'tis, master.
*Bar.* Well said, Ithamore. What, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

---

[25] *Portendeth*—The 4to reads *pretendeth.*

*Itha.* Yes, sir; the proverb says, he that eats with the devil
Had need of a long spoon;[26] I have brought you a ladle.
*Bar.* Very well, Ithamore; then now be secret,
And, for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.
*Itha.* Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice
Porridge?—that will preserve life, make her round and plump,
And batten[27] more than you are aware.
*Bar.* Aye, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder, that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply; yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.
*Itha.* How, master?
*Bar.* Thus, Ithamore.
This Even they use in Malta here ('tis called Saint Jaques' Even,) and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.
*Itha.* How so?
*Bar.* Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:[27*]
Stay, let me spice it first.
*Itha.* Pray do, and let me help you, master.—Pray let me taste first.
*Bar.* Pr'ythee do. What say'st thou now?
*Itha.* Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.
*Bar.* Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spared.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.[28]
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.
*Itha.* Well, master, I go.
*Bar.* Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died;
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of Hebon,[29] and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her,
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!
*Itha.* What a blessing has he given't! was ever pot of
Rice porridge so sauc't! What shall I do with it?
*Bar.* Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.
*Itha.* Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of
Flanders mares; I'll carry it to the nuns with a powder.
*Bar.* And the horse pestilence to boot; away.
*Itha.* I am gone.
Pay me my wages, for my work is done. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore. [*Exit.*

*Enter Governor,* DEL. BOSCO, *Knights, Bashaw.*

*Gov.* Welcome, great Bashaw; how fares Calymath?
What wind drives you thus into Malta road?
*Bash.* The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.
*Gov.* Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.
*Bash.* To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand;
For the performance of your promise past,
And for the tribute-money I am sent.
*Gov.* Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows, beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.
*Bash.* Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promised tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls;
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,

---

[26] *Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil*
*Had need of a long spoon.*—See note 30 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon.*

[27] *Batten—i. e. thrive, grow fat.* See note on *Hamlet*, edition 1778, Vol. X. p. 322. S.

[27*] *Pot*—The 4to reads *plot*, which however may be right. He perhaps means to call the *pot* a *plot* on his daughter's life.

[28] *Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye*—Perhaps he means, thou shalt *see* how the broth that is designed for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition. The passage is however obscure. S.

[29] *The juice of Hebon—i. e.* either *henbane* or *ebony.* The latter was anciently esteemed to be poisonous. S.

For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
And so farewell. [*Exit.*
*Gov.* Farewell:
And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullise,[30] charge your basilisks,[31]
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer broken is the league,
And nought is to be looked for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Friars.*

1 *Friar.* Oh brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them; they must die.
2 *Friar.* The abbess sent for me to be confest:
Oh what a sad confession will there be!
1 *Friar.* And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ABIGAIL.

2 *Friar.* What, all dead save only Abigail?
*Abig.* And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that conversed with me?
2 *Friar.* Oh he is gone to see the other nuns.
*Abig.* I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I lived religiously,
Chaste and devout, much sorrowing for my sins:
But ere I came——
2 *Friar.* What then?
*Abig.* I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all;
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?
2 *Friar.* Yes, what of them?
*Abig.* My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never loved;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.
2 *Friar.* So; say how was their end?
*Abig.* Both, jealous of my love, envied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.
2 *Friar.* Oh monstrous villainy!
*Abig.* To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.
2 *Friar.* Know, that confession must not be revealed,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire.
*Abig.* So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father, that he may be saved!
And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies.*
2 *Friar.* Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

*Enter first Friar.*

1 *Friar.* Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead; let's bury them.
2 *Friar.* First help to bury this; then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.
1 *Friar.* Why, what has he done?
2 *Friar.* A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.
1 *Friar.* What, has he crucified a child?[32]
2 *Friar.* No, but a worse thing; 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be revealed.
Come let's away. [*Exeunt.*

---

[30] *Port-cullise*—"A falling gate or door, to let down, to keep enemies from, or keep them in a city." BLOUNT.

[31] *Basilisks*—Basilisks are large pieces of ordnance.

[32] *What, has he crucified a child?*—In Queen Elizabeth's time no Jews resided in England; and the prejudices entertained against that persecuted people seem to have been kept up by every artifice which either religion or policy could invent. The stage also contributed its assistance to establish the general odium; no characters seeming to afford more satisfaction to the audience than this of the Jew of Malta, and Shakespeare's Jew of Venice. With respect to the particular charge against the Jews, mentioned in the text, it probably, as Dr Percy says, never happened in a single instance: "For if we consider," as that writer observes, "on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror: we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious."—See Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 38. Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record, of these charges against the Jews; which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money.

## ACT IV.

*Enter* BARABAS, ITHAMORE.

[*Bells within.*

*Bar.* There is no music to a Christian's knell;
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good;
For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

*Itha.* That's brave, master; but think you it will not be known?

*Bar.* How can it, if we two be secret?

*Itha.* For my part, fear you not.

*Bar.* I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

*Itha.* And reason too;
But here's a royal monastry hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

*Bar.* Thou shalt not need, for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

*Itha.* Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

*Bar.* No, but I grieve because she lived so long
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
*Catho diabola.*

*Enter the two Friars.*

*Itha.* Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

*Bar.* I smelt them ere they came.

*Itha.* God-a-mercy nose; come, let's begone.

2 *Friar.* Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

1 *Friar.* Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.

*Bar.* I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.

*Itha.* And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2 *Friar.* Barabas, thou hast—

1 *Friar.* Aye, that thou hast—

*Bar.* True I have money; what though I have?

2 *Friar.* Thou art a—

1 *Friar.* Aye, that thou art a—

*Bar.* What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

2 *Friar.* Thy daughter—

1 *Friar.* Ay, thy daughter—

*Bar.* Oh, speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2 *Friar.* Remember that—

1 *Friar.* Aye, remember that—

*Bar.* I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2 *Friar.* Thou hast committed—

*Bar.* Fornication:
But that was in another country;
And besides, the wench is dead.

2 *Friar.* Aye, but, Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

*Bar.* Why, what of them?

2 *Friar.* I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

*Bar.* She has confest, and we are both undone
My bosom inmates, (but I must dissemble.)

[*Aside.*

Oh holy friars, the burden of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta; but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death.

*Itha.* And so could I; but penance will not serve.

*Bar.* To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,
Cellars of wine, and sollers[33] full of wheat,
Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandise unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankford, Lubeck, Mosco, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house,
So I may be baptized, and live therein.

1 *Friar.* Oh, good Barabas, come to our house.

2 *Friar.* Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And, Barabas, you know———

*Bar.* I know that I have highly sinned;
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1 *Friar.* Oh, Barabas, their laws are strict.

*Bar.* I know they are, and I will be with you.

---

[33] *Sollers*—A soller is a loft or garret. See Mr Tyrrwhit's Glossary to Chaucer, p. 196. S. A soller is one of the technical words still frequently used in leases, and signifies a garret.

2 *Friar.* They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.
*Bar.* Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.
1 *Friar.* Good Barabas, come to me.
*Bar.* You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Bid him away, and go you home with me.
2 *Friar.* I'll be with you to-night.
*Bar.* Come to my house at one o'clock this night.
1 *Friar.* You hear your answer, and you may be gone.
2 *Friar.* Why go, get you away.
1 *Friar.* I will not go for thee.
2 *Friar.* Not, then I'll make thee go.
1 *Friar.* How, dost call me rogue. [*Fight.*
*Itha.* Part them, master, part them.
*Bar.* This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore.
*Itha.* You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house; let him be gone.
*Bar.* I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.
[*Exeunt* ITHAMORE *and Friar.*
I never heard of any man but he
Maligned the order of the Jacobines:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will; oh Jacomo, fail not, but come.
*Friar.* But Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?
For presently you shall be shrived.[34]
*Bar.* Marry, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers;
But not a word to any of your convent.
*Friar.* I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* So, now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For, he that shrived her is within my house;
What if I murdered him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like.
One turned my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men, to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardino, I come to you;
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk——
No more, but so: it must and shall be done.
Ithamore, tell me, is the Friar asleep?

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

*Itha.* Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.
*Bar.* No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?
*Itha.* No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.
*Bar.* Why true, therefore did I place him there;
The other chambers open towards the street.
*Itha.* You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.
*Bar.* Come on, sirrah, off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;
Friar awake.
*Friar.* What do you mean to strangle me?
*Itha.* Yes, 'cause you use to confess.
*Bar.* Blame not us, but the proverb, confess and be hanged;
Pull hard.
*Friar.* What, will you save my life?
*Bar.* Pull hard, I say; you would have had my goods.
*Itha.* Aye, and our lives too; therefore pull amain.
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.
*Bar.* Then is it as it should be; take him up.
*Itha.* Nay, master, be ruled by me a little; so, let him lean
Upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if he were begging of bacon.
*Bar.* Who would not think but that this friar lived?
What time a night is't now, sweet Ithamore?
*Itha.* Towards one.
*Bar.* Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.
[*Exeunt* BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

*Enter* JACOMO.

*Jac.* This is the hour wherein I shall proceed:
Oh happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine? it is,
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew. Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay, then I'll force my way;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:
As thou likest that, stop me another time.
[*Strikes him, he falls.*

*Enter* BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

*Bar.* Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?
*Jac.* Why stricken him that would have struck at me.

---

[34] *Shrived*—i. e. confessed.

*Bar.* Who is it? Barnardine? now out, alas, he is slain.

*Itha.* Aye, master, he is slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

*Jac.* Good sirs, I have don't; but nobody knows it but
You two; I may escape.

*Bar.* So might my man and I hang with you for company.

*Itha.* No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

*Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.*

*Bar.* No, pardon me, the law must have his course:
I must be forced to give in evidence,
That, being importuned by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you staid.

*Itha.* Fie upon them! master, will you turn Christian, when
Holy friars turn devils, and murder one another?

*Bar.* No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

*Itha.* Why, a Turk could have done no more.

*Bar.* To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

*Jac.* Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

*Bar.* The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las, I could weep at your calamity.
Take in the staff too, for that must be shewn:
Law wills that each particular be known.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Courtezan and* PHILIA BORZO.

*Cour.* Philia Borzo, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

*P. Bor.* I did.

*Cour.* And didst thou deliver my letter?

*P. Bor.* I did.

*Cour.* And what thinkest thou, will he come?

*P. Bor.* I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of the letter, he looked like a man of another world.

*Cour.* Why so?

*P. Bor.* That such a base slave as he, should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

*Cour.* And what said he?

*P. Bor.* Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, is it even so? and so I left him, being driven to a nonplus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

*Cour.* And where didst meet him?

*P. Bor.* Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse,[35] I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi,* and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman; but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

*Itha.* I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve: well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste:
And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow
Met me with a mustachios[36] like a raven's wing, and
A dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he
Gave me a letter from one madam Bellamira,
Saluting me in such sort, as if he meant to make
Clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that
I should come to her house; I wonder what the reason is;
It may be she sees more in me than I can find in
Myself: for she writes further, that she loves me
Ever since she saw me; and who would not requite such
Love? here's her house, and here she comes, and now
Would I were gone! I am not worthy to look upon her.

*P. Bor.* This is the gentleman you writ to.

*Itha.* Gentleman! he flouts me; what gentry can be in a Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.

*Cour.* Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Philia?

*Itha.* Again, sweet youth! did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

*P. Bor.* I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

*Cour.* Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
I can withhold no longer: welcome, sweet love.

*Itha.* Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

---

[35] *Neck verse*—At the time when the ceremony of reading was one of the forms used in courts of justice, to determine whether a person was entitled to the benefit of clergy, is was usual to open the book at a particular place, and the criminal read the words *miserere mei Deus*, which, from being used constantly upon this occasion, were denominated *the neck-verse.*

[36] *Mustachios*—The 4to reads *muschatoes.*

*Cour.* Whither so soon?
*Itha.* I'll go steal some money from my master,
To make me handsome: pray pardon me,
I must go see a ship discharged.
*Cour.* Can'st thou be so unkind to leave me thus?
*P. Bor.* And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.
*Itha.* Nay, I care not how much she loves me;
Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake.
*P. Bor.* And you can have it, sir, and if you please.
*Itha.* If't were above ground I could, and would have it:
But he hides and buries it up, as partridges do
Their eggs, under the earth.
*P. Bor.* And is't not possible to find it out?
*Itha.* By no means possible.
*Cour.* What shall we do with this base villain then?
*P. Bor.* Let me alone, do but speak him fair:
But you know some secrets of the Jew, which, if they were
Revealed, would do him harm.
*Itha.* Aye, and such as —— go to, no more,
I'll make him send me half he has, and glad
He 'scapes so too. Pen and ink:
I'll write unto him; we'll have money strait.
*P. Bor.* Send for a hundred crowns at least.
[*He writes.*
*Itha.* Ten hundred thousand crowns,—master Barabas.
*P. Bor.* Write not so submissively, but threaten him.
*Itha.* Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.
*P. Bor.* Put in two hundred, at least.
*Itha.* I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this
Shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more, but so.
*P. Bor.* Tell him you will confess.
*Itha.* Otherwise I'll confess all. Vanish, and return in a twinkle.
*P. Bor.* Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.
[*Exit.*
*Itha.* Hang him, Jew!
*Cour.* Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks;
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?
*Itha.* And bid the jeweller come hither too.
*Cour.* I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.
*Itha.* Content; but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece;
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards over-spread the world:
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
*Shalt live with me, and be my love.*[37]
*Cour.* Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

*Enter* PHILIA BORZO.

*Itha.* How now! hast thou the gold?
*P. Bor.* Yes.
*Itha.* But came it freely; did the cow give down her milk freely?
*P. Bor.* At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside; I took him by the beard, and looked upon him thus; told him he were best to send it: then he hugged and embraced me.
*Itha.* Rather for fear than love.
*P. Bor.* Then, like a Jew, he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.
*Itha.* The more villain he to keep me thus:
Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?
*P. Bor.* To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.
*Itha.* But ten! I'll not leave him worth a grey groat; give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.
*P. Bor.* Write for five hundred crowns.
*Itha.* Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns,
And give the bearer one hundred. Tell him I must hav't.
*P. Bor.* I warrant your worship shall hav't.
*Itha.* And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him,
I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.
*P. Bor.* You'd make a rich poet, sir; I am gone.
[*Exit.*
*Itha.* Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.
*Cour.* 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;
But thus of thee.—— [*Kisses him.*
*Itha.* That kiss again; she runs division[38] o' my lips.

---

[37] *Shalt live with me, and be my love*—A line taken from Marlow's elegant sonnet, printed in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 218.
[38] *She runs division, &c.*—A musical term. So in *King Henry IV.* p. 1:

"Sung by a young queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing *division* to her lute. S.

What an eye she casts on me!
It twinkles like a star.
*Cour.* Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.
*Itha.* Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,
That we might sleep seven years together, afore
We wake.
*Cour.* Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BARABAS *reading a Letter.*

*Bar.* "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas: oh that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess:" Aye, there it goes:
But if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that.
He sent a shaggy, tottered,[39] staring slave,
That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords:
His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employed in catzerie,[40]
And crosbiting;[41] such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And when he comes:—Oh that he were but here!

*Enter* PHILIA BORZO.

*P. Bor.* Jew, I must have more gold.
*Bar.* Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?
*P. Bor.* No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.
*Bar.* Not serve his turn, sir?
*P. Bor.* No, sir; and therefore I must have five hunded more.
*Bar.* I'll rather——
*P. Bor.* Oh, good words, sir, and send it, you were best; see,
There's his letter.
*Bar.* Might he not as well come as send? pray bid him
Come and fetch it; what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.
*P. Bor.* Aye, and the rest too, or else——
*Bar.* I must make this villain away:—please you dine
With me, sir,—and you shall be most heartily poisoned. [*Aside.*
*P. Bor.* No:—God-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?
*Bar.* I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.
*P. Bor.* Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.
*Bar.* Or climb up to my counting-house window;
You know my meaning.
*P. Bor.* I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house: the gold, or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.
*Bar.* I am betrayed.
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not moved at that: this angers me,
That he, who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child; and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?
*P. Bor.* Here's many words, but no crowns; the crowns.
*Bar.* Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.
*P. Bor.* Speak, shall I have them, sir?
*Bar.* Sir, here they are.
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here, take them, fellow, with as good a will——
——*As I would see thee hanged*; Oh, love stops my breath;
Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.
*P. Bor.* I know it, sir.
*Bar.* Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?
*P. Bor.* Soon enough to your cost, sir;
Fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Bar.* Nay, thine own cost, villain if thou com'st.
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come,
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well; I must seek a means to rid them all,
And presently; for in his villainy

---

[39] *Totter'd.*—*i. e.* tattered. See note on *Edward II.*

[40] *Catzerie.*—I am unacquainted with this word. It means, however, some species of fraud, perhaps the art of begging, from *cattare, to obtain. Ital.*
I find the word *catso* twice used, once by *Ben Jonson*, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1.
"These be our nimble spirited *catso's* that ha' their evations at pleasure, will run over a bog like your "wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another like a squirrel," &c.
Again in *Wily Beguiled:*
"And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *catso*."

[41] *Crosbiting*—is one of the cant terms for cheating. One of Robert Greene's pamphlets is entitled, "The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the life and death of Ned Browne, one of the most notable cutpurses, *crosbiters*, and coney-catchers, that ever lived in England," &c.

He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't.
I have it;
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

*Enter Courtezan,* ITHAMORE, PHILIA BORZA.

*Cour.* I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.
*Itha.* Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you hear? [*Whispers.*
*Cour.* Go to, it shall be so.
*Itha.* Of that condition I will drink it up; here's to thee.
*P. Bor.* Nay, I'll have all or none.
*Itha.* There, if thou lovest me do not leave a drop.
*Cour.* Love thee! fill me three glasses.
*Itha.* Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.
*P. Bor.* Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.
*Itha.* Hey, *Rivo Castiliano,* [42] a man's a man.
*Cour.* Now to the Jew.
*Itha.* Ha, to the Jew, and send me money, you were best.
*P. Bor.* What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?
*Itha.* Do nothing; but I know what I know; He's a murderer.
*Cour.* I had not thought he had been so brave a man.
*Itha.* You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and
I killed them both, and yet never touched them.
*P. Bor.* Oh bravely done.
*Itha.* I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he
And I snicle hand too fast, [43] strangled a friar.
*Cour.* You two alone?
*Itha.* We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall
Be for me.
*P. Bor.* This shall with me unto the governor.
*Cour.* And fit it should: but first let's have more gold.
Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
*Itha.* Love me little, love me long; let music rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony lap [44] do tumble.

*Enter* BARABAS *with a Lute disguised.*

*Cour.* A French musician; come let's hear your skill.
*Bar.* Must tune my lute for sound, twang twang, first.
*Itha.* Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a .....
Pox on this drunken hickup.
*Bar.* Gramercy, monsieur.
*Cour.* Pr'ythee, Philia Borzo, bid the fiddler give me
The posey in his hat there.
*P. Bor.* Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posey.
Bar. *A voustre commandemente, madam.*
*Cour.* How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.
*Itha.* Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like them.
*P. Bor.* Foh, methinks they stink like a holly hoke. [45]
*Bar.* So now I am revenged upon them all.
The scent thereof was death, I poisoned it.
*Itha.* Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.
*Bar.* Pardona moy, be no in tune yet: so now, now all be in.
*Itha.* Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.
*P. Bor.* There's two crowns for thee; play.
*Bar.* How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold! [*Aside.*
*P. Bor.* Methinks he fingers very well.
*Bar.* So did you when you stole my gold. [*Aside.*
*P. Bor.* How swift he runs.
*Bar.* You ran swifter when you threw my gold out of
My window [*Aside.*
*Cour.* Musician, hast been in Malta long?
*Bar.* Two, three, four month, madam.
*Itha.* Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?
*Bar.* Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?
*P. Bor.* His man?
*Itha.* I scorn the peasant, tell him so.
*Bar.* He knows it already.
*Itha.* 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
Pickled grasshoppers, and sauced mushrooms.
*Bar.* What a slave's this?
The governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*
*Itha.* He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised.
*Bar.* Oh rascal! I change myself twice a day. [*Aside.*

---

[42] *Rivo Castiliano.*—See notes to *the First Part of King Henry IV*, A. 2. S. 4.

[43] *Snicle hand too fast.*—I believe this passage to be corrupt: It is certainly obscure. We may indeed suppose *snicle*, like *snailes*, to be a corrupted oath, and read hand to *fist*, instead of too *fast*.

[44] *In thy incony lap.*—Kony or incony is fine, delicate. See note to *Love's Labour Lost*, vol. 2. p. 417, edition 1768. S.

[45] *Like a holly hoke.*—i. e. holly hock, *Malva Hortensis.* This flower however has no offensive smell.

*Itha.* The hat he wears Judas left under the elder
When he hanged himself.
*Bar.* 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham. [*Aside.*
*P. Bor.* A nasty slave he is;
Whither now, fiddler?
*Bar.* Pardona moy, monsieur, me be no well. [*Exit.*
*P. Bor.* Farewell, fiddler: One letter more to the Jew.

*Cour.* Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.
*Itha.* No, I'll send by word of mouth now;
Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns,
By the same token that the nuns loved rice,
That friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes;
Any of them will do it.
*P. Bor.* Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.
*Itha.* The meaning has a meaning; come let's in;
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter Governor, Knights,* MARTIN DEL BOSCO.

*Gov.* Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.
*Knights.* And die he shall, for we will never yield.

*Enter Courtezan,* PHILIA BORZO.

*Cour.* Oh bring us to the governor.
*Gov.* Away with her, she is a courtezan.
*Cour.* Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak;
I bring the news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.
*P. Bor.* Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter, and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.
*Gov.* Had we but proof of this!
*Cour.* Strong proof, my lord; his man's now at my
Lodging, that was his agent; he'll confess it all.
*Gov.* Go fetch him straight, I always fear'd that Jew.

*Enter Jew and* ITHAMORE.

*Bar.* I'll go alone: dogs, do not hale me thus.
*Itha.* Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you, constable: oh my belly!
*Bar.* One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damn'd slave was I!
*Gov.* Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.
*Knights.* Nay stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.
*Bar.* Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?
*Gov.* Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.
*Itha.* Guilty, my lord, I confess; your son and Mathias
Were both contracted unto Abigail,
He forged a counterfeit challenge.
*Bar.* Who carried that challenge?
*Itha.* I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?
Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the
Nuns, and his own daughter.
*Gov.* Away with him, his sight is death to me.
*Bar.* For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak;
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman: let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.
*Gov.* Once more away with him; you shall have law.
*Bar.* Devils, do your worst, I live in spite of you.
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls:
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.
[*Exeunt* BARABAS, ITHAMORE, &c.

*Enter Mother of* MATHIAS.

*Moth.* Was my Mathias murdered by the Jew?
Ferneze, it was thy son that murdered him.
*Gov.* Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.
*Moth.* Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?
*Gov.* In prison, till the law has past on him.

*Enter Officer.*

*Offi.* My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.
*Gov.* Dead!
*Offi.* Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.
*Del. Bos.* This sudden death of his is very strange.
*Gov.* Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of them;
Since they are dead let them be buried;
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortify, the town. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BARABAS.

*Bar.* What, all alone? well fare, sleepy drink,

I'll be revenged on this accursed town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down;
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands?
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

*Enter* CALYMATH, *Bashaws, and Turks.*

*Caly.* Whom have we there, a spy?
*Bar.* Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprise the town:
My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.
*Caly.* Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?
*Bar.* The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprisoned, but escaped their hands.
*Caly.* Didst break prison?
*Bar.* No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.
*Caly.* 'Twas bravely done; but tell me, Barabas,
Can'st thou, as thou report'st make Malta ours?
*Bar.* Fear not, my lord; for here against the truce,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' the middle of the town;
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own.
*Caly.* If this be true I'll make thee governor.
*Bar.* And if it be not true, then let me die.
*Caly.* Thou'st doom'd thyself; assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarms. Enter Turks,* BARABAS; *Governor and Knights prisoners.*

*Caly.* Now vail your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise, than be thus surprised?
*Gov.* What should I say; we are captives, and must yield.
*Caly.* Aye, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;
And, Barabas, as erst we promised thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.
*Bar.* Thanks, my lord.
*Gov.* Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?
*Caly.* 'Tis our command:—and, Barabas, we give,
To guard thy person, these our janizaries;
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.—
And now, brave bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruined town, and see the wreck we made:—
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas.
[*Exeunt.*
*Bar.* May all good fortune follow Calymath.—
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.
*Gov.* Oh villain! Heaven will be revenged on thee. [*Exeunt.*
*Bar.* Away, no more, let him not trouble me.—
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority.
I now am governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,
My life's in danger; and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be looked into;
And, since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,
At least, unprofitably lose it not;
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind;
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here!

*Enter Governor, with a Guard.*

*Gov.* My lord!
*Bar.* Aye, lord, thus slaves will learn.
Now, Governor,—stand by there, wait within,—
[*To the Guard.*
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrament; and Barabas,
At his discretion, may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?
*Gov.* This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee, but extreme cruelty;
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.
*Bar.* Governor, good words; be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?

For sith, as once you said, within this isle
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot;
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.
*Gov.* Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?
*Bar.* What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consumed them all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?
*Gov.* Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest;
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And, by my letters, privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.
*Bar.* Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free:
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to them, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make;
Here is my hand, that I'll set Malta free;
And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.
*Gov.* Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?
*Bar.* Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath viewed the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.
*Gov.* Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
*Bar.* Do so, but fail not; now farewell, Ferneze:— [*Exit Governor.*
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprize great Selim's soldiers,
And then, to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant *all* things may be done;
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* CALYMATH, *Bashaws.*

*Caly.* Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,
Which with our bombards, shot, and basilisk,[46]
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And, now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquered island stands
Environed with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong countermined with other petty isles;
And toward Calabria backed by Sicily,
Two lofty turrets that command the town,
When Siracusian Dionysius reigned,
I wonder how it could be conquered thus.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would intreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.
*Caly.* To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserved of us.
*Mes.* Selim, for that, thus sayeth the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.
*Caly.* I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.
*Mes.* Know, Selim, that there is a monastery,
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy bashaws and brave followers.
*Caly.* Well, tell the governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.
*Mes.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Caly.* And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our governor's great feast.
[*Exeunt.*

[46] *Bombards, basilisk*—Different names of pieces of ordnance formerly in use. S.

*Enter Governor, Knights,* DEL BOSCO.

*Gov.* In this, my countrymen, be ruled by me;
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharged
By him that bears the linstock,[47] kindled thus:
Then issue out, and come to rescue me;
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

*1 Knight.* Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?

*Gov.* On then, be gone.

*Knights.* Farewell, grave governor.

*Enter* BARABAS *with a hammer above, very busy.*

*Bar.* How stand the cords? how hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the cranes and pullies sure?

*Serv.* All fast.

*Bar.* Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

*Carp.* We shall, my lord, and thank you. [*Exeunt.*

*Bar.* And if you like them, drink your fill and die;
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.—
Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayest feast them in thy citadel.

*Bar.* Then now are all things as my wish would have them;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
And see he brings it.—Now, governor, the sum?

*Enter Governor.*

*Gov.* With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

*Bar.* Pounds! sayest thou, governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that;—nay, keep it still;
For if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, governor, now partake my policy;
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Entered the inonastery, and underneath,
In several places are field-pieces pitched,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive.
Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery;
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bashaws shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house: say, will not this be brave?

*Gov.* Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.

*Bar.* No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first;
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come.—Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell them by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

*Enter* CALYMATH *and Bashaws.*

*Caly.* Come, my companion-bashaws, see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him:—Save thee, Barabas.

*Bar.* Welcome, great Calymath.

*Gov.* How the slave jeers at him!

*Bar.* Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?

*Caly.* Aye, Barabas.—Come, bashaws, attend.

*Gov.* Stay, Calymath;
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

*Knights.* Sound a charge there.

[*A Charge, the Cable cut, a Caldron discovered.*

*Caly.* How now! what means this?

*Bar.* Help, help me, Christians, help!

*Gov.* See, Calymath, this was devised for thee.

*Caly.* Treason, treason, bashaws! fly.

*Gov.* No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

*Bar.* Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

*Gov.* Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.

*Bar.* You will not help me then?

*Gov.* No, villain, no.

*Bar.* And, villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.—

---

[47] *The linstock—i. e.* the long match with which cannon are fired. See note on Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII.* Vol. VI. p. 67, edit. 1778. *S.*

Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,
And, had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels.—
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die.
[*Dies.*

*Caly.* Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

*Gov.* This train he laid to have entrapped thy life.
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determined to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

*Caly.* Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.[43]

*Gov.* Nay, Selim, stay; for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly.
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

*Caly.* Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there, by this.

*Gov.* Why, heardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

*Caly.* Yes; what of that?

*Gov.* Why then the house was fired,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

*Caly.* Oh monstrous treason!

*Gov.* A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

*Caly.* Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to meditate your peace;
To keep me here will nought advantage you.

*Gov.* Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given,
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to Heaven.

---

[43] *Pretended—i. e.* designed. This use of the verb, *to pretend*, is common in Shakespeare:

"What good could they *pretend?*" *Macbeth.* S.

---

## EDITION.

The famous Tragedy of The Rich Jew of Malta. As it was played before the King and Queene, in his Majesties Theatre, at Whitehall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit. Written by Christopher Marlow. London, printed by J. B. for Nicholas Vavasour; and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, neere the church. 1633. 4to.

# THE WITS.

BY

## SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT *was the younger son of Mr John Davenant, a citizen of Oxford, who kept the Crown Tavern there. He was born in the month of February,* 1605, *and received the first rudiments of polite learning from Mr Edward Sylvester, who was then master of a grammar school in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. In* 1621 *he was entered a member of Lincoln College, where he stayed but a short time before he removed to London, and became first page to Frances duchess of Richmond. He afterwards went into the family of sir Fulk Greville, lord Brooke, where he continued until the unfortunate catastrophe of that nobleman. He spent the next eight years of his life in a constant attendance at court, where he was universally well received, and very highly caressed; and in that period he was so unlucky as to engage in an amour, the consequence of which deprived him of his nose. Upon the death of Ben Jonson, in* 1637, *he succeeded him as Poet Laureat. On the breaking out of the troubles, he early engaged on behalf of the king; and in May,* 1641, *was accused to the parliament of a design to bring up the army for the defence of the king's person, and the support of his authority. On this occasion he absconded; but a proclamation being issued out against him, he was stopt at Feversham, sent up to town, and put into the custody of a serjeant at arms. In the month of July he was bailed, and he determined to withdraw into France; but was again seized in Kent, by the mayor of Canterbury. He, however, at last effected his purpose of retiring beyond the seas, and continued there for some time. But the queen sending over some military stores for the use of the earl of Newcastle; sir William was induced to come over with them, and offered his service to that nobleman, who appointed him, very absurdly, to the post of lieutenant general of the ordnance. In September* 1643, *he received the honour of knighthood at the siege of Gloucester. It does not appear when he quitted the army; but after the king's affairs began to decline, he judged it necessary to retire into France, where he was well received by the queen; and in the summer* 1646, *was entrusted with a negociation of importance, while the king was at Newcastle. Before this time he had embraced the Roman Catholic religion, which probably was the reason of his being employed at this period. On his return to Paris, he formed a design of going to Virginia, and accordingly embarked at one of the ports at Normandy; but was, almost immediately after he sailed, taken and carried into the Isle of Wight by one of the parliament ships of war, and committed close prisoner to Cowes Castle. In October* 1650, *he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and for that purpose he was conveyed to the Tower of London. It is generally imagined, he owed his life to the interposition of Milton, who, in return, a few years after, was saved at his intercession. After continuing more than two years a prisoner in the Tower, he was released; and in* 1656, *obtained leave to open a kind of theatre in Rutland-house, where he performed several dramatic entertainments. Upon the commotions which preceded the restoration, he was again imprisoned, but quickly released. Soon after the restoration, he obtained one of the patents granted for the forming a company of players, and opened the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he first introduced painted scenes. He continued to act there until the time of his death; the new and magnificent theatre, built in Dorset Gardens, to which the company afterwards removed, not being finished at the time of his death. He died at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, April* 7, 1668, *at the age of* 63, *and was buried near Chaucer's monument, in Westminster Abbey; the whole company attending his funeral.*

*He was the author of*

1. *Albovine, King of the Lombards, his tragedy.* 4to, 1629.
2. *The Cruel Brother, a tragedy, acted at the Private House, in Black Fryers.* 4to, 1630.

3. *The Just Italian, presented at the Private House, in Black Friars.* 4to, 1630.
4. *The Temple of Love, a masque, presented by the Queen's Majesty, at Whitehall.* 4to, 1634.
5. *The Triumph, of Prince D'Amour, a masque, presented by his Highness, at his palace in the Middle Temple, the 24 Feb.* 1635. 4to, 1635.
6. *The Platonic Lovers, a tragi-comedy, presented at the Private House, Black Friars.* 4to, 1636. 8vo, 1666.
7. *The Wits, a comedy, presented at the Private House, in Black Friars.* 4to, 1636. 8vo, 1665.
8. *Britannia Triumphans, a masque, presented at Whitehall by the King's Majesty and his Lords, on the Sunday after Twelfth Night,* 1637. 4to, 1637.
9. *Salmacida Spolia, a masque, presented by the King and Queen's Majesties, at Whitehall, on Tuesday the 21 day of January,* 1639. 4to, 1639.
10. *The Unfortunate Lovers, a tragedy.* 4to, 1643. 4to, 1649.
11. *Love and Honour, presented by his Majesties Servants at the Black Friars.* 4to, 1649.
12. *The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients.* 4to, 1656.
13. *The Siege of Rhodes, made a representation by the art of prospective in scenes; and the story sung in recitative music, at the back part of Rutland House, in the upper end of Aldersgate-street, London.* 4to, 1656.
14. *The Siege of Rhodes, the First and Second Part; as they were lately represented at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The First Part being lately enlarged.* 4to, 1663.
15. *The Rivals, a comedy, acted by the Duke of York's Servants.* 4to, 1668. *This is taken from The Two Noble Kinsmen. By Shakespeare and Fletcher.*
16. *The Man's the Master, a comedy.* 4to, 1669.

*The six following plays were first printed in the folio edition of Sir William Davenant's Works, in* 1673.

17. *The Fair Favourite, a tragi-comedy.*
18. *The Law against Love's, a tragi-comedy, taken from Measure for Measure.*
19. *News from Plymouth, a comedy.*
20. *The Playhouse to be let, a comedy.*
21. *The Siege, a tragi-comedy.*
22. *The Distresses, a tragi-comedy.*
23. *Macbeth, a tragedy, with all the alterations, amendments, additions, and new songs; as acted at the Duke's Theatre.* 4to, 1674.

*Downes the prompter, who ascribes this alteration to Sir William Davenant, observes of it, that "being drest in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenes, machines as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it. The first composed by Mr Lock, the other by Mr Channell and Mr Joseph Priest; it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an opera, it recompensed double the expence." In this play, Nat. Lee, the poet, made his unsuccessful attempt in acting. He performed the part of Duncan.*

*Sir William Davenant joined with Dryden in altering the Tempest; and the names of both those writers are put to an alteration of Julius Cæsar. Printed* 12mo, 1719.

*Sir William Davenant's Works are printed in folio.* 1673.

---

TO THE CHIEFLY BELOVED

OF ALL THAT ARE INGENIOUS AND NOBLE,

## ENDYMION PORTER,

OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

SIR,

Though you covet not acknowledgments, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodness hath preserved life in the author; then rescued his work from a cruel faction, which nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation, could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of presentation on the stage, I shall be taught to boast some merit in myself; but with this inference, you still (as in that doubtful day of my trial) endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

Your most obliged, and thankful humble servant,

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

TO THE READER OF

## MR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S PLAY.

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests,
The actors waiters: from this simile
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty,
To use their judgments as their tastes; which chuse,
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:
But wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess, or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye, or well-tuned ear.
Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my taste meet,
Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:
But if I scent a stench or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: so you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad be by your judgment understood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravished sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue
May do it's master, not the author, wrong;
For men of better palate will, by it,
Take the just elevation of your wit.

T. Carew.

## THE PROLOGUE.

Bless me, you kinder stars! how are we throng'd!
Alas! whom hath our long-sick poet wrong'd,
That he should meet together, in one day,
A session, and a faction at his play?
To judge, and to condemn; for't cannot be,
Amongst so many here, all should agree.
Then 'tis to such vast expectation raised,
As it were to be wonder'd at, not praised;
And this, good faith, sir poet (if I've read
Customs, or men) strikes you and your muse dead.
Conceive now too, how much, how oft each ear
Hath surfeited, and this our hemisphere,
With various, pure, eternal wit; and then,
My fine young comic sir, you're kill'd again.
But 'bove the mischief of these fears, a sort
Of cruel spies (we hear) intend a sport
Among themselves; our mirth must not at all
Tickle, or stir their lungs, but shake their gall.
So this, join'd with the rest, makes me again
To say, You and your lady Muse within
Will have but a sad doom: and your trim brow,
Which long'd for wreaths, you must wear naked now;
'Less some resolve, out of a courteous pride,
To like and praise what others shall deride;
So they've their humour too; and we, in spite
Of our dull brains, will think each side i' the right.
Such is your pleasant judgments upon plays,
Like parallels that run straight, though sev'ral ways.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pallatine *the Elder, richly landed, and a wit.*
Pallatine *the Younger, a wit too, but lives on his exhibition in town.*
*Sir* Morglay Thwack, *a humorous rich old knight.*
*Sir* Tyrant Thrift, *guardian to the Lady* Ample.
Meager, *a soldier newly come from Holland.*
Pert, *his comrade.*
Engine, *steward to sir* Tyrant Thrift.
Snore, *a constable.*
*The Lady* Ample, *an inheritrix, and ward to Sir* Tyrant Thrift.
Lucy, *mistress to the Younger* Pallatine.
Ginet, *woman to the Lady* Ample.
*Mistress* Snore, Snore's *wife.*
*Mistress* Queasy, *her neighbour.*
*Watchmen, &c.*

*The scene—LONDON.*

# THE WITS.

## ACT I.*

### SCENE I.

*Enter Young* PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT.

*Y. Pal.* Welcome on shore, Meager; give me thy hand;
'Tis a true one, and will no more forsake
A bond, or bill, than a good sword; a hand
That will shift for the body, till the laws
Provide for both.
*Mea.* Old wine, and new clothes, sir,
Make you wanton; d'you not see Pert, my comrade?
*Y. Pal.* Ambiguous Pert! hast thou danced to the drum too?
Could a taff'ta scarf, a long estridge wing,
A stiff iron doublet, and a brazil pole,
Tempt thee from cambric sheets, fine active thighs,
From caudles where the precious amber swims?
*Pert.* Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,
Nor why: led on to break a commandment,
With the consent of custom and the laws.
*Mea.* Mine was a certain inclination, sir,
To do mischief, where good men of the jury,
And a dull congregation of grey-beards,
Might urge no tedious statute 'gainst my life.
*Y. Pal.* Nothing but honour could seduce thee, Pert!
Honour! which is the hope of the youthful,
And the old soldier's wealth, a jealousy
To the noble, and mystery to the wise.
*Pert.* It was, sir, no geographical fancy,
('Cause in our maps I liked this region here
More than that country lying there) made me
Partial which to fight for.
*Y. Pal.* True, sage Pert.
What is't to thee, whether one Don Diego
A prince, or Hans van Holme, fritter-seller
Of Bombell, do conquer that parapet,
Redoubt, or town, which thou ne'er saw'st before?
*Pert.* Not a brass thimble to me; but honour!—
*Y. Pal.* Why right; else wherefore shouldst thou bleed for him,
Whose money, wine, nor wench, thou ne'er hast used?
Or why destroy some poor root-eating soldier,
That never gave thee the lye, denied to pledge
Thy cockatrice's health, ne'er spit upon
Thy dog, jeered thy spur-leather, or returned
Thy tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole?
*Pert.* Never, to my knowledge.
*Mea.* Comrade! 'tis time—
*Y. Pal.* What, to unship your trunks at Billingsgate?
Fierce Meager! why such haste? do not I know,
That a mouse yoked to a pease-cod may draw,
With the frail cordage of one hair, your goods
About the world?
*Pert.* Why we have linen, sir.
*Y. Pal.* As much, sir, as will fill a tinder-box,
Or make a frog a shirt. I like not, friends,
This quiet, modest posture of your shoulders.
Why stir you not, as you were practising
To fence? or do you hide your cattle, least
The skipper make you pay their passage over?
*Pert.* Know, Pallatine, truth is a naked lady,
She will shew all. Meager and I have not——
*Y. Pal.* The treasure of Saint Mark's,[1] I believe, sir;
Though you are as rich as cast serving-men,

---

* Sir William Davenant seems to have borrowed the hint of this plot from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons.*

[1] *Saint Mark's*—at Venice.

Or bawds led thrice into captivity.
*Pert.* Thou hast a heart of the right stamp; I find
It is not comely in thine eyes, to see
Us sons of war walk by the pleasant vines
Of Gascony, as we believed the grapes
Forbidden fruit; sneak through a tavern with
Remorse, as we had read the Alcoran,
And made it our best faith.
*Mea.* And abstain flesh,
As if our English beef were all reserved
For sacrifice.
*Pert.* Whilst colon[2] keeps more noise
Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives
That wrangle for a sieve.
*Mea.* Contribute, come.
*Y. Pal.* Stand there, close, on your lives: here, in this house,
Lives a rich old hen, whose young egg (though not
Of her own laying) I have in the embers:
She may prove a morsel for a discreet mouth,
If the kind fates have but the leisure to
Betray the old one.
*Pert.* Pallatine,
No plots upon generation; we two
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think
Of begetting any thing, unless,
Like cannibals, we might eat our own issue.
*Y. Pal.* I say close; shrink in your morions;[3] go.
*Mea.* Why hidden thus? a soldier may appear.
*Y. Pal.* Yes, in a suttler's hut on the pay-day;
But do you know the silence of this house,
The gravity and awe? here dwells a lady,
That hath not seen a street since good king Harry
Called her to a mask; she is more devout
Than a weaver of Banbury,[4] that hopes
To entice heaven, by singing, to make him lord
Of twenty looms. I never saw her yet;
And to arrive at my preferment first
In your sweet company, will (I take it)
Add but little to my hopes. Retire; go.
[*They step aside, whilst he calls between the hangings.*
*Pert.* We shall obey; but do not tempt us now
With sweetmeats for the nether palate; do not.
*Y. Pal.* What Lucy! Luce! now is the old beldam
Misleading her to a cushion, where she
Must pray, and sigh, and fast, until her knees
Grow smaller than her knuckles. Lucy! Luce!
No hope; she is undone; she'll number o'er
As many orisons, as if she had
A bushel of beads to her rosary.
Lucy! my April love! my mistress, speak!—

*Enter* Lucy.

*Lucy.* Pallatine, for heaven's sake keep in your voice;
My cruel aunt will hear, and I am lost.
*Y. Pal.* What can she hear when her old ears are stuff'd
With as much warm wax as will seal nine leases?
What a pox does she list'ning upon earth?
Is't not time for her t' affect privacy,
To creep into a close dark vault, there gossip
With worms, and such small tame creatures as Heaven
Provided to accompany old people?
*Lucy.* Still better'd unto worse! but that my heart
Conceits not to disfigure thee, thou would'st be torn
To pieces, numberless as sand, or as
The doubts of guilt or love, in cowards are.
*Y. Pal.* How now, Luce! from what strange coast this storm! ha?
*Lucy.* Thou dost out-drink the youth of Norway at
Their marriage feasts, out-swear a puny gamester,
When his first misfortune rages out in quarrel;
One that rides post, and is stopt by a cart:
Thy walking hours are later in the night
Than those which drawers, traitors, or constables
Themselves do keep; for watchmen know thee better
Than their lanthorns; and here's your surgeon's bill,
Your kind thrift (I thank you) hath sent it me
To pay, as if the poor exhibition
My aunt allows for aprons, would maintain
You *in* searcloths.—— [*Gives him a Paper.*
*Mea.* Can the daughters of Brabant
Talk thus, when Younker-gheck leads them to a stove?
*Pert.* I say, Meager, there is a small parcel
Of man, that rebels more than all the rest
Of his body; and I shall need (if I
Stay here) no elixir of beef to exalt
Nature, though I were leaner than a goat.
*Y. Pal.* This surgeon's a rogue, Luce; a fellow, Luce,
That hath no more care of a gentleman's
Credit, than of the lint he hath twice used.
*Lucy.* Well, sir, but what's that instrument he names?
*Y. Pal.* He writes down here for a tool of injection,

---

[2] *Colon*—The *colon* is the greatest and widest of the human intestines. S.
[3] *Morions*—or murrions. See note 11 on *The 2d Part of the Honest Whore*, Dodsley's edit.
[4] *Than a weaver of Banbury*—See note 50 to *The Ordinary*, ditto.

Luce, a small water-engine, which I bought
For my tailor's child to squirt at 'prentices.
*Lucy.* Aye, sir, he sins more against wit than Heaven,
That knows not how t'excuse what he hath done:
I shall be old at twenty, Pallatine;
My grief to see thy manners and thy mind,
Hath wrought so much upon my heart.
*Y. Pal.* I'd as lieve keep our marriage-supper
In a church-yard, and beget our children
In a coffin, as hear thee prophesy.
Luce, thou art drunk, Luce; far gone in almond-milk:
Kiss me.——
*Pert.* Now I dissolve like an eringo.
*Mea.* He's ploughing o' the Indies; good gold appear!
*Y. Pal.* I am a new man, Luce; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva band, that was reduced
From an old alderman's cuff; no more hair left
Than will shackle a flea: this debosh'd [5] whinyard [6]
I will reclaim to comely bow and arrows,
And shoot with haberdashers at Finsbury,
And be thought the grandchild of Adam Bell: [7]
And more, my Luce, hang at my velvet girdle
A book wrapp'd in a green dimity bag,
And squire thy untooth'd aunt to an exercise.
*Lucy.* Nothing but strict laws and age will tame you.
*Y. Pal.* What money hast thou, Luce?
*Lucy.* Aye, there's your business.
*Y. Pal.* It is the business of the world: injuries grow
To get it; justice sits for the same end;
Men are not wise without it, for it makes
Wisdom known; and to be a fool, and poor,
Is next t' old achs and bad fame; 'tis worse
Than to have six new creditors, they each
Twelve children, and not bread enough to make
The landlord a toast, when he calls for ale
And rent. Think on that, and rob thy aunt's trunks
Ere she hath time to make an inventory.
*Pert.* A cunning pioneer; he works to the bottom.
*Lucy.* Hast thou no taste of heaven? wert thou begot
In a prison, and bred up in a galley?
*Y. Pal.* Luce, I speak like one that hath seen the book
Of fate: I'm loth, for thy sake, to mount a coach
With two wheels, whilst the damsels of the shop
Cry out a goodly strait-chin'd gentleman!
He dies for robbing an attorney's cloak-bag
Of copper seals, foul night-caps, together
With his wife's bracelet of mill-testers.
*Lucy.* There, sir—— [*Flings him a Purse.*
'Tis gold; my pendants, carcanets, [8] and rings;
My christ'ning caudle-cup and spoons, [9]
Are dissolved into that lump. Nay, take all,
And with it as much anger as would make

---

[5] *Debosh'd.*—The 4to and folio read *debash'd*; *debosh'd* has the same meaning as *debauch'd*, and the word occurs in *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 27.

"The more I strive to love my husband, the more his *deboish'd* courses begets my hate."

Again in *Fennor's Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 27.:—For most commonly some knave or *deboisht* fellow, lurch the fooles their sons," &c.

See also Mr *Steevens's* note on *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2.

[6] *Whinyard*,—a sword. So in *Edward the Third*, A. 1. S. 2:

"Nor from their button'd, tawny, leathern belts,
"Dismiss their biting *whinyards*,—till your king
"Cry out enough," &c.

[7] *Adam Bell*,—an outlaw, celebrated for his skill in archery. See *Dr Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 143.

[8] *Carcanets*,—"A carcanet seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls." It is derived from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See *Colgrave* voce *carcan*. Carcanets are frequently mentioned by our ancient dramatic writers as in *Cynthia's Revels*, Induction:—

"Makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, *carkenets*," &c.

Ibid. A. 4. S. 3.:—

"If your ladyships want embroidered gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatues, jewels, or *carkanets*, any thing whatsoever," &c.

Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, p. 2. A. 1. S. 2.:—

"No, Lucio, my deare lord's wise, and knowes
"That tinsill glitter, or rich purfled robes,
"Curled haires, hung full of sparkling *carcanets*,
"Are not the true adornements of a wife."

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 4. S. 4.:—

"——your *carkanets*,
"That did adorn your neck of equal value."

See also the notes of Dr Johnson, Mr Steevens, and Mr Warton on *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 3. S. 1.

[9] *Spoons.*—"It was the custom formerly for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons, because the figures of the apostles were

Thy mother write thee illegitimate.
See me no more; I will not stay to bless
My gift, lest I should teach my patience suffer
*Till I* convert it into sin.
[*Exit.*

*Y. Pal.* Temptations will not thrive. This baggage sleeps
Cross-legg'd, and the devil has no more power
O'er that charm, than dead men o'er their lewd heirs;
I must marry her, and spend my revenue
In cradles, pins, and sope; [10] that's the end of all
That 'scape a deep river and a tall bough.

*Mea.* Pallatine, how much?

*Pert.* Honourable Pall!

*Y. Pal.* Gentlemen, you must accept without 'gaging
Your corporal oaths to repay in three days.

*Pert.* Not we, Pall, in three jubilees; fear not.

*Y. Pal.* Nor shall you charge me with loud vehemence
(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My chamber such a night; for then a certain
Drover of the south comes to pay you money.

*Mea.* On our new faiths.

*Pert.* On our allegiance, Pall.

*Y. Pal.* Go then—shift, and brush your skins well; d'you hear?
Meet me at the new play, fair and perfumed:
There are strange words hang on the lips of rumour.

*Pert.* Language of joy, dear Pall.

*Y. Pal.* This day is come
To town, the minion of the womb, my lads,
My elder brother, and he moves like some
Assyrian prince; his chariots measure leagues;
Witty as youthful poets in their wine;
Bold as a centaur at a feast, and kind
As virgins that were ne'er beguiled with love;
I seek him now; meet and triumph!

*Mea. Pert.* King Pall! [*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Sir* MORGLAY THWACK, *Elder* PALLATINE, *new and richly clothed, buttoning themselves.*

*E. Pal.* Sir Morglay, come! the hours have wings, and you
Are grown too old to overtake them: the town
Looks, methinks, as it would invite the country
To a feast.

*Thwack.* At which serjeants and their yeomen
Must be no waiters, Pallatine, lest some
O' the guests pretend business. How dost like me?

*E. Pal.* As one old women shall no more avoid,
Than they can warm furs or muskadel.

*Thwack.* Pallatine, to have a volatile ache,
That removes oftener than the Tartars' camp;
To have a stitch that sucks a man awry,
Till he shew crooked as a chesnut bough,
Or stand in the deformed guard of a fencer;
To have these hid in flesh, that has lived sinful
Fifty long years, yet husband so much strength
As could convey me hither, fourscore miles,
On a design of wit and glory; may
Be register'd for a strange northern act.

*E. Pal.* I cannot boast those noble maladies
As yet; but time, dear knight, as I have heard,
May make man's knowledge bold upon himself.
We travel in the grand cause. These smooth rags,
These jewels too that seem to smile ere they
Betray, are certain silly snares, in which
Your lady-wits, and their wise compeers-male,
May chance be caught.

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE.

*Y. Pal.* Your welcome, noble brother,
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,
With glad haste to find you, much of my breath.

---

carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich, or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name." Mr Steevens's note to *King Henry VIII*, A. 5. S. 2. where several instances of the mention of these *spoons* are exhibited.

[10] *In cradles, pins, and* sope.—So in *The Lover's Progress*, A. 4. :—

——"Must I now
Have sour sauce after sweet meats? and be driven
To levy half a crown a week, besides
Clouts, *sope*, and candles, for my heir apparent."

Again in *The Bashful Lover*, by Massinger, A. 3. S. 1. :—

"Should you put it too for *sope* and candles, though he sell his flock for it, the baby must have his dug."

*A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side*, p. 25. :—

"Halfe our gettings must run in sugar sops,
And nurses wages now, besides many a pound of *sope*
And tallow: we have need to get loynes of mutton still,
To save suet to change for candles."

*E. Pal.* Your joy becomes you, it hath courtship in't.
*Y. Pal.* Sir Morglay Thwack! I did expect to see
The archer Cimbeline, or old king Lud
Advance his falchion here again, ere you,
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, law, and noise.
*Thwack.* What your town gets by me, let them lay up
For their orphans, and record in their annals.
I come to borrow where I'll never lend,
And buy what I'll never pay for.
*Y. Pal.* Not your debts?
*Thwack.* No, sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow; [11]
Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning
Nothing to drink but her own tears.
*E. Pal.* Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick friend,
Though the sad worm lie mortgaged in his bed
For the hire of his sheets.
*Y. Pal.* These are resolves
That give me newer wonder than your clothes;
Why in such shining trim, like men that come
From rifled tents, loaden with victory?
*E. Pal.* Yes, brother, or like eager heirs new dipp'd
In ink, that seal'd the day before in haste,
Lest parchment should grow dear. Know, youth, we come
To be the business of all eyes, to take
The wall of our St George on his feast-day.
*Thwack.* Yes, and then embark at Dover, and do
The like to St Dennis: all this, young sir,
Without charge too, I mean to us; we bring
A humorous odd philosophy to town,
That says, Pay nothing.
*Y. Pal.* Why, where have I lived?
*E. Pal.* Brother, be calm, and edify; but first
Receive a principle: Never hereafter,
From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh,
Will I disburse for you again; never.
*Y. Pal.* Brother mine, if that be your argument,
I deny the major.
*Thwack.* Resist principles!
*E. Pal.* Good faith, though you should send me more epistles
Than young factors in their first voyage write
Unto their short-haired friends; than absent lovers
Pen near their marriage week, to excuse the slow
Arrival of the licence and the ring;—
Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.
*Y. Pal.* This doctrine will not pass; how shall I live?
*E. Pal.* As we intend to do by our good wits.
*Y. Pal.* How, brother, how?
*E. Pal.* Truth is a pleasant knowledge;
Yet you shall have her cheap; Sir Morglay here,
My kind disciple, and myself, have leased,
Out all our rents and lands for pious uses.
*Y. Pal.* What, co-founders! give legacies ere death!
Pallatine the pious, and Saint Morglay!
Your names will sound but ill i'the calendar.
How long must this fierce raging zeal continue?
*E. Pal.* Till we subsist here no more by our wit,
Then we'll renounce the town, and patiently
Vouchsafe to re-asume our mother earth,
Lead on our plows into their rugged walks
Again, grope our young heifers in the flank,
And swagger in the wool which we shall borrow
From our own flocks.
*Thwack.* But, ere we go, we may,
From the vast treasure purchased by our wit,
Leave here some monument to speak our fame:
I have a strong mind to re-edify
The decays of Fleet-Ditch; from whence I hear
The roaring vestals late are fled, through heat
Of persecution.
*Y. Pal.* What a small star have I,
That never yet could light me to this way!
Live by our wits!
*E. Pal.* So live, that usurers
Shall call their monies in, remove their bank
To Ordinaries, Spring-garden, and Hyde-park,
Whilst their glad sons are left seven for their chance,
At hazard (11), hundred, and all made at sent; [12]

---

[11] *A poor Brownist's widow.*—The Brownists at this time seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire. The founder of the sect was Robert Browne, a knight's son of Rutlandshire, and educated at Cambridge. He was afterwards pastor of Aychurch in Northamptonshire, and spent great part of his life in several prisons, to which he was committed for his steady adherence to the opinions which he entertained. He died in jail at Northampton, in the year 1630, or, according to others, 1634, when he was not less than 80 years of age. See also the notes of Dr Grey and Mr Steevens, to *Twelfth Night*, A. 3. S. 2.

(11) *At hazard, sir: a hundred, and all made at sent.*—Folio edit.

[12] *At sent.*—Query *cent*, a game mentioned in *The Dumb Knight*, A. 4. S. 1. and corruptedly written *saint*. S.

This game is frequently mentioned in ancient writers, and is usually spelt *saunt*, probably the manner in which the French word *cent* was then pronounced. In Gervas Markham's *Famous Whore; or, Noble*

Three motley cocks of the right Derby strain,
Together with a foal of Beggibrigge.[13]
*Thwack.* Sir, I will match my Lord Mayor's horse, make jockeys
Of his hench boys,[14] and run them through Cheapside.
*E. Pal.* What beauties, girls of feature, govern now
I' the town? 'tis long since we did traffick here
In midnight whispers, when the dialect
Of love's loose wit is frighted into signs,
And secret laughter stifled into smiles;
When nothing's loud but the old nurse's cough,—
Who keeps the game up, ha; who misled now?
*Thwack.* Not sir, that if we wooe, we'll be at charge
For looks; or if we marry make a jointure.
Entail land on women! entail a back,
And so much else of man as Nature did
Provide for the first wife.
*E. Pal.* I could keep thee,
Thy future pride, thy surfeits, and thy lust,
(I mean, in such a garb as may become
A Christian gentleman) with the sole tithe
Of tribute I shall now receive from ladies.
*Thwack.* Your brother and myself have seal'd to covenants;
The female youth of the town are his; but all
From forty to fourscore mine own: A widow,
You'll say, is a wise, solemn, wary creature:
Though she hath lived to the cunning of dispatch,
Closed up nine husbands' eyes, and have the wealth
Of all their testaments; in one month, sir,
I will waste her to her first wedding-smock,
Her single ring, bodkin, and velvet muff.
*Y. Pal.* Your rents exposed at home for pious uses,
Must expiate your behaviour here: tell me,
Is that the subtle plot you have on heaven?
*Thwack.* The worm of your worship's conscience would appear
As big as a conger; but a good eye
May chance to find it slender as a grig.
*Y. Pal.* Amazement knows no ease, but in demands:
Pray tell me, gentlemen, to all this vast
Designment (which so strikes my ear) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may,
Like fuel, feed the flame of your expence?
*E. Pal.* Brother, not so much as will find a Jew
Bacon to his eggs: these gay tempting weeds,
These eastern stones of cunning foil, bespoke
'Gainst our arrival here, together with
A certain stock of crowns in either's purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper own
Begins or furthers the magnific plot;
And of these crowns, not one must be usurped
By you.
*Thwack.* No relief, but wit and good counsel.
*E. Pal.* The stock my father left you, if your care
Had purposed so discreet a course, might well
Have set you up i'the trade; but we spend light,
Our coach is yet unwheeled.—Sir Morglay, come,
Let's suit those Friesland horse with our own strain.
*Y. Pal.* Why, gentlemen, will the design keep horses?
*Thwack.* May be, sir, they shall live by their wits too.
*Y. Pal.* Their masters are bad tutors else: well, how
You'll work the ladies, and weak gentry here,
By your fine gilded pills, a faith that is
Not old may guess without distrust. But, sirs,
The city (take't on my experiment)
Will not be gulled.
*Thwack.* Not gulled! they dare not be
So impudent: I say they shall be gulled;
And trust, and break, and pawn their charter too.
*Y. Pal.* Is it lawful, brother, for me to laugh,
That have no money?
*E. Pal.* Yes, sir, at yourself.
*Y. Pal.* Two that have tasted Nature's kindness, arts,
And men; have shined in moving camps; have seen
Courts in their solemn business and vain pride;
Conversed so long i'the town here, that you know
Each sign and pebble in the streets; for you
(After a long retirement) to lease forth
Your wealthy, pleasant lands, to feed John Crump
The cripple, widow Needy, and Abraham
Sloath the beadsman of More-dale! then, forsooth,
Persuade yourselves to live here by your wits!
*Thwack.* Where we ne'er cheated in our youth we resolve
To cozen in our age.
*E. Pal.* Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the arts
That lead to thriving glory; a supreme life!
Not through the humble ways wherein dull lords
Of lands and sheep do walk; men that depend
On the fantastic winds, on fleeting clouds,

---

*Courtezan*, 1609, 4to, Sign. D 4, it is called *mont cent*.

"Were it *mont cent*, primero, or at chesse,
I wan with most, and lost still with the lesse."

[13] *Beggibrigge.*—The fol. reads *peggibrige*. Perhaps the name of some famous horse.

[14] *Hench-boys.*—See note 13 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*.

On seasons more uncertain than themselves,
When they would hope or fear: but you are warm
In another's silk, and make your tame ease
Virtue; call it content and quietness!
*Thwack.* Write letters to your brother, do; and be
Forsworn in every long parenthesis,
For twenty pound sent you in butcher's silver.
*E. Pal.* Rebukes are precious, cast them not away.
[*Exeunt Elder* PALLATINE, THWACK.

*Y. Pal.* Neither of these philosophers were born
To above five senses; why then should they
Have hope to do things greater, and more new
I'the world, than *I*? This devil Plenty thrusts
Strange boldness upon men. Well, you may laugh
With so much violence, till it consume
Your breath. Though sullen Want, the enemy
Of Wit, have sunk her low, if pregnant wine
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine.
[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter the Lady* AMPLE, ENGINE, GINET.

*Amp.* My guardian horsed! this evening say'st thou, Engine?
*Eng.* It's an hour, madam, since he smelt the town.
*Amp.* Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in the stirrup?
His ivory box on his smooth ebon staff
New civetted, and tied to's gouty wrist?
With his warped face close buttoned in his hood,
That men may take him for a monk disguised,
And fled post from a pursuivant?
*Eng.* Madam, beware, I pray, lest the age and cunning
He is master of, prepare you a revenge,
And such as your fine wit shall ne'er intreat
Your patience to digest. To-morrow night
The extremest minute of your wardship is
Expired; and we, magicians of the house,
Believe this hasty journey he hath ta'en
Is to provide a husband for your sheets.
*Amp.* And such a one as judgment and mine [15] eyes
Must needs dislike, that's composition may
Grow up to his own thrifty wish.
*Eng.* Madam,
Your arrow was well aimed; I call him master,
But I am servant unto truth, and you.
*Amp.* He chuse a husband, fit to guide and sway
My beauty's wealthy dowry, and my heart!
I'll make election to delight myself:
What composition strictest laws will give,
His guardianship may take from the rich bank
My father left, and not devour my land.
*Gin.* Your ladyship has lived six years beneath
His roof, therefore may guess the colour
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.
But Engine, madam, is your humble creature.
*Amp.* I have bounty, Engine;
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next
Fair sun is set, for then my wardship ends——
[*Knocking within.*
That speaks command, or haste; open the door.

*Enter* LUCY.

Lucy! weeping, my wench? melting thine eyes,
As they had trespassed against light, and thou
Would'st give them darkness for a punishment!
*Lucy.* Undone, madam, without all hope, but what
Your pity will vouchsafe to minister.
*Amp.* Hast thou been struck by infamy! or comest
A mourner from the funeral of love?
*Lucy.* I am the mourner, and the mourned; dead to
Myself, but left not rich enough to buy a grave:
My cruel aunt hath banished me her roof,
Exposed me to the night, the winds, and what
The raging elements on wanderers lay,
Left naked as first infancy or truth.
*Gin.* I could ne'er endure that old, moist-eyed lady;
Methought she prayed too oft.
*Amp.* A mere receipt
To make her long-winded, which our devout
Physicians now prescribe to defer death.—
But, Lucy, can she urge no cause for this
Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceal?
*Lucy.* Suspicions of my chastity, which heaven
Must needs resist as false; though she accused
Me even in dream, where thoughts commit [16] by chance,
Not appetite.
*Amp.* What ground had her suspect? [17]

---

[15] *Mine*—The 4to reads *nine*; the folio, *my*.

[16] *Commit*—It is observed by Mr Malone, (see note to *Othello*, A. 4. S. 2.) that "this word in Shakespeare's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love: hence, perhaps, it is so often repeated by Othello." See also *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4. and Mr Steevens's note.

[17] *Suspect*—i. e. suspicion.

*Lucy.* Young Pallatine, that wooed my heart until
He gathered fondness where he planted love,
Was fallen unto such want, as eager blood
And youth could not endure, and keep the laws
Inviolate; I, to prevent my fear,
Sold all my jewels, and my trifling wealth,
Bestowed them on him; and she thinks a more
Unholy consequence attends the gift.
*Amp.* This, Luce, is such apostacy in wit,
As nature must degrade herself in woman to
Forgive. Shall love put thee to charge? couldst thou
Permit thy lover to become thy pensioner?
*Eng.* Her sense will now be tickled till it ache.
*Amp.* Thy feature and thy wit are wealth enough
To keep thee high in all those vanities,
That wild ambition, or expensive pride,
Perform in youth; but thou invert'st their use:
Thy lover, like the foolish adamant
The steel, thou fiercely dost allure, and draw
To spend thy virtue, not to get by it.
*Lucy.* This doctrine, madam, is but new to me.
*Amp.* How have I lived, think'st thou? e'en by my wits,
My guardian's contribution gave us gowns,
But cut from the curtains of a carrier's bed;
Jewels were wore, but such as potters' wives
Bake in the furnace for their daughters' wrists;
My woman's smocks so coarse, as they were spun
O'the tackling of a ship.
*Gin.* A coat of mail,
Quilted with wire, was soft sarsnet to them.
*Amp.* Our diet scarce so much as is prescribed
To mortify; two eggs of emmets poached,
A single bird, no bigger than a bee,
Made up a feast.
*Gin.* He had starved me, but that
The green-sickness took away my stomach.
*Amp.* Thy disease, Ginet, made thee in love with mortar,
And thou eat'st him up two foot of an old wall.
*Eng.* A privilege my master only gave
Unto her teeth; none else o'the house durst do't.
*Amp.* When, Lucy, I perceived this straitened life,
Nature, my steward, I did call t' account,
And took from her exchequer so much wit
As has maintained me since. I led my fine
Trim-bearded males in a small subtle string
Of my soft hair; made them to offer up
And bow, and laughed at the idolatry.
*Gin.* A jewel for a kiss, and that half ravished.
*Lucy.* I feel I am inclined t' endeavour in
A calling: Madam, I'd be glad to live.
*Amp.* Know, Luce, this is no hospital for fools,
My bed is yours, but on condition, Luce,
That you redeem the credit of your sex;
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare
Hath caught the fowl, you plume[18] him till you get
More feathers than you lost to Pallatine.
*Lucy.* I shall not waste my hours in winding silk,
Or shelling peasecods with your ladyship.
*Amp.* Frosts on my heart! what, give unto a suitor?
Know, I would fain behold that silly monarch,
Bearded man, that durst woo me with half
So impudent a hope.
*Eng.* Madam, you are
Not far from the possession of your wish;
There is no language heard, no business now
In town, but what proclaims the arrival here,
This morn, of the elder Pallatine, brother
To him you named, and with him such an old
Imperial buskin knight, as the isle ne'er saw.
*Amp.* What's their design?
*Eng.* They will immure themselves
With diamonds, with all refulgent stones
That merit price: ask them who pays? why, ladies.
They'll feast with rich Provençal wines; who pays?
Ladies. They'll shine in various habit, like
Eternal bridegrooms of the day; ask them
Who pays? Ladies. Lie with those ladies too,
And pay them, but with issue male, that shall
Inherit nothing but their wit, and do
The like to ladies when they grow to age.
*Lucy.* My ears received a taste of them before.
*Amp.* Engine, how shall we see them? bless me, Engine,
With thy kind voice.
*Eng.* Though miracles are ceased,
This, madam, is in the power of thought and time.
*Amp.* I would kiss thee, Engine, but for an odd
Nice humour in my lips; they blister at
Inferior breath. This ring, and all my hopes
Are thine: dear Engine, now project, and live.
*Gin.* I'd lose my wedding to behold these dagonets.[19]
*Amp.* My guardian's out o' town. Let us triumph
Like Cæsar till to-morrow night; thou know'st
I'm then no more o' the family. I would,
Like a departing lamp, before I leave
You in the dark, spread in a glorious blaze.
*Eng.* Madam, command the keys, the house, and me.

---

[18] *Plume*—This is a falconer's term. Latham says, it "is when a hawk seizeth a fowle, and pulleth the feathers from the body."

[19] *Dagonets*—Sir Dagonet was the squire of King Arthur, in the old romance of *Morte Arthur*. See the notes of Mr Theobald, Dr Johnson, Mr Warton, and Mr Steevens, on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

*Amp.* Spoke like the bold Cophetua's[20] son.
Let us contrive within to tempt them hither.—
Follow, my Luce, restore thyself to fame.
[*Exeunt* ENGINE, AMPLE, GINET. *Young* PALLATINE *beckons* LUCY *from between the Hangings as she is going.*
*Y. Pal.* Luce! Luce!
*Lucy.* Death on my eyes! how came you hither?
*Y. Pal.* I'm, Luce, a kind of peremptory fly,
Shift houses still to follow the sun-beams;
I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty——
*Lucy.* You've used me with a Christian care; have you not?
*Y. Pal.* Come, I know all. I have been at thy aunt's house.
And there committed more disorder than
A storm in a ship, or a cannon bullet
Shot through a kitchen among shelves of pewter.
*Lucy.* This madness is not true, I hope.
*Y. Pal.* Yes, faith;
Witness a shower of malmsey lees, dropped from
Thy aunt's own urinal on this new morion.[21]
*Lucy.* Why, you have seen her then?
*Y. Pal.* Yes, and she looks like the old slut of Babylon
Thou hast read of. I told her she must die,
And her beloved velvet hood be sold
To some Dutch brewer of Ratcliffe, to make
His yaw frow slippers.
*Lucy.* Speak low. I am deprived
By thy rash wine of all atonement, now,
Unto her after legacies or love.
*Y. Pal.* My Luce, be magnified; I am all plot,
All stratagem; my brother is in town:
My Lady Ample's fame hath caught him, girl;
I'm told he means an instant visit hither.
*Lucy.* What happiness from this?
*Y. Pal.* As he departs
From hence, I have laid two instruments, Meager
And Pert, that shall encounter his long ears
With tales less true than those of Troy; they shall
Endanger him, maugre his active wits,
And mount thee, little Luce, that thou may'st reach
To dandle Fate; to soothe them till they give
Us leave to make or alter destinies.
*Lucy.* You are too loud; whisper your plots within. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ENGINE, *Elder* PALLATINE, *and* THWACK.

*Eng.* You call and govern, gentlemen, as if
Your business were above your haste; but know
You where you are?
*E. Pal.* Sir Tyrant Thrift dwells here:
The Lady Ample is his ward; she is
Within, and we must see her: No excuses;
She is not old enough to be lock'd up
To sey new perukes,[22] or purge for rheum.
*Thwack.* Tell her, that a young devout knight, made grey
By a charm, (to avoid temptation in others,)
Would speak with her.
*Eng.* I shall deliver you both.——
These tygers hunt their prey with a strange nostril.
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish!
[*Exit.*
*E. Pal.* But this, Sir Morglay, will not do; in troth
You break our covenants.
*Thwack.* Why, hear me plead.
*E. Pal.* From forty to fourscore, the written law
Runs so; this lady's in her nonage yet,
And you to press into my company,
Where visitations are decreed mine own,
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.
*Thwack.* What should I do? wouldst have me keep my chamber,
And mend dark lanterns? invent steel mattocks,
Or weigh gunpowder? solitude leads me
To nothing less than treason; I shall conspire
To dig and blow up all, rather than sit still.
*E. Pal.* Follow your task; you see how early I
Have found this young inheritrix; go seek
The aged out; bones unto bones, like cards
Ill packed; shuffle yourselves together, till
You each dislike the game.
*Thwack.* 'Tis the cause I
Come for; a withered midwife, or a nurse
Who draws her lips together, like an eye
That gives the cautionary wink, are those
I would find here, so they be rich and fat.

*Enter* GINET.

*Gin.* My lady understands your haste, and she
Herself consults now in affairs of haste;
But yet will hastily approach to see
You, gentlemen, and then in haste return. [*Exit.*
*E. Pal.* What's this, the superscription of a packet?
*Thwack.* Now does my blood wamble. You! sucket-eater![23]
[*Offers to follow her,* PALLATINE *stays him.*

---

[20] *Cophetua's son*—Though the name of this monarch is known to us, I believe we are all ignorant respecting his royal progeny. S.

[21] *Morion*—Morion is a helmet. It must here mean a hat.

[22] *To* sey *new perukes*—To *say*, I believe, means to *assay*, to try on, and should be written *'say*. I have often met with the word so abbreviated. S.

[23] *Sucket-eater*—*i.* e. eater of confectionary ware, sugar-pellets. S.

*E. Pal.* These covenants, knight, will never be observed;
I'll sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor,
Till, for preferment, you become an eunuch,
And sing a treble in a chauntry, knight.

*Enter* AMPLE, LUCY, GINET; *Elder* PALLATINE, *and* THWACK *address to kiss them, and are thrust back.*

*Am.* Stay, gentlemen.—Good souls, they have seen, Luce,
The country turtles bill, and think our lips,
I' the town and court, are worn for the same use.
*Lucy.* Pray how do the ladies there? poor villagers,
They churn still, keep their dairies, and lay up
For embroidered mantles against the heir's birth?
*Am.* Who is begot i' the Christmas holidays?
*E. Pal.* Yes, surely, when the spirit of mince-pie
Reigns in the blood.
*Am.* What? penny gleek [24] I hope's
In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot
Not wanting on the table frame, to jog
The husband, lest he lose the noble that
Should pay the grocer's man for spice and fruit.
*Lucy.* The good old butler shares too with his lady
In the box, bating for candles that were burnt
After the clock struck ten.
*Thwack.* He doth indeed;
Poor country madams, they're in subjection still;
The beasts, their husbands, make them sit on three
Legged stools, like homely daughters of an hospital,
To knit socks for their cloven feet.
*E. Pal.* And when these tyrant husbands, too, grow old
(As they have still the impudence to live long)
Good ladies, they are fain to waste the sweet
And pleasant seasons of the day in boiling
Jellies for them, and rolling little pills
Of cambric lint to stuff their hollow teeth.
*Lucy.* And then the evenings, warrant ye, they spend
With mother Spectacle, the curate's wife,
Who does inveigh against curling and dyed checks;
Heaves her devout impatient nose at oil
Of jessamin, and thinks powder of Paris more
Prophane than the ashes of a Romish martyr.
*Am.* And in the days of joy and triumph, sir,
(Which come as seldom to them as new gowns)
Then, humble wretches! they do frisk and dance
In narrow parlours to a single fiddle,
That squeaks forth tunes like a departing pig.
*Lucy.* Whilst the mad hinds shake from their feet more dirt
Than did the cedar roots, that danced to Orpheus.
*Am.* Do they not pour their wine too from an ewer,
Or small gilt cruce, like orange-water kept
To sprinkle holiday beards?
*Lucy.* And when a stranger comes, send seven miles post
By moon-shine, for another pint?
*E. Pal.* All these indeed are heavy truths; but what
Do you, the exemplar madams of the town?
Play away your youth, as our hasty gamesters
Their light gold, not with desire to lose it,
But in a fond mistake that it will fit
No other use.
*Thwack.* And then reserve your age,
As superstitious sinners ill-got wealth,
Perhaps for the church, perhaps for hospitals.
*E. Pal.* If rich, you come to court, there learn to be
At charge to teach your paraquetoes French,
And then allow them their interpreters,
Lest the sage fowl should lose their wisdom on
Such pages of the presence, and the guard,
As have not past the seas.
*Thwack.* But if you're poor,
Like wanton monkeys chained from fruit,
You feed upon the itch of your own tails.
*Lucy.* Rose vinegar to wash that ruffian's mouth!
*Am.* They come to live here by their wits, let them use them.
*Lucy.* They have so few, and those they spend so fast,
They will leave none remaining to maintain them.
*E. Pal.* You shall maintain us; a community,
The subtle have decreed of late: you shall
Endow us with your bodies and your goods;
Yet use no manacles, called dull matrimony,
To oblige affection against wise nature,
Where it is lost, perhaps, through a disparity
Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes.
*Am.* Most excellent resolves!
*E. Pal.* But if you'll needs marry,
Expect not a single turf for a jointure;
Not so much land as will allow a grasshopper
A sallad.
*Thwack.* I would no more doubt to enjoy
You two in all variety of wishes,
(Were't not for certain covenants that I lately
Signed to in my drink) than I would fear usury
In a small poet or a cast corporal.
*Am.* You would not?
*Thwack.* But look to your old widows;
There my title's good; see they be rich too,
Lest I should leave their twins upon the parish,
To whom the deputy o' the ward will deny

---

[24] *Gleek*—A game at cards, now entirely disus'd. The manner of playing at it may be seen in *The Complete Gamester*, &c. 2d edit. 1680. chap. 6. p. 64.

Blue coats at Easter, loaves at funerals,
'Cause they were sons of an old country wit.
*Am.* Why all for widows, sir; can nothing that
Is young affect your mouldy appetite?
*Thwack.* No in sooth; damsels at your years are wont
To talk too much over their marmalade;
They can't fare well, but all the town must hear't:
Their love's so full of praises, and so loud,
A man may with less noise lie with a drum.
*Am.* Think you so, sir?
*Thwack.* Give me an old widow, that commits sin
With the gravity of a corrupt judge,
Accepts of benefits in the dark, and can
Conceal them from the light.
[AMPLE *takes Elder* PALLATINE *apart.*
*Am.* Pray, sir, allow me but your ear aside.
Though this rude Clim i' the Clough[25] presume,
In his desires more than his strength can justify,
You should have nobler kindness than to think
All ladies relish of an appetite,
Bad as the worst your evil chance hath found.
*E. Pal.* All are alike to me; at least, I'll make
Them so, with thin persuasions, and a short
Expence of time.
*Am.* Then I have cast away
My sight; my eyes have look'd themselves into
A strong disease: but they shall bleed for it.
*E. Pal.* Troth lady mine, I find small remedy.
*Am.* Why came you hither, sir? She that shall sigh
Her easy spirits into wind for you,
Must not have hope the kindness of your breath
Will e'er recover her.
*Lucy.* What do I hear? Hymen defend!
But three good corners to your little heart,
And two already broiling on love's altar!
Does this become her, Ginet? speak.
*Gin.* As age, and half a smock would become me.
*Thwack.* Th'ast caught her, Pallatine; insinuate rogue!
*Lucy.* Love him! you must recant, or the small god
And I shall quarrel, when we meet i' the clouds.
*Thwack.* 'Slight, see how she stands! speak to her.
*E. Pal.* Peace, knight! it is apt cunning that we go;
Disdain is like to water poured on ice,
Quenches the flame a while to raise it higher.
*Lucy.* Engine, shew them their way.

*Enter* ENGINE.

*Eng.* It lies here, gentlemen.
*E. Pal.* There needs small summons, we are gone; but do you hear,
We will receive no letters, we, though sent
By the incorporeal spy your dwarf, or Audry
Of the chamber, that would deliver them
With as much caution, as they were attachments
Upon money newly paid.
*Thwack.* Nor no message,
From the old widow your mother, (if you
Have one) no, though she send for me when she
Is giving up her testy ghost; and lies
Half drowned in rheum, those floods of rheum in which
Her maids do daily dive to seek the teeth
She coughed out last.
[*Exeunt* ENGINE, *Elder* PALLATINE, THWACK.
*Lucy.* 'Las! good old gentleman,
We shall see him shortly in as many night-caps
As would make sick Mahomet a turband
For the winter.
*Am.* Are they gone, Luce?
*Lucy.* Not like the hours, for they'll return again
Ere long; O you carried your false love rarely!
*Am.* How impudent these country fellows are!
*Lucy.* He thinks you're caught; he has you between's teeth,
And intends you for the very next bit
He means to swallow.
*Am.* Luce, I have a thousand thoughts
More than a kerchief can keep in: quick girl,
Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly snipes
These witty gentlemen shall prove, and in
Their own confession too, or I'll cry flounders else,
And walk with my petticoat tucked up like
A long maid of Almainy.[26] [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT, *the two last being new clothed.*

*Y. Pal.* Don Meager, and Don Pert, you neither found
These embroidered skins in your mother's womb:
Surely nature's wardrobe is not thus laced?
*Pert.* We flourish, Pall, by the charter of thy smiles,
A little magnifyed with show, and thought
Of our new plot.
*Mea.* The chamber's bravely hung!
*Pert.* To thy own wish, a bed and canopy.

---

[25] *Clim i' the Clough.*—See the ballad in Dr Percy's collection. S.
[26] *Almainy.*—*i. e.* Germany. S.

Prepared all from our numbered pence; if it
Should fail, Meager and I must creep into
Our quondam rags; a transmigration, Pall,
Which our divinity can ill endure.
*Mea.* If I have more left to maintain a large stomach,
And a long bladder, than one comely shilling,
Together with a single ounce of hope,
I am the son of a carman.
*Y. Pal.* Do you suspect my prophecies,
That am your mint, your grand exchequer?
*Pert.* Pall, no suspicions, Pall; but we that embark
Our whole stock in one vessel, would be glad
To have all pirates o' shore, and the winds
In a calm humour.
*Mea.* How fares the intelligence?
*Y. Pal.* I left them at the Lady Ample's house;
This street they needs must pass, if they reach home.
*Pert.* O I would fain project 'gainst the old knight;
Can we not share him too?
*Y. Pal.* This wheel must move
Alone, Sir Morglay Thwack's too rugged yet,
He'd interrupt the course; a little more
O' the file will smooth him fit to be screwed up.
*Pert.* Shrink off, Pall, I hear them.

*Enter* THWACK, *Elder* PALLATINE.

*E. Pal.* Thou hast not the art of patient leisure, to
Attend the aptitude of things; wouldst thou
Run on like a rude bull, on every object that
Doth heat the blood? this conning abstinence
Will make her passions grow more violent.
*Thwack.* But, Pallatine, I do not find I have
The cruelty, or grace, to let a lady
Starve for a warm morsel.—
[PERT *and* MEAGER *take Elder* PALLATINE *aside.*
*Y. Pal.* Now my fine Pert!
*Pert.* Sir, we have business for your ear; it may
Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be
Particular.
*E. Pal.* From whom?
*Mea.* A young lady, sir.
It is a secret will exact much care
And wisdom i' the delivery; you should
Dismiss that gentleman.
*E. Pal.* A young lady! good!
All the best stars in the firmament are mine.
Our coach attends us, knight, i' the bottom of
The hither street, you must go home alone.
*Thwack.* I'll sooner kill a serjeant, choose my jury
In the city, and be hanged for a tavern bush!
*E. Pal.* Wil't ruin all our destinies hath built?
*Thwack.* Come, what are those sly silk-worms there, that creep
So close into their wool, as they would spin
For none but their dear selves? I hear them name a lady.
*E. Pal.* You heard them say then, she was young, and what
Our covenants are, remember.
*Thwack.* Young, how young?
She left her worm-seed, and her coral whistle
But a month since: do they mean so?
*E. Pal.* Morglay, our covenants is all I ask.
*Thwack.* May be she hath a mind to me; for there's
A reverend humour in the blood, which thou
Ne'er knew'st; perhaps she would have boys begot
Should be delivered with long beards; till thou
Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world
Nought above dwarf or page.
*E. Pal.* Our covenants still, I cry!
*Thwack.* Faith, I'll stride my mule to-morrow, and away
To the homely village in the north.
*E. Pal.* Why so?
*Thwack.* Alas, these silly covenants, you know,
I sealed to in my drink; and certain fears
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,
That say the game will all be your's.
*E. Pal.* But what success canst thou expect, since we have
Not yet enjoyed the city a full day?
*Thwack.* I say, let me have woman; be she young
Or old, grandam or babe, I must have woman.
*E. Pal.* Carry but thy patience like a gentleman,
And let me singly manage this adventure,
It will to-morrow cancel our old deeds,
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free
Pleasure shall direct.
*Thwack.* We'll equally enjoy
Virgin, wife, and widow, the younger kerchief with
The aged hood.
*E. Pal.* What I have said if I had leisure now
I'd ratify with oaths of thy own chusing.
*Thwack.* Go, propagate; fill the shops with thy notched
Issue, that when our money's spent, we may
Be trusted, break, and cozen in our own tribe.
*E. Pal.* Leave me to fortune.
*Thwack.* Do you hear, Pallatine?
Perhaps this young lady has a mother.—
*E. Pal.* No more, good night.—
[*Exit* THWACK.
I have obeyed you, gentlemen; no ears
Are near us, but our own, what's your affair?
*Mea.* We'll lead you to the lady's mansion, sir,
'Tis hard by.
*E. Pal.* Hard by!
*Pert.* So near, that if your lungs be good,
You may spit thither: that is the house.
*E. Pal.* These appear gentlemen,

And of some rank. I will in.
[*Exeunt Elder* PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT.
*Y. Pal.* So, see! the hook has caught him by the gills;
And it is fastened to a line will hold
You, sir, though your wits were stronger than your purse.
Sir Morglay Thwack's gone home: His lodging I
Have learned, and there are certain gins prepared,
In which his wary feet may chance to be
Ensnared, though he could wear his eyes upon his toes.
I must follow the game close. He is entered,
And ere this amazed at the strange complexion
Of the house; but 'twas the best our friendship
And our treasure could procure. [*Exit.*

*Enter Elder* PALLATINE, MEAGER, *and* PERT, *with Lights.*

*E. Pal.* Gentlemen, if you please, lead me no further;
I have so little faith to believe this
The mansion of a lady, that I think
'Tis rather the decays of hell; a sad
Retirement for the fiend to sleep in
When he's sick with drinking sulphur.
*Pert.* Sir, you shall see this upper room is hung.
*E. Pal.* With cobwebs, sir, and those so large they may
Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies,
Where sit a melancholy race of old
Norman spiders, that came in with the Conqueror.
*Mea.* This chamber will refresh your eyes, when you
Have cause to enter it.
[*Leads him to look in between the Hangings.*
*E. Pal.* A bed and canopy!
There's show of entertainment there indeed;
There lovers may have place to celebrate
Their warm wishes, and not take cold: But, gentlemen,
How comes the rest of this blind house so naked,
So ruinous, and deformed?
*Pert.* Pray, sir, sit down:
If you have seen aught strange, or fit for wonder,
It but declares the hasty shifts to which
The poor distressed lady is exposed
In pursuit of your love. She hath good fame,
Great dignity, and wealth, and would be loth
To cheapen these by making her dull family
Bold witnesses of her desires with you:
Therefore, to avoid suspicion, to this place
She hath sent part of her neglected wardrobe.
*Mea.* And will, ere time grows older by an hour,
Gild all this homely furniture at charge
Of her own eyes; her beams can do it, sir.
*E. Pal.* My manners will not suffer me to doubt.
*Pert.* We hope so too. Besides, though every one
That hath a heart of's own may think his pleasure;
We should be loath your thoughts should throw mistakes
On us, that are the humble ministers
Of your kind stars: for sure though we look not
Like men that make plantation on some isle
That's uninhabited, yet you believe
We would teach sexes mingle, to increase men.
*Mea.* Squires of the placket, [27] we know you think us.
*E. Pal.* Excuse my courage, gentlemen; good faith
I am not bold enough to think you so.
*Pert.* Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake.
*E. Pal.* Not all the art nor flattery you have,
Can render you to my belief worse than
Myself. Panders and bawds! good gentlemen,
I shall be angry if you persuade me to
So vile a thought.
*Pert.* Sir, you have cause,
And in good faith if you should think us such,
We would make bold to cut that slender throat.
*E. Pal.* How, sir?
*Pert.* That very throat through which the lusty grape,
And savoury morsel in the gamester's dish,
Steal down so leisurely with kingly gust.
*Mea.* Sir, it should open wide as the widest oyster
The Venetian lake.
*E. Pal.* Gentlemen, it should.
It is a throat I can so little hide
In such a cause, that I would whet your razor for't
On my own shoe.
*Pert.* Enough, you shall know all:
This lady hath a noble mind, but 'tis
So much o'ermastered by her blood, we fear
Nothing but death, or you, can be her remedy.
*E. Pal.* And she is young?
*Mea.* O, as the April bud.
*E. Pal.* 'Twere pity, faith, she should be cast away.
*Pert.* You have a soft and blessed heart; and to
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath,
Ourselves, this house, the habit of this room,
The bed within, and your fair person, we

---

[27] *Squires of the placket.*—*A squire of the placket* seems to be a cant term for a *pimp*. *A placket* does not signify a petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein. See Mr Amner's note on Shakespeare's *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 4.

Have all assembled in a trice.
*E. Pal.* Sure, gentlemen,
In my opinion more could not be done,
Were she inheritrex of all the east.
*Pert.* But, sir, the excellence of your pure fame
Hath given us boldness to make suit, that if
You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
And wholesome homilies, such counsel as
Befits your known morality, you will
Be pleased to save her life, and not undo her honour.
*Mea.* We hope you will afford her med'cine by
Your meek and holy lectures, rather than
From any manly exercise; for such,
In troth, sir, you appear to our weak sight.
*E. Pal.* Brothers and friends, a stile more distant now
Cannot be given; though you were in compass
Thick as the Alps,[28] I must embrace you both:
You've hit the very centre, unto which
The toils and comforts of my studies tend.
*Pert.* Alas, we drew our arrow but by aim.
*E. Pal.* Why, gentlemen, I have converted more
Than ever gold or Aretine[29] misled;
I've disciples of all degrees in nature,
From your little punk in purple, to your
Tall canvas girl; from your sattin slipper,
To your iron patten and your Norway shoe.
*Pert.* And can you mollify the mother, sir,
In a strong fit?
*E. Pal.* Sure, gentlemen, I can,
If books penn'd with a clean and wholesome spirit
Have any might to edify; would they
Were here!
*Mea.* What, sir?
*E. Pal.* A small library,
Which I am wont to make companion to
My idle hours: where some, I take it, are
A little consonant unto this theme.
*Pert.* Have they not names?
*E. Pal.* A pill to purge phlebotomy,[30]—A balsamum
For the spiritual back,—A lozenge against lust;
With divers others, sir, which, though not penn'd
By dull platonic Greeks, or Memphian priests,
Yet have the blessed mark of separation
Of authors silenced, for wearing short hair.
*Pert.* But, sir, if this chaste means cannot restore
Her to her health and quiet peace, I hope
You will vouchsafe your lodging in your bed,
And take a little pains.
[*Points to the Bed within.*
*E. Pal.* Faith, gentlemen, I was
Not bred on Scythian rocks; tygers and wolves
I've heard of, but ne'er suck'd their milk; and sure
Much would be done to save a lady's longing.
*Mea.* 'Tis late, sir; pray uncase.
[*They help to unclothe him.*
*Pert.* Your boot; believ't, it is my exercise.
*E. Pal.* Well, 'tis your turn to labour now, and mine
Anon; for your dear sakes, gentlemen, I profess—
*Pert.* My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,
Whilst I go and conduct the lady hither;
Whom, if your holy doctrine cannot well
Reclaim, pray hazard not her life; you have
A body, sir.
*E. Pal.* O think me not cruel.
[*Exeunt* MEAGER, *E.* PAL.

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE.

*Pert.* Pall! come in, Pall.
*Y. Pal.* Is he in bed?
*Pert.* Not yet,
But stripping in more haste than an old snake
That hopes for a new skin.
*Y. Pal.* If we could laugh
In our coffin, Pert, this would be a jest
Long after death: he is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.
*Pert.* O all he swallows, sir, is melting conserve,
And soft Indian plumb. Meager, what news?

*Enter* MEAGER.

*Mea.* Laid, gently laid; he is all virgin, sure,
From the crown of's head, to his very navel.
*Y. Pal.* Where are his breeches? speak; his hatband too;
'Tis of grand price, the stones are rosial, and
Of the white rock.
*Mea.* I hung them purposely
Aside, they are all within my reach: shall I in?
*Y. Pal.* Soft; softly, my false fiend; remember, rogue,
You tread on glasses, eggs, and gouty toes.—
[MEAGER *takes out his Hat and Breeches, the pockets and hatband rifled; they throw them in again.*
*Mea.* Hold, Pall; the exchequer is thine own: we will
Divide when thou art gracious and well pleased.
*Y. Pal.* All gold! the stalls of Lombard-street poured into a purse!

---

[28] *The Alps.*—The 4to reads *aspes.*
[29] *Aretine.*—An Italian poet, whose works were accompanied by lewd prints, of which he was the inventor. They are mentioned in *The Muse's Looking Glass*, vol. 9. p. 204.
[30] *A Pill to purge*, &c.—In the folio edition these lines were altered in this manner:
"A pill to purge the pride of pagan patches,
A lozenge for the lust of loytring love,
And balsams for the bites of Babel's beast:
With many," &c.

*Pert.* These, dear Pall, are thy brother's goodly hoards.
*Y. Pal.* Yes, and his proud flocks; but you see what they
Come to; a little room contains them all
At last: so, so, convey them in again.
Because he is my elder brother,
My mother's maidenhead, and a country wit,
He shall not be exposed to bare thighs and a
Bald crown: what noise is that?—
*[Knocking within,* PERT *looks at the Door.*
*Pert.* Death! there's old Snore
The constable, his wife, a regiment of halberds,
And Mistress Queasy too, the landlady
That owns this house.
*Mea.* Belike they've heard our friend,
The bawd, fled hence last night; and now they come
To seize on moveables for rent.
*Y. Pal.* The bed within, and the hangings that we hired
To furnish our design, are all condemned;
My brother too, they'll use him with as thin
Remorse, as an old gamester would an alderman's heir.
*Pert.* No matter, our adventure's paid; follow
Pall, and I'll lead you a back way, where you
Shall climb o'er tiles, like cats when they make love.
*Y. Pal.* Now I shall laugh at those that heap up wealth
By lazy method, and slow rules of thrift:
I'm grown the child of wit, and can advance
Myself, by being votary to chance. *[Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* SNORE, *Mrs* SNORE, QUEASY, *and Watchmen.*

*Mrs Snore.* Days o' my breath, I have not seen the like!
What would you have my husband do? 'tis past
One by Bow, and the bellman has gone twice.
*Quea.* Good Master Snore, you are the constable,
You may do it, as they say, be it right or wrong:
'Tis four years rent come Childermas-eve next.
*Snore.* You see, neighbour Queasy, the doors are open;
Here's no goods, no bawd left; I'd see the bawd.
*Mrs Snore.* Aye, or the whores: my husband's the king's officer,
And still takes care, I warrant you, of bawds
And whores; shew him but a whore at this time
O'night, good man, you bring a bed i'faith.
*Quea.* I pray, Mistress Snore, let him search the parish,
They are not gone far, I must have my rent;
I hope there are whores and bawds in the parish.
*Mrs Snore.* Search now! it is too late; a woman had
As good marry a cowlestaff as a constable,
If he must nothing but search and search, follow
His whores and bawds all day, and never comfort
His wife at night: I pr'ythee, lamb, let us to bed.
*Snore.* It must be late; for gossip Nock, the nailman,
Had catechised his maids, and sung three catches
And a song, ere we set forth.
*Quea.* Good Mistress Snore, forbear your husband but
To-night, and let the search go on.
*Mrs Snore.* I will not forbear; you might ha' let your house
To honest women, not to bawds; fie upon you.
*Quea.* Fie upon me! 'tis well known I'm the mother
Of children; scurvy fleak![31] 'tis not for nought
You boil eggs in your gruel; and your man, Sampson,
Owes my son-in-law, the surgeon, ten groats
For turpentine; which you have promised to pay
Out of his Christmas-box.
*Mrs Snore.* I defy thee.
Remember thy first calling; thou set'st up
With a peck of damsons and a new sieve;
When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the boys
Flung down thy ware.
*Snore.* Keep the peace, wife; keep the peace.
*Mrs Snore.* I will not peace; she took my silver thimble
To pawn, when I was a maid; I paid her
A penny a month use.
*Quea.* A maid! yes, sure;
By that token, goody Tongue, the midwife,
Had a dozen napkins o' your mother's best
Diaper, to keep silence; when she said
She left you at Saint Peter's fair, where you
Longed for pig.
*Snore.* Neighbour Queasy, this was not
In my time: what my wife hath done since I
Was constable, and the king's officer,
I'll answer; therefore, I say, keep the peace:
And when we've searched the two back room
I'll to bed.

---

[31] *Scurvy fleak*—A fleak of bacon, is the same as a flitch of bacon. S.

Peace, wife; not a word. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Elder* PALLATINE *clothing himself in haste.*

*E. Pal.* 'Tis time to get on wings and fly:
Here's a noise of thunder, wolves, women, drums,
All that's confused, and frights the ear. I heard
Them cry out bawds! the sweet young lady is
Surprised sure, by the nice slave her husband,
Or some old frosty matron of near kin;
And the good gentlemen she employed to me
Are tortured and called bawds. If I am ta'en,
I'll swear I purposed her conversion.

*Enter* SNORE, *Mrs* SNORE, QUEASY, *and Watchmen.*

*Snore.* Here's a room hung, and a fair bed within;
I take it there's the he-bawd too.
*Quea.* Seize on the lewd thing;
I pray, Master Snore, seize on the goods too.
*Mrs Snore.* Who would not be a bawd? they have proper men
To their husbands; and she maintains him
Like any parish deputy.
*E. Pal.* What are you?
*Snore.* I am the constable.
*E. Pal.* Good;—the constable!
I begin to stroke my long ears, and find
I am an ass: such a dull ass as deserves
Thistles for provender, and saw-dust too
Instead of grains: O I am finely gulled.
*Mrs Snore.* Truly as proper a bawd as a woman
Would desire to use.
*E. Pal.* Master constable,
Though these your squires o' the blade and bill, seem to
Be courteous gentlemen, and well taught, yet
I would know why they embrace me.
*Snore.* You owe my neighbour, Mistress Queasy, four year's rent.
*Quea.* Yes, and for three bed-ticks, and a brass pot,
Which your wife promised me to pay this term;
For now, she said, she expects her country customers.
*E. Pal.* My wife! have I been led to the altar too,
By some doughty deacon?—Ta'en woman by
The pretty thumb, and given her a ring,
With my dear self, for better and for worse,
And all in a forgotten dream?—But for whom
Do you take me?
*Snore.* For the he-bawd.
*E. Pal.* Good faith, you may as soon
Take me for a whale, which is something rare,
You know, o' this side the bridge.
*Mrs Snore.* 'Tis indeed;
Yet our Paul was in the belly of one,
In my Lord Mayor's show; and, husband, you remember,
He beckoned you out of the fish's mouth,
And you gave him a pippin; for the poor soul
Had like to have choked for very thirst.
*E. Pal.* I saw it, and cried out
O' the city, 'cause they would not be at charge
To let the fish swim in a deeper sea.
*Mrs Snore.* Indeed! why, I was but a tiny girl then;
I pray how long have you been a bawd here?
*E. Pal.* Again! how the devil
Am I changed, since my own glass rendered me
A gentleman?—Well, master constable,
Though every stall's your worship's wooden throne,
Here you are humble, and o'foot, therefore
I will put on my hat; pray reach it me—
[*Misses his diamond Hatband.*
Death! my hatband! a row of diamonds
Worth a thousand marks! nay, it is time then
To doubt, and tremble too. My gold! my gold!—
And precious stones! [*Searches his Pockets.*
*Mrs Snore.* Do you suspect my husband?
He hath no need o' your stones, I praise Heaven!
*E. Pal.* A plague upon your courteous midnight leaders!
Good silly saints, they are dividing now,
And ministering, no doubt, unto the poor.
This will decline the reputation of
My wit, till I be thought to have a less head
Than a justice o' peace. If Morglay hear't,
He'll think me dull as a Dutch mariner.
No med'cine now from thought? Good; 'tis designed.
*Snore.* Come along, 'tis late.
*E. Pal.* Whither must I go?
*Quea.* To the Compter, sir, unless my rent be paid.
*Snore.* And for being a bawd.
*E. Pal.* Confined in wainscot walls too,
Like a liquorish rat, for nibbling
Unlawfully upon forbidden cheese!
This, to the other sauce, is aloes and myrrh.—
But, master constable, do you behold this ring?
It is worth all the bells in your church-steeple,
Though your sexton and side-men hung there too,
To better the peal.
*Snore.* Well, what's your request?
*E. Pal.* Marry, that you will let me go to fetch
The bawd, the very bawd that owes this rent;
Who being brought, you shall restore my ring,
And believe me to be an arrant gentleman;
Such as in's scutcheon gives horns, hounds, and hawks,
Hunting nags, with tall eaters in blue coats,
Sans number.
*Quea.* Pray let him go, Master Snore;
We'll stay and keep the goods.
*Mrs Snore.* Yes, let him, husband;
For I would fain see a very he-bawd.
*Snore.* Come, neighbours, light him out.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE, AMPLE, PERT, LUCY, GINET, ENGINE, *with Lights.*

*Amp.* A forest full of palms, thy lover, Luce,
Merits in garlands for his victory.

I'm wild with joy! why there was wit enough
In this design to bring a ship o' fools,[32]
To shore again, and make them all good pilots.
*Y. Pal.* Madam, this gentleman deserves to share
In your kind praise; he was a merry agent
In the whole plot, and would exalt himself
To your ladyship's service: if you please,
For my humble sake, unto your lip too.
[PERT *salutes her.*
*Amp.* Sir, you are friend to Palatine,
And that entitles you unto much worth.
*Pert.* The title will be bettered, madam, when I am become a servant to your beauty.
*Lucy.* Why your confederate Pert, is courtly too;
He will out-tongue a favourite of France:
But didst thou leave thy brother surfeiting
On lewd hopes?
*Y. Pal.* He believes all womankind
Dressed, and ordained for the mercy of his tooth.
*Amp.* And now lies stretched in his smooth slippery sheets?
*Y. Pal.* O, like a wanton snake on camomile;
And rifled to so sad remains of wealth,
That, if his resolution still disdain
Supplyment from his lands, and he resolve
To live here by his wits, he will, ere long,
Betroth himself to radish-women for
Their roots, pledge children in their sucking-bottles,
And, in dark winter mornings, rob small school-boys
Of their honey and their bread.
*Pert.* Faith, Meager and I used him with as much
Remorse as our occasions could allow:
'Las, he must think we shreds of time
Have our occasions too.
*Y. Pal.* What, madam, need he care?
For let him but prove kind unto his bulls,
Bring them their heifers when their crests are high;
Stroke his fair ewes, and pimp a little for
His rams, they straight will multiply; and then
The next great fair prepares him fit again
For the city's view, and our surprise.
*Amp.* Why this, young gentleman, hath relish in't:
Yet when you understand the dark and deep
Contrivements which myself, Engine, and Luce,
Have laid for this great witty villager,
To whom you bow, as foremost of your blood,
You will degrade yourselves from all prerogatives
Above our sex, and all those pretty marks
Of manhood (your trim beards) singe off with tapers,
As a just sacrifice to our supremacy.
*Lucy.* If Sir Tyrant Thrift, your phlegmatic guardian,
Leave but this mansion our's till the next sun,
We'll make your haughty brother tremble at
The name of woman, and blush behind a fan,
Like a yawning bride that hath foul teeth.
*Eng.* Madam, 'tis time you were a-bed; for sure, besides
The earnest invitation which I left
Writ in his chamber, these afflictions will
Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither
To recover his sick hopes.

*Enter* MEAGER.

*Y. Pal.* Meager! what news? Madam, the homage of
Your lip again: a man o' war, believ't;
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe;
Seen Spinola[33] entrenched; sometimes hath spread
His butter at the state's charge; sometimes too
Fed on a sallad that hath grown upon
The enemy's own land: but, pardon me,
Without or oil, or vinegar.
*Amp.* Sir, men in choler may do any thing.
*Mea.* Your ladyship will excuse his new plenty;
It hath made him pleasant.
*Y. Pal.* Meager! what news? how do our spies prosper?
*Mea.* Sir, rare discoveries! I've traced your brother;
You shall hear more anon.
*Gin.* Your ladyship forgets how early your
Designs will waken you.
*Eng.* Madam, I'd fain be
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest.
*Amp.* 'Tis late, indeed; the silence of the night,
And sleep be with you, gentlemen!
[*Exeunt* AMPLE, GINET, ENGINE.
*Y. Pal.* Madam, good night: but our heads never were
Ordained to so much trivial leisure as
To sleep; you may as soon entreat
A sexton sleep in's belfry when the plague reigns;
An aged sinner in a tempest; or
A jealous statesman when his prince is dying.
*Lucy.* Pray dismiss your friends, I would speak with you.

---

[32] *A ship o' fools*—Alluding to the title of an allegorical poem, translated from the High Dutch by Alexander Barclay, priest and chaplain in the college of Saint Mary Otery, in the county of Devon, and *published in folio by Richard Pinson, 1508. It* "professes," says Mr Warton, "to ridicule the vices *and absurdities of all ranks of men. The language is tolerably pure: but it has nothing of the invention* and pleasantry which the plan seems to promise; neither of which, however, could be expected, if we consider its original."—*Observations on Spenser*, Vol. II. p. 106.

[33] *Seen Spinola*—See note 21, p. 241.

*Y. Pal.* Men o' the puissant pike, follow the lights. [*Exeunt* MEAGER, PERT.

*Lucy.* Pall, you are as good-natured to me, Pall,
As the wife of a silenced minister
Is to a monarchy, or to lewd gallants,
That have lost a nose.

*Y. Pal.* And why so, dame Luce?

*Lucy.* So many yellow images at once
Assembled in your fist, and jewels too
Of goodly price, all this free booty got
In lawful war, and I no tribute, Pall?

*Y. Pal.* What need it, Luce? a virgin may live cheap:
Th' are maintained with as small charge as a wren
With maggots, in a cheesemonger's shop.

*Lucy.* Well, Pall, and yet you know all my extremes;
How for a little taffata to line
A mask, I'm fain to mollify my mercer
With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush;
To sigh unto my milliner for gloves,
That they may trust, and not complain unto my aunt,
Who is as jealous of me as their wives; and all
Through your demeanor, Pall; whose kindness, I
Perceive, will raise me to such dignity,
That I must teach children in a dark cellar,
Or work coifs in a garret, for cracked groats
And broken meat.

*Y. Pal.* Luce, I will give thee, Luce, to buy—

*Lucy.* What, Pall?

*Y. Pal.* An ounce of ars'nick to mix in thy aunt's candles:
This aunt I must see cold and grinning, Luce,
Sealed to her last wink, as if she closed her eyes
To avoid the sight of feathers, coaches, and short cloaks.

*Lucy.* How many angels of your family
Are there in heaven? but few, I fear; and how
You'll be the first, that shall entitle them
To such high calling, is to me a doubt.

*Y. Pal.* Why is there never a pew there, Luce, but for
Your coughing aunt and you?

*Lucy.* Hadst thou eyes like flaming beacons, crooked horns,
A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven,
Thou couldst not be more a fiend than thou art now;
But to advance thy sins with being hard,
And costive unto me!

*Y. Pal.* You lye, Luce! you lye! [*Flings her a Purse.*
There's gold; the fairies are thy mintmen, girl;
Of this thou shalt have store enough to make
The hungry academics mention thee
In evening lectures, with applause and prayer:
A foundress thou shalt be.

*Lucy.* Of hospitals,
For your decayed self, Meager, and Pert,
Those wealthy usurers, your poor friends.

*Y. Pal.* A nunnery, Luce, where all the female issue
Of our decayed nobility shall live
Thy pensioners: it will preserve them from
Such want, as makes them quarter arms with the city,
And match with saucy haberdashers' sons,
Whose fathers lived in allies and dark lanes.

*Lucy.* Good night, Pall; your gold I'll lay up, though but
To encounter the next surgeon's bill; yet know,
Our wits are plowing too, and in a ground
That yields as fair a grain as this.

*Y. Pal.* Farewell, and let me hear thy aunt is stuck
With more bay leaves and rosemary than a
Westphalia gammon. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Elder* PALLATINE, *and* THWACK, *dressing himself.*

*E. Pal.* Quick, dispatch, knight; thou art as tedious in
Thy dressing as a court bride; two ships might
Be rigged for the Streights in less space than thou
Careenest that same old hulk: Can it be thought
That one so filled with hope and wise designs
Could be subdued with sleep? what! dull and drousy?
Keep earlier hours than a roost hen in winter?

*Thwack.* Pallatine, the design grew all dream, magic,
And alchymy to me; I gave it lost.
Clove to my soft pillow like a warm justice,
And slept there with less noise than a dead lawyer
In a monument.

*E. Pal.* This is the house; dispatch, that I may knock.

*Thwack.* 'Slight, stay; thou think'st I've the dexterity
Of a spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch
On his left ear, and stretching his hind legs,
Is ready for all day: O for the Biscayn sleeve,
And Bulloign hose, I wore when I was sheriff
In eighty-eight!

*E. Pal.* Faith thou art comely, knight;
And I already see the town girls melt,
And thaw before thee.

*Thwack.* We must be content:
Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs
In the same skin that nature bestows upon them,
Be it rough or be it smooth; for my part,
If she to whom you lead me now, like not
The grain of mine, I will not flea myself
To humour the touch of her ladyship's fingers.

*E. Pal.* Well I had thought to have carried it with youth;
But when I came to greet her beauties with
The eyes of love and wonder, she despised me,
Rebuked those haughty squires, her servants, that

Conveyed me thither in mistake, and cried,
She meant the more authentic gentleman,
The reverend monsieur, she.
*Thwack.* The reverend monsieur!
Why, does she take me for a French dean?
*E. Pal.* Her confessor, at least: her secrets are
Thine own; but by what charms attained,
Let him determine that has read Agrippa.[34]
*Thwack.* Charms! yes, sir, if this be a charm — or this — [*Leaps and frisks.*
Or here again, to advance the activity
Of a poor old back.
*E. Pal.* No ape, Sir Morglay,
After a year's obedience to the whip,
Is better qualified.
*Thwack.* Limber, and sound, sir!
Besides, I sing Little Musgrove;[35] and then
For the Chevy Chase, no lark comes near me:
If she be ta'en with these, why, at her peril be it.
*E. Pal.* Come, sir, dispatch; I'll knock, for here's the house.
*Thwack.* Stay, stay; this lane, sure, has no great renown;
The house too, if the moon reveal't aright,
May for its small magnificence, be left,
For aught we know, out of the city map.
*E. Pal.* Therein consists the miracle; and when
The doors shall ope, and thou behold how lean
And ragged every room appears, till thou
Hast reached the sphere where she illustrious moves,
Thy wonder will be more perplexed; for know,
This mansion is not her's, but a concealed
Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose
To hide her loose love.
*Thwack.* Give me a baggage that has brains!— but, Pallatine,
Did not I at first persuade thee, those two
Trim gentlemen, her squires, might happily
Mistake the person unto whom the message was
Disposed; and that myself was he?
*E. Pal.* Thou didst; and thou hast got, knight by this hand,
I think, the Mogul's niece; she cannot be
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of
Her port denote her foreign, and of great blood.
*Thwack.* What should the Mogul's niece do here?
*E. Pal.* Alas, thy ears are buried in a wool-sack;
Thou hear'st no news: 'tis all the voice in court,
That she is sent hither in disguise, to learn
To play on the guittar, and make almond-butter.
But whither this great lady that I bring
Thee to, be she, is yet not quite confirmed.
*Thwack.* Thou talk'st o' the high and strange comportment that
Thou found'st her in.
*E. Pal.* Right, sir; she sat on a rich Persian quilt,
Threading a carckanet of pure round pearl,
Bigger than pigeons' eggs.
*Thwack.* Those I will sell.
*E. Pal.* Her maids with little rods of rose-mary,
And stalks of lavender, were brushing ermines' skins.
*Thwack.* Furs for the winter; I'll line my breeches with them.
*E. Pal.* Her young smooth pages lay round at her feet,
Clothed like the sophy's sons, and all at dice;
The caster six wedges a cubit long,
Cries one; another comes, a tun of pistolets,
And then is covered with an argosie
Laden with indigo and cochineal.
*Thwack.* This must be the great Mogul's niece.
*E. Pal.* As for her grooms, they all were planted on
Their knees, carousing their great lady's health
In perfumed wines, and then straight qualified
Their wild voluptuous heats with cool sherbet,
The Turk's own julep.
*Thwack.* Knock, Pallatine;
Quick, rogue; I cannot hold: little thought I
The Thwacks of the north should inoculate
With the Moguls of the south!
[PALLATINE *knocks.*

*Enter* SNORE.

*E. Pal.* Speak softly, master constable; I've brought
The very he-bawd.
*Snore.* Blessing on your heart, sir!
My watch are above at Trea Trip,[36] for a
Black pudding and a pound of Suffolk cheese;
They'll ha' done straight: pray fetch him to me,
I'll call them down, and lead him to a by-room.
*Thwack.* Pallatine, what's he?
*E. Pal.* The lady's stewart, sir,
A sage philosopher, and a grave pander.
One that hath writ bawdy sonnets in Hebrew,
And those so well, that if the rabbins were
Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their wives.
Follow me, knight.
*Thwack.* Pallatine,
Half the large treasure that I get is your's.
*E. Pal.* Good faith, my friend, when you are once possessed
Of all, 'tis as your conscience will vouchsafe.

---

[34] *Agrippa*—*Cornelius Agrippa*, who wrote concerning wonderful secrets, &c. S.
[35] *Little Musgrove.*—See the ballad in Dr *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. p. 61.
[36] *Trea Trip.*—A vulgar game.

*Thwack.* Do'st thou suspect? I'll stay here till thou fetch
A bible and a cushion, and swear kneeling.
*E. Pal.* My faith shall rather cozen me; walk in
With this philosopher—No words, for he's
A Pythagorean,[37] and professes silence.
My ring, master constable——
[SNORE *gives him his Ring, and then exit with* THWACK.
Here yet my reputation's safe: should he
Have heard of my mischance, and not accompanied
With this defeat upon hismelf, his mirth
And tyranny had been 'bove human sufferance.
Now for the Lady Ample; she, I guess,
Looks on me with strong fervent eyes: she's rich,
And could I work her into profit, 'twould
Procure my wit immortal memory;
But to be gull'd! and by such trifles too,
Dull humble gentlemen, that ne'er drunk wine
But on some coronation-day, when each
Conduit pisses claret at the town charge.
Well; though 'tis worse than steel or marble to
Digest, yet I have learned,——One stop in a
Career, taints not a rider with disgrace;
But may procure him breath to win the race.
[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE, ENGINE, MEAGER, PERT; PALLATINE *richly clothed.*

*Eng.* Your brother's in the house; the letter which
I sent to tempt him hither, wrought above
The reach of our desires: My lady, sir,
He does believe is sick to death, and all
In languishment for his dear love.
*Y. Pal.* Pert and Meager, though you have both good faces,
They must not be seen here; there is below
A brother of mine, whom, I take it, you
Have used not over tenderly.
*Mea.* 'Slight, he must needs remember us.
*Pert.* We'll sooner stay to out-face a basilisk.
Whither shall we go?
*Y. Pal.* To Snore the constable; Morglay is still
A prisoner in his house; take order for's
Release, as I projected; but do you hear?
He must not free him till I come.
*Pert.* Pall, will the dull ruler of the night, Pall,
Obey thy edict?
*Y. Pal.* His wife will, and she's his constable;
Name me but to her, and she does homage.
*Mea.* Enough, we will attend thee there.
*Eng.* This way, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* ENGINE, PERT, MEAGER

*Enter Elder* PALLATINE.

*E. Pal.* What's this? an apparition, a ghost embroidered?
Sure he has got the devil for his tailor.
*Y. Pal.* Good morrow, brother, morrow.
*E. Pal.* You are in glory, sir; I like this flourishing.
The lily, too, looks handsome for a month;
But you, I hope, will last out the whole year.
*Y. Pal.* What flourishing? O sir, belike you mean
My clothes; they are rags, coarse homely rags, believ't;
Yet they will serve for the winter, sir, when I
Ride post in Sussex ways.
*E. Pal.* This gaiety denotes
Some solitary treasure in the pocket,
And so you may become a lender too;
You know I'm far from home.
*Y. Pal.* I'll lend nothing but good counsel and wit.
*E. Pal.* Why sure you have no factors, sir, in Delph,
Leghorn, Aleppo, or the Venetian Isles,
That by their traffic can advance you thus;
Nor do you trade in the city by retail
In our small wares; all that you get by law,
Is but a doleful execution
After arrest; and for your power in court,
I know, your stockings being on, you are
Admitted in the presence.
*Y. Pal.* What does this infer, br
Men of design are chary of their minutes;
Be quick and subtle.
*E. Pal.* The inference is,
You prosper by my documents; and what
You have achieved, must be by your good wits.
*Y. Pal.* If you had had a Sybil to your nurse,
You could not, sir, have aimed nearer the truth.
I saw your ears and bags were shut to all
Intents of bounty, therefore was enforced
Into this way: and 'twas at first somewhat
Against my conscience too.
*E. Pal.* If not to vex
The zealous spirit in you, I would know *why*?
*Y. Pal.* Good faith, *I've searched records*, and cannot find
That Magna Charta *does* allow a subject

---

37 *A Pythagorean.*—Alluding to the seven years silence imposed by Pythagoras on his disciples.

To live by his wits: there is no statute for't.
*E. Pal.* Your common lawyer was no antiquary.
*Y. Pal.* And then, credit me, sir, the canons of
The church authorise no such thing.
*E. Pal.* You have met with a dull civilian too.
*Y. Pal.* Yet, brother, these impediments cannot
Choke up my way; I must still on.
*E. Pal.* And you believe the stories of young heirs
Enforced to sign at midnight, to appease
The sword-man's wrath, may be out-done by you.
*Y. Pal.* I were unkind else to my own good parts.
*E. Pal.* And that your wit has power to tempt from the
Severe, grave bench, the aldermen themselves,
To rifle where you please, for scarfs, feathers,
And for race nags.
*Y. Pal.* It is believed, sir, in a trice.
*E. Pal.* And that your wit can lead our reverend matrons,
And testy widows of fourscore, to seal
(And in their smocks) for frail commodities
To elevate your punk.
*Y. Pal.* All this, sir, is so easy,
My faith would swallow't though't had a sore throat.
*E. Pal.* Give me thy hand. This day I'll cut off the entail
Of all my lands, and disinherit thee.
*Y. Pal.* Will you, sir? I thank ye.
*E. Pal.* But mark me, brother; for there's justice in't
Admits of no reproof: what should you do
With land, that have a portion in your brain
Above all legacies or heritage?
*Y. Pal.* I conceive you.
*E. Pal.* O to live here in the fair metropolis
Of our great isle, a free inheritor
Of every modest, or voluptuous wish
Thy young desires can breathe; and not obliged
To the plow-man's toils, or lazy reaper's sweat;
To make the world thy farm, and every man
Less witty than thyself, tenant for life;
These are the glories that proclaim a true
Philosophy and soul, in him that climbs
To reach them with neglect of fame and life.
*Y. Pal.* He carries it bravely: As he had felt
Nothing that fits his own remorse: but know,
Sir Eagle, the higher that you fly, the less
You will appear to us, dim-sighted fowl,
That flutter here below.—Brother, farewell,
They say the lady of this house groans for
Your love; the tame sick fool is rich, let not
Your pride beguile your profit. [*Exit.*
*E. Pal.* I suspect him. Not all the skill I have
In reason or in nature, can pronounce
Him free from the defeat upon my gold
And jewels; 'twas like a brother: but for
His two confederates, though I should meet
Them in a mist, darker than night or southern fens
Produce, my eyes would be so courteous, sure,
To let me know them.

*Enter* AMPLE, *carried in as sick on a Couch;* LUCY, ENGINE, GINET.

*Eng.* Room! more air! if heavenly ministers
Have leisure to consider or assist
The best of ladies, let them shew it now!
*Lucy.* How do you, madam? Oh, I shall lose
The chief example of internal love,
Of gentle grace and feature, that the world
Did ever shew, to dignify our sex.
*Eng.* Work on; I must stand sentinel beneath. [*Exit.*
*E. Pal.* Is her disease grown up to such extremity?
Then it is time I seem to suffer too,
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than she.
*Lucy.* More cruel than the panther on his prey,
Why speak you not? no comfort from your lips?
You, sir, that are the cause of this sad hour.
*Gin.* He stands as if his legs had taken root;
A very mandrake.[38]
*E. Pal.* How comes it, lady, all these beauties that
But yesterday did seem to teach
The spring to flourish and rejoice, so soon
Are withered from our sight.
*Amp.* It is in vain to inquire the reason of
That grief, whose remedy is past: had you
But felt so much remorse, or softness in
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just
And pitiful, the mourners of this day
Had wanted then their dead to weep upon.
*E. Pal.* Am I the cause? forbid it, gentle Heaven!
The virgins of our land, when this is told,
Will raise the monumental building where
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust
Before the sportive winds, till I am blown
About in parcels, less than eye-sight can
Discern.
*Lucy.* She listens to you, sir.
*E. Pal.* If I am guilty of neglect,
Give me a taste of duty, name how far
I shall submit to love: the mind hath no
Desease above recovery, if we
Have courage to remove despair.

---

[38] *A very mandrake.*—A plant which is said to possess the figure of man.

*Amp.* O sir, the pride and scorns with which you first
Did entertain my passions and regard,
Have worn my easy heart away; my breast
Is emptier than mine eyes, that have distilled
Their balls to funeral dew. It is too late.
*Lucy.* Ginet, my fears have in them too much prophecy;
I told thee she would ne'er recover.
*Gin.* For my poor part, I wish no easier bed
At night than the cold grave where she must lie.
*Amp.* Luce, Luce! intreat the gentleman to sit.
*Lucy.* Sit near her, sir; you hear her voice grows weak.
*Amp.* That you may see your scorns could not persuade
My love to thoughts of danger or revenge,
The faint remainder of my breath I'll waste
In legacies, and, sir, to you; you shall
Have all the laws will suffer me to give.
*E. Pal.* Who, I? sweet saint, take heed of your last deeds;
Your bounty carries cunning murder in't;
I shall be killed with kindness, and depart
Weeping, like a fond infant, whom the nurse
Would sooth too early to his bed.
*Lucy.* Nay, sir, no remedy; you must have all.
Though you procured her death, the world shall not
Report she died beholden to you.
*Gin.* Go to her, sir, she'll speak with you again.
*Amp.* Sir, if mine eyes, in all their health and glory,
Had not the power to warm you into love,
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have
Almost forgot the benefit of light?
*E. Pal.* Not love! lady! Queen of my heart! what oaths
Or execrations can persuade your faith
From such a cruel jealousy?
*Amp.* I'd have some testimony, sir; if but
To assure the world, my love, and bounty at
My death, were both conferred on one that shew'd
So much requital, as declares he was
Of gentle human race.
*E. Pal.* What shall I do?
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as those
Which midnight fires beget in cities overgrown,
Or winter storms produce at sea; and try
How far my love will make me venture to
Augment the esteem of your's.
*Amp.* That trial of your love which I request,
Implies no danger, sir; 'tis not in me
To urge any thing, but what your own desires
Would chuse.
*E. Pal.* Name it: like eager mastiffs, chained
From the encounter of their game, my hot
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength.
*Amp.* 'Tis only this; for fear some other should
Enjoy you when I am cold in my last sleep,
I would intreat you to sit here, grow sick,
Languish, and die with me.
*E. Pal.* How! die with you!
[*Takes* LUCY *aside.*
'Twere fit you hastened her to write down all
She can bestow, and in some form of law:
I fear she's mad; her senses are so lost,
She'll never find them to her use again.
*Lucy.* I pray sir, why?
*E. Pal.* Did you not hear what a fantastic suit
She makes, that I would sit and *die with her?*
*Lucy.* Does this request seem *strange? you* will do little
For a lady, that deny to bring her
Onward her last journey; or *is't your thrift?*
Alas, you know, souls travel without charge.
*E. Pal.* Her little skull is tainted too.
*Amp.* Is he not willing, Luce?
*E. Pal.* My best, dear lady, I am willing to
Resign myself to any thing but death.
Do not suspect my kindness now: *in troth*
I've business upon earth, will hold me here
At least a score or two of years; but, when
That's done, I am content to follow you.
*Amp.* If this persuasion cannot reach at your
Consent, yet let me witness so much love
In you, as may enforce your languish and
Decay, for my departure from your sight.
*Lucy.* Can you do less than languish for her death?
Sit down here and begin; true sorrow, sir,
If you have any in your breast, will quickly
Bring you low enough.
*E. Pal.* Alas, good ladies, do you think my languishment
And grief is to begin upon me now?
Heaven knows how I have pined and groaned, since first
Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause.
*Lucy.* It is not seen, sir, in your face.
*E Pal.* My face! I grant you, I bate inwardly;
I'm scorched and dried, with sighing, to a mummy:
My heart and liver are not big enough
To choke a daw. A lamb laid on the altar for
A sacrifice hath much more entrails in't.
*Lucy.* Yet still your sorrow alters not your face.
*E. Pal.* Why no, I say; no man that ever was
Of nature's making, hath a face moulded
With less help for hypocrisy than mine.
*Gin.* Great pity, sir.
*E. Pal.* Though I endured the diet and the flux,
Lay seven days buried up to the lips like a
Diseased sad Indian, in warm sand, whilst his
Afflicted female wipes his salt foam off
With her own hair, feeds him with buds of guacum
For his sallad, and pulp of salsa for
His bread: I say, all this endured, would not
Concern my face. Nothing can decline that.
*Amp.* Yet you are used, sir, to bate inwardly?

*E. Pal.* More than heirs unlanded, or unjointured wives.

*Enter* ENGINE.

*Eng.* What shall we do? Sir Tyrant Thrift's come home.

*E. Pal.* Sir Tyrant Thrift!

*Lucy.* My lady's guardian, sir.

*Amp.* He meets the expected hour, just to my wish.

*Lucy.* What, hath he brought a husband for my lady?

*Eng.* There is a certain one-legged gentleman,
Whose better half of limbs is wood; for whom
Kind nature did provide no hands to prevent
Stealing; and, to augment his gracefulness,
He's crooked as a witches pin.

*Lucy.* Is he so much wood?

*Eng.* So much, that if my lady were in health,
And married to him, as her guardian did
Propose, we should have an excellent generation
Of bed-staves.

*Lucy.* When does he come?

*Eng.* To-night, if his slow litter will consent;
For they convey him tenderly, lest his
Sharp bones should grate together. Sir Pallatine,
I wish you could escape my master's sight.

*E. Pal.* Is he coming hither?

*Eng.* He's at the door. My lady's sickness was
No sooner told him, but he streight projects
To proffer her a will of his own making:
He means, sir, to be heir of all. If he
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyalty,
And doubt you for some cunning instrument,
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes.

*E. Pal.* Then I'll be gone.

*Eng.* No, sir; he needs must meet you in
Your passage down; besides, it is not fit
For you, and your great hopes, with my dependency
On both, to have you absent when my lady dies;
I know you must have all. Sir, I could wish
That we might hide you here.—
Draw out the chest within, that's big enough
To hold you; it were dangerous to have
My lady's guardian to find you, sir.

[*They draw in a Chest.*

*E. Pal.* How! laid up like a brush'd gown, under lock
And key! by this good light, not I.

*Lucy.* O sir, if but to save the honour of
Your mistress' fame: what will he think to see
So comely and so streight a gentleman
Converse here with a lady in her chamber?
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too,
When he's from home?

*E. Pal.* I hate inclosure, I;
It is the humour of a distress'd rat.

*Gin.* It is retirement, sir; and you'll come forth
Again so sage!

*Amp.* Sir Pallatine!

*Lucy.* Your lady calls, sir; to her, and be kind.

*Amp.* Will you permit the last of all my hour
Should be defiled with infamy, proclaimed
By lewder tongues to be unchaste, even at
My death? What will my guardian guess, to find
You here?

*E. Pal.* No more, I'll in; but think on't, gentle lady;
First to bate inwardly, and then to have
My outward person shut thus and enclosed
From day-light, and your company; I say,
But think, it't be not worse than death.

[*He enters the Chest.*

*Amp.* Lock him up, Luce, safe as thy maidenhead.

*Enter Sir Tyrant* THRIFT.

*Thrift.* Engine, where's my charge, Engine, my dear charge?

*Eng.* Sick, as I told you, sir; and lost to all
The hope that earthly med'cine can procure;
Her physicians have taken their last fees,
And then went hence shaking their empty heads,
As they had left less brain than hope.

*Thrift.* Alas, poor charge! come, let me see her, Engine.

*Lucy.* At distance, sir, I pray; for I have heard
Your breath is somewhat sour with overfasting, sir,
On holiday eves.

*Thrift.* Ha! what is she, Engine?

*Eng.* A pure good soul, one that your ward desired,
For love and kindred's sake, to have near her at
Her death; she'll outwatch a long rush candle,
And reads to her all night the posy of
Spiritual flowers.

*Thrift.* Does she not gape for legacies?

*Eng.* Fie, no; there's a cornelian ring, perhaps,
She aims at, cost ten groats; or a wrought smock,
My lady made now 'gainst her wedding, sir;
Trifles, which maids desire to weep upon
With funeral tales, after a midnight posset.

*Thrift.* Thou said'st below, she hath made me her heir.

*Eng.* Of all, even to her slippers and her pins.

*Amp.* Luce, methought, Luce, I heard my guardian's voice.

*Eng.* It seems her senses are grown warm again;
Your presence will recover her.

*Thrift.* Will it recover her? then I'll be gone.

*Eng.* No, sir; she'll streight grow cold again.
On, on;
She looks that you would speak to her.

*Thrift.* Alas, poor charge! I little thought to see
This doleful day!

*Amp.* We all are mortal, sir.

*Thrift.* I've taken care and labour to provide
A husband for thee; he's in's litter now,
Hastening to town; a fine young gentleman,
Only a little rumpled in the womb,

With falls his mother took after his making.
*Amp.* Death is my husband now; but yet I thank
You for your tender pains, and wish you would
Continue it, in quiet governing my legacies.
When I am past the power to see it, sir,
You shall enjoy all.
*Thrift.* This will occasion more church building,
And raising of new hospitals; there were
Enow before; but, Charge, you'll have it so.
*Amp.* I'll make, sir, one request; which I have hope
You'll grant, in thankfulness to all my bounty.
*Thrift.* O, dear Charge! any thing: your cousin here
Shall witness the consent and act.
*Amp.* Because I would not have my vanities
Remain, as fond examples, to persuade
An imitation in those ladies that
Succeed my youthful pride i' the town: my plumes,
Fantastic flowers, and chains; my haughty rich
Embroideries, my gaudy gowns, and wanton jewels,
I have locked within a chest.
*Lucy.* There, sir, there the chest stands.
*Amp.* And I desire it may be buried with me.
*Thrift.* Engine, take care, Engine, to see it done.
*Amp.* Now, sir, I beseech you leave me: for 'twill
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to
Continue my converse with one I so
Much love, and must forsake at last.
*Thrift.* Alack, alack!—Bury her to-night, Engine.
*Eng.* Not, sir, unless she dies. Her ancestors
Have sojourned long here in St Barthol'mews,
And there's a vault i' the parish church, kept only
For her family; she must be buried there.
*Thrift.* Aye, Engine, aye: and, let me see; the church,
Thou know'st, joins to my house; a good prevention.
From a large walk; 'twill save the charge of torch-light.
*Eng.* What funeral guests? the neighbours, sir, will look
To be invited.
*Thrift.* No more than will suffice
To carry down the corpse; and, thou know'st, Engine,
She is no great weight.
*Eng.* And what to entertain them, sir?
*Thrift.* A little rosemary, which thou may'st steal
From the Temple garden; and as many comfits
As might serve to christen a watchman's bastard:
'Twill be enough.
*Eng.* This will not do; your citizen
Is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plumbs:
Six will destroy as many as can make
A banquet for an army.
*Thrift.* I'll have no more, Engine,
I'll have no more: nor, d' you hear, no burnt wine;
I do not like this drinking healths to the memory
O' the dead; it is prophane.
*Eng.* You are obeyed:
But, sir, let me advise you now, to trust
The care and benefit of all your fate
Presents you in this house, to my discretion;
And get you instantly to horse again.
*Thrift.* Why, Engine? speak.
*Eng.* In brief: you know, that all
The writings which concern your ward's estate
Lie at her lawyer's, fifteen miles from hence.
Your credit, he not knowing, sir, she's sick,
Will easily tempt them to your own possession:
Which, once enjoyed, you're free from all litigious suits
His envy might incense her kindred to.
*Thrift.* Enough, Engine; I am gone.
*Eng.* If you should meet the crooked lover in
His litter, sir, (as 'tis your own road)
You may persuade him move like a crab, backward;
For here's no mixture but with worms.
*Thrift.* 'Tis well thought on, Engine; farewell, Engine:
Be faithful, and be rich.
*Eng.* My breeding and
Good-manners, sir, teach me t'attend your bounty.
*Thrift.* But, Engine, I could wish she would be sure
To die to-night.
*Eng.* Alas, good soul! I'll undertake
She shall do any thing to please you, sir.
[*Exit* THRIFT.
*Amp.* Engine, thou hast wrought above the power
Of accident or art.
*Eng.* If you consider't with a just
And lib'ral brain: first, to prevent
The access and tedious visits of the fiend,
His love-sick monster; and then rid him hence
Upon a journey, to preserve this house
Empty, and free to celebrate the rest
Of our designs.
*Lucy.* This, Engine, is thy holiday.—
[LUCY *knocks at the Chest.*
What hoa! Sir Pallatine, are you within?
*E. Pal.* Is Sir Tyrant Thrift gone? open, lady, open.
*Lucy.* The casement, sir, I will a little, to
Increase your witship's allowance of air;
[*Opens a wicket at the end of the Chest.*
But th' troth, for liberty of limbs, you may
As soon expect it in a galley, sir,
After six murders and a rape.
*E. Pal.* How! lady of the lawn?
*Lucy.* Sir Launcelot,
You may believ't, if your discreet faith please.
This tenement is cheap; here you shall dwell,
Keep home, and be no wanderer.
*E. Pal.* The pox take me if I like this; sure, when

Th' advice of th' ancients is but asked, they'll say
I am now worse than in the state of a bawd.
*Eng.* D' you know this lady, sir?
*E. Pal.* The Lady Ample!
Her veil's off too, and in the lusty garb
Of health and merriment! Now shall I grow
As modest as a snail, that in's affliction
Shrinks up himself and's horns into his shell,
Ashamed still to be seen.
*Amp.* Couldst thou believe,
Thou bearded babe, thou dull ingenderer,
Male rather in the back than in the brain,
That I could sicken for thy love? for the cold
Society of a thin northern wit? [E. PAL. *sings.*
E. Pal. *Then Trojans*[39] *wail, with great remorse,*
*The Greeks are locked i' the wooden horse.*

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE.

*Lucy.* Pall, come in, Pall, 'tis done; the spacious man
Of land is now contented with his own length.
*Amp.* Your brother's come to see you, sir.
*E. Pal.* Brother! mad girls these! couldst thou believ't, sirrah?
I am coffined up like a salmon pie,
New sent from De'nshire for a token. Come,
Break up the chest.
*Y. Pal.* Stay, brother; whose chest is it?
*E. Pal.* Thou'lt ask more questions than a constable
In's sleep; pr'ythee dispatch.
*Y. Pal.* Brother, I can
But mark the malice and the envy of
Your nature; I am no sooner exalted
To rich possessions and a glorious mein,
But straight you tempt me to a forfeiture
Of all; to commit felony, break open chests.
*E. Pal.* O for Dame Patience, the fool's mistress!
*Y. Pal.* Brother, you have prayed well; Heaven send her you:
You must forsake your own fair fertile soil,
To live here by your wits.
*Lucy.* And dream, sir, of
Enjoying goodly ladies six yards high,
With satin trains behind them, ten yards long.
*Amp.* Clothed all in purple, and embroidered with
Embossments wrought in imagery, the works
Of the ancient poets drawn into similitude,
And cunning shape.
*Gin.* And this attained, sir, by your wits.
*Y. Pal.* Nothing could please your haughty palate, but
The muscatelli, and Frontiniac grape;
Your Turin and your Tuscan veal; with red
Legged partridge of the Genoa hills.
*Eng.* With your broad liver o' the Venetian goose,
Fattened by a Jew; and your aged carp,
Bred i' the Geneva lake.
*Amp. Lucy, Gin.* All this maintained, sir, by your wits.
*Eng.* And then you talked, sir, of your snails ta'en from
The dewy marble quarries of Carrara,
And soused in Lucca oil; with cream of Switzer land,
And Genoa paste.
*Y. Pal.* Your angelots of Brie;[40]
Your Marsolini, and Parmasan of Lodi;
Your Malamucka melons, and Cicilian dates;
And then to close your proud voluptuous maw,
Marmalade, made by the cleanly nuns of Lisbon.
*Amp. Lucy. Gin.* And still thus feasted by your wits.
*E. Pal.* Deafened with tyranny! is there no end?
*Amp.* Yes, sir, an end of you; you shall be now
Conveyed into a close dark vault; there keep
My silent grandsire company, and all
The music of your groans engross to your own ears.
*E. Pal.* How! buried, and alive!
*Y. Pal.* Brother, your hand.——
Farewell; I'm for the north: the fame of this
Your voluntary death, will there be thought
Pure courtesy to me; I mean to take
Possession, sir, and patiently converse
With all those hinds, those herds, and flocks,
That you disdained in fulness of your wit.
*Lucy.* Help, Pall, to carry him; he takes it heavily.
*E. Pal.* I'll not endur't:—fire! murder! fire! treason!
Murder! treason! fire!
*Amp.* Alas, you are not heard;
The house contains none but ourselves.
[*Exeunt, carrying out the Chest.*

*Enter* THWACK, PERT, MEAGER.

*Pert.* We bring you, sir, commends from Pallatine.
*Thwack.* I had as lieve y' had brought it from the devil,
Together with his horns boiled to a jelly,
For a cordial against lust.
*Mea.* We mean the Younger Pallatine; one, sir,
That loves your person, and laments this chance,

---

[39] *Then Trojans, &c.*—Two lines of an ancient ballad.

[40] *Your angelots of Brie*—Skinner, in his Etymologicon, *voce* Angelot, says, that the cheese known by that name is brought from Normandy; and he supposes it to have been so called from some person of the name of Angelot or Angelo, who first made, and perhaps impressed it with his own name, or mark.

Which his false brother hath exposed you to.
*Pert.* And, as we told you, sir, by his command,
We have compounded with the constable,
In whose dark house you're now a prisoner.
But, sir, take't on my faith, you must disburse;
For gold is a restorative, as well
To liberty as health.[41]
*Thwack.* And you believe,
It seems, that your small, tiny officer
Will take his unction in the palm, as lovingly
As your exalted grandee, that awes all
With hideous voice and face?
*Pert.* Even so the moderns render it.
*Thwack.* But, gentlemen, you ask a hundred pounds;
'Tis all I've left.
*Pert.* Sir, do but think what a
Prodigious blemish it will be, both to
Your ingenuity and fame, to be
Betrayed by one, that is believed no wittier than
Yourself, and lie imprisoned for a bawd.
*Thwack.* Sir, name it not; you kill me through the ear!
I'd rather, sir, you'd take my mother from
Her grave, and put her to do penance in
Her winding-sheet. There is the sum.
*Mea.* I'll in, sir, and discharge you.
[*Exit* MEAGER.
*Thwack.* These carnal mulcts and tributes are designed
Only to such vain people as have land;
Are you and your friend landed, sir?
*Pert.* Such land as we can share, sir, in the map.
*Thwack.* Lo you there now! These live by their wits:
Why should not I take the next key I meet,
And open this great head, to try if there
Be any brains left, but sour curds and plumb-broth!
Cozened in my youth; cozened in my age!
Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse
This false inhuman town. When I was young,
I was arrested for a stale commodity
Of nut-crackers, long gigs, and casting-tops:
Now I am old, imprisoned for a bawd.
*Pert.* These are sad tales.
*Thwack.* I will write down to the country, to dehort[42]
The gentry from coming hither, letters
Of strange dire news; you shall disperse them, sir.
*Pert.* Most faithfully.
*Thwack.* That there are lents six years long, proclaimed by the state:
That our French and Deal wines are poisoned so
With brimstone, by the Hollander, that they
Will only serve for med'cine, to recover
Children of the itch: and there is not left
Sack enough to mull for a parson's cold.
*Pert.* This needs must terrify.
*Thwack.* That our theatres are razed down; and where
They stood, hoarse midnight lectures preached by wives
Of comb-makers, and midwives of Tower-wharf.
*Pert.* 'Twill take impregnably.
*Thwack.* And that a new plantation, sir, mark me,
Is made i' the Covent Garden, from the sutlery
O' the German camps and the suburbs of Paris;
Where such a salt disease reigns, as will make
Sassafras dearer than unicorns' horn.
*Pert.* This cannot chuse but fright the gentry hence,
And more impoverish the town, than a
Subversion of their fair of Bartholomew,
The absence of the terms and court.
*Thwack.* You shall, if my projections thrive, in less,
Sir, than a year, stable your horses in
The New Exchange, and graze them in the *Old*.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, MEAGER, QUEASY, SNORE, *Mrs* SNORE.

*Pert.* Jog off; there's Pall, treating for your liberty.
*Y. Pal.* The canopy, the hangings, and the bed,
Are worth more than your rent; come, you're overpaid;
Besides, the gentleman's betrayed; he is no bawd.
*Snore.* Truly, a very civil gentleman;
'Las, he hath only roared, and sworn, and cursed,
Since he was ta'en; no bawdry, I'll assure ye.
*Mrs Snore.* Gossip Queasy, what a good 'yer[43] would ye have?
*Quea.* I am content, if you and I were friends.
*Y. Pal.* Come, come, agree; 'tis I that ever bleed,

---

[41] *For gold is a restorative, as well*
*To liberty as health*—Anthony Wood says, that Dr William Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, coming to visit Francis Tresham, "as his fashion was, gave him a piece of very pure gold to put in his mouth; and upon taking out that gold, Butler said he was poisoned."—1. *Athenæ Oxon.* 329. Potable gold appears to have been a considerable article in the Materia Medica. In Baker's *Practice of the new and old Phisick*, 1599, p. 440, &c. it is esteemed a specific in a vast number of disorders.

[42] *Dehort*—*i. e.* advise against, to dissuade. S.

[43] *Good 'yer*—See notes on *King Lear*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr Farmer, vol. 9. p. 547. edit. 1778. S.

And suffer in your wars.
*Mrs Snore.* Sweet Master Pallatine, hear me but speak;
Have I not often said, Why, neighbour Queasy,
Come to my house: besides, your daughter Mall,
You know, last pompion-time, dined with me thrice,
When my child's best yellow stockings were missing,
And a new pewter porringer, marked with P. L.
*Snore. Aye, for Elizabeth Snore.*
*Mrs Snore. The pewterer that marked it was my uncle.*
*Quea. Why, did my daughter steal your goods?*
*Mrs Snore.* You hear me say nothing; but there is
As bad as this, I warrant you, learnt at
The bakehouse: I'll have no oven o' mine own shortly.
*Y. Pal.* Come, no more words; there's to reconcile you,
In burnt wine and cake: go, get you all in;
I'm full of business and strange mystery.
[*Exeunt* SNORE, *Mrs* SNORE, QUEASY.
*Mea.* A hundred, Pall; 'twas all his store; it lies
Here, my brave boy, warm and secure in pouch.
*Pert.* We'll share't anon.—What need you blush, sir Morglay,
Like a maid newly undone in a dark
*Entry?* there are disasters, sure, as bad
As your's, recorded in the city annals.
*Thwack.* Your brother is a gentleman of a
Most even and blessed composition, sir;
His very blood is made of holy water,
Less salt than almond-milk.
*Y. Pal.* My silly reprehensions were despised;
Y' would be his disciple, and follow him
In a new path, unknown to his own feet;
Yet I've walked in it since, and prospered, as
You see, without or land or tenement.
*Thwack.* 'Tis possible to live by our wits, that is
As evident as light; no human learning
Shall advise me from that faith.
*Y. Pal.* Sir Knight, what will you give, worthy my brain
And me, if, after a concealment of
Your present shame, I can advise how
I' atchieve such store of wealth and treasure as
Shall keep you here, the exemplar glory of
The town, a long whole year, without relief
Or charge from your own rents? This, I take it,
Was the whole pride, at which, some few days since,
Your fancy aimed.
*Thwack.* This was, sir, in the hours
Of haughtiness and hope; but now—
*Y. Pal.* I'll do't, whilst my poor brother, too,
Low and declined, shall see and envy it.
*Thwack.* Live in full port; observed and wondered at;
Wine ever flowing in large Saxon romekins[44]
About my board; with your soft sarsnet smock
At night; and foreign music to entrance?
*Y. Pal.* All this, and more than thy invention can
Invite thee to.
*Thwack.* I'll make thee heir of my
Estate; take my right hand, and your two friends
For witnesses.
*Y. Pal.* Enough; hear me with haste:
The lady Ample's dead.—Nay, there are things
Have chanced since your concealment far more fit
For wonder, sir, than this: out of a silly piety,
I' avoid a thirst of gold and gaudy pride
I' the world, she hath buried with her in a chest,
Her jewels and her cloaths: besides, as I'm
Informed by Luce, my wise intelligence,
Five thousand pounds in gold; a legacy,
Left by her aunt, more than her guardian knew.
*Thwack.* Well, what of this?
*Y. Pal.* Yourself and I, joined, sir, in a most firm
And loyal league, may rob this chest.
*Thwack.* Marry, and will.
*Y. Pal.* Then, when your promise is but ratified,
Take all the treasure for your own expence.
*Thwack.* Come, let us go; my fingers burn till they
Are telling it; the night will grow upon's.
Only you and I, I'll not trust new faces;
Dismiss these gentlemen.
*Y. Pal.* At the next street, sir.
*Thwack.* This is at least a girn[45] of fortune, if
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old problem—
Since the living rob me, I'll rob the dead.
*Y. Pal.* On, my delicious Pert; now is the time
To make our purses swell, and spirits climb.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[44] *Romekins*—Perhaps the same as the modern rummer. S.
[45] *Girn*, i. e. *grin*.—The word is always so pronounced in Scotland and the northern parts of England.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, AMPLE, LUCY, ENGINE, *with a Torch.*

*Y. Pal.* Engine, draw out the chest, and ope the wicket;
Let us not hinder him the air, since 'tis
Become his food.
*E. Pal.* Who's there? what are you? speak.
*Amp.* A brace of mourning virgins, sir, that, had
You died in love, and in your wits, would now
Have brought roses and lilies, buds of the brier,
And summer pinks, to strew upon your hearse.
*E. Pal.* Then you resolve me dead!
*Lucy.* 'Twere good that you would so resolve yourself.
*Y. Pal.* She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts;
Why, you are no more mortified than men
That are about to dance the morrice.
*E. Pal.* Ladies, and brother too, (whom I begin
To worship now) for tenderness of heart,
Can you believe I am so leaden, stupid,
And so very a fish, to think you dare
Thus murder me in bravery of mirth?
You have gone far: part of my suff'rance I
Confess a justice to me.
*Amp.* O, do you so?
Hath your heart and brain met upon that point,
And rendered you silly to your own thoughts?
*E. Pal.* Somewhat mistaken i' the projection of
My journey hither: three hours in a chest,
Among the dead, will profit more than three
Years in a study, 'mongst fathers, schoolmen,
And philosophers.
*Y. Pal.* And you're persuaded now, that there is, relative
To the maintaining of a poor younger brother,
Something beside his wits?
*E. Pal.* 'Tis so conceived.
*Amp.* And that we ladies of the town, or court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that every beam
From a hot lover's eye can melt them through
Our breasts?
*E. Pal.* Faith, 'tis imagined too.
*Lucy.* That, though the unruly appetites of some
Perverted few of our frail sex have made
Them yield their honours to unlawful love;
Yet there is no such want of you male sinners,
As should constrain them hire you to't with gold?
*E. Pal.* You've taught me a new music; I am all
Consent and concordance.
*Eng.* And that the nimble packing hand, the swift
Disordered shuffle, or the slur; or his
More base employment, that with youth and an
Eternal back, engenders for his bread;
Do all belong to men, that may be said
To live, sir, by their sins, not by their wits?
*E. Pal.* Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,
I am of your mind too.
*Y. Pal.* Madam, a fair conversion; 'tis now fit
I sue unto you for his liberty.
*Amp.* Alas, he hath so profited in this
Retirement, that I fear he will not willingly
Come out.
*E. Pal.* O lady, doubt it not; open the chest.
*Amp.* A little patience, sir.

*Enter* GINET.

*Gin.* Madam, we are undone; your guardian is
At door, knocking as if he meant to wake
All his dead neighbours in the church.
*Amp.* So soon returned! it is not midnight yet.
*Eng.* I know the bait that tempts him back with such
Strange haste; and have, according to your will,
Provided, madam, to betray his hopes.
*Amp.* Excellent Engine!
*Eng.* This key conveys you through the chancel to
The house gallery: my way lies here: I'll let
Him in, and try how our design will relish.
[*Exit* ENGINE.
*Amp.* Come, sir, it is decreed in our wise counsel,
You must be laid some distance from this place.
*E. Pal.* Pray save your labour, madam, I'll come forth.
*Amp.* No, sir, not yet.
*E. Pal.* Brother, a cast of your voice.
*Y. Pal.* She hath the key, brother; 'tis but an hour's
Dark contemplation more.
*E. Pal.* Madam, hear me speak.
*Amp.* Nay, no beginning of orations now;
This is a time of great dispatch and haste;
We have more plots than a general in a siege.
[*Exeunt, carrying out the Chest.*

*Enter* THRIFT, ENGINE.

*Eng.* None of the writings, sir! and yet perplex
Yourself with so much speed in a return?
*Thrift.* The lawyer was from home; but, Engine, I
Had hope to have prevented by my haste,
Though not her funeral, yet the funeral of
The chest; Ah, dear Engine, tell me but why
So much pure innocent treasure should be
Thus thrown into a dark forgetfulness.
*Eng.* I thought I had encountered his intents. [*Aside.*
All, sir, that law allowed her bounty to
Bestow, is your's; but for the chest, trust me,
'Tis buried, sir; the key is here, sir, of no use.
*Thrift.* Hah, Engine, give it me.

*Eng.* And, sir, to vex your meditation more,
Though not with manners, yet with truth; know there
Is hidden in that chest a plenteous heap
Of gold, together with a rope of most
Inestimable pearl, left by her late
Dead aunt, by will, and kept from your discovery.
*Thrift.* Is this true, Engine?
*Eng.* That precise chit, Luce, her cousin puritan,
Was at the interring of't; concealed it till
The funeral forms were past; and then, forsooth,
She boasted that it was a pious means
To avoid covetous desires i' the world.
*Thrift.* These funeral tales, Engine, are sad indeed;
Able to melt an eye, though harder than
That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty
Upon the harmless treasure.
*Eng.* I mourn within, sir, too.
*Thrift.* Give me the key that leads me from my house
Unto the chancel door.
*Eng.* 'Tis very late, sir; whither will you go?
*Thrift.* Never too late to pray; my heart is heavy.
*Eng.* Where shall I wait you, sir?
*Thrift.* At my low gallery door; I may chance stay long.
*Eng.* This takes me more than all the kindness fortune
Ever shewed me; a decent transmutation;
I am no more your steward, but your spy.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE, PERT, MEAGER, SNORE, *and Watchmen.*

*Y. Pal.* There, there's more money for your watch; methinks
They've not drunk wine enough; they do not chirp.
*Snore.* Your wine mates them,[46] they understand it not;
But they have very good capacity in ale;
Ale, sir, will heat 'em more than your beef brewis.[47]
*Y. Pal.* Well, let them have ale, then.
*Snore.* O sir, 'twill make 'em sing like the silk-knitters
Of Cock-lane.
*Y. Pal.* Meager, go you to Sir Tyrant Thrift's house;
Luce and the lady are alone, they will
Have cause to use your diligence; make haste:
*Mea.* Your dog tied to a bottle shall not outrun me. [*Exit.*
*Y. Pal.* Pert, stay you here with master constable;
And, when occasion calls, see that you draw
Your lusty bill-men forth, bravely advanced
Under the colours of queen Ample, and
Myself, her general.
*Pert.* If ale can fortify, fear not. Where's Sir Morglay?
*Y. Pal.* I'm now to meet him i' the churchyard; the old blade
Skulks there like a tame filcher, as he had
Ne'er stolen 'bove eggs from market-women,
Robb'd an orchard, or a cheese-loft.
*Snore.* We'll wait your worship in this corner.
*Y. Pal.* No stirring, till I either come or send.
*Snore.* Pray sir, let's not stay long: 'tis a cold night;
And I have nothing on my bed at home,
But a thin coverlid, and my wife's sey petticoat:
She'll ne'er sleep, poor soul, till I come home
To keep her warm.
*Y. Pal.* You shall be sent for straight:
Be merry, my dull sons o' the night, and chirp. [*Exit.*
*Snore.* Come, neighbour Runlet; sighing pays no rent,
Though the land-lady be in love: sing out———

They sing a catch in four parts.

*With lanthorn on staff; at* Trea Trip[48] *we play,*
*For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day:*

---

[46] *Mates them.*—*To mate*, sometimes signifies *to oppose* or *contend* with; as in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, vol. iii. p. 453, edition 1778.

"———— he stood up to me,
And *mated* my commands."

And sometimes *to overcome.*

As in *Fryar Bacon and Fryar Bungay*, by Green, Sign. B. 2.

"Burden, what are you *mated* by this frolicke fryer?"

[47] *Beef brewis*—i. e. the liquor in which meat is boiled, with bread soaked in it. So *Geta* in *The Prophetess*, "What an inundation of *brewis* shall I swim in!"

[48] *Trea Trip*—Or, as it was more frequently written, *tray-trip*. This game is mentioned very frequently in our ancient writers, but it is by no means clear what the nature of it was. *Mr Steevens* considers it as *a game at cards*; and Mr Tyrwhitt, as *a game at tables*. *In opposition to both, Mr Hawkins* was of opinion, that it was the same play which is now called *Scotch Hop, the amusement at present of* the lower class of young people. In support of this idea, the above passage was quoted by that gentleman.—See notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

*And for our breakfast (after long sitting)*
*We steal a sweet pig, o' the constable's getting.*

*Enter* ENGINE.

*Eng.* Sir, draw down your watch into the church,
And let 'em lie hid close by the vestry door.
*Pert.* Is he there already?
*Eng.* Fat carriers, sir, make not more haste to bed,
Nor lean philosophers to rise. I've so
Prepared things, that he'll find himself mistaken.
*Pert.* Close by the vestry-door?
*Eng.* Right, sir.
I'll to my lady, and expect the event of your surprize.
*Pert.* Follow master constable, one and one,
All in a file. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* THRIFT, *with a Candle.*

*Thrift.* I cannot find where they have laid her coffin;
But there's the chest: I'll draw it out, that I
May have more room to search and rifle it;——
The weight seems easy to me, though my strength
Be old.—How long, thou bright all-powerful mineral,
Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dull dead, that are
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the sense
To turn wise thieves, and steal thee from oblivion!—
[*Opens it, and finds a halter.*
How! a halter! what fiend affronts me with
This emblem? is this the rope of orient pearl?

*Enter* PERT, SNORE, *Watchmen.*

*Pert.* Now I have told you, master constable,
The entire plot; mark but how like that chest
Is to the other, where the Elder Pallatine
Lies a perdu;[49] Engine contrived them both.
*Thrift.* Ha! what are these? the constable and watch?
*Pert.* Seize on him for no less than sacrilege.
*Thrift.* Why, neighbours, gentlemen!
*Pert.* Away with him.
*Snore.* We shall know now, who stole the wainscot cover
From the font, and the vicar's surplice.
*Pert.* Alas, grave sir, become a forfeiture
To the king for sacrilege!
*Thrift.* Hear me but speak.
*Snore.* No, not in a cause against the king.
*Pert.* Lead to's own house; he shall be prisoner there,
And lock'd up safe enough.
*Thrift.* Undone for ever! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Younger* P[illegible] THW[illegible], *with a iron crow* [illegible] *dark lanthorn.*

*Thwack.* Why [illegible] was such a *firk of piety,*[50]
I ne'er heard of [illegible] bury her gold with her!
'Tis strange her old shoes were not interr'd too,
For fear the days of Edgar should return,
When they coin'd leather.
*Y. Pal.* Come, sir, lay down your instrument.
*Thwack.* Why so?
*Y. Pal.* I'm so taken with thy free, jolly nature,
I cannot for my heart proceed to more
Defeat upon thy liberty: all that
I told thee were rank lies.
*Thwack.* How! no treasure trover?[51]
*Y. Pal.* Not so much as will pay for that small candle-light
We waste to find it out.
*Thwack.* I thank you, sir.
[*Flings down the crow of iron.*
*Y. Pal.* You shall have cause, when you hear more. To this
Dark region, sir, solemn, and silent, as
Your thoughts must be ere they are mortified,
Have I now brought you, to perceive what an
Immense large ass (under your favour, knight)
You are, to be seduced to such vain stratagems,
By that more profound fop, your friend my brother.
*Thwack.* How had I been served, if I had brought my scales
Hither to weigh this gold! But on; your brother,
Whose name (let me tell you first) sounds far worse
To me than does a serjeant to a young
Indebted lover, that's arrested in his coach,
And with his mistress by him——
*Y. Pal.* You are believed; but will you now confirm
Me to your grace and love, if I shall make't
Appear, that, in a kind revenge of what
You suffer'd, sir, I've made this false and great
Seducer of mankind, to suffer more.

---

[49] *Lies a perdu.*—i. e. Lies concealed.

[50] Firk of *piety.*—i. e. stroke of piety, or *freak* of piety. Pistol tells the French soldier, that he will *firk* him. S.

[51] *Treasure trover.*—or more properly *treasure trove,* "derived," as the excellent commentator on the laws of England observes, "from the French word *trover,* to find, and called in Latin *Thesaurus inventus;* which is, where any money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion, is found hidden in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown; in which case the treasure belongs to the king: but if he that hid it be known, or afterwards found out, the owner and not the king is entitled to it." *Blackstone's Commentaries,* vol. 1. p. 295

*Thwack.* The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcoran, [52]
Have not such doubtful tales as these; but mak't
Appear, I would have evidence.
*Y. Pal.* Then, take't on my religion, sir, he was
Laid up in durance for a bawd, before
He betrayed you to the same preferment.
*Thwack.* Shall this be justified when my disgrace
Comes to be known? wilt thou then witness it?
*Y. Pal.* With a deep oath. And, sir, to tempt more of
Your favours on poor me, that ever mourn'd
For all your sufferings; know, you shall now
See him inclosed in a blind chest; where he
Lies bath'd, sir, in a greater sweat than ere
Cornelius [53] took in his own tub.
*Thwack.* Here amongst sepulchres and melancholy bones?
Let me but see't, and I will die for joy,
To make thee instantly my heir.
*Y. Pal.* You shall; and yet, ere the sun rise, find him
Enthrall'd too in a new distress.
*Thwack.* Do'st want money? bring me to parchment and
A scrivener, I'll seal out two pound of wax.
[*Younger* PALLATINE *knocks at the Chest.*
*Y. Pal.* You sir, my nearest ally, are you asleep?
*E. Pal.* O brother, art thou come? quick let me forth.
*Y. Pal.* Here is a certain friend of your's, presents
His loving visit, sir. [*Opens the Wicket.*
*E. Pal.* Sir Morglay Thwack!
I had rather have seen my sister naked.
*Thwack.* What, like a bashful badger, do you draw
Your head into your hole again? come, sir,
Out with that sage noddle, that has contrived
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.
*E. Pal.* Here, take my eyelids, knight, and sow them up;
I dare not see thy face.
*Thwack.* But what think you
Of a new journey from the north, to live
Here by your wits; or midnight visits, sir,
To the Mogul's niece?
*E. Pal.* I have offended, knight.
Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of
Sharp Rippon spurs [54]: I'll endure any thing
Rather than thee.
*Thwack.* We have, I thank your bounteous brain,
Been entertained with various concerts, sir,
Of whispering lutes, to soothe us into slumbers;
Spirits of clare to bathe our temples in;
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,
That never teem'd: all this for nothing, sir.
*Y. Pal.* Come, I'll let him forth.
*Thwack.* Rogue; if thou lov'st me—
Nay, let him be confined thus, one short month;
I'll send him down to country fairs for a
New motion [55] made by a German engineer.
*Y. Pal.* 'Las, he is my brother.
*Thwack.* Or for a solitary ape,
Led captive thus by the Hollander, because
He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States.
*Y. Pal.* Sir Morglay, leave your lanthorn here, and stay
My coming at yon door; I'll let him out:
But for the new distress I promised on
His person, take it on my manhood, sir,
He feels it strait.
*Thwack.* Finely ensnared again, and instantly?
*Y. Pal.* Have a good faith, and go.
[*Exit* THWACK.
*E. Pal.* Dear brother, wilt thou give me liberty?
*Y. Pal.* Upon condition, sir, you kiss these hilts;
Swear not to follow me, but here remain
Until the Lady Ample shall consent
To the freedom I bestow. [*He kisses the hilts.*
*E. Pal.* 'Tis done; a vow inviolate.
[*He opens the Chest, and lets him out.*
*Y. Pal.* Now — silence, brother; not one curse, nor thanks.
[*Exit Younger* PALLATINE.
*E. Pal.* Fate and a good star speed me; though I have
Long since amazed myself e'en to a marble,
Yet I have courage left to ask, what this
Might mean? was ever two-legged man thus used?

---

[52] The Legend, Talmud, *nor the Alcoran.*—*The Legend* is the well-known golden Legend: *The Talmud* is a book of the Jewish law, devised by their rabbins, and of great authority among them.

[53] *Cornelius* —The inventor of the sweating-tub used in the cure of the Lues Venerea. See note on *Timon of Athens*, vol. 8. p. 409, edition 1778. S.

[54] *Sharp* Rippon spurs.— *Rippon* is a town in the county of York, still celebrated for the excellence of the spurs made there. Rippon spurs are also mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, A. 1. S. 3.

Your box? why there's an angell; if *my* spurs
Be not right *Rippon*."

[55] *New motion*—i. e. puppet-show.

*Enter* PERT, SNORE, *and Watchmen.*

*Pert.* Pall and his friend are gone, I must not stay
His sight; but after you have seized upon him,
Lead him a prisoner to the lady too. [*Exit* PERT.

*Snore.* Warrant ye, though he were Gog or Hildebrand.[56] [*They lay hold on him.*

*E. Pal.* How now! what mean you, sirs?

*Snore.* Yield to the constable.

*E. Pal.* 'Tis yielded, sir, that you are constable;
But where have I offended?

*Snore.* Here, sir; you have committed sacrilege,
And robb'd an alderman's tomb, of himself
And his two sons, kneeling in brass.

*E. Pal.* How! flea monuments of their brazen skins!

*Snore.* Look; a dark lanthorn, and an iron crow;
Fine evidence for a jury!

*E. Pal.* I like this plot; the Lady Ample and
My brother have most rare triumphant wits;
Now, by this hand, I am most eagerly
In love with both; I find I have deserved all,
And am resolved to hug them and their designs,
Though they afflict me more and more. Whither must I go?

*Snore.* Away with him. Saucy fellow, examine
The king's constable! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Younger* PALLATINE, THWACK, AMPLE, LUCY, MEAGER.

*Mea.* I am become your guardian's gaoler, lady;
He's safe lock'd in the parlour, and there howls,
Like a dog that sees a witch flying.

*Thwack.* I long to hear how my wise tutor thrives
I' the new defeat.

*Amp.* 'Tis well you are converted;
Believ't, that gentleman deserves your thanks.

*Thwack.* Lady, seal my conversion on your lip;
'Tis the first leading kiss that I intend
For after chastity. [*Kisses her.*

*Y. Pal.* Luce, see you make the proposition good,
Which I shall give my brother from this lady,
Or I'll so swaddle your small bones——

*Lucy.* Sweet Pall, thou shalt. Madam, you'll please to stand
To what I lately mentioned to your own desire?

*Amp.* To every particle, and more.

*Enter* PERT.

*Pert.* Your brother's come; this room must be his prison.

*Y. Pal.* 'Way, Luce, away; stand in the closet, madam,
That you may hear us both, and reach my call.

*Thwack.* I'll stay and see him.

*Y. Pal.* No, knight; you are decreed Sir Tyrant's judge;
Go that way, sir, and force him to confound.

*Thwack.* I'll fine him soundly,
Till's purse shrink like a bladder in the fire.

[*Exeunt* AMPLE, LUCY, THWACK, MEAGER, PERT.

*Enter* SNORE, *Elder* PALLATINE.

*Snore.* Here, sir, this is your gaol; too good for such
A great offender.

*E. Pal.* Sacrilege! very well;
Now all the pulpit-cushions, all the hearse-cloths
And winding-sheets, that have been stol'n about
The town this year, will be laid to my charge.

*Y. Pal.* Pray leave us, master constable, and look
Unto your other bondman in the parlour.

[*Exit* SNORE.

*E. Pal.* This is the wittiest offspring that our name
E'er had; I love him beyond hope or lust:
My father was no poet, sure; I wonder
How he got him.

*Y. Pal.* I know you curse me now.

*E. Pal.* Brother, in troth, you lie, and whoe'er believes it.

*Y. Pal.* Indeed you do; conjurors in a circle,
That have raised up a wrong spirit, curse not
So much, nor yet so inwardly.

*E. Pal.* I've a great mind to kiss thee.

*Y. Pal.* You have not, sure?

*E. Pal.* I shall do't, and eat up thy lips so far,
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

*Y. Pal.* And can you think all the afflictions you
Endured were merited? first, for misleading
Morglay, your old friend; then, neglect of me,
And haughty overvaluing yourself?

*E. Pal.* Brother, I murmur not; the traps that you
Have laid were so ingenious, I could wish
To fall in them again.

*Y. Pal.* The lady Ample, sir,
There, is the great contriver that hath weaved
These knots so intricate and safe; 'las, I
Was but her lowly instrument.

*E. Pal.* Ah, that lady! were I a king, she should
Sit with me, under my best canopy,
A silver sceptre in her hand, with which
I'd give her leave to break my head for every fault
I did commit.

---

[56] *Hildebrand.*—Meaning Pope Gregory the Seventh. See Bishop Warburton's note on 1*st Part of Henry* 4*th*, A. 5. S. 3.

*Y. Pal.* But say I bring this lady, sir, unto
Your lawful sheets, make her your bosom wife:
Besides the plenty of her heritage,
How would it sound, that you had conquered her,
Who hath so often conquered you?
*E. Pal.* Dear brother, no new plots.
*Y. Pal.* Six thousand pounds, sir, is your yearly rent:
A fair temptation to a discreet lady:
Luce hath filled both mine ears with hope; besides,
I heard her say, she ne'er should meet a man
That she could more subdue with wit and government.
*E. Pal.* That I'll venture.
*Y. Pal.* Well, my first bounty is your freedom, sir;
For the constable obeys no law but mine;
And now, madam, appear.

*Enter* AMPLE, LUCY.

*Amp.* You're welcome 'mongst the living, sir.
*E. Pal.* Lady, no words; if you've but so much mercy
As could secure one that your eyes affect—
*Amp.* Why, you're grown arrogant again; d'you think
They are so weak to affect you?
*E. Pal.* I have a heart so kind unto myself,
To wish they could; O we should live—
*Amp.* Not by our wits.
*E. Pal.* No, no; but with such soft content, still in
Conspiracy how to betray ourselves
To new delights: keep harmony with no
More noise than what the upper motions[57] make;
And this so constant too, turtles themselves,
Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine
With jealousy.
*Amp.* Luce, the youth talks sense now; no medicine for
The brain, like to captivity in a dark chest.
*Y. Pal.* O madam, you are cruel.
*Amp.* Well, my sad convertite;[58] joy yet at this:
I've often made a vow to marry on
That very day my wardship is expired;
And two hours since that liberty begun.
*Lucy.* Nay, hear her out; your wishes are so saucy, sir.
*Amp.* And, know, my glory is dispatch. My ancestors
Were of the fiery French, and taught me love,
Hot eagerness, and haste.
*E. Pal.* Let me be rude
A while, lie with your judgment, and beget
Sages on that. My dearest, chiefest lady!
*Amp.* Your brain's yet foul, and will recoil again.
*E. Pal.* No more; I'll swallow down my tongue.
*Amp.* If, sir, your nature be so excellent,
As your kind brother hath confirmed to Luce
And me, follow, and I'll present you straight
With certain writings you shall seal to, hoodwinked,
And purely ignorant of what they are:
This is the swiftest, and the easiest test,
That I can make of your bold love; do this,
Perhaps I may vouchsafe to marry you;
The writings are within.
*E. Pal.* Lead me to trial; come.
*Amp.* But, sir, if I should marry you, it is
In confidence, I have the better wit;
And can subdue you still to quietness,
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.
*E. Pal.* You rap me[59] still a-new.
*Y. Pal.* In, Luce; our hopes grow strong and giantly. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* THRIFT, SNORE, *Mrs* SNORE, QUEASY, GINET.

*Gin.* To him, Mrs Snore; 'tis he has kept
Your husband from his bed so long, to watch
Him for a church-robbery.
*Mrs Snore.* Ah, thou Judas! I thought what thou'ldst come to!
Remember the warrant thou sent'st for me
Into Duck-lane, 'cause I call'd thy maid, Trot;
When I was fain t'invite thy clerk to a
Fee pie, sent me by a Temple cook, my sister's sweetheart.
*Quea.* Nay, and remember who was brought to-bed
Under thy coach-house wall, when thou deny'dst
A wad of straw, and wouldst not join thy half-penny
To send for milk for the poor chrisom.[60]
*Snore.* Now you may sweeten me with sugar-loaves
At New-Year's tide, as I have you, sir.

---

[57] *Upper motions.*—*i.e.* the orbs in their courses. S.
[58] *Convertite*—See note 10 to the *The Jew of Malta*, p. 255.
[59] —— rap *me.*—*i. e.* astonish me. So in *Macbeth's* letter to his wife, "While I stood *rapt* in wonder," &c. S.
[60] *Chrisom*—The mantle was the white cloth thrown over the new-baptized child. This perhaps was the perquisite of the officiating clergyman. The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysome.*

*Enter* THWACK, PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE.

*Thwack.* We'll teach you to rob churches; 'slight, hereafter
We of the pious shall be afraid to go
To a long exercise,[61] for fear our pockets should
Be picked. Come, sir; you see already how
The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?
'Tis but a thousand pounds apiece to these
Two gentlemen, and five hundred more t' Engine;
Your crime is then concealed, and yourself free.
*Mea.* No, he may chuse; he'll trust to the kind-hearted law.
*Pert.* Let him, and to dame Justice too; who, though
Her ladyship be blind, will grope hard, sir,
To find your money-bags.
*Eng.* Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you
Have got by your ward's death: I fear you will
Be begged at court,[62] unless you come off thus.
*Thrift.* There is my closet key; do what you please.
*Eng.* Gentlemen, I'll lead you to it; follow me.
*Thwack.* D' you use to find such sums as these beneath
An oak after a long march? I think, sure,
The wars are not so plentiful.
*Pert.* We think so too.
*Thwack.* Y' had better trail a bodkin, gentlemen,
Under the lady Ample, than a pike
Under a German general.
*Pert.* We'll in for the money, sir, and talk anon.
[*Exeunt* ENGINE, PERT, MEAGER.

*Enter Elder* PALLATINE, *Younger* PALLATINE, AMPLE, LUCY.

*Y. Pal.* Sir Tyrant Thrift, here is your ward come from
The dead, to indict you for a robbery
Upon her ghost.
*Thrift.* Hah! is she alive too?
*Lucy.* Yes, and her wardship out before you've proffered her
A husband, sir;[63] so the best benefit
Of all your guardianship is lost.
*Amp.* In seven long years you could not, sir, provide
A man deformed enough to offer me
For your own ends.
*Thrift.* Cozened of wealth, of fame! Dog, Engine! [*Exit* THRIFT.
*Thwack.* We must have you enclosed again; you're very
Forward with the lady.
*E. Pal.* I will be, sir,
Until she groan: this priest stays somewhat long.
*Thwack.* How's this? troth, I shall forgive thee then heartily.
*Amp.* I've ta'en him i' the behalf of health, to chide
And jeer for recreation sake; 'twill keep
Me, sir, in breath, now I am past growing.
*E. Pal.* Hark, knight, here's relish for your ears: I chose
None of your dull country madams, that spend
Their time in studying receipts to make
March-pane,[64] and preserve plumbs; that talk
Of painful child-birth, servants' wages, and
Their husband's good complexion, and his leg.
*Thwack.* New wonders yet!
*E. Pal.* What was that, mistress, which I sealed to hood-winked?
A simple trial of my confidence and love?
*Amp.* Your brother has it; 'tis a gift to him
Of one fair manor, 'mongst those many that you
Have in possession, sir; and in this bond
You're witness to three thousand pounds I give to Luce.
*Lucy.* Yes, sir; for Pall and I must marry too.
*Y. Pal.* I were an eunuch else, and the world should know't.
*E. Pal.* Thou couldst not have betrayed me to a bounty
I more love. Brother, give thee joy.
[THWACK *takes Y.* PALLATINE *aside.*
*Thwack.* You are the cause of all these miracles,

---

[61] *A long exercise*—i. e. long sermon.

[62] *Be begg'd at court*—The wardship of *ideots* was in the crown, and being connected with the management of their estates, was usually begged as a boon by some hungry courtier.

[63] *Yes, and her wardship out before y' have proffered her*
*A husband, sir,* &c.—This refers to that power which a guardian, by law, was entitled to exercise over his ward; it was taken away, together with all the other oppressive circumstances attending the feudal system, by the stat. 12 Charles II. c. 24. Before that time, "while the infant was in ward, the guardian had the power of tendering him or her a suitable match, without *disparagement* or inequality; which, if the infants refused, they forfeited the value of the marriage, *valorem maritagii*, to their guardian; that is, so much as a jury would assess, or any one would, *bona fide*, give to the guardian for such an alliance; and if the infants married themselves without the guardian's consent, they forfeited double the value, *duplicem valorem maritagii*."—2 *Blackstone's Commentaries*, p. 70.

[64] *March-pane*—A confection made of Pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar, &c.

Therefore I desire you to be my heir;
By this good day you must: for I've ta'en order,
Though I love your wit, you shall not live by it.
*Y. Pal.* My kind thanks, sir, the poor man's gratitude.
*Mrs Snore.* Give you joy, sweet Master Pallatine, and
Your brother too.
*Quea.* And send you more such wives
Every year; as many as shall please heaven.
*Snore.* 'Tis day; I'll not to bed, sir, now; my watch
Shall be drunk at your worship's wedding.
*Y. Pal.* They shall; and there is gold enough to keep
Them so, until thy reign be out.

*Enter* PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE, *with Moneybags.*

*Pert.* Loaden with composition, Pall.
*Mea.* 'Tis for your sake we groan under these burdens.
*Y. Pal.* The offal of sir Tyrant's trunks. Brother,
Pray know these gentlemen; they owe you more
Money than they mean to pay now.
*E. Pal.* I remember 'em: but no words, my cavaliers,
And you are safe. Where shall we dine to-day?
*Y. Pal.* At Lucy's aunt's; we'll make her costive beldamship
Come off,[65] when she beholds a goodly jointure,
And our fair hopes.
*E. Pal.* First, to the church, lady;
I'll make your skittish person sure. Some of
Your pleasant arts upon me may become
A wise example, and a moral too;
Such as their haughty fancy well befits,
That undertake to live here by their wits.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## EPILOGUE.

THE office of an epilogue is now
To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow;
To guide severer judgments (if we could
Be wise enough) until they thought all good,
Which they perhaps dislike; and, sure, this were
An over-boldness, raised from too much fear.
You have a freedom, which we hope you'll use,
T' advance our youthful poet, and his muse,
With a kind doom; and he'll tread boldly then,
In's best new comic socks, this stage again.†

## EDITION.

The Witts, a Comedie; presented at the Private House in Blacke Fryers, by his Majesties Servants. The author William D'Avenant, servant to her Majestie. London, printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple, in Fleet-street. 1636. 4to.

---

[65] *Come off*—To *come off*, was a phrase formerly much used. It signifies *to pay*, as is very clearly proved from the instances produced by *Mr Steevens*, *Dr Farmer*, and *Mr Tyrwhitt*, in their notes to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 3.

† This play, after the first edition, received considerable alterations from the author.

# SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.[1]

## PART I.

### PROLOGUE.[2]

THE doubtful title, gentlemen, prefixed
Upon the argument we have in hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice:
It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;
In whose true faith and loyalty, expressed
Unto his sovereign and his country's weal,
We strive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merit. Let fair truth be graced,
Since forged invention former time defaced.

---

[1] The history of sir John Oldcastle (who, having married the heiress of lord Cobham, was summoned to parliament by that title on the 18th of December 1409) may be found in Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 544, et seq. and in many other books. In order to heighten his character, the author of this drama has departed from historical truth; for the conspiracy of the earl of Cambridge, lord Scroope, &c. against king Henry V. was discovered by Edmund earl of March, and not by sir John Oldcastle, who was himself engaged in a traitorous design against Henry, and hanged about four years after the execution of those conspirators. The present play was entered on the Stationers' books on the 4th of August 1600, by Thomas Pavier, under the title of *The First Part of the History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.* At the same time was entered, *The Second Part of the History of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom*; but this was never published.

In the title-page of the original edition, in 1600, the name of William Shakspeare is printed at length.—I do not perceive the least trace of our great poet in any part of this play. It is observable, that in the entry on the Stationers' books the author's name is not mentioned. The printer, Pavier, (whose name is not prefixed to any of Shakespeare's undisputed performances, except *King Henry V.* and two parts of *King Henry VI.* of which plays he issued out copies manifestly spurious and imperfect) when he published it, was induced, I imagine, to ascribe it to Shakespeare by the success of the *First Part of King Henry IV.* The character of Falstaff having been formed, as I conceive, on the sir John Oldcastle of an elder drama, a hope was probably entertained that the public might be deceived, and suppose this piece also to be Shakespeare's performance.—MALONE.

*The History of Sir John Oldcastle*, and *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, are much in the style and manner of Thomas Heywood, by whom I suppose them to have been written.—FARMER.

[2] The sarcasm which this prologue contains on some writer who, in a preceding drama, had exhibited *a pampered glutton and an aged counsellor to youthful sin*—(by which description either sir John Oldcastle, a character in the old *King Henry V.* or sir John Falstaff, seems to have been pointed at) induced me, on a former occasion, to doubt whether Shakspeare was the author of the present play. The apparent allusion also to this prologue, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* ("for Oldcastle died a martyr—and this is not the man") appeared to me a strong circumstance against the authenticity of this piece. I am still of the same opinion; nor do I see how it could have been the production of an author who had before exhibited sir John Falstaff on the stage. The present play was written, I believe, after the representation of the *First Part*, and before that of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.*—MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*King* HENRY *the Fifth.*
*Sir* JOHN OLDCASTLE, *Lord Cobham.*
*Lord* HERBERT.
*Lord* POWIS.
*The Duke of* SUFFOLK.
*The Earl of* HUNTINGTON.
*The Earl of* CAMBRIDGE, } *Conspirators against*
*Lord* SCROOPE, } *the King.*
*Sir* THOMAS GREY, }
*Sir* ROGER ACTON, }
*Sir* RICHARD LEE, }
*Master* BOURN, } *Rebels.*
*Master* BEVERLEY, }
MURLEY, *a Brewer of Dunstable.* }
*The Bishop of* ROCHESTER.
*Two Judges of Assize.*
*Lord-Warden of the Cinque Ports.*
*Mr* BUTLER, *Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.*
CHARTRES, *a French Agent.*
CROMER, *Sheriff of Kent.*

*The Mayor of* HEREFORD, *and Sheriff of* HEREFORDSHIRE.
*Sir* JOHN, *the Parson of Wrotham.*
*Lieutenant of the Tower.*
*The Mayor and Gaoler of St Albans.*
*A Kentish Constable, and an Ale-man.*
DICK *and* TOM, *Servants to* MURLEY.
*An Irishman.*
HARPOOL, *Servant to Lord Cobham.*
GOUGH, *Servant to Lord Herbert.*
OWEN *and* DAVY, *Servants to Lord Powis.*
CLUN, *Sumner to the Bishop of Rochester.*

*Lady* COBHAM.
*Lady* POWIS.
DOLL, *Concubine to the Parson of Wrotham.*
KATE, *the Carrier's Daughter.*

*An Host, Ostler, Carriers, Soldiers, Beggarmen, Constables, Warders of the Tower, Bailiffs, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—ENGLAND.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Hereford. A Street.*

*Enter Lord* HERBERT, *Lord* POWIS, OWEN, GOUGH, DAVY, *and several other Followers of the Lords Herbert and Powis; they fight.—Then enter the Sheriff of Herefordshire and a Bailiff.*

*Sher.* My lords, I charge ye, in his highness' name,
To keep the peace; you and your followers.
*Her.* Good master sheriff, look unto yourself.
*Pow.* Do so, for we have other business.
[*They attempt to fight again.*
*Sher.* Will ye disturb the judges, and the assize? Hear the king's proclamation, ye were best.
*Pow.* Hold then; let's hear it.
*Her.* But be brief, ye were best.
*Bail.* O—yes.
*Davy.* Cossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your yes.
*Bail.* O—yes.
*Owen.* What, has hur nothing to say, but O yes?
*Bail.* O—yes.
*Davy.* O nay; py coss plut, down with hur, down with hur. A Powis! a Powis!
*Gough.* A Herbert! a Herbert! and down with Powis. [*They fight again.*
*Sher.* Hold, in the king's name, hold.
*Owen.* Down with a' knave's name, down.
[*The Bailiff is knocked down, and the Sheriff runs away.*
*Her.* Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.
*Pow.* Herbert, I think my sword came near thy heart.
*Her.* Thy heart's best blood shall pay the loss of mine.
*Gough.* A Herbert! a Herbert!
*Davy.* A Powis! a Powis!

*As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen, with Clubs.*

*May.* My lords, as you are liegemen to the crown,
True noblemen, and subjects to the king,
Attend his highness' proclamation,
Commanded by the judges of assize,
For keeping peace at this assembly.

*Her.* Good master mayor of Hereford, be brief.

*May.* Serjeant, without the ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the proclamation.

*Ser.* The king's justices, perceiving what public mischief may ensue this private quarrel, in his majesty's name do straitly charge and command all persons, of what degree soever, to depart this city of Hereford, except such as are bound to give attendance at this assize, and that no man presume to wear any weapon, especially Welsh-hooks, and forest bills;—

*Owen.* Haw! No pill, nor Wells hoog? ha?

*May.* Peace, and hear the proclamation.

*Ser.* And that the lord Powis do presently disperse and discharge his retinue, and depart the city in the king's peace, he and his followers, on pain of imprisonment.

*Davy.* Haw? pud her lord Powis in prison? A Powis! a Powis! Cossoon, hur will live and tye with hur lord.

*Gough.* A Herbert! a Herbert!

[*They fight. Lord* HERBERT *is wounded, and falls to the ground. The Mayor and his Attendants interpose. Lord* POWIS *runs away.*

*Enter two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs before them.*

1 *Judge.* Where's the lord Herbert? Is he hurt or slain?

*Sher.* He's here, my lord.

2 *Judge.* How fares his lordship, friends?

*Gough.* Mortally wounded, speechless; he cannot live.

1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air;
And get him dressed with expedition.

[*Exeunt Lord* HERBERT *and* GOUGH.

Master mayor of Hereford, master sheriff o'the shire,
Commit lord Powis to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord Herbert's peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the king's commissioners:
See it be done with care and diligence.

*Sher.* Please it your lordship, my lord Powis is gone past all recovery.

2 *Judge.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.

*Sher.* There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

*Owen.* Of us? and why? what has hur done, I pray you?

*Sher.* Disarm them, bailiffs.

*May.* Officers, assist.

*Davy.* Hear you, lord shudge, what resson is for this?

*Owen.* Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our lord?

1 *Judge.* Away with them.

*Davy.* Harg you, my lord.

*Owen.* Gough, my lord Herbert's man, is a shitten knave.

*Davy.* Ice live and tye in good quarrel.

*Owen.* Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.

*Davy.* Prison! no; lord shudge, I wool give you pail, good surety.

2 *Judge.* What bail? what sureties?

*Davy.* Hur cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Skinken, ap Shones.

2 *Judge.* Two of the most sufficient are enough.

*Sher.* An it please your lordship, these are all but one.

1 *Judge.* To gaol with them, and the lord Herbert's men:
We'll talk with them, when the assize is done.

[*Exeunt Bailiffs,* OWEN, DAVY, *&c.*

Riotous, audacious, and unruly grooms!
Must we be forced to come from the bench
To quiet brawls, which every constable,
In other civil places, can suppress?

2 *Judge.* What was the quarrel that caused all this stir?

*Sher.* About religion, as I heard, my lord.
Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's doctrine to be true,
And Rome's erroneous: hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert; they were traitors all
That would maintain it Powis answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he; they would defend it with their lives;
He named, for instance, sir John Oldcastle,
The lord Cobham: Herbert replied again,
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold.
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,
And so enraged, that we could not appease it.

1 *Judge.* This case concerns the king's prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the state and commonwealth.
Gentlemen, justices, master mayor, and master sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us,
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except soldiers' musters,
For the king's preparation into France.

We hear of secret conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious arms,
When the king's gone, perchance before he go.
Note as an instance, this one perilous fray:
What factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the king and realm?
Yet, in my conscience, sir John Oldcastle's
Innocent of it; only his name was used.
We therefore from his highness give this charge:
You, master mayor, look to your citizens;
You, master sheriff, unto your shire; and you
As justices, in every one's precinct
There be no meetings: when the vulgar sort
Sit on their ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
Matters of state be not their common talk,
Nor pure religion by their lips profaned.
Let us return unto the bench again,
And there examine further of this fray.

*Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.*

*Sher.* Sirs, have ye taken the lord Powis yet?
*Bail.* No, nor heard of him.
*Ser.* No, he's gone far enough.
2 *Judge.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Eltham. An Anti-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Bishop of* ROCHESTER, *Butler, and Sir* JOHN *of Wrotham.*

*Suf.* Now, my lord bishop, take free liberty,
To speak your mind: what is your suit to us?
*Roch.* My noble lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with.
Grievous complaints have passed between the lips
Of envious persons, to upbraid the clergy;
Some carping at the livings which we have,
And others spurning at the ceremonies
That are of ancient custom in the church;
Amongst the which, lord Cobham is a chief.
What inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the king, and to the commonwealth,
May easily be discerned, when, like a frenzy,
This innovation shall possess their minds.
These upstarts will have followers to uphold
Their damned opinion, more than Henry shall,
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the French.
*Suf.* What proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the law may justify?
*Roch.* They give themselves the name of Protestants,
And meet in fields and solitary groves.
*S. John.* Was ever heard, my lord, the like till now?
That thieves and rebels, 'sblood, my lord, heretics,
Plain heretics, (I'll stand to't to their teeth)
Should have, to colour their vile practices,
A title of such worth, as *Protestant?*

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter, which he gives to the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

*Suf.* O, but you must not swear; it ill becomes
One of your coat to rap out bloody oaths.
*Roch.* Pardon him, good my lord; it is his zeal.
An honest country prelate, who laments
To see such foul disorder in the church.
*S. John.* There's one, they call him sir John Oldcastle;
He has not his name for nought; for, like a castle,
Doth he encompass them within his walls:
But till that castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the realm.
*Roch.* That is our suit, my lord; that he be ta'en,
And brought in question for his heresy.
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my lord of Hereford writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the lord Cobham, at the 'sizes there,
(For they had much ado to calm the rage)
And that the valiant Herbert is there slain.
*Suf.* A fire that must be quenched. Well, say no more;
The king anon goes to the council chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France.
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his grace
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember me.
*But.* I will, my lord.
*Roch.* Not as a recompence,
But as a token of our love to you,
By me, my lords, the clergy doth present
This purse, and in it full a thousand angels,
Praying your lordship to accept their gift.
[*Offers the Duke a Purse.*
*Suf.* I thank them, my lord bishop, for their love,
But will not take their money; if you please
To give it to this gentleman, you may.
*Roch.* Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.
*But.* The best I can, my lord of Rochester.
*Roch.* Nay, pray you take it; trust me, sir, you shall.
*S. John.* Were ye all three upon Newmarket-heath,
You should not need strain curt'sy who should have it;
Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care.
[*Aside.*
*Suf.* The king is coming. Fear ye not, my lord;
The very first thing I will break with him,
Shall be about your matter.

*Enter King* HENRY *and the Earl of* HUNTINGTON.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Suffolk,

Was it not said the clergy did refuse
To lend us money towards our wars in Fr[illegible]e?
*Suf.* It was, my lord, but very wrongfully.
*K. Henry.* I know it was; for Huntington tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.
*Suf.* And still they vow, my gracious lord, to be so,
Hoping your majesty will think on them
As of your loving subjects, and suppress
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.
*K. Henry.* God else forbid!—Why, Suffolk, is there
Any new rupture to disquiet them?
*Suf.* No new, my lord; the old is great enough;
And so increasing, as, if not cut down,
Will breed a scandal to your royal state,
And set your kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The Kentish knight, lord Cobham, in despite
Of any law, or spiritual discipline,
Maintains this upstart new religion still;
And divers great assemblies, by his means,
And private quarrels, are commenced abroad,
As by this letter more at large, my liege,
Is made apparent.
*K. Henry.* We do find it here,
There was in Wales a certain fray of late
Between two noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it straight, lord Cobham must be *he*
Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good knight,
He never dreamed of any such contention.
*Roch.* But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held, my liege.
*K. Henry.* What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them, or abet them in it?
If brabbling fellows, whose enkindled blood
Seeths in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of some words that passed
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,
Is the fault yours? or are they guilty of it?
*Suf.* With pardon of your highness, my dread lord,
Such little sparks, neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all;
He doth beside maintain a strange religion,
And will not be compelled to come to mass.
*Roch.* We do beseech you therefore, gracious prince,
Without offence unto your majesty,
We may be bold to use authority.
*K. Henry.* As how?
*Roch.* To summon him unto the arches,[3]
Where such offences have their punishment.
*K. Henry.* To answer personally? is that your meaning?
*Roch.* It is, my lord.
*K. Henry.* How, if he appeal?
*S. John.* My lord, he cannot in such a case as this.
*Suf.* Not where religion is the plea, my lord.
*K. Henry.* I took it always, that ourself stood on't
As a supreme judge, unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal:
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For sir John Oldcastle, whom you accuse,
Let me entreat you to dispense a while
With your high title of preheminence.
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And, in my knowledge, I can say thus much,
That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable.
If any way his conscience be seduced
To waver in his faith, I'll send for him,
And school him privately: if that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him.
Butler, be you the messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to court.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, HUNTINGTON, SUFFOLK, *and Butler.*

*S. John.* How now, my lord? why stand you discontent?
Insooth, methinks the king hath well decreed.
*Roch.* Ay, ay, sir John, if he would keep his word:
But I perceive he favours him so much,
As this will be to small effect, I fear.
*S. John.* Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:
If you suspect the king will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a process too,
To serve upon him; so you may be sure
To make him answer it, howsoe'er it fall.
*Roch.* And well remembered; I will have it so;
A sumner shall be sent[4] about it straight. [*Exit.*
*S. John.* Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains
For kind sir John of Wrotham, honest Jack.
Methinks the purse of gold the bishop gave
Made a good shew, it had a tempting look:
Beshrew me, but my fingers' ends do itch
To be upon those golden ruddocks. Well, 'tis thus;
I am not as the world doth take me for;

---

[3] *To summon him unto the* arches—The court of *arches*, so called because it was anciently held in the burch of St Mary *le Bow*, Sancta Maria de *arcubus*.—MALONE.

[4] *A* sumner *shall be sent*—A *sumner* is an apparitor or messenger employed to *summon* persons to appear in the spiritual court.—MALONE.

If ever wolf were clothed in sheep's coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang i'faith:
A priest in shew, but, in plain terms, a thief.
Yet, let me tell you too, an honest thief;
One that will take it where it may be spared,
And spend it freely in good fellowship.
I have as many shapes as Proteus had;
That still, when any villany is done,
There may be none suspect it was sir John.
Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this life,
Except the crabbed bitterness thereof
Be sweetened now and then with lechery?)
I have my Doll, my concubine as 'twere,
To frolic with; a lusty bouncing girl.
But whilst I loiter here, the gold may 'scape,
And that must not be so: it is mine own.
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to court,
And shrive him of it; there will be the sport.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Kent.*

*An outer Court before Lord Cobham's house. A public road leading to it; and an Alehouse appearing at a little distance.*

*Enter two old Men and two Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* God help, God help! there's law for punishing,
But there's no law for our necessity:
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,
Than there be houses to relieve them at.

1 *Old M.* Ay, house-keeping decays in every place,
Even as Saint Peter writ, still worse and worse.

2 *Old M.* Master mayor of Rochester has given command, that none shall go abroad out of the parish; and has set down an order forsooth, what every poor householder must give for our relief; where there be some 'sessed, I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg as we.

1 *Old M.* It is a hard world the while.

2 *Old M.* If a poor man ask at door for God's sake, they ask him for a licence, or a certificate from a justice.

1 *Sold.* Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us.

2 *Sold.* And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the king into France, if I can but crawl a ship-board. I had rather be slain in France, than starve in England.

1 *Old M.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at Shrewsbury battle, I would not do as I do:—but we are now come to the good lord Cobham's, the best man to the poor in all Kent.

2 *Old M.* God bless him! there be but few such.

*Enter Lord* COBHAM *and* HARPOOL.

*Cob.* Thou peevish froward man, what wouldst thou have?

*Har.* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggary.
I served your father, and your grandfather;
Shew me such two men now: no, no; your backs,
Your backs, the devil and pride, has cut the throat
Of all good house-keeping; they were the best
Yeomens' masters that ever were in England.

*Cob.* Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,
There is no hospitality with thee.

*Har.* They may sit at the gate well enough, but the devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat stones.

*Cob.* 'Tis 'long then of such hungry knaves as you:
Yea, sir, here's your retinue; your guests be come;
They know their hours, I warrant you.

1 *Old M.* God bless your honour! God save the good lord Cobham, and all his house!

1 *Sold.* Good your honour, bestow your blessed alms upon poor men.

*Cob.* Now, sir, here be your alms-knights: now are you
As safe as the emperor.

*Har.* My alms-knights? Nay, they're yours: it is a shame for you, and I'll stand to't; your foolish alms maintains more vagabonds than all the noblemen in Kent beside.—Out, you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings. Alas, poor men, they may beg their hearts out; there's no more charity among men than among so many mastiff dogs. [*Aside.*] What make you here, you needy knaves? Away, away, you villains.

2 *Sold.* I beseech you, sir, be good to us.

*Cob.* Nay, nay, they know thee well enough; I think
That all the beggars in this land are thy
Acquaintance: go bestow your alms, none will
Controul you, sir.

*Har.* What should I give them? you are grown so beggarly, that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your door. You talk of your religion so long, that you have banished charity from you. A man may make a flax-shop in your kitchen chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

*Cob.* If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence;
Let them not stand here starving in the cold.

*Har.* Who! I drive them hence? If I drive poor men from the door, I'll be hang'd; I know not what I may come to myself. God help ye, poor knaves, ye see the world. Well, you had a mother; O God be with thee, good lady, thy soul's at rest: She gave more in shirts and smocks to poor children, than you spend in your house; and yet you live a beggar too.
[*To Lord* COBHAM.

*Cob.* Even the worst deed that e'er my mother did,
Was in relieving such a fool as thou.

*Har.* Ay, I am a fool still: with all your wit you'll die a beggar; go to.

*Cob.* Go, you old fool, give the poor people something.

Go in, poor men, into the inner court,
And take such alms as there is to be had.
*Sold.* God bless your honour!
*Har.* Hang you rogues, hang you; there's nothing but misery amongst you; you fear no law, you.
2 *Old M.* God bless you, good master Ralph,
God save your life; you are good to the poor still.
[*Exeunt* HARPOOL, *Old Men, and Soldiers.*

*Enter Lord* POWIS, *disguised.*

*Cob.* What fellow's yonder comes along the grove?
Few passengers there be that know this way.
Methinks, he stops, as though he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the bushes.
I know the clergy hate me to the death,
And my religion gets me many foes:
And this may be some desperate rogue, suborn'd
To work me mischief:—as it pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one man, whatsoe'er he be.
[*Lord* POWIS *advances.*
I have been well acquainted with that face.
*Pow.* Well met, my honourable lord and friend.
*Cob.* You are very welcome, sir, whate'er you be;
But of this sudden, sir, I do not know you.
*Pow.* I am one that wisheth well unto your honour;
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.
*Cob.* My honourable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent?
And thus disguised in this strange attire!
*Pow.* My lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforced me to these parts,
And thus it happ'd. Not yet full five days since,
Now at the last assize at Hereford,
It chanced that the lord Herbert and myself,
'Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,
Did fall in speech about some certain points
Of Wickliff's doctrine, 'gainst the papacy
And the religion catholic maintain'd
Through the most part of Europe at this day.
This wilful testy lord stuck not to say,
That Wickliff was a knave, a schismatic,
His doctrine devilish, and heretical;
And whatsoe'er he was, maintain'd the same,
Was traitor both to God, and to his country.
Being moved at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintained those opinions,
Men and truer subjects than lord Herbert was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was urged, my lord, against his challenge,[5]
To be a perfect favourer of the truth.
And, to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants, and our tenants, taking part:—
Many on both sides hurt; and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified;
Until the judges, rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forced to part the fray.
*Cob.* I hope no man was violently slain.
*Pow.* 'Faith none, I trust, but the lord Herbert's self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.
*Cob.* I am sorry, my good lord, for these ill news.
*Pow.* This is the cause that drives me into Kent,
To shroud myself with you, so good a friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.
*Cob.* Your lordship is most welcome unto Cobham;
But I am very sorry, my good lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome; and repose your lordship,
And keep yourself here secret in my house,
Until we hear how the lord Herbert speeds.

*Enter* HARPOOL.

Here comes my man: sirrah, what news?
*Har.* Yonder's one Master Butler of the privy chamber, is sent unto you from the king.
*Pow.* Pray God, that the lord Herbert be not dead,
And the king, hearing whither I am gone,
Hath sent for me.
*Cob.* Comfort yourself, my lord; I warrant you.
*Har.* Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake? dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?
*Cob.* Peace, you old fool. Sirrah, convey this gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.
*Har.* Come, sir, you're welcome, if you love my lord.
*Pow.* Gramercy, gentle friend.
[*Exeunt* POWIS *and* HARPOOL.
*Cob.* I thought as much, that it would not be long
Before I heard of something from the king,
About this matter.

*Enter* HARPOOL *and* BUTLER.

*Har.* Sir, yonder my lord walks, you see him; I'll have your men into the cellar the while.
*Cob.* Welcome, good master Butler.
*But.* Thanks, my good lord. His Majesty doth commend his love unto your lordship, and wills you to repair unto the court.

---

[5] —— *Against* his *challenge*—Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1664 reads—*this* challenge.—MALONE.

*Cob.* God bless his highness, and confound his enemies!
I hope his majesty is well.
*But.* In good health, my lord.
*Cob.* God long continue it! Methinks you look
As though you were not well: what ail ye, sir?
*But.* 'Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance,
That angers me. Coming o'er Shooter's-Hill,
There came one to me like a sailor, and
Ask'd my money; and whilst I staid my horse,
To draw my purse, he takes the advantage of
A little bank, and leaps behind me, whips
My purse away, and with a sudden jerk,
I know not how, threw me at least three yards
Out of my saddle. I never was so robb'd
In all my life.
*Cob.* I am very sorry, sir, for your mischance;
We will send our warrant forth, to stay all such
Suspicious persons as shall be found;
Then, Master Butler, we'll attend on you.
*But.* I humbly thank your lordship, I'll attend you. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter a Sumner.*

*Sum.* I have the law to warrant what I do; and though the lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dispenses not with law: I dare serve a process, were he five noblemen. Though we sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench, a sumner must not go always by seeing: a man may be content to hide his eyes where he may feel his profit. Well, this is lord Cobham's house; if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my citation upon his door; so my lord of Rochester bade me: but methinks here comes one of his men.

*Enter* HARPOOL.

*Har.* Welcome, good fellow, welcome: who would'st thou speak with?
*Sum.* With my lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men.
*Har.* Yes, I am one of his men: but thou can'st not speak with my lord.
*Sum.* May I send to him then?
*Har.* I'll tell thee that, when I know thy errand.
*Sum.* I will not tell my errand to thee.
*Har.* Then keep it to thyself, and walk like a knave as thou can'st.
*Sum.* I tell thee, my lord keeps no knaves, sirrah.
*Har.* Then thou servest him not, I believe. What lord is thy master?
*Sum.* My lord of Rochester.
*Har.* In good time: And what would'st thou have with my lord Cobham?
*Sum.* I come, by virtue of a process, to cite him to appear before my lord in the court at Rochester.
*Har.* [*Aside.*] Well, God grant me patience! I could eat this conger.[6] My lord is not at home; therefore it were good, Sumner, you carried your process back.
*Sum.* Why if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here; and see that he take knowledge of it. [*Fixes a citation on the Gate.*
*Har.* 'Zounds, you slave, do you set up your bills here? Go to; take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a process?
*Sum.* Yes, marry do I; on Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham.
*Har.* I am glad thou knowest him yet. And, sirrah, dost thou not know that the lord Cobham is a brave lord, that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?
*Sum.* What's that to my process?
*Har.* Marry this, sir; is this process parchment?
*Sum.* Yes, marry is it.
*Har.* And this seal wax?
*Sum.* It is so.
*Har.* If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah Sumner, dispatch; devour, sirrah, devour.[7]
*Sum.* I am my lord of Rochester's sumner; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.
*Har.* Sirrah, no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee. Thou bring'st it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?
*Sum.* Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

---

[6] —— *I could eat this* conger—The *conger* is the sea eel —MALONE.

[7] —— *Devour sirrah, devour.*—This circumstance is not a fiction of the author of this play. Nashe, in his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593, says he once saw *Robert Greene* (a voluminous writer of those days) "make an *apparitor* eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes." The same story is also told of one of the attendants of Boge de Clare in the eighteenth year of Edward I. See Mills's *Discourse of the Antiquity of the Star-Chamber*, 4to. 1590, p. 46.—MALONE.

*Har.* O, do you *sit* me now? All's one for that; I'll make *you* eat it, for bringing it.

*Sum.* I cannot eat it.

*Har.* Can you not? 'sblood, I'll beat you till you have a stomach. [*Beats him.*

*Sum.* O hold, hold, good master serving-man; I will eat it.

*Har.* Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I'll chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest of the honey.

*Sum.* The purest of the honey!—O, Lord, sir! oh! oh! [*Eats.*

*Har.* Feed, feed; 'tis wholsome, rogue, wholsome. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process? if thy seal were as broad as the lead that covers Rochester church, thou should'st eat it.

*Sum.* O, I am almost choked, I am almost choked.

*Har.* Who's within there? will you shame my lord? is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say.

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Here, here.

*Har.* Give him beer. There; tough old sheep-skin's bare dry meat. [*The Sumner drinks.*

*Sum.* O, sir, let me go no farther; I'll eat my word.

*Har.* Yea, marry, sir, I mean you shall eat more than your own word; for I'll make you eat all the words in the process. Why, you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a citation, with a pox? I'll cite you.—A cup of sack for the sumner.

*But.* Here, sir, here.

*Har.* Here, slave, I drink to thee.

*Sum.* I thank you, sir.

*Har.* Now, if thou find'st thy stomach well, because thou shalt see my lord keeps meat in his house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast.

*Sum.* No, I am very well, good master serving-man, I thank you; very well, sir.

*Har.* I am glad on't: then be walking towards Rochester to keep your stomach warm. And, sumner, if I do know you disturb a good wench within this diocese, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in it, I am a villain.

*Sum.* God be wi' you, master serving-man. [*Exit Sumner.*

*Har.* Farewell, sumner.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* Save you, master Harpool.

*Har.* Welcome constable, welcome constable; what news with thee?

*Con.* An't please you, master Harpool, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eye, that has robb'd two clothiers; and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

*Har.* Hast thou been at the ale-house? hast thou sought there?

*Con.* I durst not search in my lord Cobham's liberty, except I had some of his servants for my warrant.

*Har.* An honest constable: Call forth him that keeps the ale-house there.

*Con.* Ho, who's within there?

*Enter Ale-man.*

*Ale-man.* Who calls there? Oh, is't you, master constable, and master Harpool? you're welcome with all my heart. What make you here so early this morning?

*Har.* Sirrah, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

*Ale-man.* Gods-bore, I am sorry for't. I'faith, sir, I lodge nobody, but a good honest priest, call'd sir John a Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his niece, that he says he has some suit in law for; and as they go up and down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

*Har.* What, is she here in thy house now?

*Ale-man.* She is, sir; I promise you, sir, he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lie every night at his bed's feet.

*Har.* Bring her forth, constable; bring her forth; let's see her, let's see her.

*Ale-man.* Dorothy, you must come down to master constable.

*Enter* DOROTHY.

*Doll.* Anou forsooth.

*Har.* Welcome, sweet lass, welcome.

*Doll.* I thank you, good sir, and master constable also.

*Har.* A plump girl by the mass, a plump girl. Ha, Doll, ha! Wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me, Doll?

*Con.* Ah! well said, master Harpool; you are a merry old man, i'faith; you will never be old. Now by the mack, a pretty wench indeed!

*Har.* You old mad merry constable, art thou advised of that? Ha, well said, Doll; fill some ale here.

*Doll.* Oh, if I wist this old priest would not stick to me, by Jove I would ingle this old serving-man. [*Aside.*

*Har.* O you old mad colt, i'faith I'll ferk you; fill all the pots in the house there.

*Con.* Oh! well said, master Harpool; you are a heart of oak when all's done.

*Har.* Ha, Doll, thou hast a sweet pair of lips, by the mass.

*Doll.* Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I saw; by my troth, you have a face able to make any woman in love with you.

*Har.* Fill, sweet Doll, I'll drink to thee.

*Doll.* I pledge you, sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

*Har.* [*Embracing her.*] Doll, canst thou love me?

A mad merry lass; would to God I had never seen thee!

*Doll.* I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this twelvemonth; truly you are as full of favour, as a man may be. Ah, these sweet grey locks! by my troth they are most lovely.

*Con.* Cuds bores, master Harpool, I'll have one buss too.

*Har.* No licking for you, constable; hands off, hands off.

*Con.* By'r lady, I love kissing as well as you.

*Doll.* O you are an old boy, you have a wanton eye of your own! Ah, you sweet sugar-lip'd wanton, you will win as many women's hearts as come in your company.

*Enter Sir* JOHN *of Wrotham.*

*Sir John.* Doll, come hither.

*Har.* Priest, she shall not.

*Doll.* I'll come anon, sweet love.

*Sir John.* Hands off, old fornicator.

*Har.* Vicar, I'll sit here in spite of thee. Is this fit stuff for a priest to carry up and down with him?

*Sir John.* Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good-fellow parson may have a chapel of ease, where his parish church is far off?

*Har.* You whorson-stoned vicar!

*Sir John.* You old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold![8]

*Har.* 'Zounds, vicar, I'll geld you.

[*Flies upon him.*

*All.* Keep the king's peace.

*Doll.* Murder, murder, murder!

*Ale-man.* Hold, as you are men, hold! for God's sake be quiet; put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

*Har.* You whorson bawdy priest!

*Sir John.* You old mutton-monger!

*Con.* Hold, sir John, hold.

*Doll.* I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet; I was but sitting to drink a pot of ale with him; even as kind a man as ever I met with.

*Har.* Thou art a thief, I warrant thee.

*Sir John.* Then I am but as thou hast been in thy days. Let's not be ashamed of our trade; the king has been a thief himself.

*Doll.* Come, be quiet. Hast thou sped?

*Sir John.* I have, wench; here be crowns i'faith.

*Doll.* Come let's be all friends then.

*Con.* Well said, mistress Dorothy.

*Har.* Thou art the maddest priest that ever I met with.

*Sir John.* Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow!—I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher,[9] a wencher; I can say a mass, and kiss a lass; 'faith, I have a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serveth me for a sexton.

*Har.* Well said, mad priest; we'll in and be friends. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*London.—A Room in the Axe Inn, without Bishop-gate.*

*Enter Sir* ROGER ACTON, BOURN, BEVERLEY, *and* MURLEY.

*Act.* Now, master Murley, I am well assured
You know our errand, and do like the cause,
Being a man affected as we are.

*Mur.* Marry God dild ye, dainty my dear! no master, good sir Roger Acton, master Bourn, and master Beverley, gentlemen and justices of the peace; no master, I, but plain William Murley, the brewer of Dunstable, your honest neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

*Bev.* Professed friends to Wickliff, foes to Rome.

*Mur.* Hold by me, lad; lean upon that staff, good master Beverley; all of a house. Say your mind, say your mind.

*Act.* You know, our faction now is grown so great
Throughout the realm, that it begins to smoke
Into the clergy's eyes, and the king's ears.
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our general and officers appointed;
And wars, you wot, will ask great store of coin.
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a colonel
Over a regiment of fifteen bands.

*Mur.* Phew, paltry, paltry! in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon occasion. Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plain brewer, you know. Will lusty cavelierng captains, gentlemen, come at my calling, go at my bidding?

---

[8] The *Cotswold* hills in Gloucestershire were famous on account of the number of sheep fed upon them. A *Cotswold lion* therefore meant a *Cotswold sheep*; as an Essex lion is still the cant term for an *Essex calf*.

[9] —*A singer, a drinker,* a bencher. "Thou art so fatwitted (says prince Henry to Falstaff) with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and *sleeping upon benches at noon.*" Before alehouses, formerly, *benches* were placed for the accommodation of company. So in the preceding act:—

"—— when the vulgar sort
"Sit on their *ale-bench* with their cups and cans."—

It is yet a fashion in the country. MALONE.

dainty my dear, they'll do a dog of wax, a horse of cheese, a prick and a pudding. No, no; ye must appoint some lord or knight at least, to that place.

*Bour.* Why, master Murley, you shall be a knight.[9]

Were you not in election to be sheriff?
Have you not passed all offices but that?
Have you not wealth to make your wife a lady?
I warrant you, my lord, our general,
Bestows that honour on you, at first sight.

*Mur.* Marry God dild ye, dainty my dear.—But tell me, who shall be our general? Where's the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle, that noble alms-giver, house-keeper, virtuous, religious gentleman? Come to me there, boys; come to me there.

*Act.* Why, who but he shall be our general?

*Mur.* And shall he knight me, and make me colonel?

*Act.* My word for that, sir William Murley, knight.

*Mur.* Fellow, sir Roger Acton, knight, all fellows, I mean in arms, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies, beside the king, are mighty: be it more or less upon occasion, reckon our force.

*Act.* There are of us, our friends, and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least;
Of northern lads four thousand, beside horse;
From Kent there comes, with sir John Oldcastle,
Seven thousand: then from London issue out,
Of masters, servants, strangers, 'prentices,
Forty odd thousand into Ficket-field,
Where we appoint our special rendezvous.

*Mur.* Phew, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro. Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! Where's that Ficket-field, sir Roger?

*Act.* Behind St Giles's in the Field, near Holborn.

*Mur.* Newgate, up Holborn, St Giles's in the Field, and to Tyburn; an old saw. For the day, for the day?

*Act.* On Friday next, the fourteenth day of January.

*Mur.* Tilly vally, trust me never, if I have any liking of that day. Phew, paltry, paltry! Friday, quoth-a, a dismal day: Childermas-day this year was Friday.

*Bev.* Nay, master Murley, if you observe such days,
We make some question of your constancy:
All days are alike to men resolved in right.

*Mur.* Say amen, and say no more, but say and hold, master Beverley: Friday next, and Ficket-field, and William Murley and his merry men shall be all one. I have half a score jades that draw my beer carts; and every jade shall bear a knave, and every knave shall wear a jack, and every jack shall have a skull, and every skull shall shew a spear, and every spear shall kill a foe at Ficket-field, at Ficket-field. John and, Tom, Dick and Hodge, Ralph and Robin, William and George, and all my knaves, shall fight like men at Ficket-field, on Friday next.

*Bourn.* What sum of money mean you to disburse?

*Mur.* It may be, modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred pound.

*Act.* Five hundred, man? five thousand's not enough:
A hundred thousand will not pay our men
Two months together. Either come prepared
Like a brave knight and martial colonel,
In glittering gold, and gallant furniture,
Bringing in coin, a cart-load at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

*Bev.* Perchance you may be chosen treasurer;
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

*Mur.* Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And, rather than the bishop shall have his will of me, for my conscience, it shall all go. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gun-powder. Sir Roger, a cart-load of money, till the axletree crack; myself and my men in Ficket-field on Friday next: remember my knighthood and my place: there's my [illegible], I'll be there. [*Exit* MURLEY.

*Act.* See what ambition may persuade men to!
In hope of honour he will spend himself.

*Bourn.* I never thought a brewer half so rich.

*Bev.* Was never bankrupt brewer yet but one,
With using too much malt, too little water.

*Act.* That is no fault in brewers now adays:
Come, let's away about our business. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*An Audience-chamber in the Palace at Eltham.*

*Enter King* HENRY, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, BUTLER, *and Lord* COBHAM.—*He kneels to the King.*

*K. Henry.* 'Tis not enough, lord Cobham, to submit;

---

[9] — *Master Murley, you shall be a knight.*—This is founded on an historical fact. When Murley, or *Murle*, was taken, he had a pair of gilt spurs in his bosom, imagining that he should have been made a knight the next day by lord Cobham. See Stowe's *Annals*, p. 344. edit. 1631.—MALONE.

You must forsake your gross opinion.
The bishops find themselves much injured;
And though, for some good service you have done,
We for our part are pleased to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.
*Cob.* My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God, I do owe my life;
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling priests
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroached upon.
*K. Henry.* We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
Of Him that is the ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command.
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house; but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.
*Cob.* My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown.
*K. Henry.* Let it suffice we know your loyalty.
What have you there?
*Cob.* A deed of clemency;
~~Your~~ Highness' pardon for lord Powis' life,
Which I did beg, and you, my noble lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant.
*K. Henry.* But yet it is not signed with our hand.
*Cob.* Not yet, my liege.
*K. Henry.* The fact you say was done
Not of pretensed malice, but by chance.
*Cob.* Upon mine honour so, no otherwise.
*K. Henry.* There is his pardon; bid him make amends, [*Signs the Pardon.*
And cleanse his soul to God for his offence:
What we remit, is but the body's scourge.—
How now, lord bishop?

*Enter Bishop of* ROCHESTER.

*Roch.* Justice, dread sovereign!
As thou art king, so grant I may have justice.
*K. Henry.* What means this exclamation? let us know.
*Roch.* Ah, my good lord, the state is much abused,
And our decrees most shamefully prophaned.
*K. Henry.* How? or by whom?
*Roch.* Even by this heretic,
This Jew, this traitor to your majesty.
*Cob.* Prelate, thou liest, even in thy greasy maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the name
Of either traitor, or of heretic.
*K. Henry.* Forbear, I say: and, bishop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been derived.
*Roch.* Thus, mighty king. By general consent,
A messenger was sent to cite this lord
To make appearance in the consistory;
And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man;
Who, knowing him to be a paritor,
Assaults him first, and after, in contempt
Of us and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written process, parchment, seal, and all;
Whereby his master neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorned for our authority.
*K. Henry.* When was this done?
*Roch.* At six a clock this morning.
*K. Henry.* And when came you to court?
*Cob.* Last night, my liege.
*K. Henry.* By this, it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong to accuse him so.
*Roch.* But it was done, my lord, by his appointment;
Or else his man durst not have been so bold.
*K. Henry.* Or else you durst not be bold to interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you, misdoubting it,
Or, which is worse, intending to forestal
Our regal power, must likewise summon him?
This savours of ambition, not of zeal;
And rather proves you malice his estate,
Than any way that he offends the law.
Go to, we like it not; and he your officer
Had his desert for being insolent,
That was employed so much amiss herein.
So, Cobham, when you please, you may depart.
*Cob.* I humbly bid farewell unto my liege.
[*Exit* COBHAM.

*Enter* HUNTINGTON.

*K. Henry.* Farewell.—What is the news by Huntington?
*Hun.* Sir Roger Acton, and a crew, my lord,
Of bold seditious rebels, are in arms,
Intending reformation of religion;
And with their army they intend to pitch
In Ficket-field, unless they be repulsed.
*K. Henry.* So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud war, and eager thirst of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our native bounds?
Must we be forced to handsel our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepared for France?
Well, a God's name be it. What's their number, say,

Or who's the chief commander of this rout?
*Hun.* Their number is not known as yet, my lord;
But 'tis reported, sir John Oldcastle
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.
*K. Henry.* How! the lord Cobham?
*Hun.* Yes, my gracious lord.
*Roch.* I could have told your majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.
*Suf.* Send post, my lord, to fetch him back again.
*But.* Traitor unto his country! how he smoothed,
And seemed as innocent as truth itself.
*K. Henry.* I cannot think it yet he would be false;
But if he be, no matter;—let him go:
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.
[*Exeunt King* HENRY, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON *and Butler.*
*Roch.* This falls out well; and at the last I hope
To see this heretic die in a rope. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Avenue leading to Lord* COBHAM'S *House in Kent.*

*Enter the Earl of* CAMBRIDGE, *Lord* SCROOPE, *Sir* THOMAS GREY, *and* CHARTRES.

*Scroope.* Once more, my lord of Cambridge, make rehearsal
How you do stand entitled to the crown:
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,
And every man the better be resolved,
When he perceives his quarrel to be just.
*Cam.* Then, thus, lord Scroope,—sir Thomas Grey,—and you
Monsieur de Chartres, agent for the French:
This Lionel, duke of Clarence, (as I said)
Third son of Edward (England's king) the third,
Had issue, Philip, his sole daughter and heir;
Which Philip afterward was given in marriage
To Edmund Mortimer, the earl of March,
And by him had a son called Roger Mortimer;
Which Roger likewise had of his descent,
Edmund and Roger, Anne and Eleanor,
Two daughters and two sons; but of those, three
Died without issue. Anne, that did survive,
And now was left her father's only heir,
My fortune was to marry;[10] being too,
By my grandfather, of king Edward's line:
So of his sir-name, I am called, you know,
Richard Plantagenet: my father was
Edward the duke of York, and son and heir
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.[11]
*Scroope.* So that it seems your claim comes by your wife,
As lawful heir to Roger Mortimer,
The son of Edmund, which did marry Philip,
Daughter and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence.
*Cam.* True; for this Harry, and his father both,
Harry the fourth,[12] as plainly doth appear,
Are false intruders, and usurp the crown.
For when young Richard was at Pomfret slain,
In him the title of prince Edward died,
That was the eldest of king Edward's sons.
William of Hatfield, and their second brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft:
So that my wife, derived from Lionel,
Third son unto king Edward, ought proceed,[13]
And take possession of the diadem,
Before this Harry, or his father king,
Who fetch their title but from Lancaster,
Fourth of that royal line. And being thus,
What reason is't, but she should have her right?
*Scroope.* I am resolved our enterprize is just.
*Grey.* Harry shall die, or else resign his crown.
*Char.* Perform but that, and Charles the king of France
Shall aid you, lords, not only with his men,

---

[10] By *fortune was to marry*—All the copies concur in this reading; but it is evidently corrupt. *Richard* earl of Cambridge was the husband of Anne, daughter to Roger, Mortimer earl of March. *There* can, therefore, be no doubt, that *by* was an error of the press for *my*, which is now placed *in* the text.—MALONE.

[11] *Edward the third's* first *son.*—Read *fifth* son: for so Edmund of Langley, duke of York, was to king Edward III.—PERCY.

[12] *Harry the* first—Thus the old copies. I once thought the author might have meant the first of the two *intruding* Harrys. But as in a former line *first* was printed instead of *fifth*, the same word (as Dr Percy and Mr Steevens observe to me) was probably here an erratum for *fourth*.—MALONE.

[13] —— *Ought* proceed.—Thus the quarto of 1600, and all the other copies. I believe the author wrote *precede*. However, as *proceed before* affords the same meaning, I have made no change.—MALONE.

I think *proceed* is the true reading. To *proceed* is to go forward, to tend to the end designed, to advance. So in *Coriolanus*,

"Temperately *proceed* to what you would.—STEEVENS."

But send you money to maintain your wars.
Five hundred thousand crowns he bade me proffer,
If you can stop but Harry's voyage for France.
*Scroope.* We never had a fitter time than now,
The realm in such division as it is.
*Cam.* Besides, you must persuade you, there is due
Vengeance for Richard's murther, which although
It be deferred, yet it will fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
*Sin hath* had many years to ripen in;
*And now* the harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the weeds of usurpation
Are to be cropp'd, and cast into the fire.
*Scroope.* No more, earl Cambridge; here I plight my faith
To set up thee and thy renowned wife.
*Grey.* Grey will perform the same, as he is knight.
*Char.* And, to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth gage the honour of his king.
*Scroope.* We lack but now lord Cobham's fellowship,
And then our plot were absolute indeed.
*Cam.* Doubt not of him, my lord; his life pursued
By the incensed clergy, and of late
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures
He may be quickly won unto our faction.
Who hath the articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpose?
*Grey.* That have I, my lord.
*Cam.* We should not now be far off from his house.
Our serious conference hath beguiled the way;
See where his castle stands. Give me the writing;
When we are come unto the speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

*Enter Lord* COBHAM.

*Scroope.* A ready way. Here comes the man himself,
Booted and spurr'd; it seems he hath been riding.
*Cam.* Well met, lord Cobham.
*Cob.* My lord of Cambridge!
Your honour is most welcome into Kent,
And all the rest of this fair company.
I am new come from London, gentle lords:
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,[14]
And see what entertainment it affords?
*Cam.* We were intended to have been your guests:
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
To end our business, and defer that kindness.
*Cob.* Business, my lord? what business should let
You to be merry? We have no delicates:
Yet this I'll promise you; a piece of venison,
A cup of wine, and so forth, hunter's fare:
And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves,
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.
*Scroope.* That is indeed the thing we all desire.
*Cob.* My lords, and you shall have your choice with me.
*Cam.* Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in Cowling: if you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest
Where runs a lusty herd; among the which
There is a stag superior to the rest;
A stately beast, that, when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
As though he scorned it, with his trampling hoofs;
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,
Like a huge bulwark, counter-checks the wind:
And, when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.
*Cob.* 'Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.
*Cam.* Not so, sir John; for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race,
Alike for stealth and covetous encroaching,
Already are removed; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royal feast.
*Scroope.* How say you then? will you first hunt with us?
*Cob.* 'Faith, lords, I like the pastime: where's the place?
*Cam.* Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport.
[*Presents a Paper.*
*Cob.* [*Reads.*] Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag
You fain would chase, Harry, our most dread king?
So we may make a banquet for the devil;
And, in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare
A dish of poison to confound ourselves.
*Cam.* Why so, lord Cobham? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the crown?
*Scroope.* Besides, you know yourself is in disgrace,

---

14 *But will ye not take Cowling for your host.*—*Cowling* was the name of Lord Cobham's seat in Kent. MALONE.

Held as a recreant, and pursued to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,
And stablish your religion through the land.
*Cob.* Notorious treason! yet I will conceal
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
[*Aside.*
My lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the land,
By prosecuting of this enterprize;
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order such an action? We are weak;
Harry, you know, is a mighty potentate.
*Cam.* Tut, we are strong enough; you are beloved,
And many will be glad to follow you;
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The commons likewise, as we hear, pretend
A sudden tumult; we will join with them.
*Cob.* Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
You are, my lords, such men as live in court,
And have been highly favoured of the king,
Especially lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his bed-fellow.
And you, lord Grey, are of his privy-council:
Is not this a train laid to entrap my life?
*Cam.* Then perish may my soul! What, think you so?
*Scroope.* We'll swear to you.
*Grey.* Or take the sacrament.
*Cob.* Nay, you are noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other testimony but this:
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing, which you gave to me.
*Cam.* With all our hearts: Who hath any pen and ink?
*Scroope.* My pocket should have one: O, here it is.
*Cam.* Give it me, lord Scroope. There is my name.
*Scroope.* And there is my name.
*Grey.* And mine.
*Cob.* Sir, let me crave
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,
For confirmation of your master's words,
The king of France.
*Char.* That will I, noble lord.
*Cob.* So, now this action is well knit together.
And I am for you: where's our meeting, lords?
*Cam.* Here, if you please, the tenth of July next.
*Cob.* In Kent? agreed. Now let us in to supper.
I hope your honours will not away to-night.
*Cam.* Yes, presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other friends.
*Scroope.* And we would not be absent from the court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the king.
*Cob.* Yet taste a cup of wine, before ye go.
*Cam.* Not now, my lord, we thank you; so farewell.
[*Exeunt* SCROOPE, GREY, CAMBRIDGE, *and* CHARTRES.
*Cob.* Farewell, my noble lords.—My noble lords!
My noble villains, base conspirators!
How can they look his highness in the face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known:
This head shall not be burdened with such thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed
Of such impiety against my king.
Madam, how now?

*Enter Lady* COBHAM, *Lord* POWIS, *Lady* POWIS, *and* HARPOOL.

*L. Cob.* You're welcome home, my lord:
Why seem you so unquiet in your looks?
What hath befallen you that disturbs your mind?
*L. Pow.* Bad news, I am afraid, touching my husband.
*Cob.* Madam, not so; there is your husband's pardon:
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.
*L. Pow.* So great a kindness, as I know not how
To make reply;—my sense is quite confounded.
*Cob.* Let that alone; and, madam, stay me not,
For I must back unto the court again,
With all the speed I can: Harpool, my horse.
*L. Cob.* So soon, my lord? what, will you ride all night?
*Cob.* All night or day; it must be so, sweet wife.
Urge me not why, or what my business is,
But get you in.—Lord Powis, bear with me;
And, madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse;
My house is at your use. Harpool, away.
*Har.* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?
*Cob.* Yea, sir; your gelding mount you presently. [*Exit* COBHAM.
*L. Cob.* I pray thee, Harpool, look unto thy lord;
I do not like this sudden posting back.
[*Exit* HARPOOL.
*Pow.* Some earnest business is a-foot belike;
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good guide.
*L. Pow.* Amen, that hath so highly us bestead.
*L. Cob.* Come, madam, and my lord, we'll hope the best;
You shall not into Wales till he return.
*Pow.* Though great occasion be we should depart,
Yet, madam, will we stay to be resolved
Of this unlooked-for doubtful accident.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Road near Highgate.*

*Enter* MURLEY *and his Followers.*

*Mur.* Come, my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely; no man afore his leader: follow your master, your captain, your knight that shall be, for the honour of meal-men, millers, and malt-men. Dun is the mouse. Dick and Tom, for the credit of Dunstable, ding down the enemy to-morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence, my two loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this! I would give a couple of shillings for a dozen of good feathers for you, and forty pence for as many scarfs to set you out withal. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.

*Dick.* Master, we are no babes, our town footballs can bear witness: this little 'parel we have, shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

*Tom.* Nay, I'm of Lawrence' mind for that, for he means to leave his life behind him; he and Leonard, your two loaders, are making their wills, because they have wives; and we bachelors bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die. But, master, pray ye let me ride upon Cut.

*Mur.* Meal and salt, wheat and malt, fire and tow, frost and snow; why, Tom, thou shalt. Let me see, here are you: William and George are with my cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my own two horses; proper men, handsome men, tall men, true men.

*Dick.* But master, master; methinks you are mad to hazard your own person, and a cart-load of money too.

*Tom.* Yea, and master, there's a worse matter in't, if it be, as I heard say, we go to fight against all the learned bishops, that should give us their blessing: and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

*Dick.* Nay, by'r lady, some say the king takes their part; and, master, dare you fight against the king?

*Mur.* Fye, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion; if the king be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

*Tom.* What, if you should kill the king?

*Mur.* Then we'll make another.

*Dick.* Is that all? do you not speak treason?

*Mur.* If we do, who dare trip us? we come to fight for our conscience, and for honour. Little know you what is in my bosom; look here, mad knaves, a pair of gilt spurs.

*Tom.* A pair of golden spurs? Why do you not put them on your heels? Your bosom's no place for spurs.

*Mur.* Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us. Tom, thou'rt a fool, and thou speak'st treason to knighthood. Dare any wear gold or silver spurs, till he be a knight? No, I shall be knighted to-morrow, and then they shall on. Sirs, was it ever read in the church-book of Dunstable, that ever malt-man was made knight?

*Tom.* No, but you are more: you are meal-man, malt-man, miller, corn-master, and all.

*Dick.* Yea, and half a brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth: you bring more money with you than all the rest.

*Mur.* The more's my honour; I shall be a knight to-morrow. Let me 'spose my men; Tom upon Cut, Dick upon Hob, Hodge upon Ball, Ralph upon Sorrel, and Robin upon the fore-horse.

*Enter* ACTON, BOURN, *and* BEVERLEY.

*Tom.* Stand; who comes there?

*Act.* All friends, good fellow.

*Mur.* Friends and fellows indeed, sir Roger.

*Act.* Why, thus you shew yourself a gentleman,
To keep your day, and come so well prepared.
Your cart stands yonder guarded by your men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with coin.
What sum is there?

*Mur.* Ten thousand pound, sir Roger; and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be knighted.

*Act.* Gilt spurs? 'Tis well.

*Mur.* Where's our army, sir?

*Act.* Dispersed in sundry villages about;
Some here with us in Highgate, some at Finchley,
Tot'nam, Enfield, Edmonton, Newington,
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancras, Kensington;
Some nearer Thames, Ratcliff, Blackwall, and Bow:
But our chief strength must be the Londoners,
Which, ere the sun to-morrow shine,
Will be near fifty thousand in the field.

*Mur.* Marry, God dild ye, dainty my dear; but upon occasion, sir Roger Acton, doth not the king know of it, and gather his power against us?

*Act.* No, he's secure at Eltham.

*Mur.* What do the clergy?

*Act.* They fear extremely, yet prepare no force.

*Mur.* In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the world afore us. I vow, by my worship, when I am knighted, we'll take the king napping, if he stand on their part.

*Act.* This night we few in Highgate will repose;
With the first cock we'll rise and arm ourselves,
To be in Ficket field by break of day,
And there expect our general, sir John Oldcastle.

*Mur.* What if he comes not?

*Bourn* Yet our action stands;
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

*Mur.* True, master Bourn; but who shall make me knight?

*Bev.* He that hath power to be our general.

*Act.* Talk not of trifles; come let us away;
Our friends of London long till it be day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A High Road in Kent.*

*Enter Sir* JOHN *and* DOLL.

*Doll.* By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

*Sir John.* Canst thou blame me, Doll? thou art my lands, my goods, my jewels, my wealth, my purse: none walks within forty miles of London, but 'a plies thee as truly as the parish does the poor man's box.

*Doll.* I am as true to thee as the stone is in the wall; and thou know'st well enough I was in as good doing when I came to thee, as any wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: and I will not be kept as I have been, that I will not.

*Sir John.* Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a pedlar walks with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready money in a merchant's shop: we'll have as good silver as the king coins any.

*Doll.* What, is all the gold spent you took the last day from the courtier?

*Sir John.* 'Tis gone, Doll, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone. He comes a horseback that must pay for all; we'll have as good meat as money can get, and as good gowns as can be bought for gold: be merry, wench, the malt-man comes on Monday.

*Doll.* You might have left me at Cobham, until you had been better provided for.

*Sir John.* No, sweet Doll, no; I like not that. Yon old ruffian is not for the priest; I do not like a new clerk should come in the old belfray.

*Doll.* Thou art a mad priest, i'faith.

*Sir John.* Come, Doll, I'll see thee safe at some ale-house here at Cray; and the next sheep that comes shall leave behind his fleece. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Blackheath.*

*Enter King* HENRY *disguised,* SUFFOLK, *and* BUTLER

*K. Henry.* My lord of Suffolk, post away for life,
And let our forces of such horse and foot
As can be gathered up by any means,
Make speedy rendezvous in Tothill-fields.
It must be done this evening, my lord;
This night the rebels mean to draw to head
Near Islington; which if your speed prevent not,
If once they should unite their several forces,
Their power is almost thought invincible.
Away, my lord, I will be with you soon.

*Suf.* I go, my sovereign, with all happy speed.

*K. Henry.* Make haste, my lord of Suffolk, as you love us. [*Exit* SUFFOLK.
Butler, post you to London with all speed:
Command the mayor and sheriffs, on their allegiance,
The city gates be presently shut up,
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch;
And not a man be suffered to pass
Without a special warrant from ourself.
Command the postern by the Tower be kept,
And proclamation, on the pain of death,
That not a citizen stir from his doors,
Except such as the mayor and shrieves shall choose
For their own guard, and safety of their persons.
Butler, away, have care unto my charge.

*But.* I go, my sovereign.

*K. Henry.* Butler.

*But.* My lord?

*K. Henry.* Go down by Greenwich, and command a boat,
At the Friars-Bridge attend my coming down.

*But.* I will, my lord. [*Exit* BUTLER.

*K. Henry.* It's time, I think, to look unto rebellion,
When Acton doth expect unto his aid
No less than fifty thousand Londoners.
Well, I'll to Westminster in this disguise,
To hear what news is stirring in these brawls.

*Enter Sir* JOHN *and* DOLL.

*Sir John.* Stand true man, says a thief.

*K. Henry.* Stand thief, says a true man: how if a thief?

*Sir John.* Stand thief too.

*K. Henry.* Then thief or true man, I must stand, I see. Howsoever the world wags, the trade of thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

*Sir John.* A good fellow.

*K. Henry.* So I am too; I see thou dost know me.

*Sir John.* If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellow's part; deliver thy purse without more ado.

*K. Henry.* I have no money.

*Sir John.* I must make you find some before we part. If you have no money, you shall have ware; as many sound blows as your skin can carry.

*K. Henry.* Is that the plain truth?

*Sir John.* Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

*K. Henry.* Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is. Just the proverb, one thief robs another. Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on his horse;[15] but methinks Poins and Peto should be stirring hereabouts.

---

[15] *Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on his horse;*—From this passage it appears that this play was not written till after Falstaff had been exhibited on the stage in the *First Part of King Henry IV.*—MALONE.

*Sir John.* How much is there on't, o' thy word?

*K. Henry.* A hundred pound in angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I
Have now.

*Sir John.* Sirrah, what art thou? thou seem'st a gentleman?

*K. Henry.* I am no less; yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my money.

*Sir John.* From whence cam'st thou?

*K. Henry.* From the court at Eltham.

*Sir John.* Art thou one of the king's servants?

*K. Henry.* Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

*Sir John.* I'm glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy money: And think you thou might'st get a poor thief his pardon, if he should have need?

*K. Henry.* Yes, that I can.

*Sir John.* Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

*K. Henry.* Yes, 'faith will I, so it be for no murder.

*Sir John.* Nay, I am a pitiful thief; all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse: I'll kill no man.

*K. Henry.* Then, on my word, I'll do't.

*Sir John.* Give me thy hand on the same.

*K. Henry.* There 'tis.

*Sir John.* Methinks the king should be good to thieves, because he has been a thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true man.

*K. Henry.* 'Faith, I have heard indeed he has had an ill name that way in his youth; but how canst thou tell that he has been a thief?

*Sir John.* How? because he once robbed me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in his company there, that Falstaff.

*K. Henry.* Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now, I'll be sworn. [*Aside*] Thou knowest not the king now, I think, if thou sawest him?

*Sir John.* Not I, i'faith.

*K. Henry.* So it should seem. [*Aside.*

*Sir John.* Well, if old king Harry had lived, this king, that is now, had made thieving the best trade in England.

*K. Henry.* Why so?

*Sir John.* Because he was the chief warden of our company. It's pity that e'er he should have been a king, he was so brave a thief. But, sirrah, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

*K. Henry.* Yes, 'faith will I.

*Sir John.* Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again before thou come to Southwark, if any man, when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but *Sir John*, and they will let thee pass.

*K. Henry.* Is that the word? then let me alone.

*Sir John.* Nay, sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time, not knowing thee, here I'll break this angel: take thou half of it; this is a token betwixt thee and me.[16]

*K. Henry.* God-a-mercy; farewell. [*Exit.*

*Sir John.* O my fine golden slaves! here's for thee, wench, i'faith. Now, Doll, we will revel in our bever; this is a tithe pig of my vicarage. God-a-mercy, neighbour Shooter's-hill, you ha' paid your tithe honestly. Well, I hear there is a company of rebels up against the king, got together in Ficket-field near Holborn; and, as it is thought here in Kent, the king will be there to-night in his own person. Well, I'll to the king's camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good boot among them.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Field near London.—King Henry's Camp.*

*Enter King* HENRY *disguised,* SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON, *and Attendants with torches.*

*K. Henry.* My lords of Suffolk and of Huntington,
Who scouts it now? or who stand sentinels?
What men of worth, what lords, do walk the round?

*Suf.* May it please your highness—

*K. Henry.* Peace, no more of that:
The king's asleep; wake not his majesty
With terms, nor titles; he's at rest in bed.
Kings do not use to watch themselves; they sleep,
And let rebellion and conspiracy
Revel and havock in the commonwealth.
Is London look'd unto?

---

[16] — *Take thou half of it; this is a* token *betwixt thee and me.*—A *token* was not a coin, but a piece that passed in traffic as the fourth part of a penny. It is mentioned by B. Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*: "Buy a *token*'s worth of great pins to fasten yourself *to my* shoulder." On which words Mr Whalley observes, that "before farthings were coined in 1672, tradesmen were allowed to make them for *necessary change*, which words were sometimes circumscribed on the reverse. The person's name, or the initial letters of it, appeared on the other side, and he was obliged to receive them back again. They were commonly called *tokens*."—MALONE.

*Hunt.* It is, my lord;
Your noble uncle Exeter is there,
Your brother Glocester, and my lord of Warwick;
Who, with the mayor and the aldermen,
Do guard the gates, and keep good rule within.
The earl of Cambridge and sir Thomas Grey
Do walk the round; lord Scroope and Butler scout:
So, though it please your majesty to jest,
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.
*K. Henry.* I thank ye, lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect night-walker.
London, you say, is safely looked unto,
(Alas, poor rebels, there your aid must fail;)
And the Lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle,
Quiet in Kent. Acton, you are deceived;
Reckon again, you count without your host;
To-morrow you shall give account to us:
Till when, my friends, this long cold winter's night
How can we spend? King Harry is asleep,
And all his lords; these garments tell us so;
All friends at foot-ball, fellows all in field,
Harry, and Dick, and George. Bring us a drum;
Give us square dice; we'll keep this court of guard
For all good fellows' companies that come.
Where's that mad priest ye told me was in arms,
To fight as well as pray, if need required?
*Suf.* He's in the camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.
*K. Henry.* Trip Dick, trip George.
*Hunt.* I must have the dice: what do we play at?
*Suf.* Passage, if you please. [17]
*Hunt.* Set round then: so; at all.
*K. Henry.* George, you are out;
Give me the dice, I pass for twenty pound:
Here's to our lucky passage into France.
*Hunt.* Harry, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.
*Suf.* A sign king Harry shall sweep all in France.

*Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* Edge ye, good fellows; take a fresh gamester in.
*K. Henry.* Master parson, we play nothing but gold.
*Sir John.* And, fellow, I tell thee that the priest hath gold. Gold! what? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me; I think I have more gold than all you three.
*Hunt.* It may be so; but we believe it not.
*K. Henry.* Set, priest, set: I pass for all that gold.
*Sir John.* You pass indeed.
*K. Henry.* Priest, hast any more?
*Sir John.* More! what a question's that?
I tell thee I have more than all you three.
At these ten angels.
*K. Henry.* I wonder how thou com'st by all this gold.
How many benefices hast thou, priest?
*Sir John.* 'Faith, but one. Dost wonder how I come by gold? I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold. For I'll tell thee, good fellow; we have every day tithes, offerings, christenings, weddings, burials; and you poor snakes come seldom to a booty. I'll speak a proud word; I have but one parsonage, Wrotham; 'tis better than the bishoprick of Rochester: there's ne'er a hill, heath, nor down, in all Kent, but 'tis in my parish;—Barham-down, Cobham-down, Gads-hill, Wrotham-hill, Black-heath, Cocks-heath, Birchen-wood, all pay me tithe. Gold, quoth-a? ye pass not for that.
*Suf.* Harry, you are out: now, parson, shake the dice.
*Sir John.* Set, set, I'll cover ye;—at all:—a plague on't, I am out. The devil, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?
*Suf.* Say'st thou so, priest? set fair; at all for once.
*K. Henry.* Out, sir; pay all.
*Sir John.* Sir, pay me angel gold:
I'll none of your cracked French crowns nor pistolets;
Pay me fair angel gold, as I pay you.
*K. Henry.* No cracked French crowns! I hope to see more cracked French crowns ere long.
*Sir John.* Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's crowns, when the king's in France.
*Hun.* Set round; at all.
*Sir John.* Pay all. This is come luck.
*K. Henry.* Give me the dice; 'tis I must shred the priest:
At all, sir John.
*Sir John.* The devil and all is yours. At that. 'Sdeath, what casting's this?
*Suf.* Well thrown, Harry, i'faith.
*K. Henry.* I'll cast better yet.
*Sir John.* Then I'll be hanged. Sirrah, hast thou not given thy soul to the devil for casting?
*K. Henry.* I pass for all.
*Sir John.* Thou passest all that e'er I played withal.
Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?
*K. Henry.* Set, parson, set; the dice die in my hand.
When, parson, when? what, can you find no more?
Already dry? was't you bragged of your store?
*Sir John.* All's gone but that.
*Hun.* What? half a broken angel.
*Sir John.* Why, sir, 'tis gold.
*K. Henry.* Yea, and I'll cover it.

---

[17] Passage, *if you please.*—This was a game at tables.—STEVENS.

*Sir John.* The devil give ye good on't! I am blind:
You have blown me up.
*K. Henry.* Nay, tarry, priest; you shall not leave us yet:
Do not these pieces fit each other well?
*Sir John.* What if they do?
*K. Henry.* Thereby begins a tale.
There was a thief, in face much like sir John,
(But 'twas not he—that thief was all in green,)
Met me, last day, on Black-heath near the Park;
With him a woman. I was all alone
And weaponless; my boy had all my tools,
And was before, providing me a boat.
Short tale to make, sir John—the thief I mean—
Took a just hundred pound in gold from me.
I stormed at it, and swore to be revenged,
If e'er we met. He, like a lusty thief,
Brake with his teeth this angel just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next,
Provided I should charge no officer
To apprehend him, but at weapon's point
Recover that and what he had beside.—
Well met, sir John; betake you to your tools,
By torch-light; for, master parson, you are he
That had my gold.
*Sir John.* 'Zounds, I won it in play, in fair square play, of the keeper of Eltham-park; and that I will maintain with this poor whynniard. Be you two honest men, to stand and look upon us, and let us alone, and take neither part.
*K. Henry.* Agreed; I charge you do not budge a foot.
Sir John, have at ye.
*Sir John.* Soldier, 'ware your sconce.
[*As they are preparing to engage,* BUTLER *enters, and draws his sword to part them.*
*But.* Hold, villain, hold; my lords, what do ye mean,
To see a traitor draw against the king?
*Sir John.* The king? God's will, I am in a proper pickle.
*K. Henry.* Butler, what news? why dost thou trouble us?
*But.* Please your majesty, it is break of day;
And as I scouted near to Islington,
The grey-eyed morning gave me glimmering
Of armed men coming down Highgate-hill,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.
*K. Henry.* Let us withdraw, my lords; prepare our troops
To charge the rebels, if there be such cause.
For this lewd priest, this devilish hypocrite,
That is a thief, a gamester, and what not,
Let him be hanged up for example sake.
*Sir John.* Not so, my gracious sovereign. I confess I am a frail man, flesh and blood as others are: but set my imperfections aside, you have not a taller man, nor a truer subject to the crown and state, than sir John of Wrotham is.
*K. Henry.* Will a true subject rob his king?
*Sir John.* Alas, 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.
*K. Henry.* 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt,
To season others with good document;
Your lives, as lamps to give the people light;
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock:
Go hang him, Butler. Didst thou not rob me?
*Sir John.* I must confess, I saw some of your gold; but, my dread lord, I am in no humour for death. God wills that sinners live; do not you cause me to die. Once in their lives the best may go astray; and if the world say true, yourself, my liege, have been a thief.
*K. Henry.* I confess I have;
But I repent, and have reclaimed myself.
*Sir John.* So will I do, if you will give me time.
*K. Henry.* Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his sureties?
*Hunt.* That, when he robs again, he shall be hanged.
*Sir John.* I ask no more.
*K. Henry.* And we will grant thee that.
Live and repent, and prove an honest man;
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy gold,
But spend it better than at cards, or wine;
For better virtues fit that coat of thine.
*Sir John. Vivat rex, et currat lex.* My liege, if ye have cause of battle, ye shall see sir John bestir himself in your quarrel. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Field of Battle near London.*

*Alarum. Enter King* HENRY, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON, *and Sir* JOHN, *bringing forth* ACTON, BEVERLEY, *and* MURLEY, *Prisoners.*

*K. Henry.* Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds
Thought to have triumphed in our overthrow.
But now ye see, base villains, what success
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'st the name
Of knight, and shouldst be more discreetly tempered
Than join with peasants; gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.
*Act.* Pardon, my lord, my conscience urged me to it:
*K. Henry.* Thy conscience! then thy conscience is corrupt;
For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy conscience thou shouldst love thy country;
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil manners of the Turk?
*Bev.* We meant no hurt unto your majesty,
But reformation of religion.
*K. Henry.* Reform religion? was it that you sought?

I pray, who gave you that authority?
Belike then we do hold the sceptre up,
And sit within the throne but for a cipher.
Time was, good subjects would make known their grief,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Unless their king were tyrant; which I hope
You cannot justly say, that Harry is.
What is that other?

*Suf.* A maltman, my lord,
And dwelling in Dunstable, as he says.

*K. Henry.* Sirrah, what made you leave your barley-broth,
To come in armour thus against your king?

*Mur.* Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion, what a world is this! Knighthood, my liege, 'twas knighthood brought me hither; they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a lady.

*K. Henry.* And so you brought those horses which we saw
Trapped all in costly furniture; and meant
To wear these spurs when you were knighted once?

*Mur.* In and out upon occasion, I did.

*K. Henry.* In and out upon occasion, therefore
You shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing
These spurs upon your heels, about your neck
They shall bewray your folly to the world.

*Sir John.* In and out upon occasion, that goes hard.

*Mur.* Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro. Good my liege, a pardon; I am sorrow for my fault.

*K. Henry.* That comes too late. But tell me, went there none
Beside sir Roger Acton, upon whom
You did depend to be your governor?

*Mur.* None, my good lord, but sir John Oldcastle.

*K. Henry.* Bears he a part in this conspiracy?

*Act.* We look'd, my lord, that he would meet us here.

*K. Henry.* But did he promise you that he would come?

*Act.* Such letters we received forth of Kent.

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester.*

*Roch.* Where is my lord the king? Health to your grace.
Examining, my lord, some of these rebels,
It is a general voice among them all,
That they had never come into this place,
But to have met their valiant general,
The good lord Cobham, as they title him;
Whereby, my lord, your grace may now perceive,
His treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.

*K. Henry.* Now, by my royalty I would have sworn,
But for his conscience, which I bear withal,
There had not lived a more true-hearted subject.

*Roch.* It is but counterfeit, my gracious lord;
And therefore may it please your majesty
To set your hand unto this precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the law.

*K. Henry.* Not only that, but take commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious traitor as you please.

*Roch.* It shall be done, my lord, without delay.
So, now I hold, lord Cobham, in my hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained life. [*Aside.*

*K. Henry.* I think the iron age begins but now,
Which learned poets have so often taught;
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words, or looks, or solemn oaths;
For if there were, how often had he sworn,
How gently tuned the music of his tongue!
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but hypocrisy!

*Enter* COBHAM.

*Cob.* Long life and prosperous reign unto my lord.

*K. Henry.* Ah villain! canst thou wish prosperity,
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?
I do arrest thee here myself, false knight,
Of treason, capital against the state.

*Cob.* Of treason, mighty prince? your grace mistakes;
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

*K. Henry.* Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest, shortly.
Dar'st thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended us?
But this is thy accustomed deceit;
Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thyself of this rebellion.

*Cob.* Rebellion! good my lord, I know of none.

*K. Henry.* If you deny it, here is evidence.
See you these men? you never counselled,
Nor offer'd them assistance in their wars?

*Cob.* Speak, sirs, not one but all; I crave no favour;
Have ever I been conversant with you,
Or written letters to encourage you?
Or kindled but the least or smallest part
Of this your late unnatural rebellion?
Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

*Mur.* In and out upon occasion, I know you not.

*K. Henry* No! didst thou not say, that Sir John Oldcastle
Was one with whom you purposed to have met?

*Mur.* True, I did say so; but in what respect?
Because I heard it was reported so.

*K. Henry.* Was there no other argument but that?

*Act.* To clear my conscience ere I die, my lord,
I must confess we have no other ground
But only rumour, to accuse this lord;
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

*K. Henry.* The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
*Cob.* Let this, my lord, which I present your grace,
Speak for my loyalty; read these articles,
And then give sentence of my life or death.
*K. Henry.* Earl Cambridge, Scroope, and Grey, corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My crown from me, or secretly contrive
My death by treason! Is it possible?
*Cob.* There is the platform, and their hands, my lord,
Each severally subscribed to the same.
*K. Henry.* Oh never-heard-of, base ingratitude!
Even those I hug within my bosom most,
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.
Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong;
Hereafter I will live to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting so near hand?
We'll meet with them, but little for their ease,
If God permit. Go take these rebels hence,
Let them have martial law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy king and country, still be free.
[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and* COBHAM.
*Mur.* Be it more or less, what a world is this?
Would I had continued still of the order of knaves,
And ne'er sought knighthood, since it costs so dear;
Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.
*Act.* Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I pr'ythee Murley do not urge me with it.
*Hunt.* Will you away, and make no more to do?
*Mur.* Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro as occasion serves;
If you be so hasty, take my place.
*Hunt.* No, good sir knight, e'en take it yourself.
*Mur.* I could be glad to give my betters place.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Kent.*

*Court before Lord* COBHAM'S *House.*

*Enter the Bishop of* ROCHESTER, *Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports,* CROMER, *Lady* COBHAM, *and Attendants.*

*Roch.* I tell ye, lady, 'tis not possible
But you should know where he conveys himself;
And you have hid him in some secret place.
*L. Cob.* My lord, believe me, as I have a soul,
I know not where my lord my husband is.
*Roch.* Go to, go to; you are an heretic,
And will be forced by torture to confess,
If fair means will not serve to make you tell.
*L. Cob.* My husband is a noble gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any fact
That e'er I heard of; therefore wrong him not.
*Roch.* Your husband is a dangerous schismatic,
Traitor to God, the king, and commonwealth;
And therefore, master Cromer, shrieve of Kent,
I charge you take her to your custody,
And seize the goods of sir John Oldcastle
To the king's use; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her apparel out:
There is your warrant from his majesty.
*L. War.* Good my lord bishop, pacify your wrath
Against the lady.
*Roch.* Then let her confess
Where Oldcastle her husband is conceal'd.
*L. War.* I dare engage mine honour and my life,
Poor gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his practices,
If any evil by him be practised.
*Roch.* If, my lord warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all cinque-ports, whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not;
Shew him his highness' warrant, master sheriff.
*L. War.* I am sorry for the noble gentleman.
*Roch.* Peace, he comes here; now do your office.

*Enter* COBHAM *and* HARPOOL.

*Cob.* Harpool, what business have we here in hand?
What makes the bishop and the sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous;
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.
*Har.* Be of good cheer, my lord: if they be foes, we'll scramble shrewdly with them; if they be friends, they are welcome.
*Crom.* Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in the king's name, I arrest you of high treason.
*Cob.* Treason, master Cromer!
*Har.* Treason, master sheriff! what treason?
*Cob.* Harpool, I charge thee stir not, but be quiet.
Do you arrest me of treason, master sheriff?
*Roch.* Yea, of high treason, traitor, heretic.
*Cob.* Defiance in his face that calls me so!
I am as true a loyal gentleman
Unto his highness, as my proudest enemy.
The king shall witness my late faithful service,
For safety of his sacred majesty.
*Roch.* What thou art, the king's hand shall testify;
Shew him, lord warden.
*Cob.* Jesu defend me!
Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The princely disposition of his mind,
To sign the damage of a loyal subject?
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my absence and your malice.
But I, since that, have shew'd myself as true
As any churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his majesty;
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

*Roch.* We are not bound to do kind offices
For any traitor, schismatic, nor heretic.
The king's hand is our warrant for our work,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repose this night.
*Har.* O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it, on Salisbury plain! I would lose my head if thou brought'st thy head hither again. [*Aside.*
*Cob.* My lord warden of the cinque-ports, and lord of Rochester, ye are joint commissioners; favour me so much, on my expense, to bring me to the king.
*Roch.* What, to Southampton?
*Cob.* Thither, my good lord;
And if he do not clear me of all guilt,
And all suspicion of conspiracy,
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth,
I ask no favour, but extremest torture.
Bring me, or send me to him, good my lord;
Good my lord warden, master shrieve, entreat!
[*They both entreat for him.*
Come hither, lady;—nay, sweet wife, forbear
To heap one sorrow on another's neck.
'Tis grief enough falsely to be accused,
And not permitted to acquit myself;
Do not thou, with thy kind respective tears,
Torment thy husband's heart, that bleeds for thee,
But be of comfort. God hath help in store
For those that put assured trust in him.
Dear wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come up to London, to your sister's house;
That being near me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I settled in my soul,
That I am free from treason's very thought.
Only my conscience for the gospel's sake
Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.
*L. Cob.* O my dear lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doors;
Our substance seized unto his highness' use,
Even to the garments 'longing to our backs?
*Har.* Patience, good madam, things at worst will mend;
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.
*Roch.* Urge it no more; for if an angel spake,
I swear by sweet Saint Peter's blessed keys,
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.
*Crom.* But, by your leave, this warrant doth not stretch
To imprison her.
*Roch.* No; turn her out of doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.
*L. Cob.* O God requite thee, thou blood-thirsty man!
*Cob.* May it not be, my lord of Rochester?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my appeal unto the king's denied?
*Roch.* No hate of mine, but power of holy church,
Forbids all favour to false heretics.
*Cob.* Your private malice, more than public power,
Strikes most at me; but with my life it ends.
*Har.* O that I had the bishop in that fear,
That once I had his sumner by ourselves!
[*Aside.*
*Crom.* My lord, yet grant one suit unto us all;
That this same ancient serving-man may wait
Upon my lord his master, in the Tower.
*Roch.* This old iniquity, this heretic,
That, in contempt of our church discipline,
Compell'd my sumner to devour his process!
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatic,
Had not the king pray'd us to pardon you,
You had fry'd for't, you grizzled heretic.
*Har.* 'Sblood, my lord bishop, you wrong me; I am neither heretic nor puritan, but of the old church. I'll swear, drink ale, kiss a wench, go to mass, eat fish all Lent, and fast Fridays with cakes and wine, fruit and spicery; shrive me of my old sins afore Easter, and begin new before Whitsuntide.
*Crom.* A merry mad conceited knave, my lord.
*Har.* That knave was simply put upon the bishop.
*Roch.* Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him;
Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity wish his soul no hurt.
*Cob.* God bless my soul from such cold charity!
*Roch.* To the town with him; and when my leisure serves,
I will examine him of articles.
Look, my lord warden, as you have in charge,
The shrieve perform his office.
*War.* Ay, my lord.
[*Exeunt Lord Warden,* CROMER, *and Lord* COBHAM.

*Enter from Lord* COBHAM'S *house, Sumner with books.*

*Roch.* What bring'st thou there? what, books of heresy?
*Sum.* Yea, my lord, here's not a Latin book, no not so much as our lady's Psalter. Here's the *Bible*, the *Testament*, the *Psalms* in metre, *the Sick Man's Salve, the Treasure of Gladness*, all English; no not so much but the Almanack's English.
*Roch.* Away with them, to the fire with them, Clun.
Now fye upon these upstart heretics!
All English! burn them, burn them quickly, Clun.
*Har.* But do not, sumner, as you'll answer it; for I have there English books, my lord, that I'll not part withal for your best price, *Bevis of Hampton, Owleglass, The Friar and the Boy, Elinour Rumming, Robin Hood,*[18] and other such

[18] *Bevis of Hampton, Owleglass, the Friar and the Boy, Elinour Rumming, Robin Hood.*—The metrical romances of *Bevis of Hampton*, and *Robin Hood*, are well known. *Elinour Rumming* is a poem by Skelton, and *Owleglass* a translation from the Dutch *Uyle Spegel*. The Friar and the Boy is printed in Ritson's Pieces of ancient popular Poetry, 1791.

godly stories, which if ye burn, by this flesh I'll make you drink their ashes in Saint Margaret's ale. [*Exeunt Bishop of* ROCHESTER, *Lady* COBHAM, HARPOOL, *and Sumner.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Entrance of the Tower.*

*Enter the Bishop of* ROCHESTER, *attended.*

1 *Ser.* Is it your honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you?

*Roch.* Now you have brought me here into the Tower,
You may go back unto the porter's lodge,
Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some officer to call you to me.
Into the city go not, I command you:
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser.* We must hie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

*Roch.* Ho, master lieutenant.

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Lieu.* Who calls there?

*Roch.* A friend of yours.

*Lieu.* My lord of Rochester! your honour's welcome.

*Roch.* Sir, here is my warrant from the council,
For conference with sir John Oldcastle,
Upon some matter of great consequence.

*Lieu.* Ho, sir John.

*Harpool.* [*Within.*] Who calls there?

*Lieu.* Harpool, tell sir John, that my lord of Rochester
Comes from the council to confer with him.
I think you may as safe without suspicion
As any man in England, as I hear,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

*Roch.* I did, sir,
And nothing do repent it, I assure you.

*Enter Lord* COBHAM *and* HARPOOL.

Master lieutenant, I pray you give us leave;
I must confer here with sir John a little.

*Lieu.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

*Har.* My lord be ruled
By me; take this occasion while 'tis offer'd,
And on my life your lordship will escape.
[*Aside.*

*Cob.* No more I say: peace, lest he should suspect it.

*Roch.* Sir John, I am come to you from the lords o' the council,
To know if yet you do recant your errors.

*Cob.* My lord of Rochester, on good advice,
I see my error; but yet understand me,
I mean not error in the faith I hold,
But error in submitting to your pleasure.
Therefore your lordship, without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.

*Roch.* What means, thou heretic?
Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

*Cob.* No, not to hurt you for a thousand pound.

*Har.* Nothing but to borrow your upper garments a little: not a word more; peace for waking the children.—There, put them on; dispatch, my lord; the window that goes out into the leads is sure enough; as for you, I'll bind you surely in the inner room.

[*Carries the Bishop into the Tower, and returns.*

*Cob.* This is well begun; God send us happy speed;
Hard shift, you see, men make in time of need.
[*Puts on the Bishop's cloak.*

*Re-enter the Bishop of* ROCHESTER'S *Servants.*

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time; see where he is coming.

*Har.* I beseech you, good my lord of Rochester,
Be favourable to my lord and master.

*Cob.* The inner rooms be very hot and close;
I do not like this air here in the Tower.

*Har.* His case is hard, my lord. [*Aside*] You shall scarcely get out of the Tower, but I'll down upon them, in which time get you away: Hard under Islington wait you my coming; I will bring my lady ready with horses to get hence.

*Cob.* Fellow, go back again unto thy lord,
And counsel him.

*Har.* Nay, my good lord of Rochester, I'll bring you to St Alban's, through the woods, I warrant you.

*Cob.* Villain, away.

*Har.* Nay, since I am past the Tower's liberty,
You part not so. [*He draws.*

*Cob.* Clubs, clubs, clubs!

1 *Ser.* Murder, murder, murder!

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

*Har.* Out, you cowardly rogues.
[COBHAM *escapes.*

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower and Warders.*

*Lieu.* Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword
So near unto the entrance of the Tower?

1 *Ser.* This ruffian, servant to sir John Oldcastle,
Was like to have slain my lord.

*Lieu.* Lay hold on him.

*Har.* Stand off, if you love your puddings.

*Roch.* [*Within.*] Help, help, help, master lieutenant, help!

*Lieu.* Who's that within? some treason in the Tower,

Upon my life. Look in, who's that which calls?
[*Exit one of the Warders.*

*Re-enter Warder, and the Bishop of* ROCHESTER *bound.*

*Lieu.* Without your cloak, my lord of Rochester?
*Har.* There, now I see it works: then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away.
[*Exit* HARPOOL.
*Lieu.* Why do you look so ghastly and affrighted?
*Roch.* Oldcastle, that traitor, and his man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and stripp'd me as you see I am,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,
And so departed.
1 *Ser.* And I ——
*Lieu.* And you now say that the lord Cobham's man
Did here set on you like to murder you?
1 *Ser.* And so he did.
*Roch.* It was upon his master then he did,
That in the brawl the traitor might escape.
*Lieu.* Where is this Harpool?
2 *Ser.* Here he was even now.
*Lieu.* Where fled, can you tell?—They are both escaped.
Since it so happens that he is escaped,
I am glad you are a witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my charge,
That I had been consenting to the fact.
*Roch.* Come;
Search shall be made for him with expedition.
The haven's laid that he shall not escape;
And hue and cry continue throughout England,
To find this damned, dangerous heretic.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in Lord* COBHAM'S *House in Kent.*

*Enter* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOPE, *and* GREY. *They sit down at a table: King* HENRY, SUFFOLK, COBHAM, *and other Lords, listening at the door.*

*Cam.* In mine opinion, Scroope hath well advised;
Poison will be the only aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose, to dispatch him.
*Grey.* But yet there may be doubt in the delivery:
Harry is wise; and therefore, earl of Cambridge,
I judge that way not so convenient.
*Scroope.* What think ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture, in those silent hours
When sleep hath sealed up all mortal eyes,
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?
*Cam.* Herein consists no safety for yourself:
And you disclosed, what shall become of us?
But this day, as ye know, he will aboard,
(The wind's so fair) and set away for France:
If, as he goes, or entering in the ship,
It might be done, then were it excellent.
*Grey.* Why, any of these; or, if you will, I'll cause
A present sitting o' the council, wherein
I will pretend some matter of such weight
As needs must have his royal company;
And so dispatch him in his council-chamber.
*Cam.* Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
I wonder that lord Cobham stays so long;
His counsel in this case would much avail us.
[*The King and his Lords advance.*
*Scroope.* What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?
*K. Henry.* That were a shame indeed: no, sit again,
And you shall have my counsel in this case.
If you can find no way to kill the king,
Then you shall see how I can furnish you.
Scroope's way by poison was indifferent;
But yet, being bed-fellow to the king,
And unsuspected sleeping in his bosom,
In mine opinion that's the likelier way:
For such false friends are able to do much,
And silent night is treason's fittest friend.
Now, Cambridge, in his setting hence for France,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard,
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.
Marry, lord Grey came very near the point,
To have the king at council, and there murder him,
As Cæsar was, among his dearest friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you, bright honour's stains,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus traitors to your king,
And France must have the spoil of Harry's life?
*All.* Oh pardon us, dread lord.
*K. Henry.* How? pardon you? that were a sin indeed.
Drag them to death, which justly they deserve:
And France shall dearly buy this villainy,
So soon as we set footing on her breast.
God have the praise for our deliverance!
And next our thanks, lord Cobham, is to thee,
True perfect mirror of nobility. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A High Road near St. Alban's.*

*Enter Sir* JOHN *and* DOLL.

*Sir John.* Come, Doll, come, be merry, wench.
Farewell Kent; we are not for thee. Be lusty

my lass; come, for Lancashire: we must nip the bung for these crowns.

*Doll.* Why is all the gold spent already, that you had the other day?

*Sir John.* Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanished. The devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.

*Doll.* You might have left me in Kent, till you had been better provided.

*Sir John.* No, Doll, no; Kent's too hot, Doll, Kent's too hot. The weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer; we have pluck'd him, he has lost his feathers; I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice; he is moulted, he is moulted, wench.

*Doll.* I might have gone to service again; old master Harpool told me he would provide me a mistress.

*Sir John.* Peace, Doll, peace. Come, mad wench, I'll make thee an honest woman; we'll into Lancashire to our friends: the troth is, I'll marry thee. We want but a little money, and money we will have, I warrant thee. Stay; who comes here? Some Irish villain methinks, that has slain a man, and now is rifling of him. Stand close, Doll; we'll see the end.

*Enter an Irishman with his dead Master. He lays him down, and rifles him.*

*Irishm.* Alas poe master, sir Richard Lee; be Saint Patrick, I'se rob and cut thy trote, for de shain, [19] and dy mony, and dy gold ring. Be me truly, Ise love dee well, but now dow be kill, dow be shitten knave.

*Sir John.* Stand, sirrah; what art thou?

*Irishm.* Be Saint Patrick, mester, Ise poor Irishman, Ise no leuffer. [20]

*Sir John.* Sirrah, sirrah, you're a damn'd rogue; you have kill'd a man here, and rifled him of all that he has. 'Slood you rogue, deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a hair above your shoulders, you whorson Irish dog. [*Robs him.*

*Irishm.* We's me! by Saint Patrick, Ise kill my mester for his shain and his ring; and now Ise be rob of all. Me's undo.

*Sir John.* Avaunt, you rascal; go sirrah, be walking. Come Doll, the devil laughs when one thief robs another. Come wench, we'll to St Albans, and revel in our bower, my brave girl.

*Doll.* O, thou art old sir John, when all's done, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*St Albans. The entrance of a Carrier's Inn.*

*Enter Host and the Irishman.*

*Irishm.* Be me tro, mester, Ise poor Irisman, Ise want ludging. Ise have no mony, Ise starve and cold: good master, give hur some meat; Ise famise and tye.

*Host.* 'Faith, fellow, I have no lodging, but what I keep for my guests. As for meat, thou shalt have as much as there is; and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair straw, and room enough.

*Irishm.* Ise tank my mester heartily.

*Host.* Ho, Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob.* Who calls?

*Host.* Shew this poor Irishman to the barn; go, sirrah. [*Exeunt* ROBIN *and Irishman.*

*Enter Carrier and* KATE.

*Car.* Who's within here? who looks to the horses? Uds heart, here's fine work; the hens in the maunger, and the hogs in the litter. A bots 'found you all; here's a house well look'd to, i'faith.

*Kate.* Mas gaff Club, Ise very cawd.

*Car.* Get in, Kate, get in to fire, and warm thee. John Ostler!

*Host.* What, gaffer Club! Welcome to St Albans.

How does all our friends in Lancashire?

*Enter Ostler.*

*Car.* Well, God-a-mercy.—John, how does Tom? where is he?

*Ostl.* Tom's gone from hence; he's at the three horse-loaves [21] at Stony Stratford. How does old Dick Dun?

*Car.* Uds heart, old Dun has bin moyr'd in a slough in Brick-hill-lane. A plague 'found it! yonder's such abomination weather as was never seen.

*Ostl.* Uds heart! Thief! 'a shall have one half peck of pease and oats more for that, as I am John Ostler; he has been ever as good a jade as ever travelled.

*Car.* 'Faith, well said, old Jack; thou art the old lad still.

*Ostl.* Come, gaffer Club, unload, unload, and get to supper. [*Exeunt.*

---

[19] *For de shaine*,—i. e. for thy *chain*.—MALONE.

[20] *Ise g leuffer*.—This was probably an intentional corruption; but I know not what word it was put for.—MALONE.

[21] *At the three horse-loaves at Stony Stratford*.—It appears from the earl of Northumberland's *Household Book*, that horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into loaves.—PERCY.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in the Carrier's Inn.*

*Enter Host, Lord* COBHAM, *and* HARPOOL.

*Host.* Sir, you're welcome to this house, to such as is here with all my heart; but I fear your lodging will be the worst. I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber; and the carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lie in the other.

*Cob.* 'Faith, sir, for myself I do not greatly pass:
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we have travell'd very far to-day;
We must be content with such as you have.

*Host.* But I cannot tell what to do with your man.

*Har.* What? hast thou never an empty room in thy house for me?

*Host.* Not a bed in troth. There came a poor Irishman, and I lodg'd him in the barn, where he has fair straw, although he have nothing else.

*Har.* Well, mine host, I pr'ythee help me to a pair of clean sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

*Host.* By the mass, that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen sheets were ne'er lain in: come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter Mayor, Constable, and Watch.*

*Mayor.* What? have you searched the town?

*Con.* All the town, sir; we have not left a house unsearched that uses to lodge.

*Mayor.* Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceived,
Or ill inform'd of sir John Oldcastle;
Or if he came this way, he's past the town:
He could not else have 'scaped you in the search.

*Con.* The privy watch hath been abroad all night;
And not a stranger lodgeth in the town
But he is known; only a lusty priest
We found in bed with a young pretty wench,
That says she is his wife, yonder at the Shears:
But we have charged the host with his forth-coming
To-morrow morning.

*Mayor.* What think you best to do?

*Con.* 'Faith, master mayor, here's a few straggling houses beyond the bridge, and a little inn where carriers use to lodge; although I think surely he would ne'er lodge there: but we'll go search, and the rather because there came notice to the town last night of an Irishman, that had done a murther, whom we are to make search for.

*Mayor.* Come then, I pray you, and be circumspect. [*Exeunt Mayor, Constable, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Carrier's Inn.*

*Enter Watch.*

1 *Watch.* First beset the house, before you begin to search.

2 *Watch.* Content; every man take a several place. [*A noise within.*

*Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.*

*Enter, from the Inn, the Mayor and Constable, with the Irishman in* HARPOOL'S *apparel.*[22]

*Con.* Come, you villainous heretic, tell us where your master is.

*Irishm.* Vat mester?

*Mayor.* Vat mester, you counterfeit rebel? This shall not serve your turn.

*Irishm.* Be Sent Patrick I ha' no mester.

*Con.* Where's the lord Cobham, sir John Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

*Irishm.* Vat lort Cobham?

*Mayor.* You counterfeit, this shall not serve you: we'll torture you, we'll make you to confess where that arch-heretic is. Come, bind him fast.

*Irishm.* Ahone, ahone, ahone, a cree.

*Con.* Ahone! you crafty rascal? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. The Yard of the Inn.*

*Enter Lord* COBHAM *in his night-gown.*

*Cob.* Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noise
About the house. God warrant us, I fear
We are pursued. What, Harpool?

*Har.* [*from the Barn.*] Who calls there?

*Cob.* 'Tis I; dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

*Har.* [*from the Barn.*] Yes, marry do I. 'Zounds I cannot find
My hose. This Irish rascal, that lodged with me
All night, hath stolen my apparel, and
Has left me nothing but a lowsy mantle,[23]
And a pair of brogues. Get up, get up, and, if
The carrier and his wench be yet asleep,
Change you with him, as he hath done with me
And see if we can 'scape. [*Exit Lord* COBHAM.

---

[22] *With the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.*—The Irishman must be supposed to have risen early, and have gone from the barn, where he lay, into the house, in which he is found by the mayor, &c.—MALONE.

[23] *Has left me nothing but a lousy* mantle.—The *mantle*, or long cloak, was the common dress of the ancient Irish. Spenser was much offended with this garment. "It is (says he) a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief.—For a bad huswife it is no lesse convenient; for some of them that be wandering women, called of them *mona-shul*, it is half a wardrobe: for in summer you shall find her arrayed commonly but in her smock and *mantle*, to be more ready for her light services; in winter and in her travaile, it is her cloake and safeguard, and also a coverlet for her bed at exercise." *View of Ireland*, edit. 1633, p. 37.—MALONE.

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*A noise about the house for some time. Then enter* HARPOOL *in the Irishman's apparel; the Mayor, Constable, and Watch of St Alban's meeting him.*

*Con.* Stand close, here comes the Irishman that did the murder; by all tokens this is he.

*Mayor.* And perceiving the house beset, would get away. Stand, sirrah.

*Har.* What art thou that bidd'st me stand?

*Con.* I am the officer; and am come to search for an Irishman, such a villain as thyself, that hast murdered a man this last night by the highway.

*Har.* 'Sblood, constable, art thou mad? am I an Irishman?

*Mayor.* Sirrah, we'll find you an Irishman before we part:
Lay hold upon him.

*Con.* Make him fast. O thou bloody rogue!

*Enter Lord and Lady* COBHAM, *in the apparel of the Carrier and his Daughter.*

*Cob.* What, will these ostlers sleep all day? Good morrow, good morrow. Come wench, come. Saddle, saddle; now afore God two fair days, ha?

*Con.* Who goes there?

*Mayor.* O 'tis Lancashire carrier; let them pass.

*Cob.* What, will nobody ope the gates here? Come, let's into stable, to look to our capons.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady* COBHAM.

*Car.* [*Within.*] Host! Why ostler! Zooks here's such abommation company of boys. A pox of this pigstye at the house' end; it fills all the house full o' meas. Ostler, ostler.

*Enter Ostler.*

*Ost.* Who calls there? what would you have?

*Car.* [*Within.*] Zooks, do you rob your guests? Do you lodge rogues, and slaves, and scoundrels, ha? They ha' stolen our clothes here. Why ostler!

*Ost.* A murrain choke you; what a bawling you keep!

*Enter Host.*

*Host.* How now? what would the carrier have? Look up there.

*Ost.* They say that the man and the woman that lay by them, have stolen their clothes.

*Host.* What, are the strange folks up, that came in yesternight?

*Con.* What, mine host, up so early?

*Host.* What, master mayor, and master constable?

*Mayor.* We are come to seek for some suspected persons,
And such as here we found have apprehended.

*Enter Carrier and* KATE, *in Lord and Lady* COBHAM'S *clothes.*

*Con.* Who comes here?

*Car.* Who comes here? a plague 'found 'em! You bawl, quoth-a? odds heart I'll forswear your house; you lodged a fellow and his wife by us, that ha' run away with our 'parel, and left us such gewgaws here:—Come Kate, come to me; thou's dizeard, i'faith.

*Mayor.* Mine host, know you this man?

*Host.* Yes, master mayor, I'll give my word for him. Why neighbour Club, how comes this gear about?

*Kate.* Now a foul on't, I cannot make this gewgaw stand on my head.

*Mayor.* How came this man and woman thus attired?

*Host.* Here came a man and woman hither this last night,
Which I did take for substantial people,
And lodged all in one chamber by these folks;
Methinks they have been so bold to change apparel,
And gone away this morning ere they rose.

*Mayor.* That was that traitor Oldcastle, that thus
Escaped us. Make hue and cry yet after him;
Keep fast that traitorous rebel his servant there:
Farewell, mine host. [*Exit Mayor.*

*Car.* Come Kate Owdham, thou and I's trimly dizard.

*Kate.* I'faith, neam Club, Ise wot near what to do, Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; but by the mess Ise cry.

[*Exeunt Carrier and his Daughter, Host,* HARPOOL, *Constables, &c.*

SCENE IX.—*A Wood near St Albans.*

*Enter Lord and Lady* COBHAM *disguised.*

*Cob.* Come, madam, happily escaped. Here let us sit;
This place is far remote from any path;
And here a while our weary limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious Rochester.

*L. Cob.* But where, my lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
There dwell untamed thoughts, that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdained rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Especially on foot.

*Cob.* No matter, love;
Extremities admit no better choice,
And, were it not for thee, say froward time
Imposed a greater task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us.
But in thy sufferance I am doubly tasked;
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stool,
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

*L. Cob.* How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me in the worst I feel?
No, gentle lord, your presence would give ease
To death itself, should he now seize upon me.

[*She produces some bread and cheese, and a bottle.*

Behold, what my foresight hath underta'en,
For fear we faint; they are but homely cates;
Yet, sauced with hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.
*Cob.* Praise be to him whose plenty sends both this,
And all things else our mortal bodies need!
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in; for what is it on earth,
Nay under heaven, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflowed?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
Dimmed with o'er-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle madam,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow down.
[*Drinks.*
*L. Cob.* And I, encouraged with your chearful speech,
Will do the like.
*Cob.* 'Pray God, poor Harpool come.
If he should fall into the bishop's hands,
Or not remember where we bade him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.
*L. Cob.* Fear not, my lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.
*Cob.* That power be still his guide, hath guided us!
My drowsy eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I persuaded we might be secure.
*L. Cob.* Let that depend on me: whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no misfortune happen us.
*Cob.* I shall, dear wife, be too much trouble to thee.
*L. Cob.* Urge not that;
My duty binds me, and your love commands.
I would I had the skill, with tuned voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody:
But imperfection, and unaptness too,
Are both repugnant: fear inserts the one;
The other nature hath denied me use.—
But what talk I of means to purchase that
Is freely happened? Sleep with gentle hand
Hath shut his eye-lids. O victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charm the body's sense!
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee.
Great God of heaven, from danger keep us free!
[*Falls asleep.*

*Enter Sir* RICHARD LEE, *and his Servants.*

*Sir Rich.* A murder closely done? and in my ground?
Search carefully; if any where it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.
[*Exit a Servant.*

*Re-enter Servant bearing a dead body.*

*Ser.* Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.
*Sir Rich.* Look, if thou know'st him: turn his body up.
Alack, it is my son! my son and heir,
Whom two years since I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the discipline of war;
And coming home, (for so he wrote to me,)
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,
Hath here sluiced out his blood. Unhappy hour!
Accursed place! but most unconstant fate,
That hast reserved him from the bullet's fire,
And suffered him to 'scape the wood-kerns' fury,[24]
Didst here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the arms of tender peace,
To be consumed by treason's wasteful hand!
And, which is most afflicting to my soul,
That this his death and murder should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.
*2 Ser.* Not so, sir; I have found the authors of it.
See where they sit; and in their bloody fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin.
*Sir Rich.* Just judgment of that power, whose gracious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep,
Till their unhallowed treachery was known.—
Awake, ye monsters! murderers, awake!
Tremble for horror; blush, you cannot choose,
Beholding this unhuman deed of yours.
*Cob.* What mean you, sir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?
*Sir Rich.* O devilish! can you boast unto yourselves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
With more than mandrakes' shrieks for your offence?
*L. Cob.* What murder? You upbraid us wrongfully.
*Sir Rich.* Can you deny the fact? see you not here

[24] The *kern* was the Irish light-armed foot-soldier.

The body of my son, by you misdone?
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue:
Do we not find you where the deed was done?
Were not your knives fast closed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beside,
Thus stained and spotted with his innocent blood?
These speaking characters, were there nothing else
To plead against you, would convict you both.—
To Hertford with them, where the 'sizes now
Are kept; their lives shall answer for my son's
Lost life.

*Cob.* As we are innocent, so may we speed.

*Sir Rich.* As I am wronged, so may the law proceed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*St Albans.*

*Enter the Bishop of* ROCHESTER, *Constable of St Albans, with Sir* JOHN *and* DOLL, *and the Irishman in* HARPOOL'S *apparel.*

*Roch.* What intricate confusion have we here?
Not two hours since we apprehended one
In habit Irish, but in speech not so;
And now, you bring another, that in speech
Is Irish, but in habit English: yea,
And more than so, the servant of that heretic
Lord Cobham.

*Irishm.* Fait me be no servant of de lort Cobham; me be Mack-Shane of Ulster.

*Roch.* Otherwise called Harpool of Kent; go to, sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken Irish.

*Sir John.* Trust me, lord bishop, whether Irish or English,
Harpool or Harpool, that I leave to the trial:
But sure I am this man by face and speech,
Is he that murdered young sir Richard Lee;
(I met him presently upon the fact)
And that he slew his master for that gold,
Those jewels and that chain, I took from him.

*Roch.* Well, our affairs do call us back to London
So that we cannot prosecute the cause,
As we desire to do; therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be conveyed
[*To the Constable.*
To Hertford 'sizes: both this counterfeit,
And you, sir John of Wrotham, and your wench;
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murder, yet for felony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murder, you shall bear with you
Our letters to the judges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawful may.

*Sir John.* I thank your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—*Hertford. A Hall of Justice.*

*Enter a Gaoler and his Servant, bringing forth Lord* COBHAM *in irons.*

*Gaol.* Bring forth the prisoners, see the court prepared;
The justices are coming to the bench:
So, let him stand; away and fetch the rest.
[*Exit Servant.*

*Cob.* O, give me patience to endure this scourge,
Thou that art fountain of this virtuous stream;
And though contempt, false witness, and reproach,
Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.

*Re-enter Gaoler's Servant, bringing in Lady* COBHAM *and* HARPOOL.

Here comes my lady. Sorrow, 'tis for her
Thy wound is grievous; else I scoff at thee.
What, and poor Harpool, art thou i'the briars too?

*Har.* I'faith, my lord, I am in, get out how I can.

*L. Cob.* Say, gentle lord, (for now we are alone,
And may confer,) shall we confess in brief
Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
The accusation is commenced against us?

*Cob.* What will that help us? Being known, sweet love,
We shall for heresy be put to death,
For so they term the religion we profess.
No, if we die, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt imposed our souls are free.

*Har.* Ay, ay, my lord; Harpool is so resolved.
I reck of death the less, in that I die
Not by the sentence of that envious priest.

*L. Cob.* Well, be it then according as heaven please.

*Enter the Judge of Assize, and Justices; the Mayor of St Albans, Lord and Lady* POWIS, *and Sir* RICHARD LEE. *The Judge and Justices take their places on the Bench.*

*Judge.* Now, master mayor, what gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the bench?

*Mayor.* The lord Powis, and if it like your honour,
And this his lady travelling toward Wales,
Who, for they lodged last night within my house,
And my lord bishop did lay wait for such,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Lest, for their sakes, supicion we might wrong.

*Judge.* We cry your honour mercy; good my lord,
Will't please you take your place? Madam, your ladyship
May here, or where you will, repose yourself,
Until this business now in hand be past.

*L. Pow.* I will withdraw unto some other room,
So that your lordship and the rest be pleased.

*Judge.* With all our hearts: attend the lady there.

*Pow.* Wife, I have eyed you prisoners all this while,
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The noble Cobham, and his virtuous lady. [*Aside.*

*L. Pow.* I think no less: are they suspected for this murder?

*Pow.* What it means
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.
Mean time, as you pass by them, ask the questio

But do it secretly, that you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I may know your mind.
[*She passes over the Stage by them.*
*L. Pow.* My lord Cobham! Madam!
*Cob.* No Cobham now, nor madam, as you love us;
But John of Lancashire, and Joan his wife.
*L. Pow.* O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?
*Cob.* Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle lady, pass; for being spied——
*L. Pow.* My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief. [*Exit Lady* POWIS.
*Judge.* Call the prisoners to the bar. Sir Richard Lee,
What evidence can you bring against these people,
To prove them guilty of the murder done?
*Sir Rich.* This bloody towel, and these naked knives:
Beside, we found them sitting by the place
Where the dead body lay within a bush.
*Judge.* What answer you, why law should not proceed,
According to this evidence given in,
To tax you with the penalty of death?
*Cob.* That we are free from murder's very thought,
And know not how the gentleman was slain.
1 *Just.* How came this linen-cloth so bloody then?
*L. Cob.* My husband hot with travelling, my lord,
His nose gushed out a bleeding; that was it.
2 *Just.* But how came your sharp-edged knives unsheathed?
*L. Cob.* To cut such simple victual as we had.
*Judge.* Say we admit this answer to those articles,
What made you in so private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick where the dead corpse was thrown?
*Cob.* Journeying, my lord, from London, from the term,
Down into Lancashire, where we do dwell,
And what with age and travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other passengers;
And so we strayed into that secret corner.
*Judge.* These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger justice from her purposed end.

*Enter Constable, with the Irishman, Sir* JOHN, *and* DOLL.

But who are these?
*Con.* Stay judgment, and release those innocents;
For here is he whose hand hath done the deed
For which they stand indicted at the bar;
This savage villain, this rude Irish slave:
His tongue already hath confessed the fact,
And here is witness to confirm as much.
*Sir John.* Yes, my good lord; no sooner had he slain
His loving master for the wealth he had,
But I upon the instant met with him:
And what he purchased with the loss of blood,
With strokes I presently bereaved him of:
Some of the which is spent; the rest remaining
I willingly surrender to the hands
Of old sir Richard Lee, as being his:
Beside, my lord judge, I do greet your honour
With letters from my lord of Rochester.
[*Delivers a Letter.*
*Sir Rich.* Is this the wolf whose thirsty throat did drink
My dear son's blood? art thou the cursed snake
He cherished, yet with envious piercing sting
Assaild'st him mortally? Wer't not that the law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,
These hands should be thy executioner.
*Judge.* Patience, sir Richard Lee; you shall have justice.
The fact is odious; therefore take him hence,
And being hanged until the wretch be dead,
His body after shall be hanged in chains,
Near to the place where he did act the murder.
*Irishm.* Pr'thee, lord shudge, let me have mine own cloaths, my strouces there[25] and let me be hang'd in a wyth after my own country, the Irish fashion.
*Judge.* Go to; away with him.—And now, sir John, [*Exeunt Gaoler and Irishman.*
Although by you this murder came to light,
Yet upright law will not hold you excused,
For you did rob the Irishman; by which
You stand attainted here of felony:
Beside, you have been lewd, and many years
Led a lascivious, unbeseeming life.
*Sir John.* O but, my lord, sir John repents, and he will mend.
*Judge.* In hope thereof, together with the favour
My lord of Rochester intreats for you,
We are contented that you shall be proved.
*Sir John.* I thank your lordship.
*Judge.* These other, falsely here
Accused, and brought in peril wrongfully,
We in like sort do set at liberty.
*Sir Rich.* And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few crowns.
*Judge.* Your kindness merits praise, sir Richard Lee:
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all except* POWIS *and* COBHAM.

[25] Trowsers.

*Pow.* But Powis still must stay:
There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble friend, unsatisfied
And unperformed; which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your lordship's safe delivery;
And then entreat, that since unlook'd-for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to Wales, where, to my power,[26]
Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have received of you, yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your command. Deny me not:
I know the bishop's hate pursues you so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

*Cob.* 'Tis true, my lord, and God forgive him for it.

*Pow.* Then let us hence. You shall be straight provided
Of lusty geldings: and once entered Wales,
Well may the bishop hunt; but, spite his face,
He never more shall have the game in chace.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[26] —*Where*, to *my power*,—The old copies read—where *though* my power. This cannot, I think, be right. Perhaps we ought to read,

——— where though my power
*May* not *acquittance* those great benefits
I have received of you, yet both my house,
My purse, &c.

—where though it be not in my power to repay all the obligations that I have received from you, yet I will do my utmost to shew my gratitude.—MALONE.

I would read,

——— where *through* my power,
Though not, &c. PERCY.

THE

# LIFE AND DEATH

OF

# THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.[1]

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*Duke of* NORFOLK.
*Duke of* SUFFOLK.
*Earl of* BEDFORD.
*Cardinal* WOLSEY.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
*Sir* THOMAS MORE
*Sir* CHRISTOPHER HALES.
*Sir* RALPH SADLER.
*Sir* RICHARD RADCLIFF.
*Old* CROMWELL, *a Blacksmith of Putney.*
THOMAS CROMWELL, *his Son.*
BANNISTER, BOWSER, NEWTON, CROSBY, } *English Merchants.*
BAGOT, *a Money-Broker.*

FRESCOBALD, *a Florentine Merchant:*
*The Governor of the English Factory at Antwerp.*
*Governor and other States of Bononia.*
*Master of an Hotel in Bononia.*
SEELY, *a Publican of Hounslow.*
*Lieutenant of the Tower.*
*Young* CROMWELL, *the Son of* THOMAS.
HODGE, WILL, *and* TOM, *Old* CROMWELL'S *Servants.*
*Two Citizens.*

*Mrs* BANISTER,
JOAN, *Wife to* SEELY,

*Two Witnesses, a Serjeant at Arms, a Herald, a Hangman, a Post, Messengers, Officers, Ushers, and Attendants.*

SCENE—*Partly in London, and the adjoining District; partly in Antwerp and Bononia.*

---

[1] *A booke called the Lyfe and Death of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his Servantes*, was entered on the Stationers' Books, by William Cotton, August [illegible], 1602. It, I am informed, was printed in that year. I have met with no earlier edition than that published in 1613, in the title of which it is said to be written by W. S. I believe these letters were not the initials of the real author's name, but added merely with a view to deceive the public, and to induce them to suppose this piece the composition of Shakespeare. The fraud was, I imagine, suggested by the appearance of our author's *King Henry VIII.*, to which the printer probably entertained a hope that this play would be considered as a sequel or second part. Viewed in this light, the date of the first edition of the present performance in some measure confirms that which has been assigned to *King Henry VIII*; which, for the reasons stated in the *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written*, (Vol. I. p. 309. last edit.) is supposed to have been first acted in 1601, or 1602. The present piece, we find, followed close after it: *King Henry VIII.* it appears, was, after its first exhibition, laid by for some years, and revived with great splendour in 1613. The attention of the town being now a second time called to the story and age of Wolsey, so favourable an opportunity was not to be lost; accordingly, a second impression of *the Life and Death of Lord Cromwell* was issued out in that year.

This play has been hitherto printed without any division of acts or scenes.—MALONE.

The part of history on which this play is founded, occurs in Fuller, Stow, Speed, Holinshed, &c. but more amply in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. The particulars relating to *Francesco Frescobaldi*, (whom our author, or his printer, so familiarly has styled *Friskiball*,) were first published by Bandello the novelist, in 1554. "Francesco Frescobaldi fa cortesia ad un straniero, e ne ben remeritato, essendo colui diventato contestabile d'Inghilterra." Seconda Parte, Novell. 34. This story is translated by Fox, edit. 1596. Vol. II. p. 1082.—STEEVENS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Putney. The entrance of a Smith's Shop.*

*Enter* HODGE, WILL, *and* TOM.

*Hodge.* Come, masters, I think it be past five o'clock; is it not time we were at work? my old master, he'll be stirring anon.

*Will.* I cannot tell whether my old master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my afternoon's nap, for my young master Thomas. He keeps such a coil in his study, with the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his wits.

*Hodge.* He skill of the stars? There's goodman Car of Fulham, (he that carried us to the strong ale, where goody Trundel had her maid got with child) O, he knows the stars; he'll tickle you Charles's wain in nine degrees: that same man will tell goody Trundel when her ale shall miscarry, only by the stars.

*Tom.* Ay! that's a great virtue indeed; I think, Thomas be nobody in comparison to him.

*Will.* Well, masters, come; shall we to our hammers?

*Hodge.* Ay, content: first let's take our morning's draught, and then to work roundly.

*Tom.* Ay, agreed. Go in, Hodge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter Young* CROMWELL.

*Crom.* Good morrow, morn; I do salute thy brightness.
The night seems tedious to my troubled soul,
Whose black obscurity binds in my mind
A thousand sundry cogitations:
And now Aurora with a lively dye
Adds comfort to my spirit, that mounts on high;
Too high indeed my state being so mean.
My study, like a mineral of gold,
Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's enrolled;
My books are all the wealth I do possess,
And unto them I have engaged my heart.
O, Learning, how divine thou seem'st to me,
Within whose arms is all felicity!
[*The Smiths beat with their hammers, within.*
Peace with your hammers! leave your knocking there!
You do disturb my study and my rest:
Leave off, I say: you mad me with the noise.

*Enter* HODGE, WILL, *and* TOM.

*Hodge.* Why, how now, master Thomas? how now? will you not let us work for you?

*Crom.* You fret my heart with making of this noise.

*Hodge.* How, fret your heart? ay, but Thomas, you'll fret your father's purse, if you let us from working.

*Tom.* Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a gentleman. Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well, i'faith:—But here comes my old master now.

*Enter Old* CROMWELL.

*Old Crom.* You idle knaves, what are you doit'ring now?
No hammers walking, and my work to do!
What, not a heat among your work to-day?

*Hodge.* Marry, sir, your son Thomas will not let us work at all.

*Old Crom.* Why knave, I say, have I thus cark'd and cared,
And all to keep thee like a gentleman;
And dost thou let my servants at their work,
That sweat for thee, knave, labour thus for thee?

*Crom.* Father, their hammers do offend my study.

*Old Crom.* Out of my doors, knave, if thou lik'st it not.
I cry you mercy; are your ears so fine?
I tell thee, knave, these get when I do sleep;
I will not have my anvil stand for thee.

*Crom.* There's money, father; I will pay your men. [*Throws money among them.*

*Old Crom.* Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost,
In hope that one day thou'dst relieve my age;
And art thou now so lavish of thy coin,
To scatter it among these idle knaves?

*Crom.* Father, be patient, and content yourself:
The time will come I shall hold gold as trash.
And here I speak with a presaging soul,
To build a palace where this cottage stands,
As fine as is king Henry's house at Sheen.

*Old Crom.* You build a house? you knave, you'll be a beggar.—
Now, afore God, all is but cast away,
That is bestowed upon this thriftless lad!
Well, had I bound him to some honest trade,
This had not been; but 'twas his mother's doing,
To send him to the university.
How? build a house where now this cottage stands,
As fair as that at Sheen?—They shall not hear me. [*Aside.*
A good boy Tom, I con thee thank, Tom;
Well said, Tom; gramercy, Tom.—
In to your work, knaves! Hence, you saucy boy!
[*Exeunt all but Young* CROMWELL.

*Crom.* Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
Are not all creatures subject unto time,
To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy?
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from kings;
And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
The riff-raff of their age: for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to beggary;

And from the dunghill minions do advance
To state and mark in this admiring world.
This is but course, which in the name of fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about.
The river Thames, that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning is but small and shallow;
Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,
His birth as mean as mine, a butcher's son;
Now who within this land a greater man?
Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
That thou may'st live to flourish and controul.

*Enter Old* CROMWELL.

*Old Crom.* Tom Cromwell; what, Tom, I say.

*Crom.* Do you call, sir?

*Old Crom.* Here is master Bowser come to know if you have dispatched his petition for the lords of the council, or no.

*Crom.* Father, I have; please you to call him in.

*Old Crom.* That's well said, Tom; a good lad, Tom.

*Enter* BOWSER.

*Bow.* Now, master Cromwell, have you dispatched this petition?

*Crom.* I have, sir; here it is: please you peruse it.

*Bow.* It shall not need; we'll read it as we go by water.
And, master Cromwell, I have made a motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our secretary at Antwerp, sir, is dead;
And the merchants there have sent to me,
For to provide a man fit for the place:
Now I do know none fitter than yourself,
If with your liking it stand, master Cromwell.

*Crom.* With all my heart, sir; and I much am bound
In love and duty, for your kindness shown.

*Old Crom.* Body of me, Tom, make haste, lest some body get between thee and home, Tom. I thank you, good master Bowser, I thank you for my boy; I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, sir: ho, a cup of beer here for master Bowser.

*Bow.* It shall not need, sir.—Master Cromwell, will you go?

*Crom.* I will attend you, sir.

*Old Crom.* Farewell, Tom: God bless thee, Tom! God speed thee, good Tom! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Street before* FRESCOBALD'S *House.*

*Enter* BAGOT.

*Bag.* I hope this day is fatal unto some,
And by their loss must Bagot seek to gain.
This is the lodging of master Frescobald,[2]
A liberal merchant, and a Florentine;
To whom Banister owes a thousand pound,
A merchant-bankrupt, whose father was my master.
What do I care for pity or regard?
He once was wealthy, but he now is faller;
And I this morning have got him arrested
At suit of this same master Frescobald;
And by this means shall I be sure of coin,
For doing this same good to him unknown:
And in good time, see where the merchant comes.

*Enter* FRESCOBALD.

Good morrow to kind master Frescobald.

*Fres.* Good morrow to yourself, good master Bagot.
And what's the news, you are so early stirring?
It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.

*Bag.* 'Tis for the love, sir, that I bear to you.
When did you see your debtor Banister?

*Fres.* I promise you, I have not seen the man
This two months day: his poverty is such,
As I do think he shames to see his friends.

*Bag.* Why then assure yourself to see him straight,
For at your suit I have arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

*Fres.* Arrest him at my suit? you were to blame.
I know the man's misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the debt;
And were it known to some, he were undone.

*Bag.* This is your pitiful heart to think it so;
But you are much deceived in Banister.
Why, such as he will break for compassion-sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand pound
Pay scarce a hundred. O, sir, never trust him.
The man is lewdly given to dice and drabs:
Spends all he hath in harlots' company;
It is no mercy for to pity him.
I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindness that I bear to you.

*Fres.* If it be so, he hath deceived me much;
And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity.

---

[2] *This is the lodging of master* Frescobald.—In all the copies of this play, (that I have seen) this Italian merchant is called *Friskiball.* But as his name is given rightly (omitting only the Italian termination) in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and the other English narratives in which he is mentioned, (some of which the author of this piece had probably read,) I suppose that the corruption was owing either to the transcriber or printer, and therefore have not followed it.—MALONE.

But here is master Banister himself,
And with him, as I take it, the officers.

*Enter Mr and Mrs* BANISTER, *and two Officers.*

*Ban.* O, master Frescobald, you have undone me!
My state was well-nigh overthrown before;
Now altogether downcast by your means.

*Mrs Ban.* O, master Frescobald, pity my husband's case.
He is a man hath lived as well as any,
Till envious Fortune and the ravenous sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

*Fres.* Mistress Banister, I envy not your husband,
Nor willingly would I have used him thus,
But that I hear he is so lewdly given;
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof.

*Ban.* This is that damned broker, that same Bagot,
Whom I have often from my trencher fed.
Ungrateful villain for to use me thus!

*Bag.* What I have said to him is nought but truth.

*Mrs Ban.* What thou hast said springs from an envious heart;
A cannibal, that doth eat men alive!
But here upon my knee believe me, sir,
(And what I speak, so help me God, is true,)
We scarce have meat to feed our little babes.
Most of our plate is in that broker's hand;
Which, had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not bide that penury.
Be merciful, kind master Frescobald;
My husband, children, and myself, will eat
But one meal a day; the other will we keep,
And sell, as part to pay the debt we owe you.
If ever tears did pierce a tender mind,
Be pitiful; let me some favour find.

*Fres.* Go to, I see thou art an envious man.—
Good mistress Banister, kneel not to me;
I pray rise up; you shall have your desire.—
Hold, officers; be gone; there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thousand pound;
Here, take my hand; if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me; but yet if still your fortune frown,
Upon my faith I'll never ask a crown.
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to myself may fall.

*Ban.* This unexpected favour, undeserved,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy.
Ne'er may aught prosper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

*Mrs Ban.* My children in their prayers, both night and day,
For your good fortune and success shall pray.

*Fres.* I thank you both; I pray go dine with me.
Within these three days, if God give me leave,
I will to Florence, to my native home.
Hold, Bagot, there's a portague to drink,[3]
Although you ill deserved it by your merit.
Give not such cruel scope unto your heart;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited;
Remember what I say, Bagot; farewell.—
Come, master Banister, you shall with me;
My fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but* BAGOT.

*Bag.* A plague go with you! would you had eat your last!
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confusion light upon you all for me!
Where he had wont to give a score of crowns,
Doth he now foist me with a portague?
Well, I will be revenged upon this Banister.
I'll to his creditors; buy all the debts he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will;
I am sure to have them at an easy rate;
And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
But I'll make his heart to ache with sorrow.
And if that Banister become my debtor,
By heaven and earth I'll make his plague the greater. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Cho.* Now, gentlemen, imagine that young Cromwell's
In Antwerp, leiger for the English merchants;
And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to Antwerp, with his wife and children;
Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them,
And thither sends his bills of debt before,
To be revenged on wretched Banister.
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A just requital of false treachery. [*Exit.*

### SCENE I.—*Antwerp.*

CROMWELL *discovered in his Study, sitting at a table, on which are placed money-bags and books of account.*

*Crom.* Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and even.
But, Cromwell, this same plodding fits not thee;
Thy mind is altogether set on travel,
And not to live thus cloyster'd like a nun.
It is not this same trash that I regard;
Experience is the jewel of my heart.

---

[3] *Hold, Bagot, there's a* portague *to drink.*—A *portague* was a gold coin of Portugal, worth about four pounds ten shillings, sterling. *Portugaise.* Fr.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* I pray, sir, are you ready to dispatch me?
*Crom.* Yes; here's those sums of money you must carry.
You go so far as Frankfort, do you not?
*Post.* I do, sir.
*Crom.* Well, pr'ythee make then all the haste thou canst;
For there be certain English gentlemen
Are bound for Venice, and may happily want,
An if that you should linger by the way;
But in the hope that you will make good speed,
There's two angels, to buy you spurs and wands.[4]
*Post.* I thank you, sir; this will add wings indeed. [*Exit Post.*
*Crom.* Gold is of power to make an eagle's speed.

*Enter Mrs* BANISTER.

*What gentlewoman is this that grieves so much?*
*It seems she doth address herself to me.*
*Mrs Ban.* God save you, sir. Pray is your name master Cromwell?
*Crom.* My name is Thomas Cromwell, gentlewoman.
*Mrs Ban.* Know you one Bagot, sir, that's come to Antwerp?
*Crom.* No, trust me, I ne'er saw the man; but here
Are bills of debt I have received against
One Banister, a merchant fallen to decay.
*Mrs Ban.* Into decay indeed, 'long of that wretch.
I am the wife to woeful Banister,
And by that bloody villain am pursued,
From London, here to Antwerp. My husband
He is in the governor's hands; and God
Of heaven knows how he will deal with him.
Now, sir, your heart is framed of milder temper;
Be merciful to a distressed soul,
And God no doubt will treble bless your gain.
*Crom.* Good mistress Banister, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.
*Mrs Ban.* O speak to Bagot, that same wicked wretch;
An angel's voice may move a damned devil.
*Crom.* Why is he come to Antwerp, as you hear?
*Mrs Ban.* I heard he landed some two hours since.
*Crom.* Well, mistress Banister, assure yourself
I'll speak to Bagot in your own behalf,
And win him to all the pity that I can.
Mean time, to comfort you in your distress,
Receive these angels to relieve your need;
And be assured, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.
*Mrs Ban.* That mighty God, that knows each mortal's heart,
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief, and smart!
[*Exit Mistress* BANISTER.
*Crom.* Thanks, courteous woman, for thy hearty prayer.
It grieves my soul to see her misery;
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the best, yet know not to what state
Our stars and destinies have us assigned;
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Antwerp.*

*Enter* BAGOT.

*Bag.* So, all goes well; it is as I would have it.
Banister, he is with the governor,
And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels.
It glads my heart to think upon the slave;
I hope to have his body rot in prison,
And after hear his wife to hang herself,
And all his children die for want of food.
The jewels I have with me brought to Antwerp,
Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand pound;
Which scarcely stood me in three hundred pound.
I bought them at an easy kind of rate;
I care not much which way they came by them,
That sold them me; it comes not near my heart;
And lest they should be stolen, (as sure they are,)
I thought it meet to sell them here in Antwerp;
And so have left them in the governor's hand,
Who offers me within [illegible] hundred pound
Of all my price; but now no matter of that.—
I must go see an if my bills be safe,
The which I sent before to master Cromwell;
That if the wind should keep me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came;
And in good time, see where he is.

*Enter* CROMWELL.

God save you, sir.
*Crom.* And you.—Pray pardon me, I know you not.
*Bag.* It may be so, sir; but my name is Bagot.
The man that sent to you the bills of debt.
*Crom.* O, you're the man that pursues Banister
Here are the bills of debt you sent to me;
As for the man, you know best where he is.
It is reported you have a flinty heart,
A mind that will not stoop to any pity,
An eye that knows not how to shed a tear,
A hand that's always open for reward.
But, master Bagot, would you be ruled by me,
You should turn all these to the contrary;
Your heart should still have feeling of remorse,
Your mind, according to your state, be liberal
To those that stand in need and in distress;

[4] *To buy you spurs and* wands.—i. e. switches. MALONE.

Your hand to help them that do stand in want,
Rather than with your poise to hold them down;
For every ill turn show yourself more kind.
Thus should *I* do; pardon, I speak my mind.

*Bag.* Ay, sir, you speak to hear what I would say;
But you must live, I know, as well as I.
I know this place to be extortion;
And 'tis not for a man to keep safe here,
But he must lie, cog with his dearest friend,
And as for pity, scorn it; hate all conscience:—
But yet *I* do commend your wit in this,
To make a show of what I hope you are not;
But I commend you, and it is well done:
This is the only way to bring your gain.

*Crom.* My gain? I had rather chain me to an oar,
And, like a slave, there toil out all my life,
Before I'd live so base a slave as thou.
I, like an hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming virtue, and a devil within!
No, Bagot; if thy conscience were as clear,
Poor Banister ne'er had been troubled here.

*Bag.* Nay, good master Cromwell, be not angry, sir,
I know full well that you are no such man;
But if your conscience were as white as snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.

*Crom.* Will it be thought that I am otherwise?
Let them that think so, know they are deceived.
Shall Cromwell live to have his faith misconstrued?
Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy town,
I will not stay here full two hours longer.—
As good luck serves, my accounts are all made even;
Therefore I'll straight unto the treasurer.
Bagot, I know you'll to the governor:
Commend me to him; say I am bound to travel,
To see the fruitful parts of Italy;
And as you ever bore a Christian mind,
Let Banister some favour of you find.

*Bag.* For your sake, sir, I'll help him all I can—
To starve his heart out ere he gets a groat;
[*Aside.*
So, master Cromwell, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the governor.

*Crom.* Farewell, sir; pray you remember what I said.
[*Exit* BAGOT.
No, Cromwell, no; thy heart was ne'er so base,
To live by falsehood, or by brokery.
But it falls out well; I little it repent;
Hereafter time in travel shall be spent.

*Enter* HODGE.

*Hodge.* Your son Thomas, quoth you! I have been Thomass'd. I had thought it had been no such matter to ha' gone by water; for at Putney, I'll go you to Parish-Garden for two-pence; sit as still as may be, without any wagging or jolting in my guts, in a little boat too: here, we were scarce four miles in the great green water, but I, thinking to go to my afternoon's nuncheon, as 'twas my manner at home, felt a kind of rising in my guts. At last one of the sailors spying of me—be of good cheer, says he; set down thy victuals, and up with it; thou hast nothing but an eel in thy belly. Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the sailors; and thinking me to be a man of better experience than any in the ship, ask'd me what wood the ship was made of; they all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the carpenter that made it. At last we grew near land, and I grew villainous hungry, and went to my bag. The devil a bit there was. the sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them it was a part of kindness; for I in kindness told them what wood the ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my victuals; as indeed one good turn asketh another. Well, would I could find my master Thomas in this Dutch town! he might put some English beer into my belly.

*Crom.* What, Hodge, my father's man! by my hand welcome.
How doth my father? what's the news at home?

*Hodge.* Master Thomas, O God! Master Thomas, your hand, glove and all; This is to give you to understanding, that your father is in health, and Alice Downing here hath sent you a nutmeg, and Bess Make-water a race of ginger; my fellows Will and Tom hath between them sent you a dozen of points; and goodman Toll, of the goat, a pair of mittens; myself came in person; and this is all the news.

*Crom.* Gramercy good Hodge, and thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;
For I am travelling into Italy.
What say'st thou, Hodge? wilt thou bear me company?

*Hodge.* Will I bear thee company, Tom? what tell'st me of Italy? Were it to the farthest part of Flanders, I would go with thee, Tom; I am thine in all weal and woe; thy own to command. What, Tom! I have pass'd the rigorous waves of Neptune's blasts. I tell you, Thomas, I have been in danger of the floods; and when I have seen Boreas begin to play the ruffian with us, then would I down a' my knees, and call upon Vulcan.

*Crom.* And why upon him?

*Hodge.* Because, as this same fellow Neptune is god of the seas, so Vulcan is lord over the smiths; and therefore I, being a smith, thought his godhead would have some care yet of me.

*Crom.* A good conceit; but tell me hast thou dined yet?

*Hodge.* Thomas, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

*Crom.* Come go with me, thou shalt have cheer, good store;
And farewell, Antwerp, if I come no more.

*Hodge.* I follow thee, sweet Tom, I follow thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street in the same.*

*Enter the Governor of the English Factory,* BAGOT, *Mr and Mrs* BANISTER, *and two Officers.*

*Gov.* Is Cromwell gone then, say you, master Bagot?
On what dislike, I pray you? what was the cause?
*Bag.* To tell you true, a wild brain of his own;
Such youth as he can't see when they are well.
He is all bent to travel, (that's his reason,)
And doth not love to eat his bread at home.
*Gov.* Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly shall find such a one as he,
To fit our turns, his dealings were so honest.
But now, sir, for your jewels that I have,—
What do you say? what, will you take my price?
*Bag.* O, sir, you offer too much under *foot.*
*Gov.* 'Tis but two hundred pound between us, man;
What's that in payment of five thousand pound?
*Bag.* Two hundred pound! by'r Lady, sir, 'tis great;
Before I got so much it made me sweat.
*Gov.* Well, master Bagot, I'll proffer you fairly.
You see this merchant, master Banister,
Is going now to prison at your suit;
His substance all is gone; what would you have?
Yet, in regard I knew the man of wealth,
(Never dishonest dealing, but such mishaps
Have fall'n on him, may light on me or you)
There is two hundred pound between us two;
We will divide the same; I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free.
His state is nothing; that you see yourself;
And where nought is, *the king must lose his right.*
*Bag.* Sir, sir, I *know* you speak out of your love;
'Tis foolish *love, sir, sure,* to pity him.
Therefore *content* yourself; this is my mind;
*To do him good I will* not bate a penny.
*Ban. This* is my comfort, though thou dost no good,
A mighty ebb follows a mighty flood.
*Mrs Ban.* O thou base wretch, whom we have fostered,
Even as a serpent, for to poison us!
If God did ever right a woman's wrong,
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.
*Bag.* Alas, fond woman! I pr'ythee pray thy worst;
The fox fares better still when he is curst.

*Enter* BOWSER.

*Gov.* Master Bowser! you're welcome, sir, from England.
What's the best news? and how do all our friends?
*Bow.* They are all well, and do commend them to you.
There's letters from your brother and your son;
So, fare you well, sir; I must take my leave;
My haste and business doth require so.
*Gov.* Before you dine, sir? What, go you out of town?
*Bow.* I'faith, unless I hear some news in town, I must away; there is no remedy.
*Gov.* Master Bowser, what is your business? may I know it?
*Bow.* You may so, *sir,* and so shall all *the city.*
The king of late hath had his treasury robb'd,
And of the choicest jewels that he had;
The value of them was seven thousand pound.
The fellow that did steal these jewels is hanged;
And did confess, that for three hundred pound
He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London.
Now Bagot's fled, and, as we hear, to Antwerp;
And hither am I come to seek him out;
And they that first can tell me of his news,
Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.
*Ban.* How just is God to right the innocent!
*Gov.* Master Bowser, you come in happy time;
Here is the villain Bagot that you seek,
And all those jewels have I in my hands.—
Here, officers, look to him, hold him fast.
*Bag.* The devil owed me a shame, and now hath paid it.
*Bow.* Is this that Bagot? Fellows, bear him hence;
We will not now stand here for his reply.
Lade him with irons; we will have him tried
In England, where his villanies are known.
*Bag.* Mischief, confusion, light upon you all!
O hang me, drown me, hang, kill myself,
Let go my arms, let me run quite to hell.
*Bow.* Away; bear him away; stop the slave's mouth.
[*Exeunt Officers and* BAGOT.
*Mrs Ban.* Thy works are infinite, great God of heaven!
*Gov.* I heard this Bagot was a wealthy fellow.
*Bow.* He was indeed; for when his goods were seized,
Of jewels, coin, and plate, within his house
Was found the value of five thousand pound;
His furniture fully worth half so much;
Which being all distrained for the king,
He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants;
And they again, out of their bounteous mind,
Have to a brother of their company,
A man decayed by fortune of the seas,
Given Bagot's wealth, to set him up again,
And keep it for him; his name is Banister.
*Gov.* Master Bowser, with this most happy news
You have revived two from the gates of death:
This is that Banister, and this his wife.
*Bow.* Sir, I am glad my fortune is so good
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.
*Ban.* You have given life unto a man deem'd dead;
For by these news my life is newly bred.
*Mrs Ban.* Thanks to my God, next to my sovereign king;
And last to you, that these good news do bring.

*Gov.* The hundred pound I must receive, as due
For finding Bagot, I freely give to you.
*Bow.* And, master Banister, if so you please,
I'll bear you company, when you cross the seas.
*Ban.* If it please you, sir;—my company is but mean:
Stands with your liking, I will wait on you.[5]

*Gov.* I am glad that all things do accord so well.
Come, master Bowser, let us in to dinner;
And, mistress Banister, be merry, woman.
Come, after sorrow now let's cheer your spirit;
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.

[*Exeunt:*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The principal Bridge at Florence.*

*Enter* CROMWELL *and* HODGE *in their shirts, and without hats.*

*Hodge.* Call you this seeing of fashions? marry would I had staid at Putney still. O, master Thomas, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

*Crom.* Content thee, man; this is but fortune.

*Hodge.* Fortune! a plague of this fortune, it makes me go wet-shod; the rogues would not leave me a shoe to my feet.

For my hose,
They scorned them with their heels:
But for my doublet and hat,
O Lord, they embraced me,
And unlaced me,
And took away my clothes,
As so disgrace me.

*Crom.* Well, Hodge, what remedy? what shift shall we make now?

*Hodge.* Nay, I know not. For begging, I am naught; for stealing, worse. By my troth, I must even fall to my old trade, to the hammer and the horse-heels again:—But now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the horses in this country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no: for when I have one leg in my hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my chaps, I were gone; there lay I, there lay Hodge.

*Crom.* Hodge, I believe thou must work for us both.

*Hodge.* O, master Thomas, have not I told you of this? Have not I many a time and often said, Tom, or master Thomas, learn to make a horse-shoe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded. Hark you, Thomas! what do you call the fellows that robb'd us?

*Crom.* The banditti.

*Hodge.* The banditti do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am sure we call them plain thieves in England. O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the ale there!

*Crom.* Content thee, man: here, set up these two bills,
And let us keep our standing on the bridge.
The fashion of this country is such,
If any stranger be oppress'd with want,
To write the manner of his misery;
And such as are disposed to succour him,
Will do it. What, Hodge, hast thou set them up?

[HODGE *sets up the Bills.*

*Hodge.* Ay, they are up; God send some to read them, and not only to read them, but also to look on us: and not altogether look on us, but to relieve us. O, cold, cold, cold!

[CROMWELL *stands at one end of the Bridge, and* HODGE *at the other.*

*Enter* FRESCOBALD.

*Fres.* [*reads the Bills.*] What's here?
Two Englishmen, and robb'd by the banditti!
One of them seems to be a gentleman.
'Tis pity that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate hands of thieves:
I'll question him of what estate he is.—
God save you, sir. Are you an Englishman.

*Crom.* I am, sir, a distressed Englishman.

*Fres.* And what are you, my friend?

*Hodge.* Who, I, sir? by my troth I do not know myself, what I am now; but, sir, I was a smith, sir, a poor farrier of Putney. That's my master, sir, yonder; I was robb'd for his sake, sir.

*Fres.* I see you have been met by the banditti,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But, Frescobald, why dost thou question them
Of their estate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the coin I have about me is not much:
There's sixteen ducats for to clothe yourselves,
There's sixteen more to buy your diet with,
And there's sixteen to pay for your horse-hire.
'Tis all the wealth, you see, my purse possesses;
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for aught that I can do.
My name is Frescobald, a Florence merchant,
A man that always loved your nation.

*Crom.* This unexpected favour at your hands,
Which God doth know if e'er I shall requite—

---

[5] *Stands with your liking, I will wait on you.*—Elliptical, for—*If it* stands, &c. PERCY.

Necessity makes me to take your bounty,
And for your gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your name shall still be in my hearty prayer.
*Fres.* It is not worth such thanks: come to my house;
Your want shall better be relieved than thus.
*Crom.* I pray, excuse me; this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to Bononia,
Whereas a noble earl is much distressed.
An Englishman, Russel, the earl of Bedford,
Is by the French king sold unto his death.
It may fall out, that I may do him good;
To save his life, I'll hazard my heart-blood.
Therefore, kind sir, thanks for your liberal gift;
I must be gone to aid him; there's no shift.
*Fres.* I'll be no hinderer to so good an act.
Heaven prosper you in that you go about!
If fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leave;
All good a man can wish, I do bequeath.
[*Exit* FRESCOBALD.
*Crom.* All good that God doth send, light on your head!
There's few such men within our climate bred.
How say you, Hodge? is not this good fortune?
*Hodge.* How say you? I'll tell you what, master Thomas; if all men be of this gentleman's mind, let's keep our standings upon this bridge; we shall get more here, with begging, in one day, than I shall with making horse-shoes in a whole year.
*Crom.* No, Hodge, we must be gone unto Bononia,
There to relieve the noble earl of Bedford;
Where, if I fail not in my policy,
I shall deceive their subtle treachery.
*Hodge.* Nay, I'll follow you. God bless us from the thieving banditti again! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Bononia.* (i. e. *Bolognia.*) *A room in a Hotel.*

*Enter* BEDFORD *and Host.*

*Bed.* Am I betrayed? was Bedford born to die
By such base slaves, in such a place as this?
Have I escaped so many times in France,
So many battles have I over-passed,
And made the French stir, when they heard my name;
And am I now betrayed unto my death?
Some of their heart's-blood first shall pay for it.
*Host.* They do desire, my lord, to speak with you.
*Bed.* The traitors do desire to have my blood;
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them dear.
Open the door; I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with honour.
*Host.* Alas, my lord, that is a desperate course;
They have begirt you round about the house.
Their meaning is, to take you prisoner,
And so to send your body unto France.
*Bed.* First shall the ocean be as dry as sand,
Before alive they send me unto France.
I'll have my body first bored like a sieve,
And die as Hector, 'gainst the Myrmidons,
Ere France shall boast, Bedford's their prisoner.
Treacherous France! that, 'gainst the law of arms,
Hath here betrayed thine enemy to death.
But be assured, my blood shall be revenged
Upon the best lives that remain in France.

*Enter a Servant.*

Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy death.
*Ser.* Pardon, my lord; I come to tell your honour,
That they have hired a Neapolitan,
Who by his oratory hath promised them,
Without the shedding of one drop of blood,
Into their hands safe to deliver you;
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor swain that attends upon him.
*Bed.* A Neapolitan? bid him come in.
[*Exit Servant.*
Were he as cunning in his eloquence,
As Cicero, the famous man of Rome,
His words would be as chaff against the wind
Sweet-tongued Ulysses, that made Ajax mad,
Were he, and his tongue in this speaker's head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no conquest, dead.

*Enter* CROMWELL *in a Neapolitan habit, and* HODGE.

*Crom.* Sir, are you the master of the house?
*Host.* I am, sir.
*Crom.* By this same token you must leave this place,
And leave none but the earl and I together,
And this my peasant here to tend on us.
*Host.* With all my heart: God grant you do some good.
[*Exit Host.* CROMWELL *shuts the door.*
*Bed.* Now, sir, what is your will with me?
*Crom.* Intends your honour not to yield yourself?
*Bed.* No, goodman goose, not while my sword doth last.
Is this your eloquence for to persuade me?
*Crom.* My lord, my eloquence is for to save you:
I am not, as you judge, a Neapolitan,
But Cromwell, your servant, and an Englishman.
*Bed.* How! Cromwell? not my farrier's son?
*Crom.* The same, sir; and am come to succour you.
*Hodge.* Yes 'faith, sir; and I am Hodge, your poor smith: many a time and oft have I shod your dapple-grey.
*Bed.* And what avails it me that thou art here?
*Crom.* It may avail, if you'll be ruled by me.
My lord, you know, the men of Mantua
And these Bononians are at deadly strife;
And they, my lord, both love and honour you.
Could you but get out of the Mantua port,
Then were you safe, despite of all their force.
*Bed.* Tut, man, thou talk'st of things impossible;

Dost thou not see, that we are round beset?
How then is't possible we should escape?
*Crom.* By force we cannot, but by policy.
Put on the apparel here that Hodge doth wear,
And give him yours: The states, they know you not,
(For, as I think, they never saw your face;)
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire that we two safe may pass
To Mantua, where I'll say my business lies.
How doth your honour like of this device?
*Bed.* O, wond'rous good. But wilt thou venture, Hodge?
*Hodge.* Will I?
O noble lord,
I do accord,
In any thing I can:
And do agree,
To set thee free,
Do Fortune what she can.
*Bed.* Come then, let us change our apparel straight.
*Crom.* Go, Hodge; make haste, lest they should chance to call.
*Hodge.* I warrant you I'll fit him with a suit.
[*Exeunt* BEDFORD *and* HODGE.
*Crom.* Heavens grant this policy doth take success,
And that the earl may safely 'scape away!
And yet it grieves me for this simple wretch,
For fear lest they should offer him violence:
But of two evils, 'tis best to shun the greatest;
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than such a noble, as he should fall.
Their stubborn hearts, it may be, will relent,
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.

*Re-enter* BEDFORD *and* HODGE.

My lord, have you dispatched?
*Bed.* How dost thou like us, Cromwell? is it well?
*Crom.* O, my good lord, excellent. Hodge, how dost feel thyself?
*Hodge.* How do I feel myself? why, as a nobleman should do. O how I feel honour come creeping on! My nobility is wonderful melancholy: Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?
*Bed.* Yes, Hodge: now go sit down in the study, and take state upon thee.
*Hodge.* I warrant you, my lord; let me alone to take state upon me: But hark, my lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?
*Bed.* No, trust me, Hodge.
*Hodge.* Ay, they know they want their old pasture. 'Tis a strange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with nobility.
*Crom.* Go take thy place, Hodge; I will call them in.
Now all is done:—Enter an if you please.

*Enter the Governor and other States and Citizens of Bononia, and Officers with halberts.*

*Gov.* What, have you won him? will he yield himself?
*Crom.* I have, an't please you; and the quiet earl
Doth yield himself to be disposed by you.
*Gov.* Give him the money that we promised him;
So let him go, whither it please himself.
*Crom.* My business, sir, lies unto Mantua;
Please you to give me a safe conduct thither.
*Gov.* Go, and conduct him to the Mantua port,
And see him safe delivered presently.
[*Exeunt* CROMWELL, BEDFORD, *and an Officer.*
Go draw the curtains, let us see the earl:—
[*An Attendant opens the curtains.*
O, he is writing; stand apart a while.
Hodge. [*reads.*] "Fellow William, I am not as I have been; I went from you a smith, I write to you as a lord. I am at this present writing, among the Polonian sausages. I do commend my lordship to Ralph and to Roger, to Bridget and to Dorothy, and so to all the youth of Putney."
*Gov.* Sure these are the names of English noblemen,
Some of his special friends, to whom he writes:—
[HODGE *sounds a note.*
But stay, he doth address himself to sing.
[HODGE *sings a Song.*
My lord, I am glad you are so frolic and so blithe:
Believe me, noble lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry vein to sudden sorrow.
*Hodge.* I change my merry vein? No, thou Bononian, no;
I am a lord, and therefore let me go.
I do defy thee and thy sausages;
Therefore stand off, and come not near my honour.
*Gov.* My lord, this jesting cannot serve your turn.
*Hodge.* Dost think, thou black Bononian beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest?
No, no, thou beer-pot, know that I,
A noble earl, a lord par-dy—
[*A Trumpet sounds.*
*Gov.* What means this trumpet's sound?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cit.* One is come from the states of Mantua.
*Gov.* What would you with us? speak, thou man of Mantua.
*Mes.* Men of Bononia, this my message is;
To let you know, the noble earl of Bedford
Is safe within the town of Mantua,
And wills you send the peasant that you have,
Who hath deceived your expectation:
Or else the states of Mantua have vowed,
They will recal the truce that they have made;
And not a man shall stir from forth your town,
That shall return, unless you send him back.
*Gov.* O this misfortune, how it mads my heart!
The Neapolitan hath beguiled us all.
Hence with this fool. What shall we do with him,
The earl being gone? A plague upon it all!
*Hodge.* No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a smith, sir, one Hodge, a smith at Putney, sir; one that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, sir.
*Gov.* Away with him; take hence the fool you came for.

*Hodge.* Ay, sir, and I'll leave the greater fool with you.
*Mes.* Farewell, Bononians. Come, friend, along with me.
*Hodge.* My friend, afore; my lordship will follow thee.
[*Exeunt* HODGE *and Messenger.*
*Gov.* Well, Mantua, since by thee the earl is lost,
Within few days I hope to see thee crost.
[*Exeunt Governor, States, Attendants, &c.*

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Cho.* Thus far you see how Cromwell's fortune pass'd.
The earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's company into France,
To make requital for his courtesy;
But Cromwell doth deny the earl his suit,
And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land;
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The earl to France; and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughts, as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few years that Cromwell spent in travel;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the master of the rolls;
Where in short time he there began to flourish;
An hour shall show you what few years did cherish. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in Sir Christopher Hales's House.*

*Music plays; then a Banquet is brought in. Enter Sir* CHRISTOPHER HALES, CROMWELL, *and two Servants.*

*Hales.* Come, sirs, be careful of your master's credit;
And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, so do you,
With looks as free as is your master's soul,
Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receive the cardinal's followers,
And the attendants of the great lord chancellor.
But all my care, Cromwell, depends on thee:
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,
And by how much thy spirit's ranked 'bove these,
In rules of art, by so much it shines brighter
By travel, whose observance pleads his merit,
In a most learned, yet unaffecting spirit.
Good Cromwell, cast an eye of fair regard
'Bout all my house; and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miscreate,
Salve thou with courtesy. If welcome want,
Full bowls and ample banquets will seem scant.
*Crom.* Sir, as to whatsoever lies on me,
Assure you, I will shew my utmost duty.
*Hales.* About it then; the lords will straight be here. [*Exit* CROMWELL.
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather suit
The service of the state than of my house:
I look upon thee with a loving eye,
That one day will prefer thy destiny.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, the lords be at hand.
*Hales.* They are welcome: bid Crom straight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readiness
[*Exit Servant.*

*The Music plays. Enter Cardinal* WOLSEY, Sir THOMAS MORE, GARDINER, CROMWELL, *and other Attendants.*

*Wol.* O, sir Christopher,
You are too liberal: What! a banquet too?
*Hales.* My lords, if words could shew the ample welcome
That my free heart affords you, I could then
Become a prater; but I now must deal
Like a feast-politician with your lordships;
Defer your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salve our defect of fare:
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.
*Wol.* Our thanks to the kind master of the rolls.
Come and sit down; sit down, sir Thomas More
'Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ;
Their dinner is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of active disposition.
This I gather, that, by their sparing meat,
Their bodies are more fitter for the wars;
And if that famine chance to pinch their maws.
Being used to fast, it breeds in them less pain.
*Hales.* Fill me some wine; I'll answer cardinal Wolsey.
My lord, we English are of more freer souls,
Than hunger-starved and ill-complexioned Spaniards.
They that are rich in Spain, spare belly-food,
To deck their backs with an Italian hood,
And silks of Seville; and the poorest snake,
That feeds on lemons, pilchards, and ne'er heated
His palate with sweet flesh, will bear a case
More fat and gallant than his starved face.
Pride, the inquisition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my judgment, Spain's three-headed devil.
*More.* Indeed it is a plague unto their nation,
Who stagger after in blind imitation.
*Hales.* My lords, with welcome, I present your lordships
A solemn health.
*More.* I love healths well; but when as healths do bring
Pain to the head, and body's surfeiting,
Then cease I healths:
Nay spill not, friend; for though the drops be small,
Yet have they force to force men to the wall.
*Wol.* Sir Christopher, is that your man?
*Hales.* An't like
Your grace, he is a scholar, and a linguist;
One that hath travelled through many parts

Of Christendom, my lord.
*Wol.* My friend, come nearer: have you been a traveller?
*Crom.* My lord,
I have added to my knowledge, the Low Countries,
With France, Spain, Germany, and Italy;
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.
*Wol.* What do you think, then, of the several states,
And princes' courts, as you have travelled?
*Crom.* My lord, no court with England may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government.
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train.
In Germany and Holland, riot serves;
And he, that most can drink, most he deserves.
England I praise not for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.
*Wol.* My lord, there dwells within that spirit more
Than can be discerned by the outward eye:—
Sir Christopher, will you part with your man?
*Hales.* I have sought to proffer him unto your lordship;
And now I see he hath preferred himself.
*Wol* What is thy name?
*Crom.* Cromwell, my lord.
*Wol.* Then, Cromwell, here we make thee solicitor
Of our causes, and nearest, next ourself:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man.
[GARDINER *embraces him.*
*More.* My lord cardinal, you are a royal winner,
Have got a man, besides your bounteous dinner.
Well, my good knight, pray, that we come no more;
If we come often, thou may'st shut thy door.
*Wol.* Sir Christopher, hadst thou given me half thy lands,
Thou could'st not have pleased me so much as with
This man of thine. My infant thoughts do spell,
Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire:
And so, kind master of the rolls, farewell.
*Hales.* Cromwell, farewell.
*Crom.* Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love and honour you.
[*Exeunt. The Music plays as they go out.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Cho.* Now Cromwell's highest fortunes do begin.
Wolsey, that loved him as he did his life,
Committed all his treasure to his hands:
Wolsey is dead; and Gardiner, his man,
Is now created bishop of Winchester.
Pardon if we omit all Wolsey's life,
Because our play depends on Cromwell's death.
Now sit, and see his highest state of all,
His height of rising, and his sudden fall.
Pardon the errors are already past,
And live in hope, the best doth come at last.
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And looks to have your liking ere the end. [*Exit.*

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Public Walk.*

*Enter* GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and of* SUFFOLK, *Sir* THOMAS MORE, *Sir* CHRISTOPHER HALES, *and* CROMWELL.

*Nor.* Master Cromwell, since cardinal Wolsey's death,
His Majesty is given to understand,
There's certain bills and writings in your hand,
That much concern the state of England.
My lord of Winchester, is it not so?
*Gar.* My lord of Norfolk, we two were whilom fellows:
And, master Cromwell, though our master's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the king,
It is no boot now to deny those things,
Which may be prejudicial to the state:
And though that God hath raised my fortune higher
Than any way I looked for, or deserved,
Yet may my life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my sovereign!
What say you, master Cromwell? have you those
Writings, ay, or no?
*Crom.* Here are the writings:
And on my knees I give them up unto
The worthy dukes of Suffolk, and of Norfolk.
He was my master, and each virtuous part
That lived in him, I tendered with my heart;
But what his head complotted 'gainst the state,
My country's love commands me that to hate.
His sudden death I grieve for, not his fall,
Because he sought to work my country's thrall.
*Suf.* Cromwell, the king shall hear of this thy duty;
Who, I assure myself, will well reward thee.
My lord, let's go unto his majesty,
And show those writings which he longs to see.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

*Enter* BEDFORD *hastily.*

*Bed.* How now, who is this? Cromwell? By my soul,
Welcome to England: thou once didst save my life;
Didst not, Cromwell?
*Crom.* If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me
That you remember it, than for myself
Vainly to report it.

*Bed.* Well, Cromwell, now's the time,
I shall commend thee to my sovereign.
Cheer up thyself, for I will raise thy state;
A Russel yet was never found ingrate. [*Exit.*

*Hales.* O how uncertain is the wheel of state!
Who lately greater than the cardinal,
For fear and love? and now who lower lies!
Gay honours are but Fortune's flatteries;
And whom this day pride and ambition swells,
To-morrow envy and ambition quells.

*More.* Who sees the cobweb tangle the poor fly,
May boldly say, the wretch's death is nigh.

*Gard.* I knew his state and proud ambition
Were too too violent to last o'er-long.

*Hales.* Who soars too near the sun with golden wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings.

*Enter the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

*Suf.* Cromwell, kneel down. In King Henry's name arise
Sir Thomas Cromwell; thus begins thy fame.

*Enter the Duke of* NORFOLK.

*Nor.* Cromwell, the gracious majesty of England,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee the master of the jewel-house,
Chief secretary to himself, and withal
Creates thee one of his highness' privy-council.

*Enter the Earl of* BEDFORD.

*Bed.* Where is sir Thomas Cromwell? is he knighted?

*Suf.* He is, my lord.

*Bed.* Then, to add honour to
His name, the king creates him the lord keeper
Of his privy seal,[6] and master of the rolls,
Which you, sir Christopher, do now enjoy:[7]
The king determines higher place for you.

*Crom.* My lords,
These honours are too high for my desert.

*More.* O content thee, man; who would not choose it?
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

*Gard.* Here's honours, titles, and promotions!
I fear this climbing will have sudden fall.

*Nor.* Then come, my lords; let's all together bring
This new-made counsellor to England's king.

[*Exeunt all but* GARDINER.

*Gard.* But Gardiner means his glory shall be dimmed.
Shall Cromwell live a greater man than I?
My envy with his honour now is bred:
I hope to shorten Cromwell by the head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*London.* *A Street before* CROMWELL'S *House.*

*Enter* FRESCOBALD.

*Fres.* O Frescobald, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconstant wheel,
Hath turned thy wealth and riches in the sea.
All parts abroad, wherever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and deny me succour.
My debtors, they that should relieve my want,
Forswear my money, say they owe me none;
They know my state too mean to bear out law:
And here in London, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched man,
I am now most wretched here, despised myself.
In vain it is more of their hearts to try;
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[*Lies down.*

*Enter* SEELY *and* JOAN.

*Seely.* Come, Joan, come: let's see what he'll do for us now. I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a-hungry to bed.

*Joan.* Alas, man, now he is made a lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfil the old proverb, *Set beggars a horseback and they'll ride*— A well-a-day for my cow! such as he hath made us come behind hand; we had never pawned our cow else to pay our rent.

---

[6] *Then, to add honour to*
*His name, the king creates him the lord keeper*
*Of his privy seal, &c* —The rise of Cromwell to the highest honours of the state was certainly sudden, but not quite so rapid as this author has represented. In 1531 he was made a privy counsellor, and master of the jewel-house; and the next year clerk of the hanaper, and chancellor of the exchequer: in 1534, principal secretary of state, and master of the rolls. The following year he was appointed vicar-general over all the spiritualities in England, under the king; on the second of July, 1536, lord keeper of the privy-seal; and soon afterwards he was advanced to the dignity of a baron. In 1537 he was created knight of the garter, and in 1540, earl of Essex, and lord high chamberlain of England.—MALONE.

[7] *Which you, sir Christopher, do now enjoy:*—The fact was exactly the reverse of what is here stated. Cromwell's predecessor in this office was not sir Christopher Hales, but Dr Taylor; and Hales, (who was the king's attorney-general,) *succeeded* Cromwell in the rolls; not, however, immediately on his advancement to the office of keeper of the privy-seal.—MALONE.

*Seely.* Well, Joan, he'll come this way; and by God's dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, an if he were ten lords: 'a shall know that I had not my cheese and my bacon for nothing.

*Joan.* Do you remember, husband, how he would mouch up my cheese-cakes? He hath forgot this now; but now we'll remember him.

*Seely.* Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a fox-tail: but i'faith I'll jibber a joint,[8] but I'll tell him his own.—Stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes; stand up.

*Enter* HODGE, *with a tip-staff;* CROMWELL, *with the mace carried before him; the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *and Attendants.*

*Hodge.* Come; away with these beggars here. Rise up, sirrah; come out, good people; run afore there, ho.

[FRESCOBALD *rises, and stands at a distance.*

*Seely.* Ay, we are kicked away, now we come for our own; the time hath been, he would ha' looked more friendly upon us: And you, Hodge, we know you well enough, though you are so fine.

*Crom.* Come hither, sirrah:—Stay, what men are these?
My honest host of Hounslow, and his wife?
I owe thee money, father, do I not?

*Seely.* Ay, by the body of me, dost thou. Would thou would'st pay me: good four pound it is; I hav't o' the post at home.

*Crom.* I know 'tis true. Sirrah, give him ten angels:—
And look your wife and you do stay to dinner;[9]
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four pound a year, for the four pound I ought you.

*Seely.* Art not changed? Art old Tom still? Now God bless thee, good lord Tom. Home, Joan, home; I'll dine with my lord Tom to-day, and thou shalt come next week. Fetch my cow; home, Joan, home.

*Joan.* Now God bless thee, my good lord Tom: I'll fetch my cow presently. [*Exit* JOAN.

*Enter* GARDINER.

*Crom.* Sirrah, go to yon stranger; tell him, I
Desire him stay to dinner: I must speak
With him. [*To* HODGE.

*Gard.* My lord of Norfolk, see you this
Same bubble? that same puff? but mark the end,
My lord; mark the end.

*Nor.* I promise you, I like not something he hath done;
But let that pass; the king doth love him well.

*Crom.* Good morrow to my lord of Winchester: I know
You bear me hard about the abbey lands.

*Gard.* Have I not reason, when religion's wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.

*Crom.* Yes, the abolishing of antichrist,
And of his popish order from our realm.
I am no enemy to religion;
But what is done, it is for England's good.
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy abbots, and of full-fed friars?
They neither plow nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.
Look, what was theirs is in king Henry's hands;
His wealth before lay in the abbey lands.

*Gard.* Indeed these things you have alleged, my lord;
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn
Will curse the time the abbeys were pulled down.
I pray now where is hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back with a mastiff dog;
And thousand, thousand———

*Nor.* O, my lord, no more:
Things past redress 'tis bootless to complain.

*Crom.* What, shall we to the convocation-house?

*Nor.* We'll follow you, my lord; pray lead the way.

*Enter Old* CROMWELL, *in the dress of a Farmer.*

*Old Crom.* How! one Cromwell made lord keeper, since I left Putney, and dwelt in Yorkshire? I never heard better news: I'll see that Cromwell, or it shall go hard.

*Crom.* My aged father! State thou set aside,
Father, upon my knee I crave your blessing.
One of my servants, go, and have him in;
At better leisure will we talk with him.

*Old Crom.* Now if I die, how happy were the day!
To see this comfort, rains forth showers of joy.

[*Exeunt Old* CROMWELL *and Servant.*

*Nor.* This duty in him shows a kind of grace.
[*Aside.*

*Crom.* Go on before, for time draws on apace.

[*Exeunt all but* FRESCOBALD.

*Fres.* I wonder what this lord would have with me,
His man so strictly gave me charge to stay:
I never did offend him to my knowledge,

---

[8] *Jeopard a joint*, i. e. run a risque.

[9] *And look your wife and you do stay to dinner*:—Stow says (*Survey of London*, p. 139.) that "he had himself often seen at lord Cromwell's gate, more than two hundred persons served twice every day with bread, meat, and drink sufficient."—MALONE.

Well, good or bad, I mean to hide it all;
Worse than I am, now never can befall.

*Enter* BANISTER *and his Wife.*

*Ban.* Come, wife,
I take it to be almost dinner-time;
For master Newton, and master Crosby, sent
To me last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in. I pray thee, hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readiness.
*Mrs Ban.* They shall be welcome, husband; I'll go before:
But is not that man master Frescobald?
[*She runs and embraces him.*
*Ban.* O heavens! it is kind master Frescobald:
Say, sir, what hap hath brought you to this pass?
*Fres.* The same that brought you to your misery.
*Ban.* Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is Banister, your poor friend, then forgot,
Whose goods, whose love, whose life, and all is yours?
*Fres.* I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindness at my hands than you,
Yet looked askance when as they saw me poor.
*Mrs Ban.* If Banister would bear so base a heart,
I ne'er would look my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a cockatrice.
*Ban.* And well thou might'st, should Banister deal so.
Since that I saw you, sir, my state is mended;
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, sir, at home:
And though I grieve your fortune is so bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you, makes me glad.
And now, sir, will it please you walk with me?
*Fres.* Not yet I cannot, for the lord chancellor
Hath here commanded me to wait on him:
For what I know not; pray God it be for good.
*Ban.* Never make doubt of that; I'll warrant you,
He is as kind and noble gentleman,
As ever did possess the place he hath.
*Mrs Ban.* Sir, my brother is his steward: if you please,
We'll go along and bear you company;
I know we shall not want for welcome there.
*Fres.* With all my heart: but what's become of Bagot?
*Ban.* He is hanged for buying jewels of the king's.
*Fres.* A just reward for one so impious.
The time draws on: sir, will you go along?
*Ban.* I'll follow you, kind master Frescobald.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.—Another Street.*

*Enter* NEWTON *and* CROSBY.

*New.* Now, master Crosby, I see you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.
*Cros.* By my faith I have reason on a bond.
Three thousand pound is far too much to forfeit;
And yet I doubt not master Banister.
*New.* By my faith, sir, your sum is more than mine;
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to-day I paid at court.
*Cros.* Mass, and well remember'd: What is the reason
Lord Cromwell's men wear such long skirts upon
Their coats? they reach down to their very hams.
*New.* I will resolve you, sir; and thus it is:
The bishop of Winchester, that loves not Cromwell,
(As great men are envied as well as less)
A while ago there was a jar between them;
And it was brought to my lord Cromwell's ear,
That bishop Gardiner would sit on his skirts;
Upon which word he made his men long blue coats,
And in the court wore one of them himself;
And meeting with the bishop, quoth he, my lord,
Here's skirts enough now for your grace to sit on;
Which vexed the bishop to the very heart.
This is the reason why they wear long coats. [10]
*Cros.* 'Tis always seen, and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy still another;

---

[10] *This is the reason why they wear long coats.*—Whatever might have been the reason, the fact is as here represented. Stowe, who tells us he remembered Cromwell's household, says, that the *skirts of his yeomen in livery were large enough for their friends to sit upon them. Survey of London*, 139, edit. 1618. MALONE.

Is not this story of the bishop sitting on his skirts told of the difference between the duke of Buckingham and cardinal Wolsey? PERCY.

The story told of the duke of Buckingham and cardinal Wolsey is somewhat different. It is this. The duke one day holding a bason for the king to wash, as soon as his majesty had done, the cardinal dipped his hands in the same water. The duke, resenting this as an indignity, spilled some of the water in Wolsey's shoes, with which the cardinal being provoked, threatened him that he would sit on his skirts. Buckingham came the next day to court very richly dressed, but without skirts to his doublet; at which Henry being surprised asked him what he meant by that strange fashion; to which he replied, that his purpose was to prevent cardinal Wolsey from sitting on his skirts.

But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:—
What, shall we now to master Banister's?
*New.* Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.—A Room in* CROMWELL'S *House.*

*Enter the Usher, and the Sewer. Several Servants cross the Stage with dishes in their hands.*

*Ush.* Uncover there, gentlemen.

*Enter* CROMWELL, BEDFORD, SUFFOLK, *Old* CROMWELL, FRESCOBALD, SEELY, *and Attendants.*

*Crom.* My noble lords of Suffolk and of Bedford,
Your honours are welcome to poor Cromwell's house.
Where is my father? nay, be covered, father;
Although that duty to these noblemen
Doth challenge it, yet I'll make bold with them.
Your head doth bear the calendar of care.
What! Cromwell covered, and his father bare?
It must not be.—Now, sir, to you: is not
Your name Frescobald, and a Florentine?
*Fres.* My name was Frescobald, till cruel fate
Did rob me of my name, and of my state.
*Crom.* What fortune brought you to this country now?
*Fres.* All other parts have left me succourless,
Save only this. Because of debts I have,
I hope to gain for to relieve my want.
*Crom.* Did you not once upon your Florence bridge
Help a distressed man, robb'd by the banditti?
His name was Cromwell.
*Fres.* I ne'er made my brain
A calendar of any good I did;
I always loved this nation with my heart.
*Crom.* I am that Cromwell that you there relieved.
Sixteen ducats you gave me for to clothe me,
Sixteen to bear my charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my horse-hire.
There be those several sums justly returned;
Yet it injustice were, that serving at
My need, to repay thee without interest: [11]
Therefore receive of me four several bags;
In each of them there is four hundred marks:
And bring to me the names of all your debtors;
And if they will not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid that I should see him fall,
That helped me in my greatest need of all!
Here stands my father, that first gave me life;
Alas, what duty is too much for him?
This man in time of need did save my life;
I therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
Else might I have gone supperless to bed.
Such kindness have I had of these three men,
That Cromwell no way can repay again.
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long;
And to good stomachs is no greater wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same.—A Room in the Bishop of* WINCHESTER'S *House.*

*Enter* GARDINER *and a Servant.*

*Gard.* Sirrah, where be those men I caused to stay?
*Ser.* They do attend your pleasure, sir, within.
*Gard.* Bid them come hither, and stay you without; [*Exit Servant.*
For by those men the fox of this same land,
That makes a goose of better than himself,
Must worried be unto his latest home;
Or Gardiner will fail in his intent.
As for the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their hearts I know they love him not.
As for the earl of Bedford, he's but one,
And dares not gainsay what we do set down.

*Enter the two Witnesses.*

Now my good friends, you know I saved your lives,
When by the law you had deserved death;
And then you promised me, upon your oaths,
To venture both your lives to do me good.
*Both Wit.* We swore no more than that we will perform.
*Gard.* I take your words; and that which you must do,
Is service for your God, and for your king;
To root a rebel from this flourishing land,
One that's an enemy unto the church;
And therefore must you take your solemn oaths,
That you heard Cromwell, the lord chancellor, [12]

---

[11] *To repay thee without interest.*—The old copies read unintelligibly:

Yet it injustice were that serving at my need
For to repay *them*, &c.

*Serving* is, I think, used for service. MALONE

[12] *That you heard Cromwell, the lord chancellor.*—Cromwell was never lord chancellor. He is before, with equal impropriety, called lord keeper, and introduced with the mace carried before him. The author of this piece confounded the *great* and the *privy* seal.—The story of his *wishing a dagger in the king's heart* is an invention of the poet's.—Though the bishop of Winchester was his enemy, and contributed as much as he could to his downfall, he was not the principal agent in that business. It is well known that

Did wish a dagger at king Henry's heart.
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing harms.
2 *Wit.* If you will warrant us the deed is good,
We'll undertake it.
*Gard.* Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both:
This crucifix[13] I lay upon your heads,
And sprinkle holy water on your brows.
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase grace from heaven.
1 *Wit.* Now, sir, we'll undertake it, by our souls.
2 *Wit.* For Cromwell never loved none of our sort.
*Gard.* I know he doth not; and for both of you,
I will prefer you to some place of worth.
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For presently the dukes mean to be here.
[*Exeunt Witnesses.*
Cromwell, sit fast; thy time's not long to reign.
The abbeys that were pull'd down by thy means
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down.
Thy pride also thy own head lights upon,
For thou art he hath changed religion:—
But now no more, for here the dukes are come.

*Enter* SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, *and* BEDFORD.

*Suf.* Good even to my lord bishop.
*Nor.* How fares my lord? what, are you all alone?
*Gard.* No, not alone, my lords; my mind is troubled.
I know your honours muse wherefore I sent,
And in such haste. What, came you from the king?
*Nor.* We did, and left none but lord Cromwell with him.
*Gard.* O what a dangerous time is this we live in!
There's Thomas Wolsey, he's already gone,
And Thomas More, he follow'd after him;
Another Thomas yet there doth remain,
That is far worse than either of those twain;
And if with speed, my lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the king and all the land will rue it.
*Bed.* Another Thomas? pray God, it be not Cromwell.
*Gard.* My lord of Bedford, it is that traitor Cromwell.
*Bed.* Is Cromwell false? my heart will never think it.
*Suf.* My lord of Winchester, what likelihood,
Or proof, have you of *this his* treachery?
*Gard.* My lord, too much; call in the men within.

*Enter the Witnesses.*

These men, my lord, upon their oaths affirm,
That they did hear lord Cromwell in his garden
Wishing a dagger sticking at the heart
Of our king Henry; what is this but treason?
*Bed.* If it be so, my heart doth bleed with sorrow.
*Suf.* How say you, friends? What, did you hear these words?
1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your grace.
*Nor.* In what place was lord Cromwell when he spake them?
2 *Wit.* In his garden; where we did attend a suit,
Which we had waited for two years and more.
*Suf.* How long is't since you heard him speak these words?
2 *Wit.* Some half year since.
*Bed.* How chance that you concealed it all this time?
1 *Wit.* His greatness made us fear; that was the cause.
*Gard.* Ay, ay, his greatness, that's the cause indeed.
And, to make his treason here more manifest,
He calls his servants to him round about,
Tells them of Wolsey's life, and of his fall;
Says, that himself had many enemies,
And gives to some of them a park, or manor,
To others leases, lands to other some,
What need he do thus in his prime of life,
An if he were not fearful of his death?
*Suf.* My lord, these likelihoods are very great.
*Bed.* Pardon me, lords, for I must needs depart;
Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.
[*Exit* BEDFORD.
*Nor.* My friends, take heed of that *which* you have said;
Your souls must answer what your tongues report;
Therefore take heed; be wary what you do.
2 *Wit.* My lord, we speak no more but truth.
*Nor.* Let them
Depart, my lord of Winchester; and let
These men be close kept till the day of trial.
*Gard.* They shall, my lord; ho, take in these two men. [*Exeunt Witnesses, &c.*
My lords, if Cromwell have a public trial,

---

the immediate cause of Cromwell's ruin (added to the jealousy of the nobility, and the hatred of the common people on account of the subversion of the monasteries) was Henry's aversion to Anne of Cleves, and his desire to marry Catharine Howard, niece to the duke of Norfolk, Cromwell's chief enemy. By him he was accused of high treason, and attainted, unheard, in parliament, in the absence of Cranmer, the only person who had spirit and honesty enough to remonstrate with the king on the injustice of this proceeding. MALONE.

[13] *This crucifix.*—Before the Reformation, the English bishops probably wore a small crucifix hanging on their outward garment; as in popish countries the bishops do at this day. MALONE.

That which we do, is void, by his denial;
You know the king will credit none but him.
*Nor.* 'Tis true; he rules the king even as he pleases.
*Suf.* How shall we do for to attach him then?
*Gard.* Marry, thus, my lords; by an act he made himself,
With an intent to entrap some of our lives;
And this it is: *If any counsellor*
*Be convicted of high treason, he shall*
*Be executed without public trial:*
This act, my lords, he caused the king to make.
*Suf.* He did indeed, and I remember it;
And now 'tis like to fall upon himself.
*Nor.* Let us not slack it; 'tis for England's good:
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.
*Gard.* Well hath your grace said, my good lord of Norfolk:
Therefore let us go presently to Lambeth;
Thither comes Cromwell from the court to-night.
Let us arrest him; send him to the Tower;
And in the morning cut off the traitor's head.
*Nor.* Come then, about it; let us guard the town:
This is the day that Cromwell must go down.
*Gard.* Along, my lords. Well, Cromwell is half dead;
He shaked my heart, but I will shave his head.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Street in London.*

*Enter* BEDFORD.

*Bed.* My soul is like a water troubled;
And Gardiner is the man that makes it so.
O, Cromwell, I do fear thy end is near!
Yet I'll prevent their malice if I can:
And in good time, see where the man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

*Enter* CROMWELL, *with his Train.* BEDFORD *makes as though he would speak to him.* CROMWELL *goes on.*

*Crom.* You're well encountered, my good lord of Bedford.
I see your honour is addressed to talk.
Pray pardon me; I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the business yet myself:
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.
[*Exit* CROMWELL, *&c.*
*Bed.* You must; well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed.
The king hath business; but little dost thou know,
Who's busy for thy life; thou think'st not so.

*Re-enter* CROMWELL, *attended.*

*Crom.* The second time well met my lord of Bedford:
I am very sorry that my haste is such.
Lord marquis Dorset being sick to death,
I must receive of him the privy-seal.
At Lambeth soon, my lord, we'll talk our fill.
[*Exit.*
*Bed.* How smooth and easy is the way to death!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, the dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk,
Accompanied with the bishop of Winchester,
Entreat you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concern the state.
*Bed.* To Lambeth! so: go fetch me pen and ink;
I and lord Cromwell there shall talk enough:
Ay, and our last, I fear, an if he come. [*Writes.*
Here, take this letter, and bear it to Lord Cromwell;
Bid him read it; say it concerns him near:
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can.
To Lambeth do I go, a woeful man. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A Street near the Thames.*

*Enter* CROMWELL, *attended.*

*Crom.* Is the barge ready? I will straight to Lambeth:
And, if this one day's business once were past,
I'd take my ease to-morrow after trouble.

*Enter Messenger.*

How now, my friend, wouldest thou speak with me?
*Mes.* Sir, here's a letter from my lord of Bedford.
[*Gives him a Letter.* CROMWELL *puts it in his pocket.*
*Crom.* O good my friend, commend me to thy lord:
Hold, take those angels; drink them for thy pains.
*Mes.* He doth desire your grace to read it,
Because he says it doth concern you near.
*Crom.* Bid him assure himself of that. Farewell.
To-morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me.
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*Lambeth.*

*Enter* GARDINER, SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, BEDFORD, *Lieutenant of the Tower, a Serjeant at Arms, a Herald, and Halberts.*

*Gard.* Halberts, stand close unto the water-side;
Serjeant at arms, be you bold in your office;
Herald, deliver your proclamation.
*Her.* "This is to give notice to all the king's subjects, the late lord Cromwell, lord chancellor of England, vicar-general over the realm, him to

hold and esteem as a traitor against the crown and dignity of England. So God save the king."

*Gard.* Amen.

*Bed.* Amen, and root thee from the land!
For whilst thou livest, the truth cannot stand. [*Aside.*

*Nor.* Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand.
Keep back Cromwell's men; drown them, if they come on.
Serjeant, your office.

*Enter* CROMWELL, *attended. The Halbert-men make a lane.*

*Crom.* What means my lord of Norfolk, by these words?
Sirs, come along.

*Gard.* Kill them, if they come on.

*Ser.* Lord Thomas Cromwell, in king Henry's name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

*Crom.* Serjeant, me of treason?

[CROMWELL'S *Attendants offer to draw.*

*Suf.* Kill them, if they draw a sword.

*Crom.* Hold; I charge you, as you love me, draw not a sword.
Who dares accuse Cromwell of treason now.

*Gard.* This is no place to reckon up your crime;
Your dove-like looks were viewed with serpents' eyes.

*Crom.* With serpents' eyes indeed, by thine they were.
But, Gardiner, do thy worst; I fear thee not.
My faith compared with thine, as much shall pass,
As doth the diamond excel the glass.
Attached of treason, no accusers by!
Indeed! What tongue dares speak so foul a lie?

*Nor.* My lord, my lord, matters are too well known;
And it is time the king had note thereof.

*Crom.* The king! let me go to him face to face;
No better trial I desire than that.
Let him but say, that Cromwell's faith was feigned,
Then let my honour and my name be stained.
If e'er my heart against the king was set,
O let my soul in judgment answer it!
Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,
'Gainst whom hath Cromwell then committed treason?

*Suf.* My lord, my lord, your matter shall be tried;
Meantime with patience content yourself.

*Crom.* Perforce I must with patience be content:—
O dear friend, Bedford, dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoiceth one friend sheds a tear.
And whither is't? Which way must Cromwell now?

*Gard.* My lord, you must unto the Tower. Lieutenant,
Take him unto your charge.

*Crom.* Well, where you please: but yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my men.

*Gard.* Ay, as you go by water, so you shall.

*Crom.* I have some business present to impart.

*Nor.* You may not stay: lieutenant, take your charge.

*Crom.* Well, well, my lord, you second Gardiner's text.
Norfolk, farewell! thy turn will be the next.

[*Exeunt* CROMWELL *and Lieutenant.*

*Gard.* His guilty conscience makes him rail, my lord.

*Nor.* Ay, let him talk; his time is short enough.

*Gard.* My lord of Bedford, come; you weep for him,
That would not shed even half a tear for you.

*Bed.* It grieves me for to see his sudden fall.

*Gard.* Such success wish I unto traitors all.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*London. A Street.*

*Enter two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Why, can this news be true? is't possible?
The great lord Cromwell arrested upon treason!
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, sir. Would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the wealth I have!
I was at Lambeth, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1 *Cit.* What, was't for treason that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind, noble gentleman! I may rue the time:
All that I have, I did enjoy by him;
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the king did favour him so much.

2 *Cit.* O sir, you are deceived in thinking so:
The grace and favour he had with the king,
Hath caused him have so many enemies.
He that in court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The shrub is safe, when as the cedar shakes;
For where the king doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this nobleman should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis true; and yet you see in each estate
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate;
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the foremost to do him disgrace.
What, will you go along unto the court?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the news,
How men will judge what shall become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some will speak hardly, some will speak in pity.
Go you to the court; I'll go into the city:
There I am sure to hear more news than you.

1 *Cit.* Why then soon will we meet again: adieu! [14] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter* CROMWELL.

*Crom.* Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time.
Thy honours came unsought, ay, and unlooked for;
Thy fall is sudden, and unlooked for too.
What glory was in England that I had not?
Who in this land commanded more than Cromwell?
Except the king, who greater than myself?
But now I see what after ages shall;
The greater men, more sudden is their fall.
And now I do remember, the earl of Bedford
Was very desirous for to speak to me;
And afterward sent unto me a letter,
The which I think I still have in my pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure;
And this I take it is. [*Reads.*
"My lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your state is overthrown;
And much I doubt your life, an if you come:
Then if you love yourself, stay where you are."
O God, O God! had I but read this letter,
Then had I been free from the lion's paw:
Deferring this to read until to-morrow,
I spurned at joy, and did embrace my sorrow.

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Officers, &c.*

Now, master lieutenant, when's this day of death?
*Lieu.* Alas, my lord, would I might never see it!
Here are the dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,
Winchester, Bedford, and sir Richard Radcliffe,
With others; but why they come I know not.
*Crom.* No matter wherefore. Cromwell is prepared,
For Gardiner has my life and state ensnared.
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he who some think lives too long.
Learning kills learning, and, instead of ink
To dip his pen, Cromwell's heart-blood doth drink.

*Enter the Dukes of* SUFFOLK *and* NORFOLK; *the Earl of* BEDFORD, GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester, Sir* RICHARD RADCLIFF, *and Sir* RALPH SADLER.

*Nor.* Good morrow, Cromwell. What, alone so sad?
*Crom.* One good among you, none of you are bad.
For my part, it best fits me be alone;
Sadness with me, not I with any one.
What, is the king acquainted with my cause?
*Nor.* He is; and he hath answered us, my lord.
*Crom.* How shall I come to speak with him myself?
*Gard.* The king is so advertised of your guilt,
He'll by no means admit you to his presence.
*Crom.* No way admit me! am I so soon forgot?
Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
And said that Cromwell was even half himself?
And are his princely ears so much bewitched
With scandalous ignominy, and slanderous speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my lord of Winchester, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his majesty:
Will you bear a letter from me to his grace?
*Gard.* Pardon me; I will bear no traitor's letters.
*Crom.* Ha!—Will you do this kindness then? tell him
By word of mouth what I shall say to you?
*Gard.* That will I.
*Crom.* But, on your honour will you?
*Gard.* Ay, on my honour.
*Crom.* Bear witness, lords.—Tell him, when he hath known you,
And tried your faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falsest-hearted man
In England: pray, tell him this.
*Bed.* Be patient, good my lord, in these extremes.
*Crom.* My kind and honourable lord of Bedford,
I know your honour always loved me well:
But, pardon me, this still shall be my theme;
Gardiner's the cause makes Cromwell so extreme.
Sir Ralph Sadler, I pray a word with you;
You were my man, and all that you possess
Came by my means: sir, to requite all this,
Say will you take this letter here of me,
And give it with your own hands to the king?
*Sad.* I kiss your hand, and never will I rest
Ere to the king this be delivered. [*Exit* SADLER.
*Crom.* Why then yet Cromwell hath one friend in store.
*Gard.* But all the haste he makes shall be but vain.
Here is a discharge for your prisoner,
To see him executed presently:
[*To the Lieutenant.*
My lord, you hear the tenure of your life.
*Crom.* I do embrace it; welcome my last date,
And of this glistering world I take last leave:
And, noble lords, I take my leave of you.
As willingly I go to meet with death,
As Gardiner did pronounce it with his breath.
From treason is my heart as white as snow;
My death procured only by my foe.
I pray commend me to my sovereign king,

---

[14] *Why then soon will we meet again: adieu!*—The concluding word of this line has been supplied by Mr Steevens. A rhyme was probably intended.—MALONE.

And tell him in what sort his Cromwell died,
To lose his head before his cause was tried;[15]
But let his grace, when he shall hear my name,
Say only this; Gardiner procured the same.

*Enter Young* CROMWELL.

*Lieu.* Here is your son, sir, come to take his leave.

*Crom.* To take his leave? Come hither, Harry Cromwell.
Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee:[16]
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it;
I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
And Cromwell's virtues in thy face shall shine:
Come, go along, and see me leave my breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death.

*Son.* O father, I shall die to see that wound!
Your blood being spilt will make my heart to swound.

*Crom.* How, boy, not dare to look upon the axe?
How shall I do then to have my head struck off?
Come on, my child, and see the end of all;
And after say, that Gardiner was my fall.

*Gard.* My lord, you speak it of an envious heart;
I have done no more than law and equity.

*Bed.* O, my good lord of Winchester, forbear:
It would have better seemed you to have been absent,
Than with your words disturb a dying man.

*Crom.* Who me, my lord? no: he disturbs not me.
My mind he stirs not, though his mighty shock
Hath brought more peers' heads down unto the block.
Farewell, my boy! all Cromwell can bequeath,—
My hearty blessing:—so I take my leave.

*Exec.* I am your death's-man; pray, my lord, forgive me.

*Crom.* Even with my soul. Why man, thou art my doctor,
And bring'st me precious physic for my soul.
My lord of Bedford, I desire of you
Before my death, a corporal embrace.
Farewell, great lord; my love I do comm
My heart to you; my soul to heaven I send
This is my joy, that, ere my body fleet,
Your honoured arms are my true winding-s
Farewell, dear Bedford; my peace is mad
heaven.
Thus falls great Cromwell, a poor ell in lengt
To rise to unmeasured height, winged with ne
strength,
The land of worms, which dying men discover:
My soul is shrined with heaven's celestial cover.

[*Exeunt* CROMWELL, *Officers, &c.*

*Bed.* Well, farewell Cromwell! sure the truest friend
That ever Bedford shall possess again.—
Well, lords, I fear that when this man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that Cromwell had a head.

*Enter an Officer with* CROMWELL'S *Head.*

*Off.* Here is the head of the deceased Cromwell.

*Bed.* Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away
Unto his body; inter them both in clay.

[*Exit Officer.*

*Enter Sir* RALPH SADLER.

*Sad.* How now, my lords? What, is lord Cromwell dead?

*Bed.* Lord Cromwell's body now doth want a head.

*Sad.* O God! a little speed had saved his life.
Here is a kind reprieve come from the king,[17]
To bring him straight unto his majesty.

*Suf.* Ay, ay, sir Ralph, reprieves come now too late.

*Gard.* My conscience now tells me this deed was ill.
Would Christ that Cromwell were alive again!

*Nor.* Come let us to the king, who, well I know,
Will grieve for Cromwell, that his death was so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[15] *To lose his head before his cause was tried*;—Speed is the only historian (that I have seen) who asserts that the bill of attainder against Cromwell did not pass till after his death. In one sense indeed he might be said to be executed *before his cause was tried*, for it was never fairly tried; but the act of parliament by which he suffered, received the royal assent four days before his execution.—MALONE.

[16] *Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee*:—The author has here departed from historical truth. The earl of Essex's son was arrived to manhood some time before the execution of his father; and had been called up by summons to the house of peers, four years before that event, by the title of baron Cromwell, of Wimbleton, in the county of Surry.—MALONE.

[17] *Here is a kind reprieve come from the king.*—No reprieve was at any time sent for Cromwell. The unfortunate statesman, during his confinement in the Tower, wrote a pathetic letter to Henry, which brought tears into the eyes of that sanguinary tyrant, but produced no other effect.—MALONE.

# LONDON PRODIGAL.[1]

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FLOWERDALE *Senior, a Merchant.*
MATTHEW FLOWERDALE, *his Son.*
FLOWERDALE *Junior, Brother to the Merchant.*
*Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK.
*Sir* ARTHUR GREENSHIELD, *a Military Officer,* } *in love with* LUCE.
OLIVER, *a Devonshire Clothier,* }
WEATHERCOCK, *a parasite to Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK.
CIVET, *in love with* FRANCES.
*A Citizen.*
DAFFODIL, } *Servants to Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK.
ARTICHOKE, }
DICK *and* RALPH, *two cheating Gamesters.*
RUFFIAN, *a Pander.*
DELIA, } *Daughters to Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK.
FRANCES, }
LUCE, }
*Citizen's Wife.*
*Sheriff and Officers; Lieutenant and Soldiers; Drawers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—*London, and the parts adjacent.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in* FLOWERDALE *Junior's House.*

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Senior, and* FLOWERDALE *Junior.*

*Flow. Sen.* Brother, from Venice, being thus disguised,
I come to prove the humours of my son.
How hath he borne himself since my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?
*Flow. Jun.* I'faith, brother, so as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.
*Flow. Sen.* Why, how is't, brother? What, doth he spend beyond the allowance I left him?
*Flow. Jun.* How! beyond that? and far more

---

[1] Concerning the origin of this play having been ever ascribed to Shakespeare, I have not been able to form any probable hypothesis. It was not entered on the Stationers' Books, but was published in 1605, *as it was plaide by the King's majestie's servants*, and is said in the title-page to be written by William Shakespeare. It was printed by T. C. (Thomas Creede) for Nathaniel Butter, who three years afterwards published *King Lear*.

One knows not which most to admire, the impudence of the printer, in affixing our great poet's name to a comedy publicly acted at his own theatre, of which it is very improbable that he should have written a single line, or Shakespeare's negligence of fame in suffering such a piece to be imputed to him without taking the least notice of it.

It appears from a passage in the first act, that this play was written either in the year 1603, or 1604. MALONE.

Why, your exhibition is nothing. He hath spent that, and since hath borrowed: protested with oaths, alleged kindred, to wring money from me,—"by the love I bore his father,—by the fortunes might fall upon himself,"—to furnish his wants: that done, I have had since his bond, his friend and friend's bond. Although I know that he spends is yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled wildness that reigns over him.

*Flow. Sen.* Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? If they do not relish altogether of damnation, his youth may privilege his wantonness. I myself ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay almost till forty:—well, you see how I am. For vice once looked into with the eyes of discretion, and well balanced with the weights of reason, the course past seems so abominable, that the landlord of himself, which is the heart of his body, will rather entomb himself in the earth, or seek a new tenant to remain in him; which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all these vices, and left them, than those that knew little, and in their age run into them? Believe me, brother, they that die most virtuous, have in their youth lived most vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it.—But say, how is the course of his life? let's hear his particulars.

*Flow. Jun.* Why, I'll tell you, brother; he is a continual swearer, and a breaker of his oaths; which is bad.

*Flow. Sen.* I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay, by my faith, I hold this rather a virtue than a vice. Well, I pray, proceed.

*Flow. Jun.* He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

*Flow. Sen.* By my faith this is none of the worst neither; for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it; for what brings man or child more to virtue than correction?—What reigns over him else?

*Flow. Jun.* He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himself.

*Flow. Sen.* O best of all! vice should be forgotten: let him drink on, so he drink not churches. Nay, an this be the worst, I hold it rather a happiness in him, than any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

*Flow. Jun.* Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

*Flow. Sen.* Why you see, so doth the sea; it borrows of all the small currents in the world, to increase himself.

*Flow. Jun.* Ay, but the sea pays it again, and so will never your son.

*Flow. Sen.* No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my son.

*Flow. Jun.* Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in your son, than any way condemn them.

*Flow. Sen.* Nay, mistake me not, brother; for though I slur them over now, as things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud, it would grieve my heart, they should ever reign in him.

*M. Flow.* [*within.*] Ho! who's within, ho?

[M. FLOWERDALE *knocks with*

*Flow. Jun.* That's your son; he is come to borrow more money.

*Flow. Sen.* For God's sake, give it out I am dead; see how he'll take it. Say I have brought you news from his father. I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from myself, which I'll deliver him.

*Flow. Jun.* Go to, brother, no more: I will.

*M. Flow.* Uncle, where are you, uncle? [*Within.*

*Flow. Jun.* Let my cousin in there.

*Flow. Sen.* I am a sailor come from Venice, and my name is Christopher.

*Enter* M. FLOWERDALE.

*M. Flow.* By the Lord, in truth, uncle———

*Flow. Jun.* In truth would have served, cousin, without the Lord.

*M. Flow.* By your leave, uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of rascals at the gate set upon me for my purse.

*Flow. Jun.* You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

*M. Flow.* By my truth, uncle, you must needs lend me ten pound.

*Flow. Jun.* Give my cousin some small beer here.

*M. Flow.* Nay look you, you turn it to a jest now. By this light, I should ride to Croydon Fair, to meet sir Lancelot Spurcock; I should have his daughter Luce: and for scurvy ten pound, a man shall lose nine hundred three score and odd pounds, and a daily friend beside! By this hand, uncle, 'tis true.

*Flow. Jun.* Why, any thing is true for aught I know.

*M. Flow.* To see now!—why you shall have my bond, uncle, or Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's; as good rapier-and-dagger-men, as any be in England; let's be damned if we do not pay you: the worst of us all will not damn ourselves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

*Flow. Jun.* Cousin, this is not the first time I have believed you.

*M. Flow.* Why, trust me now, you know not what may fall. If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care; I should not need ten pound;—but when a man cannot be believed, there's it.

*Flow. Jun.* Why, what is it, cousin?

*M. Flow.* Marry, this, uncle. Can you tell me if the Catharine and Hugh be come home or no?

*Flow. Jun.* Ay, marry, is't.

*M. Flow.* By God, I thank you for that news.

What, is't in the Pool, can you tell?

*Flow. Jun.* It is; what of that?

*M. Flow.* What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent me; I'll give you a piece, uncle: for thus said the letter;—A piece of ash-colour, a three-piled black, a colour de roy, a crimson, a sad green, and a purple: yes, i'faith.

*Flow. Jun.* From whom should you receive this?

*M. Flow.* From whom? why from my father; with commendations to you, uncle; and thus he writes. I know, (saith he,) thou hast much troubled thy kind uncle, whom, God willing, at my return I will see amply satisfied; amply, I remember was the very word: so God help me.

*Flow Jun.* Have you the letter here?

*M. Flow.* Yes, I have the letter here, here is the letter: no,—yes—no;—let me see; what breeches wore I o' Saturday? Let me see: o' Tuesday, my calamanco; o' Wednesday, my peach-colour sattin; o' Thursday, my velure; o' Friday, my calamanco again; o' Saturday,—let me see,—o' Saturday,—for in those breeches I wore o' Saturday is the letter—O, my riding breeches, uncle, those that you thought had been velvet; in those very breeches is the letter.

*Flow. Jun.* When should it be dated?

*M. Flow.* Marry, decimo tertio Septembris—no, no; decimo tertio Octobris; ay, Octobris, so it is.

*Flow. Jun.* Decimo tertio Octobris! and here receive I a letter that your father died in June. How say you, Kester?

*Flow. Sen.* Yes truly, sir, your father is dead; these hands of mine holp to wind him.

*M. Flow.* Dead?

*Flow. Sen.* Ay, sir, dead.

*M. Flow.* 'Sblood, how should my father come dead?

*Flow. Sen.* I'faith, sir, according to the old proverb:

The child was born, and cried,
Became a man, after fell sick, and died.

*Flow. Jun.* Nay, cousin, do not take it so heavily.

*M. Flow.* Nay, I cannot weep you extempore: marry, some two or three days hence I shall weep without any stintance.—But I hope he died in good memory.

*Flow. Sen.* Very well, sir, and set down every thing in good order; and the *Catharine and Hugh* you talk'd of, I came over in; and I saw all the bills of lading; and the velvet that you talk'd of, here is no such aboard.

*M. Flow.* By God, I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

*Flow. Sen.* I'll be sworn of that; there's knavery abroad, although there were never a piece of velvet in Venice.

*M. Flow.* I hope he died in good estate.

*Flow. Sen.* To the report of the world he did; and made his will, of which I am an unworthy bearer.

*M. Flow.* His will! have you his will?

*Flow. Sen.* Yes, sir, and in the presence of your uncle I was will'd to deliver it. [*Delivers the Will.*

*Flow. Jun.* I hope, cousin, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

*M. Flow.* I'll do reason, uncle: yet, i'faith, I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

*Flow. Jun.* Nay, I denied you not.

*M. Flow.* By God, you denied me directly.

*Flow. Jun.* I'll be judged by this good fellow.

*Flow. Sen.* Not directly, sir.

*M. Flow.* Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold. Well, uncle, come, we'll fall to the legacies. [*reads*] "In the name of God, Amen.—Item, I bequeath to my brother Flowerdale, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in London.

"Item, to my son Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, and other bones of function."[2] 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

*Flow. Jun.* Proceed, cousin.

*M. Flow.* "These precepts I leave him: Let him borrow of his oath; for of his word nobody will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest woman; for the other will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience may bring him to his destinate repentance:"—I think he means hanging. An this were his last will and testament, the devil stood laughing at his bed's feet while he made it.—'Sblood, what doth he think, to fob off his posterity with paradoxes?

---

[2] *Two bale of false dice*, viz. high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, &c.—In the *English Rogue*, P. 1 p. 322 edit. 1680, we are told, that "high fullums, are those dice which are loaded in such a manner as seldom to run any other chance than four, five, or six; low fullums, or low men, are those which usually run one, two, or three." Stop-cater-traies were probably dice prepared in such a manner as frequently to exhibit a four and a three. Pistol in one of his rants, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, mentions some of these bones of function:

"Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and *fullum* holds,
"And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor."—MALONE.

*Flow. Sen* This he made, sir, with his own hands.

*M. Flow.* Ay, well; nay come, good uncle, let me have this ten pound: imagine you have lost it, or were robb'd of it, or misreckoned yourself so much; any way to make it come easily off, good uncle.

*Flow. Jun.* Not a penny.

*Flow. Sen.* I'faith lend it him, sir. I myself have an estate in the city worth twenty pound; all that I'll engage for him: he saith it concerns him in a marriage.

*M. Flow.* Ay marry doth it. This is a fellow of some sense, this: come, good uncle.

*Flow. Jun.* Will you give your word for it, Kester?

*Flow. Sen.* I will, sir, willingly.

*Flow. Jun.* Well, cousin, come to me an hour hence, you shall have it ready.

*M. Flow.* Shall I not fail?

*Flow. Jun.* You shall not: come or send.

*M. Flow.* Nay I'll come myself.

*Flow. Sen.* By my troth, would I were your worship's man.

*M. Flow.* What? would'st thou serve?

*Flow. Sen.* Very willingly, sir.

*M. Flow.* Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do. Thou say'st thou hast twenty pound: go into Birchin-Lane, put thyself into clothes: thou shalt ride with me to Croydon fair.

*Flow. Sen.* I thank you, sir, I will attend you.

*M. Flow.* Well, uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence?

*Flow. Jun* I will not, cousin.

*M. Flow.* What's thy name? Kester?

*Flow. Sen.* Ay, sir.

*M. Flow.* Well, provide thyself: uncle, farewell till anon. [*Exit* M. FLOWERDALE.

*Flow. Jun.* Brother, how do you like your son?

*Flow. Sen.* I'faith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,
Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tamed with an iron bit,
The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild.[3]
Such is my son; a while let him be so;
For counsel still is folly's deadly foe.
I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course;
For being restrained, it makes him ten times worse:
His pride, his riot, all that may be named,
Time may recale, and all his madness tamed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The High Street in* Croydon. *An Inn appearing, with an open drinking bowl before it.*

*Enter Sir Lancelot* SPURCOCK, WEATHERCOCK, DAFFODIL, ARTICHOKE, LUCE, *and* FRANCES.

*Sir Lanc.* Sirrah, Artichoke, get you home before;
And as you proved yourself a calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

*Art.* Yes, forsooth: Shall not my fellow Daffodil go along with me?

*Sir Lanc.* No, sir, no; I must have one to wait on me.

*Art.* Daffodil, farewell, good fellow Daffodil
You may see, mistress, I am set up by the halves
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home calves. [*Exit.*

*Sir Lanc.* I'faith, Franke, I must turn away this Daffodil;
He's grown a very foolish sawcy fellow.

*Fran.* Indeed la, father, he was so since I had him;
Before, he was wise enough for a foolish serving man.

*Weath.* But what say you to me, sir Lancelot

*Sir Lanc.* O, about my daughters?—well, I will go forward.
Here's two of them, God save them; but the third
O she's a stranger in her course of life:
She hath refused you, master Weathercock.

*Weath.* Ay by the rood, sir Lancelot, that she hath; but had she tried me, she should have found a man of me indeed.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay be not angry, sir, at her denial;
She hath refused seven of the worshipfull'st
And worthiest house-keepers this day in Kent;
Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

*Weath.* The more fool she.

*Sir Lanc.* What, is it folly to love chastity?

*Weath.* No, no, mistake me not, sir Lancelot;
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women, dying maids, lead apes in hell.

*Sir Lanc.* That is a foolish proverb and a false.

*Weath.* By the mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go: but who shall marry with mistress Frances?

*Fran.* By my troth they are talking of marrying me, sister.

*Luce.* Peace, let them talk
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

*Daf.* Sentences still, sweet mistress!

---

[3] *Or as a hawk,*——
——*must be* watch'd, or still she's wild.—See the *Taming of a Shrew*, last edit. vol iii. p. 486. STEEVENS.

No allusions are more frequent in the old comedies than those referring to the sport of hawking. Wild hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleeping. The falconers sit up by turns to watch them, or they will still continue wild.—PERCY.

You have a wit, an it were your alabaster.
*Luce.* I'faith, and thy tongue trips trenchmore.
*Sir Lanc.* No of my knighthood, not a suitor yet.
Alas, God help her, silly girl, a fool, a very fool;
But there's the other black-brows, a shrewd-girl,
She hath wit at will, and suitors two or three;
Sir Arthur Greenshield one, a gallant knight,
A valiant soldier, but his power but poor:
Then there's young Oliver, the De'nshire lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood: But there's a third, all air,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind;
Young Flowerdale.
*Weath.* O he, sir, he's a desperate Dick indeed; Bar him your house.
*Sir Lanc.* Fie, sir, not so; he's of good parentage.
*Weath.* By my fay and so he is, and a proper man.
*Sir Lanc.* Ay, proper enough, had he good qualities.
*Weath.* Ay marry, there's the point, sir Lancelot: for there's an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low;
Be he born in barn or hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.
*Sir Lanc.* You are in the right, master Weathercock.

*Enter* CIVET.

*Civ.* 'Soul, I think I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl: I have haunted them, inn after inn, booth after booth, yet cannot find them. Ha, yonder they are; that's she. I hope to God 'tis she; nay, I know 'tis she now, for she treads her shoe a little awry.
*Sir Lanc.* Where is this inn? we are past it, Daffodil.
*Daf.* The good sign is here, sir, but the back gate is before.
*Civ.* Save you, sir. I pray, may I borrow a piece of a word with you?
*Daf.* No pieces, sir.
*Civ.* Why then the whole. I pray, sir, what may yonder gentlewoman be?
*Daf.* They may be ladies, sir, if the destinies and mortality work.
*Civ.* What's her name, sir?
*Daf.* Mistress Frances Spurcock, sir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.
*Civ.* Is she a maid, sir?
*Daf.* You may ask Pluto and dame Proserpine that; I would be loth to be riddled, sir.
*Civ.* Is she married, I mean, sir?
*Daf.* The Fates know not yet what shoe-maker shall make her wedding shoes.
*Civ.* I pray where inn you, sir? I would be very glad to bestow the wine of that gentlewoman.
*Daf.* At the George, sir,
*Civ.* God save you, sir.
*Daf.* I pray your name, sir?
*Civ.* My name is master Civet, sir.
*Daf.* A sweet name! God be with you, good master Civet. [*Exit* CIVET.
*Sir Lanc.* Ha, have we spy'd you, stout St George? For all
Your dragon, you had best sell us good wine
That needs no ivy-bush. Well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your horse: This room shall serve:—
Drawer.

*Enter Drawer.*

Let me have sack for us old men;
For these girls and knaves, small wines are the best.
A pint of sack,—no more.
*Draw.* A quart of sack in the Three Tuns. [*Exit.*
*Sir Lanc.* A pint, draw but a pint. Daffodil, call for wine to make yourselves drink.
*Fran.* And a cup of small beer, and a cake, good Daffodil.
[DAFFODIL *goes into the House, and returns with Wine,* &c.

*Enter M.* FLOWERDALE, *and* FLOWERDALE *Senior as his Servant.*

*M. Flow.* How now! fie, sit in the open room? Now good sir Lancelot, and my kind friend, worshipful master Weathercock! What, at your pint? A quart, for shame.
*Sir Lanc.* Nay, royster, by your leave we will away.
*M. Flow.* Come, give us some music, we'll go dance. Be gone, sir Lancelot! what, and Fair day too?
*Sir Lanc.* 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.
*M. Flow.* Nay if you say so, fairest of all Fairs, then I'll not dance. A pox upon my tailor, he hath spoil'd me a peach-colour sattin suit, cut upon cloth of silver;[4] but if ever the rascal serve me such another trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the calendar of fools, and you, and you sir Lancelot, and master Weathercock. My goldsmith too on t'other side—I bespoke thee, Luce, a carcanet of gold,[5] and thought thou

[4] *Cut upon cloth of silver.*—i. e. with cloth of silver placed under all the *cuts*, openings, or *slashes* in it. "Cloth of gold and *cuts*" is mentioned in *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 322.—STEEVENS.
[5] *A carcanet of gold.*—A carcanet was an ornament for the neck formerly worn.—MALONE.
See note on the *Comedy of Errors*, last edit. vol. ii. p. 192.—STEEVENS.

should'st have had it for a farthing; and the rogue puts me in rerages for orient pearl; [6] but thou shalt have it by Sunday night, wench.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, here is one hath sent you a pottle of Rhenish wine, brewed with rose-water. [7]

*M. Flow.* To me?

*Draw.* No, sir; to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

*Sir Lanc.* To me? what's he that proves so kind?

*Daf.* I have a trick to know his name, sir. He hath a month's mind [8] here to mistress Frances; his name is master Civet.

*Sir Lanc.* Call him in, Daffodil.

[*Exit* DAFFODIL.

*M. Flow.* O, I know him, sir; he is a fool, but reasonable rich; his father was one of these lease mongers, these corn-mongers, [9] these money mongers; but he never had the wit to be a whoremonger.

*Enter* CIVET.

*Sir Lanc.* I promise you, sir, you are at too much charge.

*Civ.* The charge is small charge, sir; I thank God, my father left me wherewithal. If it please you, sir, I have a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

*Sir Lanc.* I thank you, sir. Please you to come to Lewsham,
To my poor house you shall be kindly welcome.
I knew your father; he was a wary husband. [10]—
To pay here, drawer.

*Draw.* All is paid, sir; this gentleman hath paid all.

*Sir Lanc.* I'faith, you do us wrong;
But we shall live to make amends ere long.
Master Flowerdale, is that your man?

*M. Flow.* Yes 'faith, a good old knave.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay then I think
You will turn wise, now you take such a servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to Lewsham; let's away;
'Tis scarce two hours to the end of day.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Road near Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK'S *House, in Kent.*

*Enter Sir* ARTHUR GREENSHIELD, OLIVER, *Lieutenant, and Soldiers.*

*Sir Arth.* Lieutenant, lead your soldiers to the ships,
There let them have their coats; at their arrival
They shall have pay. Farewell; look to your charge.

*Sol.* Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak with our friends.

*Oli.* No man what e'er you used a such a fashion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

*Sir Arth.* Fellow, no more: lieutenant, lead them off.

*Sol.* Well, if I have not my pay and my clothes, I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

---

[6] *And the rogue puts me in* rerages *for orient pearl.*—*Rerages*, I suppose, is for arrearages, which properly signifies the remainder of an accompt or sum of money in the hands of an accomptant, [arrierages Fr.] and might thence be applied to signify *old goods left* behind or on hand as unsaleable.—MALONE.

Perhaps *rerages* has here the same meaning as *refuse*. The rear of an army is the hindmost division of it. *Rearages* therefore may signify such pearls as have been left behind, after all the better sort had been selected from them.—STEEVENS.

[7] *Sir, here is one that hath sent you a pottle of Rhenish wine, brewed with rose-water.*—It seems to have been formerly a very common custom at taverns, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and the ingenious bishop Corbet (which has not, I believe, been printed) furnishes a proof: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it the tapster. Sirrah, (says he) carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did; and in those words. 'Friend, says Dr Corbet, *I thank him for his love; but pr'ythee tell him from me, he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt.*" *Merry Passages and Jeasts, MSS. Harl.* 6395.—MALONE.

[8] *A month's mind.*—See note on the *Two Gent. of Verona*, last edit. vol. i. p. 135.—STEEVENS.

[9] *His father was one of these* lease-mongers, *these* corn-mongers.—This should seem to allude to some particular transactions; but to what it refers, I have not been able to learn.—MALONE.

I believe he alludes to the *monopolies* so much complained of about the time when this play may be supposed to have been written.—STEEVENS.

[10] *He was a* wary husband.—A prudent manager.—MALONE.

The person who manages the repairs and fitting out of an East India ship is still called her *husband*.—STEEVENS.

*Sir Arth.* Away, sirrah; charm your tongue. [11]

[*Exeunt Lieutenant and Soldiers.*

*Oli.* Bin you a presser, sir?

*Sir Arth.* I am a commander, sir, under the king.

*Oli.* 'Sfoot man, an you be ne'er zuch a commander, shud 'a spoke with my vreens before I chid 'a gone; so shud.

*Sir Arth.* Content yourself, man; my authority will stretch to press so good a man as you.

*Oli.* Press me? I devy; press scoundrels, and thy messels. Press me! che scorns thee i'faith; for seest thee, here's a worshipful knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT, WEATHERCOCK, *M.* FLOWERDALE, FLOWERDALE *Senior*, LUCE, *and* FRANCES.

*Sir Lanc.* Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewsham; welcome by my troth. What's the matter, man? why are you vext?

*Oli.* Why, man, he would press me.

*Sir Lanc.* O fie, sir Arthur, press him? he is a man of reckoning.

*Weath.* Ay, that he is, sir Arthur; he hath the nobles, the golden ruddocks, he. [12]

*Sir Arth.* The fitter for the wars; and were he not
In favour with your worships, he should see
That I have power to press so good as he.

*Oli.* Chill stand to the trial, so chill.

*M. Flow.* Ay marry shall he. Press cloth and kersey, [13] white-pot [14] and drowsen broth! [15] tut, tut, he cannot.

*Oli.* Well, sir, though you see vlouten cloth and karsey, che 'a zeen zutch a barsey-coat wear out the town sick a zilken jacket as thick as one you wear.

*M. Flow.* Well said, vlittan vlattan. [16]

*Oli.* Ay, and well sed cocknell, and Bow-bell too. [17] What do'st think cham aveard of thy zilken-coat? no vear vor thee.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay come, no more; be all lovers and friends.

*Weath.* Ay, 'tis best so, good master Oliver.

*M. Flow.* Is your name master Oliver, I pray you?

*Oli.* What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

*M Flow.* No, but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a foolish plot out of master Oliver to work upon.

*Oli.* Work thy plots upon me! stand aside; work thy foolish plots upon me, chil so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy dame bound thy head. Work upon me!

*M. Flow.* Let him come, let him come.

*Oli.* Zyrrha, Zyrrha, if it were not vor shame, che would 'a given thee zuch a whister-poop under the ear, che would have made thee a vanged another at my feet. Stand aside, let me loose; cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; stand aside.

*M. Flow.* Well, I forbear you for your friends' sake.

*Oli.* A vig for all my vreens; do'st thou tell me of my vreens?

*Sir Lanc.* No more, good master Oliver; no more,
Sir Arthur. And, maiden, here in the sight
Of all your suitors, every man of worth,
I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer
To the hard-bargain of your marriage-bed:
Shall I be plain among you, gentlemen?

*Sir Arth.* Ay, sir, it is best.

*Sir Lanc.* Then, sir, first to you.
I do confess you a most gallant knight,
A worthy soldier, and an honest man;
But honesty maintains not a French-hood;
Goes very seldom in a chain of gold;
Keeps a *small train of servants; hath few friends*
And for this wild oats here, young Flowerdale,

---

[11] *Away, sirrah;* charm *your tongue.*—This phrase, which occurs frequently in our old dramas, means no more than hold your peace. So in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
" And therefore shall it *charm* thy riotous *tongue.*"

Again, in *Othello*:

" With Cassio, mistress: Go to: *charm* your *tongue.*"—MALONE.

See note on *Othello*, last edit. Vol. X. p. 612.—STEEVENS.

[12] *The golden* ruddocks *he.*—The *ruddock* is the red-breast. This cant phrase for money has already occurred in *Sir John Oldcastle*:

" Beshrew me but my fingers' ends do itch
" To be upon those golden ruddocks."—MALONE.

[13] *Ay marry shall he.* Press cloth and kersey.—Alluding to the manufacture of the Devonshire clothier. PERCY.

[14] *White-pot.*—This is a favourite dish in Devonshire.—PERCY.

[15] Drowsen *broth*; i. e. grounds of beer boiled up with herbs. It is a common beverage for servants, &c. in Devonshire.—STEEVENS.

[16] *Well said* vlittan vlattan.—These seem to be made words, merely to ridicule the clothier's sounding an f. like a v.—MALONE.

[17] *Ay, and well sed* cocknel and Bow-bell too.—A *cocknell* is in old language what we now call a *cockney*; a mere Londoner, born within the sound of *Bow-bell. Cockney* originally seems to have meant a fondling; one too tenderly and effeminately brought up. Cotgrave renders the word by *Mignot, Niais.* MALONE.

I will not judge. God can work miracles;
But he were better make a hundred new,
Than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

*Weath.* Believe me, he hath hit you there; he hath touch'd you to the quick; that he hath.

*M. Flow.* Woodcock o' my side! Why, master Weathercock, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles—

*Weath.* Now by my troth I know no otherwise.
O, your old mother was a dame indeed;
Heaven hath her soul, and my wife's too, I trust;
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a journey, as I hear, far hence.

*M. Flow.* Ay, God be praised, he is far enough;
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise,
And left me to cut a caper against care.
Luce, look on me that am as light as air.

*Luce.* I'faith I like not shadows, bubbles, breath;
I hate a *Light o' love*, as I hate death.

*Sir Lanc.* Girl, hold thee there: look on this De'nshire lad;
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

*Oli.* Well, sir, cham as the Lord hath made me. You know me well ivin; cha have threescore pack of karsey at Blackem-Hall,[18] and chief credit beside; and my fortunes may be so good as another's, zo it may.

*Luce.* 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

*Sir Arth.* Thanks, fairest.

*M. Flow.* What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him?

*Flow. Sen.* Do but say he shall hear from you.

*Sir Lanc.* Yet, gentlemen, howsoever I prefer
This De'nshire suitor, I'll enforce no love;
My daughter shall have liberty to choose
Whom she likes best. In your love-suit proceed:
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

*Weath.* You have said well; indeed right well.

*Enter* ARTICHOKE.

*Art.* Mistress, here's one would speak with you. My fellow Daffodil hath him in the cellar already; he knows him; he met him at Croydon fair.

*Sir Lanc.* O I remember; a little man.

*Art.* Ay, a very little man.

*Sir Lanc.* And yet a proper man.

*Art.* A very proper, very little man.

*Sir Lanc.* His name is Monsieur Civet.

*Art.* The same, sir.

*Sir Lanc.* Come, gentlemen, if other suitors come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too:
But Delia, my saint, no man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but* M. FLOWERDALE, OLIVER, *and* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*M. Flow.* Hark you, sir, a word.

*Oli.* What han you say to me now?

*M. Flow.* You shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

*Oli.* Is that all? vare thee well: che vere thee not a vig. [*Exit* OLIVER.

*M. Flow.* What if he should come more? I am fairly dress'd.

*Flow. Sen.* I do not mean that you shall meet with him;
But presently we'll go and draw a will,
Where we'll set down land that we never saw;
And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter.
This being form'd, give it master Weathercock,
And make sir Lancelot's daughter heir of all:
And make him swear never to show the will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the foolish changing Weathercock
Will straight discourse unto sir Lancelot
The form and tenor of your testament.
Ne'er stand to pause of it; be ruled by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

*M. Flow.* Come, let's about it; if that a will, sweet Kit,
Can get the wench, I shall renown thy wit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir* LANCELOT'S *House.*

*Enter* DAFFODIL *and* LUCE.

*Daf.* Mistress! still froward? No kind looks unto your Daffodil? Now by the gods—

*Luce.* Away, you foolish knave; let my hand go.

*Daf.* There is your hand; but this shall go with me;
My heart is thine; this is my true love's fee.

[*Takes off her Bracelet.*

*Luce.* I'll have your coat stripp'd o'er your ears for this,
You saucy rascal.

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT *and* WEATHERCOCK.

*Sir Lanc.* How now, maid! what is the news with you?

*Luce.* Your man is something saucy.

[*Exit* LUCE.

*Sir Lanc.* Go to, sirrah; I'll talk with you anon.

*Daf.* Sir, I am a man to be talked withal; I am no horse, I trow. I know my strength, then no more than so.

*Weath.* Ay, by the makins, good sir Lancelot; I saw him the other day hold up the bucklers,[19] like an Hercules. I'faith God-a-mercy, lad, I like thee well.

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, ay, like him well. Go sirrah, fetch me a cup of wine,
That, ere I part with master Weathercock,

---

[18] *Threescore packs of karsey at* Blackem-Hall.—He means *Blackwell-Hall*, in London, the great repository of woollen goods.—MALONE.

[19] *I saw him the other day* hold up the bucklers.—He who was victorious in mock-combat was said to

We may drink down our farewell in French wine.
[*Exit* DAFFODIL.
*Weath.* I thank you, sir; I thank you, friendly knight.
I'll come and visit you; by the mouse-foot I will: [20]
In the mean time, take heed of cutting Flowerdale: [21]
He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

*Re-enter* DAFFODIL.

*Sir Lanc.* He is, he is. Fill, Daffodil, fill me some wine. Ha! what wears he on his arm?—My daughter Luce's bracelet? ay, 'tis the same. Ha' to you, master Weathercock.

*Weath.* I thank you, sir. Here, Daffodil; an honest fellow, and a tall thou art. [22] Well; I'll take my leave, good knight; and I hope to have you and all your daughters at my poor house; in good sooth I must.

*Sir Lanc.* Thanks, master Weathercock; I shall be bold to trouble you, be sure.

*Weath.* And welcome. Heartily farewell.
[*Exit* WEATHERCOCK.

*Sir Lanc.* Sirrah, I saw my daughter's wrong, and withal her bracelet on your arm. Off with it, and with it my livery too. Have I care to see my daughter match'd with men of worship? and are you grown so bold? Go, sirrah, from my house, or I'll whip you hence.

*Daf.* I'll not be whipp'd, sir; there's your livery: This is a servingman's reward: what care I? I have means to trust to; I scorn service, I.
[*Exit* DAFFODIL.

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, a lusty knave; but I must let him go:
Our servants must be taught what they should know. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Sir* ARTHUR, *and* LUCE.

*Luce.* Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect
You above any suitor that I have;
Although that soldiers scarce know how to love.

*Sir Arth.* I am a soldier, and a gentleman
Knows what belongs to war, what to a lady.
What man offends me, that my sword shall right;
What woman loves me, I'm her faithful knight.

*Luce.* I neither doubt your valour, nor your love.
But there be some that bear a soldier's form,
That swear by him they never think upon;
Go swaggering up and down from house to house,
Crying, *God pays all.*

*Sir Arth.* I'faith, lady, I'll descry you such a man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the name and shape of soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the war:
That haunt your taverns and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses, sometimes, for all alike,
To uphold the brutish humour of their minds,
Being mark'd down for the bondmen of despair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood;
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

*Luce.* Yet these are great gentlemen soldiers.

*Sir Arth.* No, they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless graves.

*Luce.* Both for yourself, and for your form of life,
If I may choose, I'll be a soldier's wife. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT *and* OLIVER.

*Oli.* And tyt trust to it, so then.

*Sir Lanc.* Assure yourself
You shall be married with all speed we may;
One day shall serve for Frances and for Luce.

*Oli.* Why che wou'd vain know the time, for providing wedding raiments.

*Sir Lanc.* Why no more but this. First get your assurance made touching my daughter's jointure; that dispatch'd, we will in two days make provision.

*Oli.* Why man, chill have the writings made by to-morrow.

*Sir Lanc.* To-morrow be it then: let's meet at the King's Head in Fish-street.

*Oli.* No, fie man, no: let's meet at the Rose at Temple-Bar; that will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

*Sir Lanc.* At the Rose be it then, the hour nine: He that comes last forfeits a pint of wine.

*Oli.* A pint is no payment; let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

*Enter* ARTICHOKE.

*Art.* Master, here is a man would speak with Master Oliver; he comes from young Master Flowerdale.

*Oli.* Why, chil speak with him, chil speak with him.

---

*gain the bucklers.* So in Chapman's *May-day*, 611:
"But now I'll lay the *bucklers* at your feet."
Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:
"—If you lay *down the bucklers*, you lose the victory."—MALONE.
See note on *Much Ado*, &c. vol. ii. p. 364.—STEEVENS.

[20] *By thy* mouse-foot *I will*:—So in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: "By cock and pie and *mouse-foot*."—STEEVENS.

[21] *In the mean time take heed of* cutting *Flowerdale.*—A *cutter* in old language meant a *swaggerer.* Hence the title of Cowley's play—*The* Cutter *of Coleman Street.*—MALONE.

[22] *An honest fellow, and a tall thou art.*—*A* tall *fellow*, in old language, is a stout *man.*—MALONE.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, son Oliver, I will surely see
What young Flowerdale hath sent unto you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.

*Oli.* Why man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his hands full.

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Flow. Sen.* God save you, good sir Lancelot.

*Sir Lanc.* Welcome, honest friend.

*Flow. Sen* To you and yours my master wisheth health;
But unto you, sir, this, and this he sends:
There is the length, sir, of his rapier;
And in that paper shall you know his mind.
[*Delivers a Letter.*

*Oli.* Here? chil meet him, my vriend, chil meet him.

*Sir Lanc.* Meet him! you shall not meet the ruffian, fie.

*Oli.* An I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call me cut. Where is't, sirrah? where is't? where is't?

*Flow. Sen.* The letter showeth both the time and place;
And if you be a man, then keep your word.

*Sir Lanc.* Sir, he shall not keep his word; he shall not meet.

*Flow. Sen.* Why, let him choose; he'll be the better known
For a base rascal, and reputed so.

*Oli.* Zirrah, zirrah, an 'twere not an old fellow, and sent after an errant, chid give thee something, but chud be no money: but hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testern; hold thee; there's vorty shillings: bring thy master a-veeld, chil give thee vorty more. Look thou bring him: chil maul him, tell him; chil mar his dancing tressels; chil use him, he was ne'er so used since his dame bound his head; chil mar him for capering any more, che vore thee.

*Flow. Sen.* You seem a man, sir, stout, and resolute;
And I will so report, whate'er befall.

*Sir Lanc.* And fall out ill, assure thy master this,
I'll make him fly the land, or use him worse.

*Flow. Sen.* My master, sir, deserves not this of you;
And that you'll shortly find.

*Sir Lanc.* Thy master is an unthrift, you a knave,
And I'll attach you first, next clap him up;
Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

*Oli.* I would you were a sprite, if you do him any harm for this. An you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have eyes open. What do you think, chil be abaffeled up and down the town for a messel, and a scoundrel? no che vore you. Zirrah, chil come; zay no more: chil come, tell him.

*Flow. Sen.* Well, sir, my master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

*Oli.* No matter, he's an unthrift; I defy him.
[*Exit* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Sir Lanc.* Now, gentle son, let me know the place.

*Oli.* No, che vore you.

*Sir Lanc.* Let me see the note.

*Oli.* Nay, chil watch you for zuch a trick. But if che meet him, zo; if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not; chil vare the worse.

*Sir Lanc.* What! will you then neglect my daughter's love?
Venture your state and her's for a loose brawl?

*Oli.* Why man, chil not kill him: marry chil veeze him too and again;[23] and zo God be with you, vather. What, man! we shall meet to-morrow. [*Exit.*

*Sir Lanc.* Who would have thought he had been so desperate?
Come forth, my honest servant Artichoke.

*Enter* ARTICHOKE.

*Arti.* Now what's the matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

*Sir Lanc.* Go get me thy sword bright scowered, thy buckler mended. O for that knave! that villain Daffodil would have done good service. But to thee—

*Arti.* Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. *O for that Daffodil! O, where is he?* But if you be angry, an it be but for the wagging of a straw then—*Out o' doors with the knave; turn the coat over his ears.* This is the humour of you all.

*Sir Lanc.* O for that knave, that lusty Daffodil!

*Arti.* Why there 'tis now: our year's wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in your quarrels. But I'll not fight if Daffodil be o' t'other side, that's flat.

*Sir Lanc.* 'Tis no such matter, man. Get weapons ready,
And be at London ere the break of day:
Watch near the lodging of the De'nshire youth,
But be unseen; and as he goeth out,
As he will go out, and that very early without doubt——

*Arti.* What, would you have me draw upon him, as he goes in the street?

*Sir Lanc.* Not for a world, man.
Into the fields; for to the field he goes,

---

[23] *Marry chil veeze him too and again*—He means to say that he will *feese* him. To *pheeze* or *feese* is to separate a twist into single threads. Sly uses the same cant term in the induction to the *Taming of a Shrew*:—"*I'll pheeze you in faith.*" See note there, vol. iv. p. 395, edit. 1778.—MALONE.

There to meet the desperate Flowerdale.
Take thou the part of Oliver my son,
For he shall be my son, and marry Luce:
Dost understand me, knave?

*Arti.* Ay, sir, I do understand you; but my young mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow Daffodil.

*Sir Lanc.* No more; Daffodil is a knave. That Daffodil is a most notorious knave.

[*Exit* ARTICHOKE.

*Enter* WEATHERCOCK.

Master Weathercock, you come in happy time; the desperate Flowerdale hath writ a challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the Devonshire man, my son Oliver?

*Weath.* Marry, I am sorry for it, good Sir Lancelot. But if you will be ruled by me, we'll stay their fury.

*Sir Lanc.* As how, I pray?

*Weath.* Marry, I'll tell you; by promising young Flowerdale the red-lipped Luce.

*Sir Lanc.* I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

*Weath.* Ay, sir Lancelot, I would have thought so too;
But you and I have been deceived in him.
Come read this will, or deed, or what you call it,
I know not: come, come, your spectacles, I pray.

[*Gives him the Will.*

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

*Weath.* Marry, God bless your eyes: mine have been dim almost these thirty years.

*Sir Lanc.* Ha! what is this? what is this?

[*Reads.*

*Weath,* Nay, there's true love indeed:
He gave it to me but this very morn,
And bade me keep it unseen from any one.
Good youth! to see how men may be deceived!

*Sir Lanc.* Passion of me,
What a wretch am I to hate this loving youth!
He hath made me, together with my Luce
He loves so dear, executors of all
His wealth.

*Weath.* All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

*Sir Lanc.* Three ships now in the Straits and homeward-bound;
Two lordships of two hundred pound a year,
The one in Wales, the other Gloucestershire:
Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound;
Plate, money, jewels, sixteen thousand more;
Two housen furnished well in Coleman-street;
Beside whatsoe'er his uncle leaves to him,
Being of great domains and wealth at Peckham.

*Weath.* How like you this, good knight? How like you this?

*Sir Lanc.* I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends;
The De'nshire man shall whistle for a wife.
He marry Luce! Luce shall be Flowerdale's.

*Weath.* Why that is friendly said. Let's ride to London,
And straight prevent their match, by promising
Your daughter to that lovely lad.

*Sir Lanc.* We'll ride to London:—or it shall not need;
We'll cross to Deptford-strand, and take a boat.
Where be these knaves? what, Artichoke! what, fop!

*Enter* ARTICHOKE.

*Art.* Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

*Sir Lanc.* Here, take my cloak: I'll have a walk to Deptford.

*Art.* Sir, we have been scouring of our swords and bucklers for your defence.

*Sir Lanc.* Defence me no defence; let your swords rust, I'll have no fighting: ay, let blows alone. Bid Delia see all things be in readiness against the wedding: we'll have two at once, and that will save charges, master Weathercock.

*Art.* Well, we will do it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Walk before Sir* LANCELOT'S *House.*

*Enter* CIVET, FRANCES, *and* DELIA.

*Civ.* By my truth this is good luck; I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my heart's desire. Sister Delia—now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter Franke. [24]

*Fran.* Ay, by my troth, Tom, thou hast my good will too; for I thank God I longed for a husband; and, would I might never stir, for one whose name was Tom.

*Del.* Why, sister, now you have your wish.

*Civ.* You say very true, sister Delia; and I pr'ythee call me nothing but Tom, and I'll call thee sweetheart, and Franke. Will it not do well, sister Delia?

*Del.* It will do very well with both of you.

*Fran.* But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

---

[24] *His daughter Franke,*—The diminutive of Frances.

*Civ.* No, Franke; I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown and a French hood. [25]

*Fran.* By my troth, that will be excellent indeed.

*Del.* Brother, maintain your wife to your estate.
Apparel you yourself like to your father,
And let her go like to your ancient mother:
He, sparing, got his wealth, left it to you.
Brother, take heed of pride; it soon bids thrift adieu.

*Civ.* So as my father and my mother went? that's a jest indeed. Why she went in a fringed gown, a single ruff, and a white cap; and my father in a mocado coat, [26] a pair of red satin sleeves, and a canvas back.

*Del.* And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

*Civ.* My estate, my estate, I thank God, is forty pound a year in good leases and tenements; besides twenty mark a year at Cuckolds-haven; and that comes to us all by inheritance.

*Del.* That may indeed; 'tis very fitly plied.
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out,
That those whose fathers have died wond'rous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind
For them they hope will be of their like mind—
But it falls out contrary: forty years' sparing
Is scarce three seven years spending; never caring
What will ensue, when all their coin is gone,
And, all too late, when thrift is thought upon.
Oft have I heard that Pride and Riot kissed, [27]
And then Repentance cries—*for had I wist.*

*Civ.* You say well, sister Delia, you say well; but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her French-hood and her coach, keep a couple of geldings and a brace of greyhounds; and this is all I'll do.

*Del.* And you'll do this with forty pounds a-year?

*Civ.* Ay, and a better penny, sister.

*Fran.* Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-haven.

*Civ.* By my troth, well remembered, Franke; I'll give thee that to buy thee pins.

*Del.* Keep you the rest for points. Alas the day!
Fools shall have wealth though all the world say nay.
Come, brother, will you in? dinner stays for us.

*Civ.* Ay, good sister, with all my heart.

*Fran.* Ay, by my troth, Tom, for I have a good stomach.

*Civ.* And I the like, sweet Franke. No, sister, do not think I'll go beyond my bounds.

*Del.* God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. The Street before young* FLOWERDALE'S *House.*

*Enter* M. FLOWERDALE, *and* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Flow.* Sirrah, Kit, tarry thou there; I have spied sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this way: they are hard at hand; I will by no means be spoken withal.

*Flow. Sen.* I'll warrant you: go, get you in.
[*Exit* M. FLOWERDALE.

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT *and* WEATHERCOCK.

*Sir Lanc.* Now, my honest friend, thou dost belong to Mr Flowerdale?

*Flow. Sen.* I do, sir.

*Sir Lanc.* Is he within, my good fellow?

*Flow. Sen.* No, sir, he is not within.

*Sir Lanc.* I pr'ythee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

*Flow. Sen.* Sir, to tell you true, my master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal. There be some terms that stand upon his reputation; therefore he will not admit any conference, till he hath shook them off.

*Sir Lanc.* I pr'ythee tell him, his very good friend, sir Lancelot Spurcock, entreats to speak with him.

*Flow. Sen.* By my troth, sir, if you come to take up the matter between my master and the Devonshire man, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your labour;——

*Sir Lanc.* Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him. I come to speak with him about other matters.

*Flow. Sen.* For my master, sir, hath set down his resolution, either to redeem his honour, or leave his life behind him.

---

[25] *I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown and a French hood.*—A gown with guards or facings to it seems to have been the best dress of a city-lady in the early part of the last century. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Hotspur requests that lady Percy will

——"leave in sooth
"And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
"To velvet *guards*, and Sunday *citizens*.—MALONE.

[26] *A mocado coat.*—This stuff is mentioned in several of the old plays. So in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of velvet, old heart of durance, *moccado* villain, &c.—STEEVENS.

[27] But had I wist before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a kist of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.
See the old Scottish song entitled "*Waly Waly.*"

*Sir Lanc.* My friend, I do not know any quarrel touching thy master or any other person. My business is of a different nature to him; and I pr'ythee so tell him.

*Flow. Sen.* For howsoever the Devonshire man is, my master's mind is bloody. That's a round O; and therefore, sir, entreaty is but vain.

*Sir Lanc.* I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

*Flow. Sen.* I will then so signify to him.

[*Exit* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Sir Lanc.* A sirrah! I see this matter is hotly carried; but I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

*Enter* M. FLOWERDALE, *and* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

Good morrow, Mr Flowerdale.

*M. Flow.* Good morrow, good sir Lancelot; good morrow, master Weathercock. By my troth, gentlemen, I have been reading over Nick Machiavel; I find him good to be known, not to be followed. A pestilent human fellow! I have made certain annotations on him, such as they be. And how is't, sir Lancelot? ha! how is't? A mad world! men cannot live quiet in it.

*Sir Lanc.* Master Flowerdale, I do understand there is some jar between the Devonshire man and you.

*Flow. Sen.* They, sir? they are as good friends as can be.

*M. Flow.* Who, master Oliver and I? as good friends as can be.

*Sir Lanc.* It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous silence, which too few are endued withal: but sir, such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

*M. Flow.* No such thing, sir Lancelot, on my reputation; as I am an honest man.

*Sir Lanc.* Now I do believe you then, if you do engage your reputation there is none.

*M. Flow.* Nay I do not engage my reputation there is not. You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness; but if there be any thing between us, then there is; if there be not, then there is not. Be or be not, all is one.

*Sir Lanc.* I do perceive by this, that there is something between you; and I am very sorry for it.

*M. Flow.* You may be deceived, sir Lancelot. The Italian hath a pretty saying. *Questo*—I have forgot it too; 'tis out of my head: but in my translation, if it hold, thus: If thou hast a friend, keep him; if a foe, trip him.

*Sir Lanc.* Come, I do see by this there is somewhat between you; and, before God, I could wish it otherwise.

*M. Flow.* Well, what is between us, can hardly be altered. Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth tomorrow. That way which I must ride, no man must deny me the sun: I would not, by any particular man, be denied common and general passage. If any one saith, Flowerdale, thou passest not this way; my answer is, I must either on, or return; but return is not my word; I must on: if I cannot then make my way, nature hath done the last for me; and there's the fine.

*Sir Lanc.* Master Flowerdale, every man hath one tongue, and two ears. Nature in her building is a most curious work-master.

*M. Flow.* That is as much as to say, a man should hear more than he should speak.

*Sir Lanc.* You say true; and indeed I have heard more than at this time I will speak.

*M. Flow.* You say well.

*Sir Lanc.* Slanders are more common than truths, Master Flowerdale; but proof is the rule for both.

*M. Flow.* You say true. What-do-you-call-him hath it there in his third canton.[29]

*Sir Lanc.* I have heard you have been wild; I have believed it.

*M. Flow.* 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

*Sir Lanc.* But I have seen somewhat of late in you, that hath confirmed in me an opinion of goodness toward you.

*M. Flow.* I'faith, sir, I'm sure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or your's,
I am sure you know not; neither is it my will
You should.

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, your will, sir.

*M. Flow.* Ay, my will, sir!—'Sfoot, do you know aught of my will? By God, an you do, sir, I am abused.

*Sir Lanc.* Go, master Flowerdale; what I know, I know: and know you thus much out of my knowledge, that I truly love you. For my daughter, she's yours. And if you like a marriage better than a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with me presently; and where you should fight a bloody battle, you shall be married to a lovely lady.

*M. Flow.* Nay but, sir Lancelot——

*Sir Lanc.* If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure yourself thus much; I will have order to hinder your encounter.

*M. Flow.* Nay, but hear me, sir Lancelot.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, stand not you upon imputative honour. 'Tis merely unsound, unprofitable, and idle inference. Your business is to wed my daughter; therefore give me your present word to do it. I'll go and provide the maid; therefore

---

[28] A round truth.

[29] *In his third canton.*—In his third *canto.*—MALONE.

I suppose he means the third Canto of the first Book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, in which *Abessa* slanders the lady *Una.*—STEEVENS.

give me your present resolution; either now or never.

*M. Flow.* Will you so put me to it?

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me never. Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting: so fare you well for ever.

*M. Flow.* Stay; fall out what may fall, my love is above all: I will come.

*Sir Lanc.* I expect you; and so fare you well.

[*Exeunt Sir* LANCELOT *and* WEATHERCOCK.

*Flow. Sen.* Now, sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel?

*M. Flow.* By the mass, that's true. Now help, Kit: the marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

*Flow. Sen.* Well, well, no more; prepare you for your bride:
We will not want for clothes, whate'er betide.

*M. Flow.* And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,
In mirth we'll spend full many a merry hour:
As for this wench, I not regard a pin;
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in. [*Exit.*

*Flow. Sen.* Is't possible he hath his second living?[30]
Forsaking God, himself to the devil giving?
But that I knew his mother firm and chaste,
My heart would say, my head she had disgraced;
Else would I swear, he never was my son:
But her fair mind so foul a deed did shun.

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Junior.*

*Flow. Jun.* How now, brother! how do you find your son?

*Flow. Sen.* O, brother, heedless as a libertine;
Even grown a master in the school of vice:
One that doth nothing, but invent deceit;
For all the day he humours up and down,
How he the next day might deceive his friend.
He thinks of nothing but the present time.
For one groat ready down, he'll pay a shilling;
But then the lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate;
But such mad strains as he's possessed withal
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

*Flow. Jun.* I told you so, but you would not believe it.

*Flow. Sen.* Well, I have found it: but one thing comforts me.
Brother, to-morrow he is to be married
To beauteous Luce, sir Lancelot Spurcock's daughter.

*Flow. Jun.* Is't possible?

*Flow. Sen.* 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him.
This day, brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him, it must be that;
For he is rank in mischief, chained to a life
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

*Flow. Jun.* What, arrest him on his wedding day? That
Were an unchristian, and inhuman part.
How many couple, even for that very day,
Have purchased seven years' sorrow afterward!
Forbear it then to-day; do it to-morrow;
And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

*Flow. Sen.* Brother, I'll have it done this very day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from church.
Do but observe the course that he will take;
Upon my life he will forswear the debt.
And, for we'll have the sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand pound:
Good brother, let it be done immediately.

*Flow. Jun.* Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother, I'll do't, and straight provide the shriere.

*Flow. Sen.* So, brother, by this means shall we perceive
What sir Lancelot in this pinch will do,
And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
(Her love will then be tried to the uttermost)
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will *do*,
Shall harm *him much*, and much avail *him* too.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highroad near London.*

*Enter* OLIVER; *afterwards Sir* ARTHUR GREENSHIELD.

*Oli.* Cham assured thick be the place that the scoundrel appointed to meet me. If 'a come, so: if 'a come not, so. And che were avise he would make a coystrel on us,[7] ched veese him, and ched vang him in hand; che would hoyst him, and give it him to and again, so chud. Who been 'a there? sir Arthur? chil stay aside. [*Goes aside.*

*Sir Arth.* I have dog'd the De'nshire man into the field,
For fear of any harm that should befal him.
I had an inkling of that yesternight,
That Flowerdale and he should meet this morning.

---

[30] *Is't possible he hath his* second living?—Is it possible that his fellow, one equally abandoned, is to be found on earth?—MALONE.

[31] *And che were* avise *he would make a* coystrel *on us.*—If I were aware, if I thought, that he intended to treat me like a *mean person.*—*On* for *of.* A *coystrel* or *custrel*, (*Coustillier*, Fr.) is properly the servant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of King Henry VIII. had a *custrel* that attended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man.

Though, of my soul, Oliver fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tried.—
Good morrow to master Oliver.

*Oli.* God and good morrow.

*Sir Arth.* What, master Oliver, are you angry?

*Oli.* What an it be, tyt and grieven you?

*Sir Arth.* Not me at all, sir; but I imagine by Your being here thus armed, you stay for some That you should fight withal.

*Oli.* Why an he do? che would not dezire you to take his part.

*Sir Arth.* No, by my troth, I think you need it not;
For he you look for, I think, means not to come.

*Oli.* No! an che were assure of that, ched veeze him in another place.

*Enter* DAFFODIL.

*Daff.* O, sir Arthur, master Oliver, ah me!
Your love, and your's, and mine, sweet mistress Luce,
This morn is married to young Flowerdale.

*Sir Arth.* Married to Flowerdale! 'tis impossible.

*Oli.* Married, man? che hope thou dost but jest, to make a vlowten merriment of it.

*Daff.* O 'tis too true! here comes his uncle.

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Junior, with Sheriff and Officers.*

*Flow. Jun.* Good morrow, sir Arthur; good morrow, master Oliver.

*Oli.* God and good morn, master Flowerdale. I pray you tellen us, is your scoundrel kinsman married?

*Flow. Jun.* Master Oliver, call him what you will, but he is married to sir Lancelot's daughter here.

*Sir Arth.* Unto her?

*Oli.* Ay, ha' the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? why man, he was a promise, chil chud 'a had her: is 'a zutch a vox? chil look to his water, che vore him.

*Flow. Jun.* The music plays; they are coming from the church.
Sheriff, do your office; fellows, stand stoutly to it.

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK, M. FLOWERDALE, WEATHERCOCK, CIVET, LUCE, FRANCES, FLOWERDALE *Senior, and Attendants.*

*Oli.* God give you joy, as the old zaid proverb is, and some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, be not angry, sir; the fault is in me. I have done all the wrong; kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might, sir; for I am a justice, and sworn to keep the peace.

*Weath.* Ay, marry, is he, sir, a very justice, and sworn to keep the peace: you must not disturb the wedding.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, never frown nor storm, sir; if you do, I'll have an order taken for you.

*Oli.* Well, well, chil be quiet.

*Weath.* Master Flowerdale, sir Lancelot; look you who here is? master Flowerdale.

*Sir Lanc.* Master Flowerdale, welcome with all my heart.

*M. Flow.* Uncle, this is she, i'faith.—Master Under-sheriff, arrest me? At whose suit?—Draw, Kit.

*Flow. Jun.* At my suit, sir.

*Sir Lanc.* Why, what's the matter, master Flowerdale?

*Flow. Jun.* This is the matter, sir. This unthrift here hath cozened you, and hath had of me, in several sums, three thousand pound.

*M. Flow.* Why, uncle, uncle.

*Flow. Jun.* Cousin, cousin, you have uncled me; and if you be not staid, you'll prove a cozener unto all that know you.

*Sir Lanc.* Why, sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appears
To be at least three thousand by the year.

*Flow. Jun.* O, sir, I was too late informed of that plot;
How that he went about to cozen you,
And formed a will, and sent it
To your good friend there, master Weathercock,
In which was nothing true, but brags and lies.

*Sir Lanc.* Ha! hath he not such lordships, lands, and ships?

*Flow. Jun.* Not worth a groat, not worth a half-penny, he.

*Sir Lanc.* I pray tell us true; be plain, young Flowerdale.

*M. Flow.* My uncle here's mad, and disposed to do me wrong; but here's my man, an honest fellow by the Lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

*Flow. Sen.* Not I, sir; I am too old to lie. I rather know
You forged a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to quote your lands might lie.

*Weath.* And, I pr'ythee, where be they, honest friend?

*Flow. Sen.* I'faith no where, sir, for he hath none at all.

*Weath.* Benedicite! We are o'er-reached, I believe.

*Sir Lanc.* I am cozened, and my hopefullest child undone.

*M. Flow.* You are not cozened, nor is she undone.
They slander me; by this light, they slander me.
Look you, my uncle here's an usurer,
And would undo me; but I'll stand in law;
Do you but bail me, you shall do no more:
You, brother Civet, and master Weathercock, do but bail me,
And let me have my marriage money paid me,
And we'll ride down, and your own eyes shall see
How my poor tenants there will welcome me.
You shall but bail me, you shall do no more:—
And you, you greedy gnat, their bail will serve?

*Flow. Jun.* Ay, sir, I'll ask no better bail.
*Sir Lanc.* No, sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor my son Civet's: I'll not be cheated, I.
Shrieve, take your prisoner; I'll not deal with him.
Let his uncle make false dice with his false bones;
I will not have to do with him: mocked, gulled, and wronged!
Come, girl, though it be late, it falls out well;
Thou shalt not live with him in beggar's hell.
*Luce.* He is my husband, and high heaven doth know
With what unwillingness I went to church;
But you enforced me, you compelled me to it.
The holy church-man pronounced these words but now,
"I must not leave my husband in distress:"
Now I must comfort him, not go with you.
*Sir Lanc.* Comfort a cozener! on my curse forsake him.
*Luce.* This day you caused me on your curse to take him.
Do not, I pray, my grieved soul oppress:
God knows, my heart doth bleed at his distress.
*Sir Lanc.* O, master Weathercock,
I must confess I forced her to this match,
Led with opinion his false will was true.
*Weath.* Ah, he hath o'er-reached me too.
*Sir Lanc.* She might have lived
Like Delia, in a happy virgin's state.
*Del.* Father, be patient: sorrow comes too late.
*Sir Lanc.* And on her knees she begged and did entreat,
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
She craved to be sir Arthur Greenshield's wife.
*Sir Arth.* You have done her and me the greater wrong.
*Sir Lanc.* O, take her yet.
*Sir Arth.* Not I.
*Sir Lanc.* Or, master Oliver, accept my child,
And half my wealth is yours.
*Oli.* No, sir, chil break no laws.
*Luce.* Never fear, she will not trouble you.
*Del.* Yet, sister, in this passion
Do not run headlong to confusion:
You may affect him, though not follow him.
*Fran.* Do, sister; hang him, let him go.
*Weath.* Do 'faith, mistress Luce; leave him.
*Luce.* You are three gross fools; pray let me alone:
I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.
*Oli.* But an he have his legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.
*Sir Arth.* Ay, but he is now in huckster's handling for running away.[32]
*Sir Lanc.* Huswife, you hear how you and I are wronged,
And if you will redress it yet, you may:
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me;
Call me not father, look not for a groat;
For all thy portion I will this day give
Unto thy sister Frances.
*Fran.* How say you to that, Tom? [*to* CIVET]
I shall have a good deal: besides, *I'll* be a good wife; and a good wife is a good thing, I can tell.
*Civ.* Peace, Franke. I would be sorry to see thy sister cast away, as I am a gentleman.
*Sir Lanc.* What, are you yet resolved?
*Luce.* Yes, I am resolved.
*Sir Lanc.* Come then away; or now, or never come.
*Luce.* This way I turn; go you unto your feast;
And I to weep, that am with grief opprest.
*Sir Lanc.* For ever fly my sight: Come, gentlemen,
Let's in; I'll help you to far better wives than her.
Delia, upon my blessing talk not to her.
Base baggage, in such haste to beggary!
*Flow. Jun.* Sheriff, take your prisoner to your charge.
*M. Flow.* Uncle, by God, you have used me very hardly, by my troth, upon my wedding-day.
[*Exeunt Sir* LANCELOT, CIVET, WEATHERCOCK, FRANCES, DELIA, *and their Attendants.*
*Luce.* O, master Flowerdale, but hear me speak.
[*To* FLOWERDALE *Junior.*
Stay but a little while, good master sheriff;
If not for him, for my sake pity him.
Good sir, stop not your ears at my complaint;
My voice grows weak, for women's words are faint.
*M. Flow.* Look you, uncle, she kneels to you.
*Flow. Jun.* Fair maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
And grieve, sweet soul, thy fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a graceless youth.
Go to thy father, think not upon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the son of shame.
*Luce.* Impute his wildness, sir, unto his youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent.
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due:
O pity him, as God shall pity you.
*Flow. Jun.* Lady, I know his humours all too well;
And nothing in the world can do him good,

---

[32] *In* huckster's *handling.*—*Hucksters* being petty tradesmen, and consequently tenacious of their customers, their prices, and their gains, in that point of view resemble bailiffs, who hold fast the person whom they have seized. *For* running away, has the same meaning as *from* running away. In cant language, a person in confinement is still said to be spoiled *for* a runner. Some acquaintance with the vulgar tongue is necessary towards the explanation of this play.—STEEVENS.

But misery itself to chain him with.
*Luce.* Say that your debt were paid, then is he free?
*Flow. Jun.* Ay, virgin; that being answered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high pyramids.
Sheriff, take your prisoner: maiden, fare thee well.
*Luce.* O, go not yet, good master Flowerdale:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
*M. Flow.* Ay, by God, uncle, and my bond too.
*Luce.* Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work: alas, he can do nothing.
I have some friends perhaps will pity me:
His chiefest friends do seek his misery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you. O do not turn away:
Methinks, within, a face so reverend,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should have some feeling of a maiden's grief:
For my sake, his father's and your brother's sake,
Ay, for your soul's sake, that doth hope for joy,
Pity my state; do not two souls destroy.
*Flow. Jun.* Fair maid, stand up: not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless choice, I
Do release him.—Master sheriff, I thank you;—
And, officers, there is for you to drink.—
Here, maid, take this money; there is a hundred angels:—
And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here, Lester, take it you, and use it sparingly;
But let not her have any want at all.—
Dry your eyes, niece; do not too much lament
For him, whose life hath been in riot spent;
If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends.
[*Exit* FLOWERDALE *Junior.*
*M. Flow.* A plague go with you for an old fornicator!—Come, Kit, the money; come, honest Kit.
*Flow. Sen.* Nay, by my faith, sir, you shall pardon me.
*M. Flow.* And why, sir, pardon you? Give me the money, you old rascal, or I will make you.
*Luce.* Pray hold your hands;—give it him, honest friend.
*Flow. Sen.* If you be so content, with all my heart. [*Gives the Money.*
*M. Flow.* Content, sir? 'sblood she shall be content, whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me! Go, get you gone to the greasy chuff your father: bring me your dowry, or never look on me.
*Flow. Sen.* Sir, she hath forsook her father, and all her friends, for you.
*M. Flow.* Hang thee, her friends, and father, all together!
*Flow. Sen.* Yet part with something to provide her lodging.
*M. Flow.* Yes, I mean to part with her and you; but if I part with one angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a cast of dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellows.
*Flow. Sen.* Nay then I will be plain: degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a father would have been ashamed—
*M. Flow.* My father was an ass, an old ass.
*Flow. Sen.* Thy father? thou proud licentious villain!—
What, are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.
*Luce.* Good sir, forbear him.
*Flow. Sen.* Did not this whining woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy father.
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game; that when all's gone,
Thou may'st after despair, and hang thyself.
*Luce.* O, do not curse him!
*Flow. Sen.* I do not curse him; and to pray for him were vain:
It grieves me that he bears his father's name.
*M. Flow.* Well, you old rascal, I shall meet with you. Sirrah, get you gone; I will not strip the livery over your ears, because you paid for it: but do not use my name, sirrah, do you hear? Look you, do not use my name, you were best.
*Flow. Sen.* Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you, or give me security when I may have it.
*M. Flow.* I'll pay thee not a penny,
And for security I'll give thee none.—
Minckins, look you do not follow me; look you do not:
If you do, beggar, I shall slit your nose.
*Luce.* Alas! what shall I do?
*M. Flow.* Why, turn whore: that's a good trade;
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.
[*Exit* M. FLOWERDALE.
*Luce.* Alas the day that ever I was born!
*Flow. Sen.* Sweet mistress, do not weep; I'll stick to you.
*Luce.* Alas, my friend, I know not what to do.
My father and my friends, they have despised me;
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Know neither where to go, nor what to say.
*Flow. Sen.* It grieves me at the soul, to see her tears
Thus stain the crimson roses of her cheeks.—
Lady, take comfort; do not mourn in vain.
I have a little living in this town,
The which, I think, comes to a hundred pound;
All that and more shall be at your dispose.
I'll straight go help you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a service in this town,
Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown.
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had;
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.
*Luce.* I thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir* LANCELOT SPURCOCK'S *House in Kent.*

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT, *Sir* ARTHUR, OLIVER, WEATHERCOCK, CIVET, FRANCES, *and* DELIA.

*Oli.* Well, cha 'a bin zarved many a sluttish trick, but such a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er yzarved.

*Sir Lanc.* Son Civet, daughter Frances, bear with me:
You see how I'm pressed down with inward grief
About that luckless girl, your sister Luce.
But 'tis fallen out
With me, as with many families beside;
They are most unhappy, that are most beloved.

*Civ.* Father, 'tis so, 'tis even fallen out so.
But what remedy? set hand to your heart,
And let it pass. Here is your daughter Frances
And I; and we'll not say, we will bring forth
As witty children, but as pretty children
As ever she was, though she had the prick
And praise for a pretty wench: [33] But father,
Dun is the mouse; [34] you'll come?

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, son Civet, I'll come.

*Civ.* And you, master Oliver?

*Oli.* Ay, for che a vext out this veast, chil see if a gan make a better veast there.

*Civ.* And you, Sir Arthur?

*Sir Arth.* Ay, sir, although my heart be full,
I'll be a partner at your wedding feast.

*Civ.* And welcome all indeed, and welcome.—Come, Franke, are you ready?

*Fran.* Jesu, how hasty these husbands are!—I pray, father, pray to God to bless me.

*Sir Lanc.* God bless thee! and I do. God make thee wise!
Send you both joy! I wish it with wet eyes.

*Fran.* But, father, shall not my sister Delia go along with us? she is excellent good at cookery, and such things.

*Sir Lanc.* Yes, marry shall she:—Delia, make you ready.

*Del.* I am ready, sir. I will first go to Greenwich; from thence to my cousin Chesterfield's, and so to London.

*Civ.* It shall suffice, good sister Delia, it shall suffice; but fail us not, good sister: give order to cooks and others; for I would not have my sweet Franke to soil her fingers.

*Fran.* No, by my troth, not I. A gentlewoman, and a married gentlewoman too, to be companion to cooks and kitchen-boys! Not I, i'faith; I scorn that.

*Civ.* Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweetheart; thou seest I do not go about it. Well, farewell to you.—God's pity, master Weathercock! we shall have your company too?

*Weath.* With all my heart, for I love good cheer.

*Civ.* Well, God be with you all.—Come, Franke.

*Fran.* God be with you, father; God be with you.—Sir Arthur, master Oliver, and master Weathercock, sister, God be with you all: God be with you, father; God be with you every one.

[*Exeunt* CIVET *and* FRANCES.

*Weath.* Why, how now, Sir Arthur? all a-mort?
Master Oliver, how now, man?
Cheerly, Sir Lancelot; and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away?

*Sir Lanc.* Ay, she is gone indeed, poor girl, undone;
But when they'll be self-willed, children must smart.

*Sir Arth.* But, sir,
That she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause;
Therefore, 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

*Weath.* Indeed you must, Sir Lancelot, you must.

*Sir Lanc.* Must? Who can compel me, master Weathercock? I hope I may do what I list.

*Weath.* I grant you may; you may do what you list.

*Oli.* Nay, but an you be well avisen, it were not good, by this vrampolness and vrowardness, to cast away as pretty a Dowsabel as an chould

---

[33] *Though she had the* prick *and praise for a pretty wench.*—Though she was *marked* as a pretty girl. So in *Julius Cæsar*:

"These many then shall die; their names are *prick'd*. MALONE.

—— *she had the* prick *and* praise.—This alliterative expression occurs in Ulpian Fulwell's poem on Anna Bullen:

"Whose princely *praise* hath pierced the *pricke*
And price of endless fame."

To have the *prick*, was to gain the prize in archery. The *prick* was the mark shot at. STEEVENS.

[34] *Dun is the mouse.*—This proverbial expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Tut! *dun's the mouse*; the constable's own word." MALONE.

*Romeo and Juliet*, last edit. p. 34. STEEVENS.

chance to see in a summer's day. Chil tell you what chall do; chill go spy up and down the town, and see if I can hear any tale or tydings of her, and take her away from thick a messel; vor cham assured, he'll but bring her to the spoil; and so vare you well. We shall meet at your son Civet's.

*Sir Lanc.* I thank you, sir; I take it very kindly.

*Sir Arth.* To find her out, I'll spend my dearest blood;
So well I loved her, to affect her good.

[*Exeunt* CIVET *and Sir* ARTHUR.

*Sir Lanc.* O master Weathercock, what hap had I
To force my daughter from master Oliver,
And this good knight, to one that hath no goodness
In his thought!

*Weath.* Ill luck: but what remedy?

*Sir Lanc.* Yes, I have almost devised a remedy: Young Flowerdale is sure a prisoner.

*Weath.* Sure; nothing more sure.

*Sir Lanc.* And yet perhaps his uncle hath released him.

*Weath.* It may be very like; no doubt he hath.

*Sir Lanc.* Well, if he be in prison, I'll have warrants
To 'tach my daughter till the law be tried;
For I will sue him upon cozenage.

*Weath.* Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

*Sir Lanc.* Nay, that's not so; I may chance to be scoffed,
And sentence past with him.

*Weath.* Believe me, so it may; therefore take heed.

*Sir Lanc.* Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants;
In prison, or at liberty, all's one:
You will help to serve them, master Weathercock?

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street in London.*

*Enter* M. FLOWERDALE.

*M. Flow.* A plague of the devil! the devil take the dice! the dice and the devil and his dam go together! Of all my hundred golden angels, I have not left me one denier. A pox of *come, a five*![35] What shall I do? I can borrow no more of my credit: there's not any of my acquaintance, man nor boy, but I have borrowed more or less of. I would I knew where to take a good purse, and go clear away; by this light I'll venture for it.—God's-lid, my sister Delia! I'll rob her, by this hand.

*Enter* DELIA *and* ARTICHOKE.

*Del.* I pr'ythee, Artichoke, go not so fast; The weather's hot, and I am something weary.

*Art.* Nay, I warrant you, mistress Delia, I'll not tire you with leading; we'll go an extreme moderate pace.

*M. Flow.* Stand; deliver your purse.

*Art.* O lord, thieves, thieves!

[*Exit* ARTICHOKE.

*M. Flow.* Come, come, your purse; lady, your purse.

*Del.* That voice I have heard often before this time.—
What, brother Flowerdale become a thief!

*M. Flow.* Ay, plague on't, I thank your father; but, sister,
Come, your money, come. What!
The world must find me; I am born to live;
'Tis not a sin to steal where none will give.

*Del.* O God, is all grace banished from thy heart!
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.

*M. Flow.* Shame me no shames. Come, give me your purse;
I'll bind you, sister, lest I fare the worse.

*Del.* No, bind me not: hold, there is all I have;
And would that money would redeem thy shame.

*Enter* OLIVER, *Sir* ARTHUR, *and* ARTICHOKE.

*Art.* Thieves, thieves, thieves!

*Oli.* Thieves! where, man?—why, how now, mistress Delia! Ha' you yliked to been yrobb'd?

*Del.* No, master Oliver; 'tis master Flowerdale; he did but jest with me.

*Oli.* How, Flowerdale! that scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well; vang thee that.[36]

[*Strikes him.*

*M. Flow.* Well, sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I have a charge.

*Del.* Here, brother Flowerdale, I'll lend you this same money.

*M. Flow.* I thank you, sister.

*Oli.* I wad you were ysplit,[37] an you let the messel have a penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it myself.

---

[35] *A pox of* come, a five!—At hazard, the players frequently, as they are casting, invocate the dice.—MALONE.

[36] Vang *thee that.*—To *vang*, in the Devonshire jargon, is to take or receive.—MALONE.

[37] *I wad you were* ysplit.—In the Western dialect *y* is frequently prefixed to participles passive, as ybeen, ydone, &c. So, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,

"There is John Clay who is *yfound* already."

See Junii *Etymol.* letter Y.—MALONE.

*Sir Arth.* 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant life his daily sport.

*Del.* Brother, you see how all men censure you. Farewell; and I pray God amend your life.

*Oli.* Come, chil bring you along, and you, safe enough from twenty such scoundrels as thick a one is. Farewell, and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou wilt be shortly. Come, sir Arthur.

[*Exeunt all but* M. FLOWERDALE.

*M. Flow.* A plague go with your for a kersey rascal!
This D'enshire man, I think, is made all of pork:
His hands made only for to heave up packs;
His heart as fat and big as is his face;
As differing far from all brave gallant minds,
As I to serve the hogs, and drink with hinds;
As I am very near now. Well, what remedy?
When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,
Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street. Before* CIVET'S *House.*

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Senior*, LUCE *like a Dutch Frow*, CIVET, *and* FRANCES.

*Civ.* By my troth, God-a-mercy for this, good Christopher! I thank thee for my maid; I like her very well. How dost thou like her, Frances?

*Fran.* In good sadness, Tom, very well, excellent well; she speaks so prettily:—I pray what's your name?

*Luce.* My name, forsooth, be called Tanikin.

*Fran.* By my troth, a fine name. O Tanikin, you are excellent for dressing one's head a new fashion.

*Luce.* Me sall do every ting about de head.

*Civ.* What countrywoman is she, Kester?

*Flow. Sen.* A Dutch woman, sir.

*Civ.* Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

*Flow. Sen.* Ay, sir, she is.

*Fran.* O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears.[38]

*Luce.* Yes, mistress, very well.

*Flow. Sen.* Cheeks and ears! why, mistress Frances, want you cheeks and ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

*Fran.* Thou art a fool indeed. Tom, thou knowest what I mean.

*Civ.* Ay, ay, Kester; 'tis such as they wear a' their heads. I pry'thee, Kit, have her in, and shew her my house.

*Flow. Sen.* I will, sir. Come, Tanikin.

*Fran.* O Tom, you have not bussed me to-day, Tom.

*Civ.* No, Frances, we must not kiss afore folks. God save me, Franke! See yonder; my sister Delia is come.

*Enter* DELIA *and* ARTICHOKE.

Welcome, good sister.

*Fran.* Welcome, good sister. How do you like the tire of my head?

*Del.* Very well, sister.

*Civ.* I am glad you're come, sister Delia, to give order for supper: they will be here soon.

*Art.* Ay, but if good luck had not served, she had not been here now. Filching Flowerdale had like to have pepper'd us; but for master Oliver, we had been robb'd.

*Del.* Peace, sirrah, no more.

*Flow. Sen.* Robb'd! by whom?

*Art.* Marry, by none but by Flowerdale; he is turned thief.

*Civ.* By my faith but that is not well; but God be praised for your escape. Will you draw near, sister?

*Flow. Sen.* Sirrah, come hither. Would Flowerdale, he that was my master, have robbed you? I pr'ythee tell me true.

*Art.* Yes, i'faith, even that Flowerdale that was thy master.

*Flow. Sen.* Hold thee; there is a French crown, and speak no more of this. [*Aside.*

*Art.* Not I, not a word.—Now do I smell knavery: in every purse Flowerdale takes, he is half; and gives me this to keep counsel:—not a word, I.

*Flow. Sen.* Why, God-a-mercy.

*Fran.* Sister, look here; I have a new Dutch maid, and she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

*Civ.* How do you like her, sister?

*Del.* I like your maid well.

*Civ.* Well, dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper? Guests will be here presently.

*Del.* Yes, brother; lead the way, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt all but* DELIA *and* LUCE.

Hark you, Dutch frow, a word.

*Luce.* Vat is your vill wit me?

*Del.* Sister Luce, 'tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From I that know you. Pray tell me, what means this?

*Luce.* Sister, I see you know me; yet be secret.
This borrowed shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep myself a space unknown,
Both from my father, and my nearest friends;
Until I see how time will bring to pass
The desperate course of master Flowerdale.

---

[38] *Thou canst tell how to help me* to cheeks and ears.—Probably the name of a head-dress then worn.—MALONE.

*Del.* O he is worse than bad; I pr'ythee leave him;
And let not once thy heart to think on him.
*Luce.* Do not persuade me once to such a thought.
Imagine yet that he is worse than naught;
Yet one hour's time may all that ill undo
That all his former life did run into:
Therefore, kind sister, do not disclose my estate;
If e'er his heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.
*Del.* Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind,
I'll not disclose you that are wilful blind.
*Luce.* Delia, I thank you. I now must please her eyes,
My sister Frances' neither fair nor wise. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Street before* CIVET'S *House.*

*Enter* M. FLOWERDALE.

*M. Flow.* On goes he that knows no end of his journey. I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of shifting; I have no course now but to hang myself. I have lived since yesterday two o'clock on a spice-cake I had at a burial;[39] and for drink, I got it at an ale-house among porters, such as will bear out a man if he have no money indeed; I mean—out of their companies, for they are men of good carriage.[40] Who comes here? the two coney-catchers that won all my money of me. I'll try if they'll lend me any.

*Enter* DICK *and* RALPH.

What, master Richard, how do you? How dost thou, Ralph? By God, gentlemen, the world grows bare with me; will you do as much as lend me an angel between you both? You know, you won a hundred of me the other day.

*Ralph.* How! an angel! God damn us if we lost not every penny within an hour after thou wert gone.

*M. Flow.* I pr'ythee lend me so much as will pay for my supper: I'll pay you again, as I am a gentleman.

*Ralph.* I'faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite.
I wonder at it, master Flowerdale,
You will so carelessly undo yourself.
Why, you will lose more money in an hour,
Than any honest man spends in a year.
For shame, betake you to some honest trade,
And live not thus so like a vagabond.
[*Exeunt* DICK *and* RALPH.

*M. Flow.* A vagabond indeed; more villains you:
They give me counsel that first cozen'd me.
Those devils first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one friend left me in store.
Not far from hence there dwells a cockatrice,[41]
One that I first put in a sattin gown;
And not a tooth that dwells within her head,
But stands me at the least in twenty pound.
Her will I visit now my coin is gone;
And as I take it, here dwells the gentlewoman.
[*Knocks.*
What ho, is mistress Apricock within?

*Enter Ruffian.*

*Ruf.* What saucy rascal's that which knocks so hold?
O, is it you, old spend-thrift? Are you here?
One that is turned cozener 'bout the town?
My mistress saw you, and sends this word by me;
Either by packing quickly from the door,
Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight
As you will little like on; you had best be gone.
[*Exit.*
*M. Flow.* Why so, this is as it should be; being poor,
Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore.
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest men, how they will use me.

*Enter an ancient Citizen.*

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man; one whose fortunes have been better than at this instant they seem to be: but if I might crave of you so much little portion as would bring

---

[39] *A spice-cake I had at a* burial.—The usual entertainment at ancient funerals.—Rich cakes were given to the mourners, poorer ones distributed to the populace, among whom the Prodigal appears to have been one.—STEEVENS.

[40] *For they are men of* good carriage.—A quibble between *carrying burdens*, and *demeanour*.—MALONE.

[41] *Not far from hence there dwells a* cockatrice.—A harlot. So in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:—"provide yourself a lodging by the water-side; for above the convenience that it brings to shun shoulder-clapping, and to ship away your *cockatrice* betimes in the morning, it adds, &c. Cotgrave renders the word by *Putaine*.—MALONE.

me to my friends, I would rest thankful until I had requited so great a courtesy.

*Cit.* Fie, fie, young man! this course is very bad.
Too many such have we about this city;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common beggar,
Hold; there's an angel to bear your charges down.
Go to your friends; do not on this depend;
Such bad beginnings oft have worser end.

[*Exit Citizen.*

*M. Flow.* Worser end! nay, if it fall out no worse than in old angels, I care not. Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a sixpenny purse escape me;—By the mass here comes another.

*Enter a Citizen's Wife and a Servant, with a torch before her.*

God bless you, fair mistress. Now would it please you, gentlewoman, to look into the wants of a poor gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again; one that never before this time demanded penny, half-penny, nor farthing.

*Cit. Wife.* Stay, Alexander. Now by my troth a very proper man; and 'tis great pity. Hold, my friend; there's all the money I have about me, a couple of shillings; and God bless thee.

*M. Flow.* Now God thank you, sweet lady.—If you have any friend or garden-house[42] where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service.

*Cit. Wife.* I thank you, good friend: I pry'thee let me see that again I gave thee; there is one of them a brass shilling: give me them, and here is half a crown in gold. [*He gives the money to her.*] Now out upon thee, rascal; secret service! what dost thou make of me? It were a good deed to have thee whipp'd: Now I have my money again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a penny. Secret service!—On, good Alexander.

[*Exeunt Citizen's Wife and Servant.*

*M. Flow.* This is villainous luck; I perceive dishonesty will not thrive. Here comes more. God forgive me, sir Arthur and master Oliver! Afore God I'll speak to them.

*Enter Sir* ARTHUR *and* OLIVER.

God save you, sir Arthur; God save you, master Oliver.

*Oli.* Been you there, zirrah? come, will you yfaken yourself to your tools, coystrel?

*M. Flow.* Nay, master Oliver, I'll not fight with you.
Alas, sir, you know it was not my doings;
It was only a plot to get sir Lancelot's daughter:
By God, I never meant you harm.

*Oli.* And where is the gentlewoman thy wife, mezel? where is she, zirrah, ha?

*M. Flow.* By my troth, master Oliver, sick, very sick: and God is my judge, I know not what means to make for her, good gentlewoman.

*Oli.* Tell me true; is she sick? tell me true, ich 'vise thee.

*M. Flow.* Yes 'faith, I tell you true, master Oliver: if you would do me the small kindness but to lend me forty shillings, so God help me, I will pay you so soon as my ability shall make me able;—as I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Well, thou zaist thy wife is sick; hold, there's vorty shillings; give it to thy wife. Look thou give it her, or I shall zo veeze thee, thou wert not zo veezed this zeven year; look to it.

*Sir Arth.* I'faith, master Oliver, 'tis in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

*Oli.* Well, would che could vvind it.

*M. Flow.* I tell you true, sir Arthur, as I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Well, farewell zirrah: come, sir Arthur.

[*Exeunt Sir* ARTHUR *and* OLIVER.

*M. Flow.* By the Lord, this is excellent;
Five golden angels compassed in an hour:
If this trade hold, I'll never seek a new.
Welcome, sweet gold, and, beggary, adieu.

*Enter* FLOWERDALE *Junior, and* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Flow. Jun.* See, Kester, if you can find the house.

*M. Flow.* Who's here? My uncle, and my man Kester? By the mass 'tis they. How do you uncle? how dost thou, Kester? By my troth, uncle, you must needs lend me some money. The poor gentlewoman my wife, so God help me, is very sick: I was robb'd of the hundred angels you gave me; they are gone.

*Flow. Jun.* Ay, they are gone indeed. Come, Kester, away.

*M. Flow.* Nay, uncle; do you hear, good uncle?

*Flow. Jun.* Out, hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak: come, leave him, Kester.

*M. Flow.* Kester, honest Kester!

*Flow. Sen.* Sir, I have nought to say to you. Open the door to me, 'Kin: thou had'st best lock it fast, for there's a false knave without.

[FLOWERDALE *Senior and* FLOWERDALE *Junior go in.*

---

[42] *Or* garden-house.—So in *Greene in Conceipt*, 1598:——"a *garden-house* having round about it many flowers and much deflowering." Many of the illicit meetings between the sexes in former times appear to have happened in these receptacles.—STEEVENS.

*M. Flow.* You are an old lying rascal, so you are.

*Enter, from* CIVET'S *House*, LUCE.

*Luce.* Vat is de matter? Vat be you, yonker?

*M. Flow.* By this light a Dutch frow; they say they are called kind. By this light, I'll try her.

*Luce.* Vat bin you, yonker? why do you not speak?

*M. Flow.* By my troth, sweetheart, a poor gentleman that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your purse.

*Re-enter* FLOWERDALE *Senior.*

*Luce.* O hear God! so young an armin![43]

*M. Flow.* Armin, sweetheart? I know not what you mean by that; but I am almost a beggar.

*Luce.* Are you not a married man? vere bin your vife? Here is all I have; take dis.

*M. Flow.* What's gold! young frow? this is brave.

*Flow. Sen.* If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

*Luce.* Why speak you not? vere be your vife?

*M. Flow.* Dead, dead; she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me. Spent me all I had, and kept rascals under my nose to brave me.

*Luce.* Did you use her vell?

*M. Flow.* Use her! there's never a gentlewoman in England could be better used than I did her. I could but coach her; her diet stood me in forty pound a month: but she is dead; and in her grave my cares are buried.

*Luce.* Indeed dat vas not scone.[44]

*Flow. Sen.* He is turned more devil than he was before.

*M. Flow.* Thou dost belong to master Civet here, dost thou not?

*Luce.* Yes, me do.

*M. Flow.* Why there's it! there's not a handful of plate but belongs to me. God's my judge, if I had such a wench as thou art, there's never a man in England would make more of her, than I would do—so she had any stock.

[*Within*, O, why Tanikin!

*Luce.* Stay; one doth call; I shall come by and by again. [*Exit.*

*M Flow.* By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me. Were it not admirable to make her steal all Civet's plate, and run away?

*Flow Sen.* It were beastly. O master Flowerdale,
Have you no fear of God, nor conscience?
What do you mean by this vile course you take?

*M. Flow.* What do I mean? why, to live; that I mean.

*Flow. Sen.* To live in this sort? Fie upon the course:
Your life doth show you are a very coward.

*M Flow.* A coward! I pray in what?

*Flow. Sen.* Why, you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

*M. Flow.* 'Snails, is there such cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a man, ay, and of the tallest man in England,—if he will lend it me: let me borrow it how I can; and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might have rid out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

*Flow. Sen.* It was not want of will, but cowardice.
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you?
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pity of you for her sister's sake.
Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here your stay,
You fall into their hands you look not for.

*M. Flow.* I'll tarry here, till the Dutch frow comes, if all the devils in hell were here

[FLOWERDALE *Senior goes in to* CIVET'S *House.*

*Enter Sir* LANCELOT, *Master* WEATHERCOCK, *and* ARTICHOKE.

*Sir Lanc.* Where is the door? are we not past it, Artichoke?

*Art.* By the mass here's one; I'll ask him. Do you hear, sir? What, are you so proud? Do you hear? Which is the way to Master Civet's house? What, will you not speak? O me! this is filching Flowerdale.

*Sir Lanc.* O wonderful! is this lewd villain here?
O you cheating rogue, you cut-purse, coney-catcher!
What ditch, you villain, is my daughter's grave?
A cozening rascal, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that,
When he should turn to angel; a dying grace.
I'll father-in-law you, sir, I'll make a will;
Speak, villain, where's my daughter?
Poisoned, I warrant you, or knocked o' the head:
And to abuse good Master Weathercock,
With his forged will, and Master Weathercock,
To make my grounded resolution;
Then to abuse the De'nshire gentleman:

---

[43] *So young an* armin!—i. e. a beggar. *Arm*, in *Dutch*, signifies poor and needy. So *arm-worden* to grow poor—*arm-maken* to impoverish.—STEEVENS.

[44] *Nicht schoon*—Not handsome.

Go; away with him to prison.
*M. Flow.* Wherefore to prison? sir, I will not go.

*Enter* CIVET *and his Wife*, OLIVER, *Sir* ARTHUR, FLOWERDALE *Senior*, FLOWERDALE *Junior, and* DELIA.

*Sir Lanc.* O here's his uncle; welcome, gentlemen, welcome all. Such a cozener, gentlemen, a murderer too, for any thing I know! My daughter is missing; hath been looked for; cannot be found. A vild upon thee!
*Flow. Jun.* He is my kinsman, though his life be vile:
Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.
*Sir Lanc.* Marry to prison.
*M. Flow.* Wherefore to prison? snick up.[45] I owe you nothing.
*Sir Lanc.* Bring forth my daughter then: Away with him.
*M. Flow.* Go seek your daughter. What do you lay to my charge?
*Sir Lanc.* Suspicion of murder. Go, away with him.
*M. Flow.* Murder your dogs! I murder your daughter? Come, cousin, I know you'll bail me.
*Flow. Jun.* Not I, were there no more than I the gaoler, thou the prisoner.
*Sir Lanc.* Go; away with him.

*Enter* LUCE.

*Luce.* O' my life hear: where will you ha' de man?
Vat ha' de yonker done?
*Weath.* Woman, he hath killed his wife.
*Luce.* His wife! dat is not good; dat is not seen.[46]
*Sir Lanc.* Hang not upon him, huswife; if you do,
I'll lay you by him.
*Luce.* Have me no oder way dan you have him? He tell me dat he love me heartily.
*Fran.* Lead away my maid to prison! why, Tom, will you suffer that?
*Civ.* No, by your leave, father, she is no vagrant: she is my wife's chamber-maid, and as true as the skin between any man's brows here.
*Sir Lanc.* Go to, you're both fools.
Son Civet, of my life this is a plot;
Some straggling counterfeit preferred to you,
No doubt to rob you of your plate and jewels:—
I'll have you led away to prison, trull.
*Luce.* I am no trull, neither outlandish frow:
Nor he nor I shall to the prison go.
Know you me now? nay, never stand amazed.
[*Throws off her Dutch dress.*
Father, I know I have offended you;
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience,
Yet this way do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleness.
*Sir Lanc.* Bastard in nature! kneel to such a slave?
*Luce.* O Master Flowerdale, if too much grief
Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife!
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
Turn not away; I am no Æthiop,
No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among hapless men.
*M. Flow.* I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infused
Another soul in me, red with defame:
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.
*Sir Lanc.* Out, hypocrite! I charge thee trust him not.
*Luce.* Not trust him? By the hopes of after-bliss, I know no sorrow can be compared to his.
*Sir Lanc.* Well, since thou wert ordained to beggary,
Follow thy fortune: I defy thee, I.—
*Oli.* I wood che were so well ydoussed as was ever white cloth in a tocking mill, an che ha' not made me weep.
*Flow. Sen.* If he hath any grace, he'll now repent.
*Sir Arth.* It moves my heart.
*Weath.* By my troth I must weep, I cannot choose.
*Flow. Jun.* None but a beast would such a maid misuse.
*M. Flow.* Content thyself, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation lost:
And, gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such a change
As shall deceive your expectation.
*Oli.* I would che were ysplit now, but che believe him.
*Sir Lanc.* How! believe him!
*Weath.* By the mackins, I do.
*Sir Lanc.* What, do you think that e'er he will have grace?
*Weath.* By my faith it will go hard.
*Oli.* Well, che vor ye, he is changed: And, master Flowerdale, in hope ye been so, hold, there's vorty pound toward your zetting up. What! be not ashamed; vang it, man, vang it: be a good husband, loven to your wife; and you shall not want for vorty more, I che vore thee.
*Sir Arth.* My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest power:

---

[45] *Snick-up*, seems to be synonymous to the modern expression, *go and hang yourself*.—MALONE.
[46] *Night schoon*, vide supra.

But to your wife I give this diamond,
And prove true diamond-fair in all your life.
*M. Flow.* Thanks, good sir Arthur: master Oliver,
You being my enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to restore—
*Oli.* What! restore me no restorings, man; I have vorty pound more for Luce here; vang it: zouth chil devy London else. What, do you think me a mezel or a scoundrel, to throw away my money? Che have an hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation. I hope your under and your uncle will vollow my zamples.
*Flow. Jun.* You have guessed right of me; if he leave off this course of life, he shall be mine heir.
*Sir Lanc.* But he shall never get a groat of me. A cozener, a deceiver, one that killed
His painful father, honest gentleman,
That passed the fearful danger of the sea,
To get him living, and maintain him brave.
*Weath.* What hath he killed his father?
*Sir Lanc.* Ay, sir, with conceit of his vile courses.
*Flow. Sen.* Sir, you are misinformed.
*Sir Lanc.* Why, thou old knave, thou told'st me so thyself.
*Flow. Sen.* I wronged him then: and towards my master's stock
There's twenty nobles for to make amends.
*M. Flow.* No, Kester, I have troubled thee, and wronged thee more;
What thou in love giv'st, I in love restore.
*Fran.* Ha, ha, sister! there you played bo-peep with Tom. What shall I give her toward household? sister Delia, shall I give her my fan?
*Del.* You were best ask your husband.
*Fran.* Shall I, Tom?
*Civ.* Ay, do, Franke; I'll buy thee a new one with a longer handle.[47]
*Fran.* A russet one, Tom?
*Civ.* Ay, with russet feathers.
*Fran.* Here, sister; there's my fan toward household, to keep you warm.
*Luce.* I thank you, sister.
*Weath.* Why, this is well; and, toward fair Luce's stock,
Here's forty shillings: and forty good shillings more,
I'll give her, marry. Come, sir Lancelot,
I must have you friends.
*Sir Lanc.* Not I: all this is counterfeit; he will consume it were it a million.
*Flow. Sen.* Sir, what is your daughter's dower worth?
*Sir Lanc.* Had she been married to an honest man,
It had been better than a thousand pound.
*Flow. Sen.* Pay it to him, and I'll give you my bond
To make her jointure better worth than three.
*Sir Lanc.* Your bond, sir! why, what are you?
*Flow. Sen.* One whose word in London, though I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.
*Sir Lanc.* Wert not thou late that unthrift's serving-man?
*Flow. Sen.* Look on me better, now my scar is off:
Ne'er muse, man, at this metamorphosy.
*Sir Lanc.* Master Flowerdale!
*M. Flow.* My father! O, I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.
*Flow. Sen.* Son, son, I do; and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.
*Luce.* This addeth joy to joy; high heaven be praised.
*Weath.* Master Flowerdale, welcome from death, good master Flowerdale. 'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here, good faith.
*Flow. Sen.* I caused that rumour to be spread myself,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless.
And, sirrah, see
You run no more into that same disease:
For he that's once cured of that malady,
Of riot, swearing, drunkenness, and pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever's deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad, as of a calenture.
*M. Flow.* Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course as hell.
*Flow. Jun.* Say it, and do it, cousin, all is well.
*Sir Lanc.* Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my heart: I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it. Come, let's in, and feast.
*Oli.* Nay zoft you a while. You promised to make sir Arthur and me amends: here is your wisest daughter; see which on us she'll have.
*Sir Lanc.* A God's name, you have my good will; get hers.
*Oli.* How say you then, damsel?
*Del.* I, sir, am yours.
*Oli.* Why, then send for a vicar, and chil have it dispatched in a trice; so chil.
*Del.* Pardon me, sir; I mean that I am yours
In love, in duty, and affection;
But not to love as wife: it shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried married, but a maid.

---

[47] *Ay, do, Franke; I'll buy thee a new one with a longer handle.*—*Fans*, in the age of Queen Elizabeth, had frequently silver handles, and other valuable ornaments. The upper part of them was composed of feathers.—MALONE.

*Sir Arth.* Do not condemn yourself for ever, virtuous fair; you were born to love.

*Oli.* Why you say true, sir Arthur; she was vbore to it, so well as her mother —but, I pray you, show us some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?

*Del.* Not that I do condemn a married life,
(For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing,)
But for the care and crosses of a wife;
The trouble in this world that children bring.
My vow's in heaven, on earth to live alone;
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

*Oli.* Why then, *che will live* a bachelor too. Che zet not a *vig* by a *wife*, *it* a *wife* zet not a *vig* by me.—Come, shall's go to dinner?

*Flow. Sen.* To-morrow I crave your companies in Mark-lane:
To-night we'll frolic in master Civet's house,
And to each health drink down a full carouse.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

# PURITAN,

OR,

# THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET.[1]

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*Sir* GODFREY PLUS, *Brother-in-law to the Widow* PLUS.
EDMOND, *Son to the Widow.*
*Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL, *a rich City Knight, and Suitor to the Widow.*
*Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB, *a Country Knight, and Suitor to* MARY.
*Sir* ANDREW TIPSTAFF, *a Courtier, and Suitor to* FRANCES.
GEORGE PYEBOARD, *a Scholar?*
*The Sheriff of London.*
*Captain* IDLE, *a Highwayman.*
PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, } *Sheriff's Serjeants.*
DOGSON, *a Catchpole.*
*Corporal* OATH, *a vainglorious Fellow.*
NICHOLAS ST ANTLINGS, SIMON ST MARY OVERIES, FRAILTY, } *Servants to Lady* PLUS, *and Sir* GODFREY.
PETER SKIRMISH, *an old Soldier.*
*A Nobleman.*
*A Gentleman Citizen.*
*Lady* PLUS, *a Citizen's Widow.*
FRANCES, MARY, } *her two Daughters.*
*Sheriff's Officers, Keeper of the Marshalsea Prison, Musicians, and Attendants.*

SCENE—LONDON.

---

[1] *A booke called the Comedie of the Puritan Wydowe*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, by G. Eld, August 6, 1607; and the play was published by him the same year, with the following title: *The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling Streete. Acted by the Children of Paules. Written by W. S.* This circumstance alone might lead us to suspect that it was not the composition of Shakespeare; for it does not appear that any one of his pieces was acted by the children of St Paul's. But, without having recourse to any argument of that kind, it may be sufficient to say, that there is no authority whatsoever for attributing this comedy to him. The colour of the style is entirely different from that of his plays, and it was, as we see, not printed under his name in his lifetime: it is not mentioned as his production by any contemporary writer, nor was it, I believe, ever attributed to him till Kirkman, a bookseller, in one of his Catalogues, chose to interpret the letters W. S. to mean William Shakespeare. The initial letters in the title-pages of this play, and *the Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, so far from furnishing us with any ground for supposing them to be our great poet's performances, afford, in my opinion, a very strong argument to show that they were not his compositions. If the bookseller could with truth have affixed Shakespeare's name at length, (a name that certainly would have promoted the sale of his play,) what should have prevented him from doing so? or why should he content himself with annexing initial letters which might belong to others as well as to Shakespeare?

I suppose this piece to have been written by William Smith, whose name is mentioned in the preliminary observations on *Lochrine*, and who was likewise the author of two other plays, *The Palsgrave, or*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden behind the Widow's House.*

*Enter the Widow* PLUS, FRANCES, MARY, *Sir* GODFREY, *and* EDMOND, *all in mourning; the latter in a Cyprus Hat;*[2] *the Widow wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the burial of her Husband.*

*Wid.* O, that ever I was born, that ever I was born!

*Sir God.* Nay, good sister, dear sister, sweet sister, be of good comfort; show yourself a woman now or never.

*Wid.* O, I have lost the dearest man, I have buried the sweetest husband, that ever lay by woman.

*Sir God.* Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wise man. He was my brother, as right as right.

*Wid.* O, I shall never forget him, never forget him; he was a man so well given to a woman. Oh!

*Sir God.* Nay but, kind sister, I could weep as much as any woman; but, alas, our tears cannot call him again. Methinks you are well read, sister, and know that death is as common as *homo*, a common name to all men. A man shall be taken when he's making water. Nay, did not the learned parson, master Pigman, tell us even now, —that all flesh is frail—We are born to die—Man has but a time—with such like deep and profound persuasions? as he is a rare fellow, you know, and an excellent reader. And for example, (as there are examples abundance,) did not sir Humphrey Bubble die t'other day? There's a lusty widow! why she cried not above half an hour. For shame, for shame!—Then foll we him old master Fulsome, the usurer: there's a wise widow; why she cried ne'er a whit at all.

*Wid.* O rank not me with those wicked women; I had a husband outshined 'em all.

*Sir God.* Ay that he did, i'faith; he out-shined 'em all.

*Wid.* Dost thou stand there, and see us all weep, and not once shed a tear for thy father's death! oh thou ungracious son and heir, thou!

*Edm.* Troth, mother, I should not weep I'm sure. I am past a child, I hope, to make all my old school-fellows laugh at me; I should be mocked, so I should. Pray let one of my sisters weep for me; I'll laugh as much for her another time.

*Wid.* O thou past-grace, thou! Out of my sight, thou graceless imp! thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O thou stubborn only son! Hadst thou such an honest man to thy father—that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not: up every morning betwixt four and

---

*the Hector of Germany*, printed in the year 1615, and the *Freeman's Honour*, a performance that was, I believe, never published.—From some expressions in the present comedy, (Act I. Sc. II.) the author (whoever he was) appears to have been bred at the university of Oxford.—MALONE.

On August 15, 1597, were entered, by Richard Jones, on the Stationers' Books, "Two Ballads, being the first and second parts of the Widowe of Watling Street." These might be the songs on which the play was founded, or indeed the play itself; as it was not uncommon to separate a dramatic piece, though designed for a single exhibition, into *two parts*; and the terms, *book* and *ballad*, were anciently used to signify *tragedies* and *comedies*, as well as any other forms of composition.

Gildon, in a work of his entitled, *A Comparison between the two Stages, with an Examen of the Generous Conqueror, and some Critical Remarks on the Funeral*, &c. 8vo. 1702, attributes this comedy to Shakespeare: —"as I remember 'tis *Shakespeare's Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street*, where the dissimulation of these widows is pleasantly described." p. 156.—STEEVENS.

In the list of plays, &c. prefixed to the late edition, the *Puritan* is set down as printed in 1600 and 1607. The former of these dates I suspect to be a mistake, as the play appears evidently to have been written *after the peace* with Spain, which was not concluded before 1604. See Act I. Sc. II: "*Since the cessure of the wars I have spent above a hundred crowns*," &c. There is not the same objection to the other date of 1607, though a passage in the play itself (if there be no external evidence to the contrary) would induce us to place it rather in 1608. See Act III. Sc. VI. where mention is made of a *Sunday, the 13th of July*; a circumstance which was true in 1608, but in none of the preceding or subsequent years, between 1603, and 1614.—TYRWHITT.

In addition to what has been observed by Mr Tyrwhitt, it may be added, that, in the third act of this comedy, "*Britain* gold, of the last coining," is mentioned; from whence it may be inferred to have been written after the accession of King James, who first assumed the title of King of *Great Britain*. It certainly was exhibited in or before 1607, for I have a copy in my possession printed in that year.—MALONE.

[2] *A* cyprus *hat*:—i. e. a hat with a crape hat-band in it. So in *the Winter's Tale*:

"*Cyprus* black as any crow." STEEVENS.

five; so duly at Westminster-hall every term-time, with all his cards and writings, for thee, thou wicked Absalon: O dear husband!

*Edm.* Weep, quoth-a? I protest I am glad he's churched; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

*Fran.* Dear mother, pray cease; half your tears suffice;
'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes:
Let me weep now.

*Wid.* O such a dear knight, such a sweet husband have I lost, have I lost! If blessed be the corse[3] the rain rains upon, he had it pouring down.

*Sir God.* Sister, be of good cheer. We are all mortal ourselves; I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort. Hear me what I shall say: My brother has left you wealthy; you're rich.

*Wid.* Oh!

*Sir God.* I say you're rich: you are also fair.

*Wid.* Oh!

*Sir God.* Go to, you're fair; you cannot smother it; beauty will come to light. Nor are your years so far entered with you, but that you will be sought after, and may very well answer another husband. The world is full of fine gallants; choice enough, sister; for what should we do with all our knights, I pray,[4] but to marry rich widows, wealthy citizens' widows, lusty fair-browed ladies? Go to, be of good comfort, I say; leave snobbing and weeping.—Yet my brother was a kind-hearted man. I would not have the elf see me now.—Come, pluck up a woman's heart. Here stand your daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also be enquired after with good husbands; so all these tears shall be soon dryed up, and a better world than ever. What, woman! you must not weep still; he's dead, he's buried:—yet I cannot choose but weep for him.[5]

*Wid.* Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that same part o' the choir whereon I tread
To such intent, O, may it be my grave!
And that the priest may turn his wedding prayers,
Even with a breath, to funeral dust and ashes!
O, out of a million of millions, I should ne'er find such a husband; he was unmatchable, unmatchable. Nothing was too hot, nor too dear for me.[6] I could not speak of that one thing that I had not. Beside, I had keys of all, kept all, received all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would. O, my sweet husband! I shall never have the like.

*Sir God.* Sister, never say so. He was an honest brother of mine, and so; and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you: that's the properer phrase indeed.

*Wid.* Never: O, if you love me, urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the world, [*Kneels.*
The common talk at table in the mouth
Of every groom and waiter, if ever more
I entertain the carnal suit of man.

*Mary.* I must kneel down for fashion too.

*Fran.* And I, whom never man as yet hath scaled,
Even in this depth of general sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss
As a dear husband seems to be, once dead.

*Mary.* I loved my father well too; but to say,
Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I would speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in bed.
Tut! women must live by the quick, and not by the dead.

*Wid.* Dear copy of my husband, O let me kiss thee! [*Kisses her Husband's picture.*
How like him is this model! This brief picture
Quickens my tears: my sorrows are renewed
At this fresh sight.

*Sir God.* Sister—

*Wid.* Away!
All honesty with him is turned to clay.
O my sweet husband! Oh!

*Fran.* My dear father!

[*Exeunt Widow and* FRANCES.

---

[3] *If blessed be the corse*, &c.—This is a proverbial saying.—STEEVENS.

[4] *For what should we do with* all our knights, *I pray.*—Probably a sneer upon the multitude of knights made by King James soon after his accession. The continuator of Stowe's *Annals* says, that he on one day "dubbed in his garden between three and four hundred."—MALONE.

[5] *Yet I cannot choose but weep for him.*—Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, uses the same words. See that play, last edit. Vol. X. p. 348.—STEEVENS.

[6] *Nothing was* so hot, *nor too dear for me.*—Thus the quarto. I suppose the author wrote—*too* hot, nor too dear for me.

*Nothing is too hot nor too cold for him*, is a proverbial expression, mentioned by Cotgrave, applied to one who can digest every thing.—MALONE.

I am told that "nothing is too *hot* or too cold" for a person, is still a common vulgarism. Chaucer has this phrase in the *Frere's Tale*, v. 7018:

Now certes, (quod this sompnour) so fare I;
I spare not to taken, God it wote,
But if it be to hevy or *to hote*.

Here Mr Tyrwhitt has the following observation, "We have nearly the same expression in Froissart, v. i. c. 229.—"ne laissoient rien à prendre, s'il n'estoit *trop chaud*, trop froid, ou trop pesant."—STEEVENS.

*Mary.* Here's a puling indeed! I think my mother weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands; for if from time to time all the widowers' tears in England had been bottled up, I do not think all would have filled a three-halfpenny bottle. Alas, a small matter bucks a handkerchief![7] and sometimes the spital stands too nigh Saint Thomas a' Waterings.[8] Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one tear for a dead father, I could give twenty kisses for a quick husband. [*Exit.*

*Sir God.* Well, go thy ways, old sir Godfrey, and thou may'st be proud on't; thou hast a kind loving sister-in-law. How constant! how passionate! how full of April the poor soul's eyes are! Well, I would my brother knew on't; he should then know what a kind wife he had left behind him. 'Truth, an 'twere not for shame that the neighbours at the next garden should hear me, between joy and grief I should even cry outright. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* So; a fair riddance! My father's laid in dust; his coffin and he is like a whole meat-pye, and the worms will cut him up shortly. Farewell, old dad, farewell! I'll be curbed in no more. I perceive a son and heir may be quickly made a fool, and he will be one; but I'll take another order. Now she would have me weep for him forsooth; and why? because he cozened the right heir being a fool, and bestowed those lands on me his eldest son; and therefore I must weep for him; ha, ha! Why, all the world knows, as long as 'twas his pleasure to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me: I know the law in that point; no attorney can gull me. Well, my uncle is an old ass, and an admirable coxcomb. I'll rule the roast myself; I'll be kept under no more; I know what I may do well enough by my father's copy: the law is in mine own hands now. Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my mother, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* PYEBOARD,[9] *and* SKIRMISH.

*Pye.* What's to be done now, old lad of war? Thou that were wont to be as hot as a turnspit, as nimble as a fencer, and as lousy as a schoolmaster, now thou art put to silence like a sectary. War sits now like a justice of peace, and does nothing. Where be your muskets, calivers, and hot-shots? in long-lane, at pawn, at pawn? no keys are your only guns; key-guns, key-guns,—and bawds the gunners; who are your sentinels in peace, and stand ready charged to give warning with hems, hums, and pocky coughs: only your chambers are licensed to play upon you, and drum enow to give fire to them.

*Skir.* Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure there is wrong with me; for since the ceasure of the wars I have spent above a hundred crowns out of pay. I have been a soldier any time this forty years, and now I perceive an old soldier and an old courtier, have both one destiny, and in the end turn both into hob-nails.

*Pye.* Pretty mystery for a beggar; for indeed a hob-nail is the true emblem of a beggar's shoe-soal.

*Skir.* I will not say but that war is a blood-sucker, and so; but in my conscience, (as there is no soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a shot ancient[10]; no matter,—'twill serve to swear by,) in my conscience, I think some kind of peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sins, (though looking of a gentle nature,) than a professed war.

*Pye.* 'Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar; I have been matriculated in the university, wore out six gowns there, seen some fools, and some scholars, some of the city, and some of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the quadrangle, eat my commons with a good stomach, and battled with discretion;[11] at last, having done many sleights

---

[7] Bucks *a handkerchief!*—i. e. *wets* a handkerchief. A great washing of the coarser linen is called a *bucking*.—PERCY.

[8] Here is a wretched quibble between *spittle* the moisture of the mouth, and *spital* a corruption from *hospital*. *St Thomas a' Waterings* is the name of a church which was burnt down in the fire of London, and has never since been rebuilt, the parish to which it belonged being consolidated with another. It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, vol ii. p. 167. that this edifice stood somewhere on the outside of the city.—STEEVENS.

[9] *Enter* Pyeboard,] The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing how to find out the service which is to be read each day. Hence probably the scholar's name. The printing letter called the *pica*, seems (as Mr Steevens observes) to have been denominated from the same original.—MALONE.

[10] *Full of holes*, like a shot ancient;] So in *King Henry IV.* last edit. vol. v. p. 392:—"ten times more dishonourably ragged than *an old faced ancient*.—STEEVENS.

[11] *I have been* matriculated *in the university;—went bareheaded over the* quadrangle, *eat my commons with a good stomach, and* battled *with discretion;*—These phrases, which are seldom heard of, and little known, out of universities, render it probable that the writer of this play was an academic.

From the latter expression, Dr Farmer supposes the author to have been bred at Oxford, *battling* being the term used there to express what is called *sizing* at Cambridge.

*Quadrangle* is likewise, if I am not mistaken, an Oxford, and not a Cambridge phrase.

and tricks to maintain my wit in use, (as my brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expelled the university, only for stealing a cheese out of Jesus college.

*Skir.* Is't possible?

*Pye.* O! there was one Welshman (God forgive him!) pursued it hard, and never left, till I turned my staff toward London; where, when I came, all my friends were pit-holed, gone to graves; as, indeed, there was but a few left before. Then was I turned to my wits, to shift in the world, to tower among sons, and heirs, and fools, and gulfs, and ladies' eldest sons; to work upon nothing, to feed out of flint; and ever since has my belly been much beholden to my brain. But, now, to return to you, old Skirmish: I say as you say, and, for my part, wish a turbulency in the world; for I have nothing to lose but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be; and, to strengthen your argument the more, I say an honest war is better than a bawdy peace. As touching my profession: the multiplicity of scholars, hatched and nourished in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore, not to cog with peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

*Skir.* Well, would I had been born a knave then, when I was born a beggar! for, if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my father had never a penny in his purse.

*Pye.* Puh! faint not, old Skirmish; let this warrant thee—*facilis descensus Averni*—'tis an easy journey to a knave; thou mayest be a knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good madam to all other professions, and an arrant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her: For, since the law lives by quarrels, the courtier by smooth good-morrows, and every profession makes itself greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend with judgment; not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar,—one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance. And for our thriving means, thus: I myself will put on the deceit of a fortune-teller.

*Skir.* A *fortune-teller*! Very proper.

*Pye.* And you a figure-caster, or a conjurer.

*Skir.* A conjurer!

*Pye.* Let me alone; I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes but the devil's.

*Skir.* O ay, for I would not deceive him, an I could choose, of all others.

*Pye.* Fear not, I warrant you. And so by those means we shall help one another to patients; as the condition of the age affords creatures enough for cunning to work upon.

*Skir.* O wonderous! new fools and fresh asses.

*Pye.* O, fit, fit; excellent.

*Skir.* What, in the name of conjuring?

*Pye.* My memory greets me happily with an admirable subject to graze upon. The lady widow, whom of late I saw weeping in her garden for the death of her husband; sure she has but a waterish soul, and half of't by this time is dropped out of her eyes. Device well managed may do good upon her:—it stands firm; my first practice shall be there.

*Skir.* You have my voice, George.

*Pye.* She has a grey gull to her brother, a fool to her only son, and an ape to her youngest daughter. I overheard them severally, and from their words I'll derive my device; and thou, old Peter Skirmish, shalt be my second in all sleights.

*Skir.* Ne'er doubt me, George Pyeboard;—only you must teach me to conjure.

*Pye.* Puh! I'll perfect thee, Peter. How now! what's he?

[IDLE *pinioned, and attended by a Guard of Sheriff's Officers, passes over the Stage.*

*Skir.* O George! this sight kills me. 'Tis my sworn brother, captain Idle.

*Pye.* Captain Idle!

*Skir.* Apprehended for some felonious act or other. He has started out,—has made a night on't,—lacked silver. I cannot but commend his resolution; he would not pawn his buff-jerkin. I would either some of us were employed, or might pitch our tents at usurers' doors, to kill the slaves as they peep out at the wicket.

*Pye.* Indeed, those are our ancient enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hanged for robbing of them. But come, let's follow after to the prison, and know the nature of his offence; and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of it: and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable knave is better than a soothing Puritan. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* NICHOLAS ST ANTLINGS,[12] SIMON ST MARY-OVERIES, *and* FRAILTY, *in black scurvy mourning coats, with books at their girdles, as coming from Church. To them Corporal* OATH.

*Nich.* What, corporal Oath! I am sorry we have met with you; next our hearts, you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company

[12] Nicholas St Antlings,—The name of a church near Lombard Street. *Antling's* is a corruption of *Antholin's*. This church was always open very early in a morning, and was much resorted to by the devotees of the age. The situation of *St Mary-Overey's* is well known—STEEVENS.

withal. *We must not swear, I can tell you, and you have the name for swearing.*

*Sim.* Ay, corporal Oath, I would you would do so much as forsake us, sir; we cannot abide you; we must not be seen in your company.

*Frail.* There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipped for swearing.

*Oath.* Why, how now, *we three?*[13] Puritanical scrape-shoes, flesh o' Good-Fridays, a hand.

[*Shakes them by the hand.*

*All.* Oh!

*Oath.* Why Nicholas St Antlings, Simon St Mary-Overies, has the devil possessed you, that you swear no better? you half-christened catamites, you un-godmothered varlets.[14] Does the first lesson teach you to be proud, and the second to be coxcombs, proud coxcombs, not once to do duty to a man of mark?

*Frail.* A man of mark, quoth-a! I do not think he can show a beggar's noble.[15]

*Oath.* A corporal, a commander, one of spirit, that is able to blow you up all three with your books at your girdles.

*Nich.* We are not taught to believe that, sir; for we know the breath of man is weak.

OATH *breathes on* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* Foh! you lie, Nicholas! for here's one strong enough. Blow us up, quoth-a! he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant, if the wind stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate to the leads of Ludgate.

*Oath.* Sirrah, thou hollow book of wax-candle——[16]

*Nich.* Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

*Oath.* I swear by the——

*Nich.* Hold, hold, good corporal Oath; for if you swear once, we shall all fall down in a swoon presently.

*Oath.* I must and will swear, you quivering coxcombs: my captain is imprisoned; and, by Vulcan's leather codpiece-point——

*Nich.* O Simon, what an oath was there!

*Frail.* If he should chance to break it, the poor man's breeches would fall down about his heels;[17] for Venus allows him but one point to his hose.

*Oath.* With these my bully feet I will thump ope the prison doors, and brain the keeper with the begging box, but I'll set my honest sweet captain Idle at liberty.

*Nich.* How, captain Idle? my old aunt's son, my dear kinsman, in Cappadochio?

*Oath.* Ay, thou church-peeling, thou holy paring, religious outside, thou: If thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

*Nich.* Assure you, corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

*Oath.* Why do't now then, marmozet—bring forth thy yearly wages; let not a commander perish.

*Sim.* But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

*Nich.* Well, corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my kinsman; if I can do him any good, I will; but I have nothing for him. Simon St Mary-Overies and Frailty, pray make a lie for me to the knight my master, old sir Godfrey.

*Oath.* A lie! may you lie then?

*Frail.* O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

*Sim.* True, we may lie with our neighbour's wife; but we must not swear we did so.

*Oath.* O, an excellent tag of religion!

*Nich.* O, Simon, I have thought upon a sound excuse; it will go current: say that I am gone to a fast.

*Sim.* To a fast! very good.

*Nich.* Ay, to a fast, say, with master Full-belly the minister.

*Sim.* Master Full-belly? an honest man: he feeds the flock well, for he's an excellent feeder.

[*Exeunt* OATH *and* NICHOLAS.

*Frail.* O ay; I have seen him eat a whole pig, and afterward fall to the pettitoes.

[*Exeunt* SIMON *and* FRAILTY.

---

[13] So in *Twelfth Night*:—"Did you never see the picture of *we three?*" A common sign in the time of Shakespeare, &c. consisting of *two* men in fool's coats. The spectator, or enquirer concerning its meaning, was supposed to make the *third*.—STEEVENS.

[14] *You* un-godmothered *varlets*.—The Puritans objected to the practice of having godfathers and godmothers in baptism.—PERCY.

[15] *A man of* mark—— *I do not think he can show a beggar's* noble.—A quibble between *mark* the ancient coin, value 13*s* 4*d*., and *mark* a token of eminence.

[16] *Thou hollow* book *of wax-candle*.—I suppose alluding to the rolls of wax-candle coiled up in the form of a book.—PERCY

[17] *By Vulcan's leather cod-piece* point——*If he should chance to break it, the poor man's* breeches would fall down about his heels.—*Points* were the metal hooks which anciently fastened the breeches to the waistcoat. The same kind of pleasantry occurs in *King Henry IV.*, Part I. last edit. vol. v. p. 326.:

"Their *points* being broken—
"*Down fell their hose.*"—STEEVENS.

A *point* seems to have been a string with a metal tag to it. Cotgrave renders it by *aiguillette*.—MALONE.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Marshalsea Prison.*

*Enter* IDLE; *to him afterwards* PYEBOARD *and* SKIRMISH.

*Pye.* [*within.*] Pray turn the key.
*Skir.* [*within.*] Turn the key, I pray.
*Idle.* Who should those be? I almost know their voices. [PYEBOARD *and* SKIRMISH *enter.*] O my friends! you are welcome to a smelling room here. You newly took leave of the air; has it not a strange savour?

*Pye.* As all prisons have, smells of sundry wretches, who, though departed, leave their scents behind them. By gold, captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

*Idle.* By my troth, George, I thank thee; but, pish—what must be, must be.

*Skir.* Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great! what's your offence?

*Idle.* Faith my offence is ordinary, common; a high-way: and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too,—a halter.

*Pye.* Nay, prophecy not so ill; it shall go hard but I'll shift for thy life.

*Idle.* Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest George. I'll tell you. Silver flowed not with me, as it had done; for now the tide runs to bawds and flatterers. I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat steward, thinking his purse had been as pursy as his body; and the slave had about him but the poor purchase of ten groats. Notwithstanding being descried, pursued, and taken, I know the law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unsettled soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their pipe for't.

*Skir.* I am twice sorry for you, captain; first, that your purchase was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

*Idle.* Pish, the worst is but death. Have you a pipe of tobacco about you?

*Skir.* I think I have thereabouts about me.

*Idle.* Here's a clean gentleman too, to receive.[18]

[IDLE *smokes a pipe.*

*Pye.* Well, I must cast about some happy sleight: Work, brain, that ever didst thy master right.

[OATH *and* NICHOLAS *knock within.*

*Oath.* [*within.*] Keeper, let the key be turned.

*Nich.* [*within.*] Ay, I pray, master keeper, give us a cast of your office.

*Enter* OATH *and* NICHOLAS.

*Idle.* How now? More visitants? What, corporal Oath?

*Pye.* } Corporal!
*Skir.* }

*Oath.* In prison, honest captain? this must not be.

*Nich.* How do you, captain kinsman?

*Idle.* Good coxcomb, what makes that pure, starched fool here?

*Nich.* You see, kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do. I heard you were safe enough; and I was very glad on't that it was no worse.

*Idle.* This is a double torture now. This fool, by the book, doth vex me more than my imprisonment. What meant you, corporal, to hook him hither?

*Oath.* Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee; I'll make him do't.

*Idle.* Fie, what vain breath you spend? He supply! I'll sooner expect mercy from an usurer when my bond's forfeited; sooner kindness from a lawyer when my money's spent, nay, sooner charity from the devil, than good from a Puritan. I'll look for relief from him when Lucifer is restored to his blood,[19] and in heaven again.

*Nich.* I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most tyrannically.[20]

*Pye.* Captain Idle, what's he there? he looks like a monkey upward, and a crane downward.

*Idle.* Psha! a foolish cousin of mine, I must thank God for him.

*Pye.* Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change clothes with him, and leave him here, and so—

*Idle.* Pish! I published him e'en now to my corporal: he will be damn'd ere he do me so much good. Why, I know a more proper, a more handsome device than that, if the slave would be sociable. Now, goodman Fleerface?

*Nich.* O, my cousin begins to speak to me now; I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

*Skir.* Look, what ridiculous raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

*Pye.* Then what say you to this device? a happy one, captain?

*Idle.* Speak low, George; prison rats have wider ears than those in malt-lofts.

---

[18] "Here's a *clean* pipe to *receive* the tobacco."—STEEVENS.

[19] Restored *to his blood*—i. e. to his family honours, his rank, which he once held as an angel. So in *the Yorkshire Tragedy*:

"You are a gentleman by *many bloods*."—STEEVENS.

[20] *Most* tyrannically.—So in *Hamlet*: "—— little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are *most tyrannically* clapp'd for it."—STEEVENS.

*Nich.* Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say, to do—

*Idle.* 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that: but ne'er talk further on't; the fool will be hanged e'er he do't. [*To the Corporal.*

*Oath.* Pox, I'll thump him to't.

*Pye.* Why, do but try the fopster, and break it to him bluntly.

*Idle.* And so my disgrace will dwell in his jaws, and the slave slaver out our purpose to his master; for would I were but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

*Nich.* I would be heartily glad, cousin, if any of my friendships, as they say, might—stand, ha—

*Pye.* Why, you see he offers his friendship foolishly to you already.

*Idle.* Ay, that's the hell on't; I would he would offer it wisely.

*Nich.* Verily and indeed la, cousin—

*Idle.* I have took note of thy fleers a good while. If thou art minded to do me good, (as thou gap'st upon me comfortably, and giv'st me charitable faces,—which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans,) wilt soon at night steal me thy master's chain?

*Nich.* Oh, I shall swoon!

*Pye.* Corporal, he starts already.

*Idle.* I know it to be worth three hundred crowns; and with the half of that I can buy my life at a broker's, at second-hand, which now lies in pawn to the law. If this thou refuse to do, being easy and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy master, why 'tis a palpable argument thou holdest my life at no price; and these thy broken and unjointed offers are but only created in thy lip; now born, and now buried; foolish breath only. What, wilt do't? shall I look for happiness in thy answer?

*Nich.* Steal my master's chain, quoth-a? No, it shall ne'er be said, that Nicholas St Antlings committed birdlime.

*Idle.* Nay, I told you as much, did I not?—Though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man.

*Nich.* Why cousin, you know 'tis written, *Thou shalt not steal.*

*Idle.* Why, and fool, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour*, and help him in extremities.

*Nich.* Mass I think it be indeed: in what chapter's that, cousin?

*Idle.* Why in the first of Charity, the second verse.

*Nich.* The first of Charity, quoth-a? That's a good jest; there's no such chapter in my book.

*Idle.* No, I knew 'twas torn out of thy book, and that makes it so little in thy heart.

*Pye.* [*Takes* NICHOLAS *aside.*] Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a kinsman i'faith; the captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the pome-water of his eye,[21] and you to be so uncomfortable: fie, fie.

*Nich.* Pray do not wish me to be hanged. Any thing else that I can do, had it been to rob, I would have done't; but I must not steal: That's the word, the literal. *Thou shalt not steal;* and would you wish me to steal then?

*Pye.* No faith, that were too much, to speak truth: why, wilt thou nym it from him?

*Nich.* That I will.

*Pye.* Why enough, bully; he will be content with that, or he shall have none: let me alone with him now.—Captain, I have dealt with your kinsman in a corner; a good, kind-natured fellow, methinks: go to; you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't: he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nym it from him.

*Nich.* Ay, that I will, cousin.

*Idle.* Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

*Oath.* Here's no notable gullery!

*Pye.* Nay, I'll come nearer to you, gentleman. Because we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the knight shall not lose his chain neither, but it shall be only laid out of the way some one or two days.

*Nich.* Ay, that would be good indeed, kinsman.

*Pye.* For I have a farther reach, to profit us better by the missing of't only, than if we had it outright; as my discourse shall make it known to you. When thou hast the chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the garden, and there hang it close in the rosemary bank, but for a small season; and by that harmless device I know how to wind captain Idle out of prison: the knight thy master shall get his pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy master with his own chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

*Nich.* That were rare indeed la. Pray let me know how.

*Pye.* Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, because thou must be employed as an actor.

*Nich.* An actor? O no; that's a player; and our parson rails against players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upon the stage once;—as he will be horribly drunk.

*Oath.* Mass I cannot blame him then, poor church-spout.

*Pye.* Why, as an intermedler then.

*Nich.* Ay, that, that.

*Pye.* Give me audience then. When the old knight, thy master, has raged his fill for the loss of the chain, tell him thou hast a kinsman in pri-

[21] The apple of his eye.

son, of such exquisite art, that the devil himself is French lackey to him, and runs bare-headed by his horse-belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity,[22] to fetch his chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of sea-coal, and ne'er make spade or pick-axe his instruments: tell him but this, with farther instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou showest thyself a kinsman indeed.

*Oath.* A dainty bully.

*Skir.* An honest book-keeper.

*Idle.* And my three-times-thrice-honey cousin.

*Nich.* Nay, grace of God, I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the rosemary bank; but I bear that mind, cousin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own father.

*Skir.* He bears a good mind in that, captain.

*Pye.* Why, well said; he begins to be an honest fellow, 'faith.

*Oath.* In troth he does.

*Nich.* You see, cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness; always saving myself harmless.

*Idle.* Why I thank thee. Fare thee well; I shall requite it. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.

*Oath.* 'Twill be good for thee, captain, that thou hast such an egregious ass to thy cousin.

*Idle.* Ay, is he not a fine fool, corporal?
But, George, thou talk'st of art and conjuring;
How shall that be?

*Pye.* Puh! be't not in your care:
Leave that to me and my directions.
Well, captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
Even with the vantage, man, to gain by prison,
As my thoughts prompt me. Hold on brain and plot!
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length.
I'll to the widow with a quaint assault:
Captain, be merry.

*Idle.* Who, I? Kerry merry buff-jerkin.

*Pye.* Oh, I am happy in more sleights; and one will knit strong in another. Corporal Oath.

*Oath.* Ho! bully!

*Pye.* And thou, old Peter Skirmish, I have a necessary task for you both.

*Skir.* Lay it upon us, George Pyeboard.

*Oath.* Whate'er it be, we'll manage it.

*Pye.* I would have you to maintain a quarrel before the lady widow's door, and draw your swords i'the edge of the evening: clash a little, clash, clash.

*Oath.* Fuh!
Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after supper.

*Pye.* I know you can: and out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief. And, captain, to countenance my device the better, and grace my words to the widow, I have a good plain sattin suit, that I had of a young reveller t'other night; for words pass not regarded now-a-days, unless they come from a good suit of clothes; which the Fates and my wits have bestowed upon me. Well, captain Idle, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve score of a prison;[23] for I protest, at this instant, I walk in great danger of small debts. I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such jills will quickly be upon a man's jack.[24]

*Idle.* True, George.

*Pye.* Fare thee well, captain. Come corporal and ancient. Thou shalt hear more news next time we greet thee.

*Oath.* More news?—Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot, in heaven shalt thou.[25]

[*Exeunt* PYEBOARD, SKIRMISH, *and* OATH.

*Idle.* Enough: my friends, farewell!
This prison shows as ghosts did part in hell.

[*Exit.*

---

[22] *With most* Irish *dexterity*—With the agility of a running footman. In the time of queen Elizabeth and king James I. many noblemen had Irish running footmen in their service.—MALONE.

[23] *I would ne'er be seen within* twelve score *of a prison.*—That is, within twelve score yards of a prison.—MALONE.

See note on *King Henry IV.* last edit. vol. v. p. 346. STEEVENS.

[24] *And you know such* jills *will quickly be upon a man's* jack—Jill is a low appellation for a woman; originally a corruption of Julian. A *jack* or jacket was the quilted waistcoat formerly worn under a coat of mail. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 49, edit. 1633.—MALONE.

*Such* jills *will quickly be upon a man's jack.*—See note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, last edit. vol. iii. p. 478.—STEEVENS.

[25] *By yon Bear at Bridge-foot, in* heaven *shalt thou.* I do not understand this adjuration. Perhaps the word *heaven* is a corruption. We were told, just before, that the pretended scuffle was to be in the *evening*. I therefore suspect we should read—" by yon Bear at the Bridge-foot, (the sign of a well-known tavern at the foot of London Bridge) in *the even* shalt thou." The corporal would naturally enough swear by the sign of a public-house which he was accustomed to frequent.—STEEVENS.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* MARY.

*Mary.* Not marry! forswear marriage! Why all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I, to spight my sister's vow the more, have entertained a suitor already, a fine gallant knight of the last feather.[26] He says he will coach me too, and well appoint me; allow me money to dice withal; and many such pleasing protestations he sticks upon my lips. Indeed, his short-winded father i' the country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable farmer; and therefore he may do it in time. 'Troth I'll venture upon him. Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: if he prove wise, and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an ass, why in a quarter of an hour's warning I can transform him into an ox;—there comes in my relief again.

*Enter* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* O, mistress Mary, mistress Mary!

*Mary.* How now? what's the news?

*Frail.* The knight, your suitor, sir John Pennydub.

*Mary.* Sir John Pennydub? where? where?

*Frail.* He's walking in the gallery.

*Mary.* Has my mother seen him yet?

*Frail.* O no; she's spitting in the kitchen.[27]

*Mary.* Direct him hither softly, good Frailty: I'll meet him half way.

*Frail.* That's just like running a tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB.

*Mary.* 'Tis happiness my mother saw him not. O welcome, good sir John.

*Sir John.* I thank you 'faith—Nay, you must stand me till I kiss you: 'tis the fashion every where, i'faith, and I came from court even now.

*Mary.* Nay, the Fates forefend that I should anger the fashion!

*Sir John.* Then, not forgetting the sweet of new ceremonies, I first fall back; then recovering myself, make my honour to your lip thus; and then accost it. [*Kisses her.*

*Mary.* Trust me, very pretty and moving; you're worthy of it, sir—O my mother, my mother! now she's here, we'll steal into the gallery.

[*Exeunt Sir* JOHN *and* MARY.

*Enter Widow and Sir* GODFREY.

*Sir God.* Nay, sister, let reason rule you; do not play the fool; stand not in your own light. You have wealthy offers, large tenderings; do not withstand your good fortune. Who comes a wooing to you, I pray? No small fool; a rich knight o' the city, sir Oliver Muckhill; no small fool, I can tell you. And, furthermore, as I heard late by your maid-servants, (as your maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank them,) both your daughters are not without suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk courtier, sir Andrew Tipstaff, suitor afar off to your eldest daughter; and the third, a huge wealthy farmer's son, a fine young country knight; they call him sir John Pennydub: a good name, marry;—he may have it coined when he lacks money. What blessings are these, sister?

*Wid.* Tempt me not, Satan.

*Sir God.* Satan! do I look like Satan? I hope the devil's not so old as I, I trow.

*Wid.* You wound my senses, brother, when you name
A suitor to me. O, I cannot abide it;
I take in poison when I hear one named.

*Enter* SIMON.

How now, Simon; where's my son Edmond?

*Sim.* Verily, madam, he is at vain exercise, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

*Wid.* At Tennis-Court! O, now his father's gone, I shall have no rule with him. Oh, wicked Edmond! I might well compare this with the prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior: As Harry of Monmouth won all, and Harry of Windsor lost all; so Edmond of Bristow, that was the father, got all, and Edmond of London, that's his son, now will spend all.

*Sir God.* Peace, sister, we'll have him reformed; there's hope of him yet, though it be but a little.

*Enter* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* Forsooth, madam, there are two or three archers at door would very gladly speak with your ladyship.

*Wid.* Archers?

*Sir God.* Your husband's fletcher, I warrant.

*Wid.* O,
Let them come near, they bring home things of his;

---

[26] *A fine gallant knight* of the last feather.—When this play was written, feathers were much worn by men. See Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your *feather*, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c. on the stage."—MALONE.

"A hat *of the last block*," was a phrase signifying, a hat *of the newest fashion*.—STEEVENS.

[27] *Spitting*, probably the nicer name for roasting, at least superintending the operation.

Troth I should have forgot them. How now, villain!
Which be those archers?

*Enter Sir* ANDREW TIPSTAFF, *Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL, *and Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB.

*Frail.* Why do you not see them before you? Are not these archers!—what do you call 'em—shooters?[28] Shooters and archers are all one, I hope.

*Wid.* Out, ignorant slave!

*Sir Oliv.* Nay, pray be patient, lady;
We come in way of honourable love—
*Sir And.* } We do.
*Sir John.* }
*Sir Oliv.* To you.
*Sir And.* }
*Sir John.* } And to your daughters.

*Wid.* O, why will you offer me this, gentlemen, (indeed I will not look upon you) when the tears are scarce out of mine eyes, not yet washed off from my cheeks; and my dear husband's body scarce so cold as the coffin? What reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your widows that will bury one in the evening, and be sure to have another ere morning. Pray, away; pray take your answers, good knights. An you be sweet knights, I have vowed never to marry; and so have my daughters too.

*Sir John.* Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good wench.

*Sir Oliv.* Lady, a shrewd answer, marry. The best is, 'tis but the first; and he's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one sharp answer.

*Sir And.* Where be your daughters, lady? I hope they'll give us better encouragement.

*Wid.* Indeed they'll answer you so; take it on my word, they'll give you the very same answer verbatim, truly la.

*Sir John.* Mum: Mary's a good wench still; I know what she'll do.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, lady, for this time we'll take our leaves; hoping for better comfort.

*Wid.* O never, never, an I live these thousand years. An you be good knights, do not hope; 'twill be all vain, vain. Look you put off all your suits, an you come to me again.

[*Exeunt Sir* JOHN *and Sir* ANDREW.

*Frail.* Put of all their suits, quoth-a? ay, that's the best wooing of a widow indeed, when a man's non-suited; that is, when he's a-bed with her.

*Sir Oliv.* Sir Godfrey, here's twenty angels more. Work hard for me; there's life in't yet.[29]

*Sir God.* Fear not, Sir Oliver Muckhill; I'll stick close for you: leave all with me.

[*Exit Sir* OLIVER.

*Enter* PYEBOARD.

*Pye.* By your leave, lady widow.

*Wid.* What, another suitor now?

*Pye.* A suitor! No, I protest, lady, if you'd give me yourself, I'd not be troubled with you.

*Wid.* Say you so, sir? then you're the better welcome, sir.

*Pye.* Nay, heaven bless me from a widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily?

*Wid.* Good bluntness. Well, your business, sir?

*Pye.* Very needful; if you were in private once.

*Wid.* Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, sir. [*Exit Sir* GODFREY.

*Frail.* I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put them all beside the stirrup, and vault into the saddle himself. I have seen as mad a trick. [*Exit* FRAILTY.

*Wid.* Now, sir; here's none but we.

*Enter* MARY *and* FRANCES.

Daughters, forbear.

*Pye.* O no, pray let them stay; for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as to you.

*Wid.* Then you may stay.

*Pye.* I pray bestow on me a serious ear,
For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

*Wid.* Fear?

*Pye.* Ay, if it pass unregarded, and uneffected; else peace and joy: I pray attention. Widow, I have been a mere stranger from these parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the husband of you, and father of them; but I truly know, by certain spiritual intelligence, that he is in purgatory.

*Wid.* Purgatory! tuh; that word deserves to be spit upon. I wonder that a man of sober tongue, as you seem to be, should have the folly to believe there's such a place.

*Pye.* Well, lady, in cold blood, I speak it; I assure you that there is a purgatory, in which place I know your husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, till the dissolution of the world, till the last general bonfire; when all the earth shall melt into nothing, and the seas scald their finny labourers: so long is his abidance, unless your alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your daughters theirs; that is, the purpose of single life in yourself and your eldest daughter, and the speedy determination of marriage in your youngest.

*Mary.* How knows he that? what, has some devil told him?

*Wid.* Strange he should know our thoughts.—

---

[28] *Suitors.*

[29] *There's life in't yet.*—So Lear:

"Then there's life in it." STEEVENS.

Why, but daughter, have you purposed speedy marriage?

*Pye.* You see she tells you, ay, for she says nothing. Nay, give me credit as you please; I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to me metaphysically, and by a supernatural intelligence.

*Wid.* This puts amazement on me.

*Fran.* Know our secrets?

*Mary.* I had thought to steal a marriage. Would his tongue had dropped out when he blabbed it!

*Wid.* But, sir, my husband was too honest a dealing man to be now in any purgatories.

*Pye.* O, do not load your conscience with untruths;
'Tis but mere folly now to gild him o'er,
That has past but for copper. Praises here
Cannot unbind him there. Confess but truth;
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
O, hardly, hardly.

*Wid.* This is most strange of all: how knows he that?

*Pye.* He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up;
And had his drink from many a poor man's brow,
Even as their labour brewed it. He would scrape
Riches to him most unjustly: the very dirt
Between his nails was ill got, and not his own.
O, I groan to speak on't; the thought makes me
Shudder, shudder!

*Wid.* It quakes me too, now I think on't. [*Aside.*] Sir, I am much grieved, that you a stranger should so deeply wrong my dead husband!

*Pye.* O!

*Wid.* A man that would keep church so duly; rise early, before his servants, and even for religious haste, go ungartered, unbuttoned, nay (sir reverence) untrussed, to morning prayer?

*Pye.* O, uff.

*Wid.* Dine quickly upon high days; and when I had great guests, would even shame me, and rise from the table, to get a good seat at an afternoon sermon.

*Pye.* There's the devil, there's the devil! True: he thought it sanctity enough, if he had killed a man, so it had been done in a pew; or undone his neighbour, so it had been near enough to the preacher. O, a sermon's a fine short cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a dissembler.—Church! ay, he seemed all church, and his conscience was as hard as the pulpit.

*Wid.* I can no more endure this.

*Pye.* Nor I, widow, endure to flatter.

*Wid.* Is this all your business with me?

*Pye.* No, lady, 'tis but the induction to it.[30]
You may believe my strains; I strike all true;
And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue, yourself would affirm it. And that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present, a brother of your husband's shall shortly have a loss.

*Wid.* A loss? marry, heaven forefend! Sir Godfrey, my brother!

*Pye.* Nay, keep in your wonders, till I have told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented. For your part and your daughters', if there be not once this day some blood shed before your door, whereof the human creature dies, two of you (the elder) shall run mad;—

*Wid. and Fran.* Oh!

*Mary.* That's not I yet.

*Pye.* And, with most impudent prostitution, show your naked bodies to the view of all beholders.

*Wid.* Our naked bodies? fie for shame.

*Pye.* Attend me—and your younger daughter be strucken dumb.

*Mary.* Dumb? out, alas! 'tis the worst pain of all for a woman. I'd rather be mad, or run naked, or any thing. Dumb!

*Pye.* Give ear: Ere the evening fall upon hill, bog, and meadow, this my speech shall have past probation, and then shall I be believed accordingly.

*Wid.* If this be true, we are all shamed, all undone.

*Mary.* Dumb! I'll speak as much as ever I can possibly before evening.

*Pye.* But if it so come to pass, (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and blood-shedding, (which I before told you of,) take heed, upon your lives, that two of you which have vowed never to marry, seek out husbands with all present speed; and you, the third, that have such a desire to outstrip chastity, look you meddle not with a husband.

*Mary.* A double torment.

*Pye.* The breach of this keeps your father in purgatory; and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with horror kill the ear should hear them related.

*Wid.* Marry! Why I vowed never to marry.

*Fran.* And so did I.

*Mary.* And I vowed never to be such an ass, but to marry. What a cross fortune's this?

*Pye.* Ladies, though I be a fortune-teller, I cannot better fortunes; you have them from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

*Wid.* O! 'tis a just vengeance for my husband's hard purchases.

---

[30] *'Tis but the induction to it*—The *prelude* or *introduction* to it.—MALONE.

*Pye.* I wish you to bethink yourselves, and leave them.

*Wid.* I'll to sir Godfrey, my brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

*Fran.* For, mother, they portend losses to him.

*Wid.* O ay, they do, they do.
If any happy issue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

*Pye.* 'Tis enough, lady; I wish no higher.

[*Exeunt Widow and* FRANCES.

*Mary.* Dumb? and not marry? worse:
Neither to speak, nor kiss; a double curse. [*Exit.*

*Pye.* So all this comes well about yet. I play the fortune-teller as well as if I had had a witch to my grannam: for, by good happiness, being in my hostess's garden, which neighbours the orchard of the widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall, and heard them make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my forgery the more, I may now perceive in them a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the widow, I have advised old Peter Skirmish, the soldier, to hurt corporal Oath upon the leg; and in that hurry I'll rush amongst them, and instead of giving the corporal some cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, to make him seem as dead; for the which the old soldier being apprehended, and ready to be borne to execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death. The corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought itself; and so shall I get myself into a most admired opinion, and, under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion. And if that foolish Nicholas St Antlings keep true time with the chain, my plot will be sound, the captain delivered, and my wits applauded amongst scholars and soldiers for ever.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

*Enter* NICHOLAS.

*Nich.* O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the chain. My master put it off e'en now, to 'say on a new doublet;[31] and I sneaked it away by little and little, most puritanically. We shall have good sport anon, when he has missed it, about my cousin the conjurer. The world shall see I'm an honest man of my word; for now I'm going to hang it between heaven and earth, among the rosemary branches. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before the Widow's House.*

*Enter* SIMON *and* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* Sirrah, Simon St Mary-Overies, my mistress sends away all her suitors, and puts fleas in their ears.

*Sim.* Frailty, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous woman; for widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

*Frail.* Yet, Simon, many widows will do't, whatso comes on't.

*Sim.* True, Frailty; their filthy flesh desires a conjunction copulative. What strangers are within, Frailty?

*Frail.* There's none, Simon, but Mr Pilfer the Taylor: he's above with Sir Godfrey, 'praising of a doublet:[32] and I must trudge anon to fetch Mr Suds the barber.

*Sim.* Master Suds:—a good man; he washes the sins of the beard clean.

*Enter* SKIRMISH.

*Skir.* How now, creatures? what's o'clock?

*Frail.* Why, do you take us to be Jacks o' the clock house?[33]

*Skir.* I say again to you, what is't o'clock?

*Sim.* Truly, la, we go by the clock of our conscience. All worldly clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken sextons.

*Skir.* Then what is't o'clock in your conscience?—O, I must break off; here comes the corporal.

*Enter* OATH.

Hum, hum: what is't o'clock?

*Oath.* O'clock? why, past seventeen.

*Frail.* Past seventeen! Nay, he has met with his match now; corporal Oath will fit him.

*Skir.* Thou dost not balk or baffle me, dost thou? I am a soldier. Past seventeen!

*Oath.* Ay, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee: twelve and one is thirteen, I hope; two fourteen, three fifteen, four sixteen, and five seventeen; then past seventeen: I will take the dial's part in a just cause.

*Skir.* I say 'tis but past five then.

---

[31] *To* 'say *on a new doublet*—That is, to *essay* or try it on.—MALONE.

[32] 'Praising *of a doublet*:—Appreciating, estimating the price of a doublet; delivering the items of his charge.—MALONE.

[33] *Why, do you take us to be* Jacks o' the clock-house?—Figures formerly placed in the great clocks of churches, which by mechanism struck the hours. At St Dunstan's church in London, two of these *Jacks of the clock-house* may yet be seen.—MALONE.

See notes on *K. Richard III.* last edit. Vol. VII. p. 113.—STEEVENS.

*Oath.* I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then. Dost thou not know numbers? Can'st thou not cast?

*Skir.* Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'the street? [34] [*They draw and fight.*

*Oath.* Ay, and in the market-place.

*Sim.* Clubs, clubs, clubs. [35] [SIMON *runs away.*

*Frail.* Ay, I knew by their shuffling, clubs would be trump. Mass, here's the knave, an he can do any good upon them: Clubs, clubs, clubs. [*Exit.*

*Enter* PYEBOARD.

*Oath.* O villain, thou hast opened a vein in my leg.

*Pye.* How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

*Oath.* By yon blue welkin, 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the leg.

*Enter Officers.*

*Pye.* O, peace now: I have a cordial here to comfort thee.

*Offi.* Down with 'em, down with 'em; lay hands upon the villain.

*Skir.* Lay hands on me?

*Pye.* I'll not be seen among them now. [*Exit* PYEBOARD.

*Oath.* I'm hurt, and had more need have surgeons lay hands upon me, than rough officers.

*Offi.* Go, carry him to be dressed then: this mutinous soldier shall along with me to prison.

[*Exeunt some of the Sheriff's Officers with Corporal* OATH.

*Skir.* To prison? Where's George?

*Offi.* Away with him.

[*Exeunt Officers with* SKIRMISH.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Re-enter* PYEBOARD.

*Pye.* So,
All lights as I would wish. The amazed widow
Will plant me strongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns those presages from them
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy,
Mingled with admiration. These empty creatures,
Soldier and corporal, were but ordained
As instruments for me to work upon.
Now to my patient; here's his potion. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Widow's House.*

*Enter Widow,* FRANCES, *and* MARY.

*Wid.* O Wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!
O lucky fair event! I think our fortunes
Were blest even in our cradles. We are quitted
Of all those shameful violent presages
By this rash bleeding chance. Go, Frailty, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my door received his hurt.

*Frail.* Madam he was carried to the superior; but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [*Exit* FRAILTY.

*Fran.* Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller; never looked upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us: a wondrous fellow surely!

*Mary.* I am glad I have the use of my tongue yet, though of nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope, shortly.

*Wid.* O where's my brother sir Godfrey? I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning gentleman spoke in all things.

*Enter Sir* GODFREY.

*Sir God.* O my chain, my chain! I have lost my chain. Where be these villains, varlets?

*Wid.* O, he has lost his chain.

*Sir God.* My chain, my chain!

*Wid.* Brother, be patient; hear me speak. You know I told you that a cunning-man told me that you should have a loss, and he has prophecied so true—

*Sir God.* Out, he's a villain to prophecy of the loss of my chain. 'Twas worth above three hundred crowns. Besides, 'twas my father's, my father's father's, my grandfather's huge grandfather's: [36] I had as lief have lost my neck, as the chain that hung about it. O my chain, my chain!

*Wid.* O, brother, who can be guarded against a misfortune? 'Tis happy 'twas no more.

*Sir God.* No more! O goodly godly sister, would you had me lost more? my best gown too, with the cloth of gold lace? my holiday gaskins, [37] and my jerkin set with pearl? No more!

*Wid.* O, brother, you can read—

*Sir God.* But I cannot read where my chain is. What strangers have been here? You let in stran-

---

[34] *Dost thou speak of my* casting *in the street?*—There is a play on the word *cast*, which formerly signified *to vomit*, as well as to throw or to reckon.—MALONE.

[35] *Clubs, clubs, clubs.*—From our old plays it appears, that it was customary, on the first appearance of a broil or riot, to cry out *clubs*; I suppose, to part the combatants. So in *As You Like It*:

"*Clubs* cannot *part* them." MALONE.

[36] Huge *grandfather's*;—i. e. *great* grandfather's.—PERCY.

[37] *My holiday* gaskins.—*Gaskins* are breeches.—MALONE.

gers, thieves, and catch-poles. How comes it gone? There was none above with me but my taylor; and my taylor will not steal, I hope.

*Mary.* No; he's afraid of a chain.

*Enter* FRAILTY.

*Wid.* How now, sirrah? the news?

*Frail.* O, mistress, he may well be called a corporal now, for his corpse is as dead as a cold capon's.

*Wid.* More happiness.

*Sir God.* Sirrah, what's this to my chain? Where's my chain, knave?

*Frail.* Your chain, sir?

*Sir God.* My chain is lost, villain.

*Frail.* I would he were hanged in chains that has it then for me. Alas, sir, I saw none of your chain since you were hung with it yourself.

*Sir God.* Out varlet! it had full three thousand links;
I have oft told it over at my prayers;
Over and over: full three thousand links.

*Frail.* Had it so, sir! sure it cannot be lost then; I'll put you in that comfort.

*Sir God.* Why? why?

*Frail.* Why, if your chain had so many links, it cannot choose but come to light.

*Enter* NICHOLAS.

*Sir God.* Delusion! Now, long Nicholas, where is my chain?

*Nich.* Why about your neck, is't not, sir?

*Sir God.* About my neck, varlet? My chain is lost; 'tis stolen away; I am robbed.

*Wid.* Nay, brother, shew yourself a man.

*Nich.* Ay, if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, mistress, I could bring him to a cunning kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a sesarara.

*Sir God.* Canst thou? I will be patient: say, where dwells he?

*Nich.* Marry he dwells now, sir, where he would not dwell an he could choose; in the Marshalsea, sir. But he's an excellent fellow if he were out; has travelled all the world over he, and been in the seven and twenty provinces:[39] why, he would make it be fetched, sir, if it were rid a thousand mile out of town.

*Sir God.* An admirable fellow! What lies he for?

*Nich.* Why, he did but rob a steward of ten groats t'other night, as any man would ha' done, and there he lies for't.

*Sir God.* I'll make his peace. A trifle! I'll get his pardon,
Besides a bountiful reward. I'll about it.
But see the clerks, the Justice will do much.
I will about it straight. Good sister pardon me;
All will be well, I hope, and turn to good:
The name of conjurer has laid my blood.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter* PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, *and* DOGSON.

*Put.* His hostess where he lies will trust him no longer. She hath fee'd me to arrest him; and if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, serjeant Ravenshaw. I have the good angel to arrest him.[40]

*Rav.* 'Troth I'll take part with thee then, serjeant; not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a scholar. Why, serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate scholars,—natural; besides, they will publish our imperfections, knaveries, and conveyances, upon scaffolds and stages.

*Put.* Ay, and spitefully too. 'Troth I have wondered how the slaves could see into our breasts so much, when our doublets are buttoned with pewter.

*Rav.* Ay, and so close without yielding. O, they're parlous fellows; they will search more with their wits, than a constable with his officers.

*Put.* Whist, whist, whist. Yeoman Dogson, yeoman Dogson.

*Dog.* Ha! what says serjeant?

*Put.* Is he in the 'pothecary's shop still?

*Dog.* Ay, ay.

*Put.* Have an eye, have an eye.

*Rav.* The best is, serjeant, if he be a true scholar, he wears no weapon, I think.

*Put.* No, no, he wears no weapon.

*Rav.* Mass I am glad of that; it has put me in better heart. Nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him, if he be stiff-necked. I have been one of the six myself, that has dragged as tall men of their hands, when their weapons have been gone, as ever bastinadoed a serjeant. I have done I can tell you.

*Dog.* Serjeant Puttock, serjeant Puttock.

*Put.* Ho.

*Dog.* He's coming out single.

*Put.* Peace, peace, be not too greedy; let him play a little, let him play a little; we'll jerk him up of a sudden: I ha' fish'd in my time.

*Rav.* Ay, and caught many a fool, serjeant.

*Enter* PYEBOARD.

*Pye.* I parted now from Nicholas: the chain's couched,
And the old knight has spent his rage upon't,
The widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning art: 'mongst joys I'm even lost,
For my device can no way now be crossed;

---

[39] Misnamed for the seventeen provinces.

[40] *I have the good* angel to *arrest him.*—He means the coin so called.—MALONE.

And now I must to prison to the captain,
And there—

*Put.* I arrest you, sir.

*Pye.* Oh—I spoke truer than I was aware; I must to prison indeed.

*Put.* They say you're a scholar.—Nay, sir—yeoman Dogson, have care to his arms.—You'll rail against serjeants, and stage 'em? You'll tickle their vices?

*Pye.* Nay, use me like a gentleman, I'm little less.

*Put.* You a gentleman! that's a good jest i'faith. Can a scholar be a gentleman, when a gentleman will not be a scholar? Look upon your wealthy citizens' sons, whether they be scholars or no, that are gentlemen by their fathers' trades. A scholar a gentleman!

*Pye.* Nay, let fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me. A gentleman is *accidens inseparabile* to my blood.

*Rav.* A rablement! nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you, I warrant you.

*Put.* Go, yeoman Dogson, before, and enter the action i' the Counter.

[*Exit* DOGSON.

*Pye.* Pray do not handle me cruelly; I'll go whither you please to have me.

*Put.* Oh, he's tame; let him loose, serjeant.

*Pye.* Pray, at whose suit is this?

*Put.* Why at your hostess's suit where you lie, mistress Conyburrow, for bed and board; the sum four pound five shillings and five pence.

*Pye.* I know the sum too true; yet I presumed
Upon a farther day. Well, 'tis my stars,
And I must bear it now, though never harder.
I swear now my device is cross'd indeed:
Captain must lie by't: this is deceit's seed.

*Put.* Come, come away.

*Pye.* Pray give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'll away with you.

*Put.* Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you; this is no pains to attend thus.

[PYEBOARD *pretends to tie his garter.*

*Pye.* I am now wretched and miserable; I shall ne'er recover of this disease. Hot iron gnaw their fists! They have struck a fever into my shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again, I fear me, 'till with a true *habeas corpus* the sexton remove me. O, if I take prison once, I shall be press'd to death with actions; but not so happy as speedily: perhaps I may be forty years a pressing, till I be a thin old man; that looking through the grates, men may look through me. All my means is confounded. What shall I do? Have my wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd servant) when I have most need of them? No device to keep my poor carcase from these puttocks?—Yes, happiness; have I a paper about me now? Yes, two: I'll try it, it may hit; *Extremity is the touchstone unto wit.* Ay, ay.

*Put.* 'Sfoot, how many yards are in thy garters, that thou art so long a tying of them? Come away, sir.

*Pye.* 'Troth serjeant, I protest, you could never have took me at a worse time; for now at this instant I have no lawful picture about me.[41]

*Put.* 'Slid, how shall we come by our fees then?

*Rav.* We must have fees, sirrah.

*Pye.* I could have wish'd, i'faith, that you had took me half an hour hence for your own sake; for I protest if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a mask here, drawn in this paper. But now, come, I must be contented; 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

*Put.* Why, how far hence dwells that gentleman?

*Rav.* Ay, well said, serjeant; 'tis good to cast about for money.

*Put.* Speak; if it be not far—

*Pye.* We are but a little past it; the next street behind us.

*Put.* 'Slid, we have waited upon you grievously already. If you'll say you'll be liberal when you have it, give us double fees, and spend upon us, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the gentleman.

*Rav.* Ay, well said; still, serjeant, urge that.

*Pye.* 'Troth if it will suffice, it shall be all among you; for my part I'll not pocket a penny: my hostess shall have her four pounds five shillings, and bate me the five pence; and the other fifteen shillings I'll spend upon you.

*Rav.* Why now thou art a good scholar.

*Put.* An excellent scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well a-late. Come we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt* PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, *and* PYEBOARD, *who knocks at the door of a Gentleman's House at the inside of the Stage.*

SCENE V.—*A Gallery in a Gentleman's House.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Who knocks? Who's at door? We had need of a porter. [*Opens the door.*

*Pye.* [*Within*] A few friends here. Pray is the gentleman your master within?

*Ser.* Yes; is your business to him?

[*Servant opens the door.*

*Enter* PYEBOARD, PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, *and* DOGSON.

*Pye.* Ay, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me?

*Ser.* Ay, by my troth, sir; pray come near; I'll

---

[41] *No lawful picture about me.*—Money is still called *King's pictures*, in low language.—STEEVENS.

in and tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery till he comes. [*Exit Servant.*

*Pye.* We will attend his worship. Worship I think; for so much the posts at his door should signify,[42] and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship: but 'tis happiness he is within doors, whatsoe'er he be. If he be not too much a formal citizen, he may do me good.—[*Aside.*]—Serjeant and yeoman, how do you like this house? Is't not most wholsomely plotted?[43]

*Rav.* 'Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

*Pye.* Yet I wonder how he should forget me,—for he never knew me. [*Aside.*] No matter; what is forgot in you, will be remembered in your master. A pretty comfortable room this, methinks; you have no such rooms in prison now?

*Put.* O, dog-holes to't.

*Pye.* Dog-holes, indeed. I can tell you, I have great hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet too; for he's the most free heartedst gentleman, where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make verses?

*Put.* O, it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Pye.* Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately—Mass here he comes; he should be a gentleman; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

*Gent.* You're kindly welcome, sir.

*Put.* 'A simple salutation.

*Rav.* Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

*Pye.* I have the thing here for you, sir—[*Takes the Gentleman apart.*] I beseech you conceal me, sir; I'm undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, sir; look you, sir.—I beseech your worship first pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers; arrested for debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinched clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

*Gent.* Go forward.

*Put.* I warrant he likes it rarely.

*Pye.* In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this paper; and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, sir, which my thoughts showed me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is, to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

*Gent.* By my troth, an excellent device.

*Put.* An excellent device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

*Gent.* O' my faith, I never heard a better.

*Rav.* Hark, he swears he never heard a better, serjeant.

*Put.* O, there's no talk on't; he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.

*Gent.* Give me your paper, your device; I was never better pleased in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought! Come in, sir, and receive your money, sir. [*Exit.*

*Pye.* I'll follow your good worship.—You heard how he liked it now?

*Put.* Puh, we know he could not choose but like it. Go thy ways; thou art a witty fine fellow i'faith: thou shalt discourse it to us at the tavern anon; wilt thou?

*Pye.* Ay, ay, that I will. Look, serjeant, here are maps, and pretty toys: be doing in the mean time; I shall quickly have told out the money, you know.

*Put.* Go, go, little villain; fetch thy chink; I begin to love thee: I'll be drunk to-night in thy company.

*Pye.* This gentleman I well may call a part
Of my salvation in these earthly evils,
For he has saved me from three hungry devils.
[*Exit* PYEBOARD.

*Put.* Sirrah serjeant, these maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet: methinks they're too busy, and full of circles and conjurations. They say all the world's in one of them; but I could ne'er find the Counter in the Poultry.[44]

---

[42] *Worship, I think; for so much* the posts at his door *should signify.*—Justices of peace and sheriffs, in the time of queen Elizabeth, had two posts placed before their door.—MALONE.

See note on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 175.—STEEVENS.

[43] *Is't not most* wholsomely plotted.—i. e. Is not the ground plot of this house laid in a most wholesome situation.—PERCY.

[44] *But I could ne'er find the* Counter *in the Poultry.*—The prison so called.—MALONE.

*Rav.* I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

*Dog.* Mass, that's true; then we must look o'the back-side for't. 'Sfoot here's nothing; all's bare.

*Rav.* I warrant thee, that stands for the Counter: for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

*Put.* 'Faith like enough, serjeant; I never marked so much before. Sirrah serjeant, and yeoman, I should love these maps out o' cry now, if we could see men peep out of door in 'em. O, we might have 'em in a morning to our breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

*Rav.* Ay marry, sir, I'd buy one then myself. But this talk is by the way.—Where shall us sup to-night? Five pound received—let's talk of that. I have a trick worth all. You two shall bear him to the tavern, whilst I go close with his hostess, and work out of her. I know she would be glad of the sum, to finger money, because she knows 'tis but a desperate debt, and full of hazard.—What will you say, if I bring it to pass, that the hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty shillings, bullies?

*Put.* Why, I would call thee king of serjeants, and thou should'st be chronicled in the Counter-book for ever.

*Rav.* Well, put it to me; we'll make a night on't, i'faith.

*Dog.* 'Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he stays so long.

*Put.* He tarries long indeed. May be I can tell you, upon the good liking on't, the gentleman may prove more bountiful.

*Rav.* That would be rare; we'll search him.

*Put.* Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Rav.* O, here comes the gentleman. By your leave, sir.

*Gent.* God you good den, sirs. Would you speak with me?

*Put.* No, not with your worship, sir; only we are bold to stay for a friend of our's that went in with your worship.

*Gent.* Who? not the scholar?

*Put.* Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

*Gent.* Did he make you stay for him? He did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gone above an hour ago.

*Rav.* How, sir?

*Gent.* I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

*Put.* Back-door?

*Gent.* Why, what's the matter?

*Put.* He was our prisoner, sir; we did arrest him.

*Gent.* What! he was not?—You the sheriff's officers! You were to blame then. Why did not you make known to me as much? I could have kept him for you. I protest he received all of me in Britain gold of the last coining.[45]

*Rav.* Vengeance dog him with't!

*Put.* 'Sfoot, has he gull'd us so?

*Dog.* Where shall we sup now, serjeants?

*Put.* Sup, Simon, now![46] eat porridge for a month.—Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your worship. You did but as another would have done. 'Twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase;—but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

*Rav.* The Hole shall rot him.[47]

*Dog.* Amen. [*Exeunt Serjeants.*

*Gent.* So;
Vex out your lungs without doors. I am proud
It was my hap to help him. It fell fit;
He went not empty neither for his wit.
Alas, poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,
To labour his delivery, to be free
From their unpitying fangs. I'm glad it stood
Within my power to do a scholar good. [*Exit.*

---

[45] *I protest, he received of me all in* Britain gold of the last coining.—"*On the* 16*th* of November 1604, (says Stowe, *Annals*, p. 856, edit. 1631,) was proclaimed at London certain *new* pieces of coine both of gold and silver, with the true valuation and weights of them, according to the mint of *both nations*, English and Scottish.—MALONE.

[46] Sup, Simon, *now!*—This alludes to the character of "*Simon* of Southampton, alias *Sup-broth*," whom we read of in *Thomas of Reading, or the sixe worthie Yeomen of the West. Now the sixth time corrected and enlarged by T. D.* (i. e. Thomas Decker) 1632.—STEEVENS.

[47] The Hole *shall rot him.*—*The Hole* was one of the meanest apartments in the *Counter prison*. See *The Walks of Hogsdon, with the Humours of Woodstreet Compter*, a comedy, 1657:

"Next from the stocks, *the Hole*, and Little-ease,
"Sad places, which kind nature do displease,
"And from the rattling of the keeper's keys,
*Libera nos, Domine.*"

"If a man must be in a prison (says Suckling) 'tis better to lie in a private room, than in *the Hole*.—MALONE.

So in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Woodstreet's *hole*, or Poultry's hell."—STEEVENS.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Marshalsea Prison.*

*Enter* IDLE; *to him* PYEBOARD.

*Idle.* How now! Who's that? What are you?

*Pye.* The same that I should be, captain.

*Idle.* George Pyeboard? Honest George? Why cam'st thou in half-faced, muffled so?

*Pye.* O captain, I thought we should ne'er have laughed again, never spent frolic hour again.

*Idle.* Why? why?

*Pye.* I coming to prepare thee, and with news
As happy as thy quick delivery,—
Was traced out by the scent; arrested, captain.

*Idle.* Arrested, George?

*Pye.* Arrested. Guess, guess,—how many dogs do you think I had upon me?

*Idle.* Dogs? I say, I know not.

*Pye.* Almost as many as George Stone, the bear;[48] three at once, three at once.

*Idle.* How didst thou shake them off then?

*Pye.* The time is busy, and calls upon our wits.
Let it suffice,
Here I stand safe, and scaped by miracle;
Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep
Our eyes in laughter. Captain, my device
Leans to thy happiness; for ere the day
Be spent to the girdle, thou shalt be free.
The corporal's in's first sleep; the chain is miss'd;
Thy kinsman has expressed thee; and the old knight,
With palsy hams, now labours thy release.
What rests, is all in thee;—to conjure, captain.

*Idle.* Conjure? 'Sfoot, George, you know, the devil a conjuring I can conjure.

*Pye.* The devil a conjuring? Nay, by my fay, I'd not have thee do so much, captain, as the devil a conjuring. Look here; I have brought thee a circle ready charactered and all.

*Idle.* 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right wits? Dost know what thou say'st? Why dost talk to a captain of conjuring? Didst thou ever hear of a Captain Conjure in thy life? Dost call't a circle? 'Tis too wide a thing, methinks? had it been a lesser circle, then I knew what to have done.

*Pye.* Why every fool knows that, captain. Nay then I'll not cog with you, captain: if you'll stay and hang the next sessions, you may.

*Idle.* No, by my faith, George. Come, come; let's to conjuring.

*Pye.* But if you look to be released, (as my wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to further it,) besides, to put crowns in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes; and whereas, before you were a captain or poor soldier, to make you now a commander of rich fools, which is truly the only best purchase peace can allow you, safer than highways, heath, or cony-groves, and yet a far better booty; for your greatest thieves are never hanged, never hanged: for why? they're wise, and cheat within doors; and we geld fools of more money in one night, than your false-tailed gelding[49] will purchase in twelvemonths' running; which confirms the old beldam's saying, *He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest;* that is, he that robs by a good fire.

*Idle.* Well opened i'faith, George; thou hast pulled that saying out of the husk.

*Pye.* Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude or delay. The old knight will be here suddenly; I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't; 'tis nothing.

*Idle.* 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to say to't. Conjure? I shall be hanged ere I conjure.

*Pye.* Nay, tell not me of that, captain; you'll ne'er conjure after you're hanged, I warrant you. Look you, sir; a parlous matter, sure! First, to spread your circle upon the ground, with a little conjuring ceremony, (as I'll have an hackney-man's wand silvered o'er o'purpose for you;) then arriving in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample—as, for instance—have you never seen a stalking, stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels?

*Idle.* O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

*Pye.* Why be like such a one. For any thing will blear the old knight's eyes; for you must note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the room; only perhaps peep fearfully through the key-hole, to see how the play goes forward.

*Idle.* Well, I may go about it when I will; but mark the end on't; I shall but shame myself i'faith, George. Speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at key-hole! why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all. Nay, I'll tell thee, George; when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative laughter, that if the devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his face.

*Pye.* Puh! that's but the babe of a man, and may easily be hushed;—as to think upon some disaster, some sad misfortune;—as the death of thy father i'the country.

*Idle.* 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive

---

[48] *Almost as many as George Stone, the bear:*—George Stone was a noted bear exhibited at Paris Garden; so called from the name of his owner. Thus in *the Silent Woman*, by B. Jonson, 1605:—"and then out of the banqueting house *window*, when Ned Whiting and *George Stone* were *at the stake*."—*Sacarson*, the bear mentioned in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, probably likewise bore the name of his keeper.—MALONE.

[49] False-tailed *gelding*.—i. e. a horse for a highwayman, with a *false tail* to take on and off.

me into such an ecstacy, that I should ne'er lin laughing.

*Pye.* Why then think upon going to hanging.

*Idle.* Mass that's well remembered: Now I'll do well, I warrant thee; ne'er fear me now. But how shall I do, George, for boisterous words and horrible names?

*Pye.* Puh! any fustian invocations, captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well: or you may go to a 'pothecary's shop, and take all the words from the boxes.

*Idle.* Troth, and you say true, George; there's strange words enough to raise a hundred quacksalvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin. But here lies the fear on't: how, if in this false conjuration a true devil should pop up indeed?

*Pye.* A true devil, captain? why there was ne'er such a one. Nay 'faith he that has this place is as false a knave as our last church-warden.

*Idle.* Then he's false enough o' conscience, i'faith, George.

*Prisoners cry within.*] Good gentlemen over the way, send your relief; Good gentlemen over the way,—good, sir Godfrey!

*Pye.* He's come, he's come.

*Enter Sir* GODFREY, EDMOND, *and* NICHOLAS.

*Nich.* Master, that's my kinsman yonder in the buff-jerkin. Kinsman, that's my master yonder i'the taffaty hat. Pray salute him entirely.

[*Sir* GODFREY *and* IDLE *salute, and* PYEBOARD *salutes* EDMOND.

*Sir God.* Now my friend.

[*Sir* GODFREY *and* IDLE *talk aside.*

*Pye.* May I partake your name, sir?

*Edm.* My name is master Edmond.

*Pye.* Master Edmond? Are you not a Welshman, sir?

*Edm.* A Welshman? why?

*Pye.* Because master is your Christian name, and Edmond your sirname.

*Edm.* O no: I have more names at home; master Edmond Plus is my full name at length.

*Pye.* O, cry you mercy, sir.

*Idle.* [*Aside to Sir* GODFREY.] I understand that you are my kinsman's good master; and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your service. But had you fortuned a mere stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the man; both by reason of the act of parliament against conjurers and witches,[50] as also, because I would not have my art vulgar, trite, and common.

*Sir God.* I much commend your care there, good captain conjurer; and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my sister's house; mine own house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportioned.

*Idle.* Very good, sir. What may I call your loss, sir?

*Sir God.* O you may call it a great loss, a grievous loss, sir; as goodly a chain of gold, though I say it, that wore it—How say'st thou, Nicholas?

*Nich.* O 'twas as delicious a chain of gold, kinsman, you know—

*Sir God.* You know? Did you know't, captain?

*Idle.* Trust a fool with secrets!—Sir, he may say, I know. His meaning is, because my art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.

*Sir God.* Ay, very true.

*Idle.* A pox of all fools! The excuse stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown, not to come off in haste. [*Aside.*] By'r lady, knight, to lose such a fair chain of gold, were a foul loss. Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't: if it be between heaven and earth, knight, I'll have it for you.

*Sir God.* A wonderful conjurer! O ay, 'tis between heaven and earth, I warrant you; it cannot go out of the realm: I know 'tis somewhere above the earth;—

*Idle.* Ay, nigher the earth than thou wot'st on. [*Aside.*

*Sir God.* For first, my chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heaven, you know.

*Nich.* And as for the devil, master, he has no need on't; for you know he has a great chain of his own.

*Sir God.* Thou say'st true, Nicholas, but he ha put off that now; that lies by him.

*Idle.* 'Faith, knight, in few words, I presume s much upon the power of my art, that I could war rant your chain again.

*Sir God.* O dainty captain!

*Idle.* Marry, it will cost me much sweat; were better go to sixteen hot-houses.

*Sir God.* Ay, good man, I warrant thee.

*Idle.* Beside great vexation of kidney and live

*Nich.* O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, cousin because you have not been used to't.

*Sir God.* No? have you not been used to' captain?

*Idle.* Plague of all fools still! [*Aside.*] Indeed knight, I have not used it a good while, and there fore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know

---

[50] *Both by reason of the act of parliament against conjurers and witches.*—The act alluded to pa sed in the first year of James I. (1604.) This passage, therefore, corroborates the various other circum stances that have been mentioned, to show that the play before us was not written till after that period There is a particular clause in this statute against all persons "taking upon them by witchcraft, &c. t tell or declare in what place any treasure of gold or silver should or might be found or had in the earth or other secret places."—MALONE.

*Sir God.* O, it will, it will.

*Idle.* What plunges he puts me to? Were not this knight a fool, I had been twice spoiled now. That captain's worse than accursed that has an ass to his kinsman. 'Sfoot, I fear he will drivel it out, before I come to't.—Now, sir, to come to the point indeed: You see I stick here in the jaw of the Marshalsea, and cannot do't.

*Sir God.* Tut, tut, I know thy meaning: thou would'st say thou'rt a prisoner: I tell thee thou'rt none.

*Idle.* How, none? why is not this the Marshalsea?

*Sir God.* Wilt hear me speak? I heard of thy rare conjuring;
My chain was lost; I sweat for thy release,
As thou shalt do the like at home for me:—
Keeper?

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* Sir.

*Sir God.* Speak, is not this man free?

*Keep.* Yes, at his pleasure, sir, the fees discharged.

*Sir God.* Go, go; I'll discharge them, I.

*Keep.* I thank your worship. [*Exit Keeper.*

*Idle.* Now, trust me, you're a dear knight.—Kindness unexpected! O, there's nothing to a free gentleman. I will conjure for you, sir, till froth come through my buff-jerkin.

*Sir God.* Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a bounty; for at the first sight of my chain again, forty fine angels shall appear unto thee.

*Idle.* 'Twill be a glorious show, i'faith, knight; a very fine show. But are all these of your own house? Are you sure of that, sir?

*Sir God.* Ay, ay;—no, no. What's he yonder talking with my wild nephew? Pray heaven he give him good counsel.

*Idle.* Who, he? He's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, knight; the finest fortune-teller,—

*Sir God.* O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my lady sister, and foretold the loss of my chain: I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my fortune to lose it. By your leave, master fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my sister's the widow's; there you prophecied of the loss of a chain: simply, though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

*Pye.* Was it you, sir?

*Edm.* O' my troth, nuncle, he's the rarest fellow; has told me my fortune so right! I find it so right to my nature.

*Sir God.* What is't! God send it a good one.

*Edm.* O, 'tis a passing good one, nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my father got it.

*Sir God.* There's a fortune indeed.

*Edm.* Nay, it hits my humour so pat.

*Sir God.* Ay, that will be the end on't. Will the curse of the beggar prevail so much, that the son shall consume that foolishly which the father got craftily? Ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

*Pye.* Stay, stay, stay.

[*Opens an Almanack, and takes* IDLE *aside.*

*Idle.* Turn over, George.

*Pye.* June—July—Here, July; that's this month; Sunday thirteen, yesterday fourteen, to-day fifteen.

*Idle.* Look quickly for the fifteenth day. If within the compass of these two days there would be some boisterous storm or other, it would be the best; I'd defer him off 'till then. Some tempest, an it be thy will.

*Pye.* Here's the fifteenth day. [*Reads*] *Hot and fair.*[51]

*Idle.* Puh! would it had been *hot and foul.*

*Pye.* The sixteenth day; that's to-morrow:—[*Reads.*] *The morning for the most part fair and pleasant*—

*Idle.* No luck.

Pye. *But about high-noon, lightning and thunder.*

*Idle.* Lightning and thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to-morrow just at high-noon, George.

*Pye.* Happen but true to-morrow, almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lie all the year after.

*Idle.* Sir, I must crave your patience, to bestow this day upon me, that I may furnish myself strongly. I sent a spirit into Lancashire t'other day, to fetch back a knave drover, and I look for his return this evening. To-morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

*Sir God.* O, you shall be most welcome.

*Idle.* And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

*Sir God.* Mid-noon will be a fine time for you.

*Edm.* Conjuring? Do you mean to conjure at our house to-morrow, sir?

*Idle.* Marry do I, sir; 'tis my intent, young gentleman.

*Edm.* By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't. O rare! Nicholas, we shall have conjuring to-morrow.

*Nich.* Puh! ay, I could ha' told you of that.

*Idle.* La, he could have told him of that! fool, coxcomb, could you? [*Aside.*

*Edm.* Do you hear me, sir? I desire more ac-

---

[51] *Here's the fifteenth day*—Hot and fair, &c.—When this play was written, even scholars and men of sense believed the astrological predictions of the Almanack.—PERCY.

quaintance on you. You shall earn some money of me, now I know you can conjure:—but can you fetch any that is lost?

*Idle.* O, any thing that's lost.

*Edm.* Why look you, sir, I tell it you as a friend and a conjurer. I should marry a 'pothecary's daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her maidenhead at Stony-Stratford: now, if you'll do but so much as conjure for't, and make all whole again—

*Idle.* That I will, sir.

*Edm.* By my troth I thank you, la.

*Idle.* A little merry with your sister's son, sir.

*Sir God.* O, a simple young man, very simple. Come captain, and you, sir; we'll e'en part with a gallon of wine till to-morrow breakfast.

*Pye.* } Troth, agreed, sir.
*Idle.* }

*Nich.* Kinsman—scholar.

*Pye.* Why now thou art a good knave; worth a hundred Brownists.[52]

*Nich.* Am I indeed, la? I thank you heartily, la. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* MARY *and Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB.

*Sir John.* But I hope you will not serve a knight so, gentlewoman, will you? to cashier him, and cast him off at your pleasure! What, do you think I was dubbed for nothing? No, by my faith, lady's daughter.

*Mary.* Pray, sir John Pennydub, let it be deferred awhile. I have as big a heart to marry as you can have; but, as the fortune-teller told me—

*Sir John.* Pox o' the fortune-teller! Would Derrick had been his fortune seven years ago,[53] to cross my love thus! Did he know what case I was in? Why this is able to make a man drown himself in his father's fish-pond.

*Mary.* And then he told me moreover, sir John, that the breach of it kept my father in purgatory.

*Sir John.* In purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there; what have we to do with that? There's physicians enough there to cast his water:[54] is that any matter to us? How can he hinder our love? Why let him be hanged, now he's dead.—Well, have I rid post day and night, to bring you merry news of my father's death, and now—

*Mary.* Thy father's death? Is the old farmer dead?

*Sir John.* As dead as his barn-door, Moll.

*Mary.* And you'll keep your word with me now, sir John; that I shall have my coach and my coachman?

*Sir John.* Ay 'faith.

*Mary.* And two white horses with black feathers to draw it?

*Sir John.* Two.

*Mary.* A guarded lacky to run before it,[55] and pied liveries to come trashing after't.[56]

---

[52] *Why now thou art a good knave; worth a hundred* Brownists.—Sectaries, so called from Robert Brown, who first advanced the doctrines held by them, about the year 1583. See *Fuller's Church Hist.* B. IX. p. 268.—MALONE.

See notes on *Twelfth Night*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 231.—STEEVENS.

[53] *Would* Derrick *had been his fortune seven years ago.—Derrick* was the common hangman at the time this play was produced.—MALONE.

So in the *Bell-man of London*, 1616:—"He rides circuit with the devil, and *Derricke* must be his host, and Tyborne the inne at which he will light." Again, "if *Derricke's* cables do but hold." Again, in the ancient Ballad, entitled, "Upon the Earle of Essex his Death:"

"Derick, thou know'st at Cales I saved
"Thy life lost for a rape there done,
"Where thou thyself can'st testifie
"Thine owne hand three and twenty hung.—STEEVENS.

[54] *There's physicians enough there* to cast his water.—To discover his distemper by the inspection of his urine. So in *Macbeth*:

"If thou couldst, doctor, *cast*
"The *water* of my land, find her disease," &c.—MALONE.

See note on *Macbeth*, last edit. vol. iv. p. 597.—STEEVENS.

[55] *A* guarded *lacky to run before it.*—A running footman, with guards or facings to his livery.—MALONE.

[56] This word has greatly puzzled dramatic critics. It occurs in *Bonduca*, where Caratach, describing his retreat, says,

"——————— I fled too,
But not so fast, your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there—he *trashed* me, Nennius.

I took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him," &c.

*Sir John.* Thou shalt, Moll.

*Mary.* And to let me have money in my purse, to go whither I will.

*Sir John.* All this.

*Mary.* Then come; whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the maids i'the kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Widow's House, with a door at the side leading to another apartment.*

*Enter Widow,* FRANCES, *and* FRAILTY.

*Wid.* How now? Where's my brother sir Godfrey? Went he forth this morning?

*Frail.* O no madam; he's above at breakfast, with (sir reverence) a conjurer.

*Wid.* A conjurer! What manner of fellow is he?

*Frail.* O, a wonderous rare fellow, mistress; very strongly made upward, for he goes in a buff jerkin. He says he will fetch sir Godfrey's chain again if it hang between heaven and earth.

*Wid.* What! he will not? Then he's an excellent fellow, I warrant. How happy were that woman to be blest with such a husband! A cunning man! How does he look, Frailty? Very swartly, I warrant; with black beard, scorch'd cheeks, and smoky eyebrows.

*Frail.* Fo! He's neither smoke-dried, nor scorch'd, nor black, nor nothing. I tell you, madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us. I do not think but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

*Fran.* So fair, and yet so cunning! that's to be wonder'd at, mother.

*Enter Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL, *and Sir* ANDREW TIPSTAFF.

*Sir Oliv.* Bless you, sweet lady.

*Sir And.* And you, fair mistress.

[*Exit* FRAILTY.

*Wid.* Coades, what do you mean, gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your answers?

*Sir Oliv.* Sweet lady.

*Wid.* Well, I will not stick with you for a kiss: daughter, kiss the gentleman for once.

*Fran.* Yes, forsooth.

*Sir And.* I'm proud of such a favour.

*Wid.* Truly la, sir Oliver, you're much to blame, to come again when you know my mind so well delivered as a widow could deliver a thing.

*Sir Oliv.* But I expect a further comfort, lady.

*Wid.* Why la you now! did I not desire you to put off your suit quite and clean when you came to me again? How say you? Did I not?

*Sir Oliv.* But the sincere love which my heart bears you——

*Wid.* Go to, I'll cut you off:—And sir Oliver to put you in comfort afar off, my fortune is read me; I must marry again.

*Sir Oliv.* O blest fortune!

*Wid.* But not as long as I can choose:—nay, I'll hold out well.

*Sir Oliv.* Yet are my hopes now fairer.

*Enter* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* O madam, madam.

*Wid.* How now? what's the haste?

[FRAILTY *whispers her.*

*Sir And.* 'Faith, mistress Frances, I'll maintain you gallantly. I'll bring you to court; wean you among the fair society of ladies, poor kinswomen of mine, in cloth of silver; beside, you shall have your monkey, your parrot, your musk-cat, and your piss, piss, piss.

*Fran.* It will do very well.

*Wid.* What does he mean to conjure here then? How shall I do to be rid of these knights? Please you, gentlemen, to walk a while in the garden, to gather a pink or a gilly-flower?

*Both.* With all our hearts, lady, and 'count us favoured.

[*Exeunt Sir* ANDREW, *Sir* OLIVER, *and* FRAILTY. *The Widow and* FRANCES *go in to the adjoining Room.*

*Sir God.* [*within.*] Step in, Nicholas; look, is the coast clear.

*Nick.* [*within.*] O, as clear as a cat's eye, sir.

*Sir God.* [*within.*] Then enter Captain Conjurer.

*Enter Sir* GODFREY, IDLE, PYEBOARD, EDMOND, *and* NICHOLAS.

Now, how like you your room, sir?

*Idle.* O, wonderful convenient.

*Edm.* I can tell you, captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest room in my mother's house: as dainty a room to conjure in, methinks. Why, you may bid, I cannot tell how many devils welcome in't; my father has had twenty in't at once.

*Pye.* What! devils?

*Edm.* Devils! no; deputies,—and the wealthiest men he could get.

*Sir God.* Nay, put by your chats now; fall to your business roundly: the fescue of the dial is

---

That there may be no farther strife about this word, be it known, that it is a term of dog-breakers. When an ancient leam-hound was disposed to range too fast and wide, a long piece of rope was fastened to his collar, which, dragging loose on the ground, impeded his movements, and lessened his impetuosity. The same thing is done to a modern pointer in similar circumstances, and is still called *trashing*. The impediment of the boy delayed Caratach's flight; and, in the present passage, the pied liveries are metaphorically said to trash after the coach like the long rope.

upon the christ-cross of noon.[57] But O, hear me, captain; a qualm comes o'er my stomach.

*Idle.* Why, what's the matter, sir?

*Sir God.* O, how if the devil should prove a knave and tear the hangings!

*Idle.* Foh! I warrant you, sir Godfrey.

*Edm.* Ay, nuncle, or spit fire upon the cieling?

*Sir God.* Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaister'd, and 'twill quickly take hold o' the laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

*Idle.* My life for yours, sir Godfrey.

*Sir God.* My sister is very curious and dainty of this room, I can tell you; and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit in the chimney.

*Pye.* Why, assure you, sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought up with so little manners, to spit and spawl o' the floor.

*Sir God.* Why I thank you, good captain; pray have a care. [IDLE *and* PYEBOARD *retire to the upper end of the Room.*] Ay, fall to your circle; we'll not trouble you I warrant you. Come, we'll into the next room; and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the godly's zealous works.

*Edm.* That will be a fine device, nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the door, I'll tear two or three rosaries in pieces, and strew the pieces about the chamber. [*Lightning and thunder.*] Oh! the devil already.

[*Sir* GODFREY *and* EDMOND *run into the adjoining Room.*

*Pye.* 'Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat for shame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin. Why when—

*Idle.* Pray peace, George; thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.

[*Lightning and thunder.*

*Pye.* O, now it begins again; now, now, now, captain.

Idle. *Rhumbos ragdayon pur pur colucundrion hois plois.*

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] O admirable conjurer! he has fetch'd thunder already.

*Pye.* Hark, hark!—again captain.

Idle. *Benjamino gaspois kay gosgothoteron umbrois.*

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] O, I would the devil would come away quickly; he has no conscience to put a man to such pain.

*Pye.* Again.

Idle. *Flowste kakopumpos dragone leloomenos hodge podge.*

*Pye.* Well said, captain.

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] So long a coming? O, would I had ne'er begun it now! for I fear me these roaring tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn—[*thunder*] Oh—in the country.

Idle. *Gogdegog hobgoblin hunks hounslow hockleyté coombpark.*

*Wid.* [*at the door.*] O brother, brother, what a tempest's in the garden! Sure there's some conjuration abroad.

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] 'Tis at home, sister.

*Pye.* By and by I'll step in, captain.

Idle. *Nunc nunc rip-gaskins ips drip—dropite.*

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas!

*Pye.* Now, I come.

*Idle.* O—*sulphure soot face.*

*Pye.* Arch-conjurer, what wouldst thou with me?

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] O, the devil, sister, in the dining-chamber! Sing, sister; I warrant you that will keep him out:—quickly, quickly, quickly.

*Pye.* So, so, so; I'll release thee. Enough captain, enough; allow us some time to laugh a little; They're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an earthquake were in their kidneys.

*Idle.* Sirrah George, how was't, how was't? Did I do't well enough?

*Pye.* Would believe me, captain? better than any conjurer; for here was no harm in this, and yet their horrible expectations satisfied well. You were much beholden to thunder and lightning at this time; it graced you well, I can tell you.

*Idle.* I must needs say so, George. Sirrah, if we could have convey'd hither cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheel, it had been admirable.

*Pye.* Blurt, blurt! there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, captain.

*Idle.* Pain? I protest, George, my heels are sorer than a Whitsun morris-dancer's.

*Pye.* All's past now; only to reveal that the chain's in the garden, where thou knowest it has lain these two days.

*Idle.* But I fear that fox Nicholas has reveal'd it already.

*Pye.* Fear not, captain; you must put it to the venture now. Nay 'tis time; call upon them, take pity on them; for I believe some of them are in a pitiful case by this time.

*Idle.* Sir Godfrey, Nicholas, kinsman. 'Sfoot they're fast at it still, George—Sir Godfrey.

*Sir God.* [*at the door.*] O, is that the devil's voice? How comes he to know my name?

*Idle.* Fear not, sir Godfrey; all's quieted.

*Enter* Sir GODFREY, *the Widow*, FRANCES, *and* NICHOLAS.

*Sir God.* What, is he laid?

---

[57] *The fescue of the dial is upon the christ-cross of noon.*—A *fescue* is a small wire, by which those who teach children to read, point out the letters.—MALONE.

*Idle.* Laid; and has newly dropped your chain in the garden.

*Sir God.* In the garden? in our garden?

*Idle.* Your garden.

*Sir God.* O sweet conjurer! whereabouts there?

*Idle.* Look well about a bank of rosemary.

*Sir God.* Sister, the rosemary bank. Come, come; there's my chain, he says.

*Wid.* Oh, happiness! run, run,

[*Exeunt Widow, Sir* GODFREY, FRANCES, *and* NICHOLAS.

*Edm.* [*at the door.*] Captain Conjurer?

*Idle.* Who? Master Edmond?

*Edm.* Ay, master Edmond. May I come in safely without danger, think you?

*Idle.* Puh, long ago; it is all as 'twas at first. Fear nothing; pray come near: how now, man?

*Enter* EDMOND.

*Edm.* O! this room's mightily hot i'faith. 'Slid, my shirt sticks to my belly already. What a steam the rogue has left behind him! Foh! this room must be air'd, gentlemen; it smells horribly of brimstone: let's open the windows.

*Pye.* 'Faith master Edmond, 'tis but your conceit.

*Edm.* I would you could make me believe that, i'faith. Why, do you think I cannot smell his savour from another? Yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a fear, i'faith. On my troth, I shall love you for this the longest day of my life.

*Idle.* Puh, 'tis nothing, sir; love me when you see more.

*Edm.* Mass, now I remember I'll look whether he has singed the hangings, or no.

*Pye.* Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come, make him believe, you'll charm him invisible. He's apt to admire any thing you see. Let me alone to give force to it.

*Idle.* Go; retire to yonder end then.

*Edm.* I protest you are a rare fellow; are you not?

*Idle.* O master Edmond, you know but the least part of me yet. Why now at this instant I could but flourish my wand thrice o'er your head, and charm you invisible.

*Edm.* What! you could not? make me walk invisible, man! I should laugh at that i'faith. Troth, I'll requite your kindness, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

*Idle.* Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, master Edmond Plus. Why, look you, sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus, and again, and now you're invisible.

*Edm.* Am I i'faith? Who would think it?

*Idle.* You see the fortune-teller yonder at farther end o' the chamber. Go toward him; do what you will with him, he shall never find you.

*Edm.* Say you so? I'll try that i'faith.

[*Jostles him.*

*Pye.* How now, captain? Who's that jostled me?

*Idle.* Jostled you? I saw nobody.

*Edm.* Ha, ha, ha! Say, 'twas a spirit.

*Idle.* Shall I?—May be some spirit that haunts the circle.

[EDMOND *pulls* PYEBOARD *by the nose.*

*Pye.* O my nose, again! Pray conjure then, captain.

*Edm.* Troth, this is excellent; I may do any knavery now, and never be seen. And now I remember, sir Godfrey, my uncle, abused me t'other day, and told tales of me to my mother. Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a sound wherret on the ear when he comes out o' the garden. I may be revenged on him now finely.

*Enter Sir* GODFREY, *the Widow, and* FRANCES.

*Sir God.* I have my chain again; my chain's found again. O sweet captain! O admirable conjurer! [EDMOND *strikes him*] Oh! what mean you by that, nephew?

*Edm.* Nephew? I hope you do not know me, uncle.

*Wid.* Why did you strike your uncle, sir?

*Edm.* Why, captain, am I not invisible?

*Idle.* A good jest, George.—Not now you are not, sir. Why did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

*Edm.* Not I, by my troth, captain.—Then pray you pardon me, uncle; I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

*Sir God.* So, you would do't? Go, you're a foolish boy;
And were I not o'ercome with greater joy,
I'd make you taste correction.

*Edm.* Correction! pish. No neither you nor my mother shall think to whip me as you have done.

*Sir God.* Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you: let me embrace you. O my sweet chain! gladness e'en makes me giddy. Rare man! 'twas just i'the-rosemary bank, as if one should have laid it there. O cunning, cunning!

*Wid.* Well, seeing my fortune tells me I must marry, let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts. Here's a worthy captain, and 'tis a fine title truly la to be a captain's wife. A captain's wife! it goes very finely: beside, all the world knows that a worthy captain is a fit companion to any lord; then why not a sweet bed-fellow for any lady? I'll have it so.

*Enter* FRAILTY.

*Frail.* O mistress—gentlemen—there's the bravest sight coming along this way.

*Wid.* What brave sight?

*Frail.* O, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

*Wid.* A rueful sight.

*Pye.* 'Sfoot, captain, I'll pawn my life the corporal's coffin'd, and old Skirmish the soldier going to execution; and 'tis now full about the time of his waking. Hold out a little longer, sleepy potion, and we shall have excellent admiration; for I'll take upon me the cure of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street before the Widow's House.*

*Enter, from the House, Sir* GODFREY, *the Widow,* IDLE, PYEBOARD, EDMOND, FRAILTY, *and* NICHOLAS. *A Coffin, with Corporal* OATH *in it, brought in. Then enter* SKIRMISH *bound, and led in by Officers; the Sheriff, &c. attending.*

*Frail.* O here they come, here they come!

*Pye.* Now must I close secretly with the soldier; prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

*Wid.* O lamentable seeing! these were those brothers that fought and bled before our door.

*Sir God.* What! they were not, sister!

*Skir.* George, look to't; I'll peach at Tyburn else.

*Pye.* Mum.—Gentles all, vouchsafe me audience,
And you, especially, good master sheriff:
Yon man is bound to execution,
Because he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.

*Sher.* True, true; he shall have the law,—and I know the law.

*Pye.* But under favour, master sheriff, if this man had been cured and safe again, he should have been released then?

*Sher.* Why make you question of that, sir?

*Pye.* Then I release him freely; and will take upon me the death that he should die, if, within a little season, I do not cure him to his proper health again.

*Sher.* How, sir! recover a dead man! That were most strange of all.

*Fran.* Sweet sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours. O do not undertake such an impossible venture!

*Pye.* Love you me? Then for your sweet sake I'll do't. Let me entreat the corpse to be set down.

*Sher.* Bearers, set down the coffin.—This were wonderful, and worthy Stowe's Chronicle.

*Pye.* I pray bestow the freedom of the air upon our wholesome art. Mass! his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth. Nay, good corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer sleep than you. 'Sfoot! if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully revenged upon me for making a property of him: yet I had rather run upon the ropes, than have a rope like a tetter run upon me. O, he stirs! he stirs again! look, gentlemen, he recovers! he starts, he rises!

*Skir.* O, O, defend us! Out, alas!

*Pye.* Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else. He knows nobody yet.

*Oath.* 'Zounds! where am I? Covered with snow! I marvel.

*Pye.* Nay, I knew he would swear the first thing he did as soon as ever he came to his life again.

*Oath.* 'Sfoot, hostess, some hot porridge. O, O!—lay on a dozen of faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

*Pye.* Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and send him in to your kitchen fire.

*Wid.* O, with all my heart, sir: Nicholas and Frailty, help to bear him in.

*Nich.* Bear him in, quoth-a! Pray call out the maids: I shall ne'er have the heart to do't, indeed la.

*Frail.* Nor I neither; I cannot abide to handle a ghost of all men.

*Oath.* 'Sblood, let me see—where was I drunk last night? heh?

*Wid.* O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

*Frail.* Why we are as fearful as you, I warrant you. Oh!

*Wid.* Away, villains! bid the maids make him a caudle presently, to settle his brain,—or a posset of sack; quickly, quickly.

*Exeunt* FRAILTY *and* NICHOLAS, *pushing in the Corporal.*

*Sher.* Sir, whatsoever you are, I do more than admire you.

*Wid.* O ay, if you knew all, master sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendom.

*Sher.* Two of them? O wonderful! Officers, I discharge you; set him free; all's in tune.

*Sir God.* Ay, and a banquet ready by this time, master sheriff; to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late prisoner there. See you this goodly chain, sir? Mum! no more words; 'twas lost, and is found again. Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling charnico; and, instead of a jester, we'll have the ghost in the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.

*Sher.* Excellent, merry man, i'faith!

[*Exeunt all but* FRANCES.

*Fran.* Well, seeing I am enjoined to love, and marry,
My foolish vow thus I cashier to air,
Which first begot it. Now, Love, play thy part:
The scholar reads his lecture in my heart. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Street before the Widow's House.*

*Enter* EDMOND *and* FRAILTY.

*Edm.* This is the marriage-morning for my mother and my sister.

*Frail.* O me, master Edmond! we shall have rare doings.

*Edm.* Nay go, Frailty, run to the sexton; you know my mother will be married at Saint Antlings. Hie thee; 'tis past five; bid them open the church-door: my sister is almost ready.

*Frail.* What, already, master Edmond?

*Edm.* Nay, go; hie thee. First run to the sexton, and run to the clerk; and then run to master Pigman the parson; and then run to the milliner; and then run home again.

*Frail.* Here's run, run, run.

*Edm.* But hark, Frailty.

*Frail.* What, more yet?

*Edm.* Have the maids remembered to strew the way to the church?

*Frail.* Foh! an hour ago: I helped them myself.

*Edm.* Away, away, away, away then.

*Frail.* Away, away, away, away then.

[*Exit* FRAILTY.

*Edm.* I shall have a simple father-in-law, a brave captain, able to beat all our street,—captain Idle. Now, my lady-mother will be fitted for a delicate name,—my lady Idle, my lady Idle! the finest name that can be for a woman: and then the scholar, master Pyeboard, for my sister Frances, that will be mistress Frances Pyeboard; mistress Frances Pyeboard! they'll keep a good table, I warrant you. Now all the knights' noses are put out of joint; they may go to a bonesetter's now.

*Enter* IDLE *and* PYEBOARD, *with Attendants.*

Hark, hark! O, who come here with two torches before them? My sweet captain, and my fine scholar. O, how bravely they are shot up in one night! They look like fine Britons now methinks. Here's a gallant change i'faith! 'Slid, they have hired men and all, by the clock.

*Idle.* Master Edmond; kind, honest, dainty master Edmond.

*Edm.* Foh, sweet captain father-in-law! A rare perfume i'faith.

*Pye.* What, are the brides stirring? May we steal upon them, think'st thou, master Edmond?

*Edm.* Foh, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; for they were at their torch e'en now: by the same token I tumbled down the stairs.

*Pye.* Alas, poor master Edmond.

*Enter Musicians.*

*Idle.* O, the musicians! I pr'ythee, master Edmond, call them, and liquor them a little.

*Edm.* That I will, sweet captain father-in-law; and make each of them as drunk as a common fiddler. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* MARY *in a Balcony. To her below, Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB.

*Sir John.* Whew! mistress Moll, mistress Moll.

*Mary.* Who's there?

*Sir John.* 'Tis I.

*Mary.* Who? sir John Pennydub? O you're an early cock i'faith. Who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

*Sir John.* Pr'ythee, Moll, let me come up.

*Mary.* No, by my faith, sir John; I'll keep you down; for you knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

*Sir John.* I'll not stay i'faith.

*Mary.* I'faith you shall stay; for, sir John, you must note the nature of the climates: your northern wench in her own country may well hold out till she be fifteen; but if she touch the south once, and come up to London, here the chimes go presently after twelve.

*Sir John.* O thou'rt a mad wench, Moll: but I pr'ythee make haste, for the priest is gone before.

*Mary.* Do you follow him; I'll not be long after. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*A Room in Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL'S *House.*

*Enter Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL, *Sir* ANDREW TIPSTAFF, *and* SKIRMISH.

*Sir Oliv.* O monstrous, unheard of forgery!

*Sir And.* Knight, I never heard of such villainy in our own country, in my life.

*Sir Oliv.* Why, 'tis impossible. Dare you maintain your words?

*Skir.* Dare we? even to their weazon-pipes. We know all their plots; they cannot squander with us. They have knavishly abused us, made only properties of us, to advance themselves upon our shoulders; but they shall rue their abuses. This morning they are to be married.

*Sir Oliv.* 'Tis too true. Yet if the widow be not too much besotted on sleights and forgeries, the revelation of their villainies will make them loathsome. And to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last night to an honourable per-

sonage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me; and therefore presume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me: and to speak truth, for such needful occasions I only preserve him in bond: and sometimes he may do me more good here in the city by a free word of his mouth, than if he had paid one-half in hand, and took doomsday for t'other.

*Sir And.* In troth, sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have published much judgment in these few words.

*Sir Oliv.* For you know, what such a man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpose; and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theme of their forgeries.

*Skir.* And I'll maintain it, knight, if she'll be true.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Sir Oliv.* How now, fellow?

*Ser.* May it please you, sir, my lord is newly lighted from his coach.

*Sir Oliv.* Is my lord come already? His honour's early.
You see he loves me well. Up before seven!
Trust me, I have found him night-capped at eleven.
There's good hope yet: come, I'll relate all to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street; a Church appearing.*

*Enter* IDLE, PYEBOARD, *Sir* GODFREY, *and* EDMOND; *the Widow in a bridal dress; Sir* JOHN PENNYDUB, MARY, *and* FRANCES; NICHOLAS, FRAILTY, *and other Attendants. To them a Nobleman, Sir* OLIVER MUCKHILL, *and Sir* ANDREW TIPSTAFF.

*Nob.* By your leave, lady.

*Wid.* My lord, your honour is most chastely welcome.

*Nob.* Madam, though I came now from court, I come not to flatter you. Upon whom can I justly cast this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not ink from milk? such is the blind besotting in the state of an unheaded woman that's a widow. For it is the property of all you that are widows (a handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, state, and posterity; and strongly to dote on those that only love you to undo you. Who regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one man amongst ten thousand millions of men, that is accurst, disastrous, and evilly planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all societies esteem least, that man is sure to be a husband. Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods. An impudent fellow best wooes you, a flattering lip best wins you; or in a mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest: nor can you distinguish truth from forgeries, mists from simplicity; witness those two deceitful monsters, that you have entertained for bridegrooms.

*Wid.* Deceitful!

*Pye.* All will out.

*Idle.* 'Sfoot, who has blabbed, George; that foolish Nicholas?

*Nob.* For what they have besotted your easy blood withal, were nought but forgeries: the fortune-telling for husbands, the conjuring for the chain sir Godfrey heard the falsehood of, all, nothing but mere knavery, deceit, and cozenage.

*Wid.* O wonderful! indeed I wondered that my husband, with all his craft, could not keep himself out of purgatory.

*Sir God.* And I more wondered, that my chain should be gone, and my tailor had none of it.

*Mary.* And I wondered most of all, that I should be tied from marriage, having such a mind to it. Come, sir John Pennydub, fair weather on our side: The moon has changed since yesternight.

*Pye.* The sting of every evil is within me.

*Nob.* And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their fellow actor in those forgeries; who, full of spleen and envy at their so sudden advancements, revealed all their plot in anger.

*Pye.* Base soldier, to reveal us!

*Wid.* Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our eyes open?

*Nob.* Widow, will you now believe that false which too soon you believed true?

*Wid.* O, to my shame, I do.

*Sir God.* But under favour, my lord, my chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

*Nob.* Resolve him of that, soldier.

*Skir.* In few words, knight, then thou wert the arch-gull of all.

*Sir God.* How, sir?

*Skir.* Nay, I'll prove it: for the chain was but hid in the rosemary-bank all this while; and thou got'st him out of prison to conjure for it, who did it admirably, fustianly; for indeed what needed any other, when he knew where it was?

*Sir God.* O villainy of villainies! But how came my chain there?

*Skir.* Where's *Truly la, Indeed la,* he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antlings?

*Sir God.* O villain! one of our society,
Deemed always holy, pure, religious:
A puritan a thief! When was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a man, than steal, thou know'st.
Out slave! I'll rend my lion from thy back,
With mine own hands.

*Nich.* Dear master! O!

*Nob.* Nay knight, dwell in patience. And now widow, being so near the church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a husband. Draw nearer, you of true woo

ship, state, and credit; that should not stand so far off from a widow, and suffer forged shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true title of a captain, or blot the fair margent of a scholar; for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful virtues in the other. Come, lady, and you virgin, bestow your eyes and your purest affections upon men of estimation both in court and city, that have long wooed you, and both with their hearts and wealth sincerely love you.

*Sir God.* Good sister, do. Sweet little Franke, these are men of reputation: you shall be welcome at court; a great credit for a citizen.—Sweet sister,——

*Nob.* Come, her silence does consent to't.

*Wid.* I know not with what face——

*Nob.* Poh, poh, with your own face; they desire no other.

*Wid.* Pardon me, worthy sirs: I and my daughter
Have wronged your loves.

*Sir Oliv.* 'Tis easily pardoned, lady, if you vouchsafe it now.

*Wid.* With all my soul.

*Fran.* And I, with all my heart.

*Mary.* And I, sir John, with soul, hearts, lights, and all.

*Sir John.* They are all mine, *Moll*.

*Nob.* Now, lady,
What honest spirit but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furnish you with hand and voice?
A happy change, which makes even heaven rejoice,
Come, enter into your joys; you shall not want
For fathers, now; I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you shall have hands enough to give ye.[58]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[58] Though Shakespeare has ridiculed the *Puritans* in his *All's Well that Ends well*, and *Twelfth Night*, yet he seems not to have had the smallest share in the present comedy. The author of it, however, was well acquainted with *his* plays, as appears from resemblances already pointed out. There is little attempt at character throughout the piece, and that little has not proved very successful. The suitors are an unmeaning group; and, though we have eight of the sanctimonious tribe on the stage, they are by no means nicely discriminated from each other. *Nicholas St Antlings* indeed might have been designed for their chief, as he possesses most of their qualities, *i. e.* is the greatest hypocrite of them all.—I have not met with the old ballad from which our comedy receives its title; but am told, that the second of these performances has no other obligation to the first.—STEEVENS.

A

# YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.[1]

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*Husband.*
*Master of a College.*
*A Knight, (a Magistrate.)*
*Several Gentlemen.*
OLIVER, } *Servants.*
RALPH, }

SAMUEL, *a Servant.*
*Other Servants and Officers.*
*A little Boy, &c.*

*Wife.*
*Maid-servant.*

SCENE—CALVERLY IN YORKSHIRE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Calverly Hall.*

*Enter* OLIVER *and* RALPH.

*Oliv.* Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love—

*Ralph.* Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings; viz. mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

*Oliv.* Mass thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed. But sirrah, is neither our young master returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

---

[1] "A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy*," was entered by Thomas Pavier at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1608, and the play, or rather interlude, was printed by him in the same year, under the title of *A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true.* The murder, on which this short drama is founded, was committed in 1604, and a ballad was made upon it in the following year; of which, probably, this tragedy is only an enlargement. The fact is thus related in *Stowe's Chronicle*, anno 1604:—"Walter Calverly of Calverly, in Yorkshire, Esquier, murdred two of his young children, stabbed his wife into the bodie, with full purpose to have murdred her, and instantly went from his house to have slaine his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact, at his triall in Yorke, hee stood mute, and was judged to be prest to death; according to which judgment he was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5th of August."

The piece before us was acted at the Globe, together with three other short dramas that were represented on the same day under the name of *All's One*, as appears from one of the titles of the quarto, 1608, which runs thus: "ALL'S ONE, or one of *the foure plaies in one*, called a *Yorkshire tragedy*; as it was plaied by the king's majestie's plaiers." Shakspeare's name is affixed to this piece.—MALONE.

*Ralph.* Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says. 'Slid I hear Sam. Sam's come; here he is; tarry;—come i'faith: now my nose itches for news.

*Oliv.* And so does mine elbow.

*Sam.* [*Within.*] Where are you there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply: I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat. If he should catch cold, and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

*Enter* SAM.

What, Ralph and Oliver!

*Both.* Honest fellow Sam, welcome i'faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

*Sam.* You see I am hanged after the truest fashion; three hats, and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires[2] upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at my back, an almanack in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece.[3] Nay, I am the true picture of a common serving-man.[4]

*Oliv.* I'll swear thou art; thou may'st set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

*Ralph.* Ay, that's well said; what's the news from London, sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

*Sam.* Why, the more fool she; ay, the more nimmy-hammer she.

*Oliv.* Why, Sam, why?

*Sam.* Why, he is married to another long ago.

*Both.* I'faith? You jest.

*Sam.* Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her: For you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.[5]

*Ralph.* Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.

*Oliv.* Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

*Sam.* And I think she was blest in her cradle, that he never came in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawned his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax for him: there's a fine phrase for a scrivener. Puh! he owes more than his skin is worth.

*Oliv.* Is't possible?

*Sam.* Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pulled down my breeches; I quite forgot my two poking sticks: these came from London. Now any thing is good here that comes from London.

*Oliv.* Ay, far-fetched, you know, Sam.—But speak in your conscience i'faith; have not we as good poking-sticks i'the country as need to be put in the fire?

*Sam.* The mind of a thing is all; the mind of a thing is all; and, as thou said'st even now, far-fetched are the best things for ladies.

*Oliv.* Ay, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

*Sam.* But Ralph, what, is our beer sour this thunder?

*Ralph.* No, no, it holds countenance yet.

*Sam.* Why then, follow me; I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in: I learned it at London last week.

*Both.* I'faith, let's hear it, let's hear it.

*Sam.* The bravest humour! 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it: they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.[6]

*Both.* 'Faith, that's excellent.

*Sam.* Come follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order.[7] [*Exeunt.*

---

[2] See notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, last edit, vol. ii. p. 321.—STEEVENS.

*Rebato* was the name of an ancient head-dress. The wires were used to distend the hair or lace.—PERCY.

[3] *In my* codpiece.—See note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, last edit. vol. i. p. 165.—STEEVENS.

[4] *The true picture of a common serving-man.*—I remember to have seen one of these representations of a man loaded with several domestic instruments and utensils. It was painted against a buttery fronting the screen of an ancient hall. I think another hieroglyphic of the same kind is still visible at one of our public schools or colleges. In the year 1566 is entered on the Stationers' books "The pourtraicture of a trusty servant."—STEEVENS.

[5] *Any woman bears the more when she is beaten.* Alluding to the old unmannerly proverb, that says, *A woman and a walnut tree bear the better for being thrashed.*—STEEVENS.

[6] *They call it* knighting *in London, when they drink upon their knees.*—So in *K. Henry IV.* Part II.:

"Do me right,
"And *dub me knight.*"

See the note there, vol. v. p. 597. edit. 1778.—MALONE.

[7] *I'll give you all the degrees of it in order.*—Alluding perhaps to *Philocothonista, or the Drunkard*; a pamphlet by Thomas Haywood, in which all these degrees are set down with the most minute exactness. The earliest copy of this piece that I have met with, was published in 1635, but the first edition of it is perhaps of much elder date.—STEEVENS.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

*Enter Wife.*[8]

*Wife.* What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms;
Forgetting heaven, looks downward; which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vexed his money cannot make them last:
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes; now in despight of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

*Enter Husband.*

*Hus.* Pox o' the last throw! It made five hundred angels
Vanish from my sight. I am damned, I'm damned;
The angels have forsook me. Nay, it is
Certainly true: for he that has no coin
Is damned in this world; he is gone, he's gone.
*Wife.* Dear husband!
*Hus.* O! most punishment of all, I have a wife.
*Wife.* I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.
*Hus.* A vengeance strip thee naked! thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property; thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*
*Wife.* Bad turned to worse; both beggary of the soul
And of the body;—and so much unlike
Himself at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him. He comes again.

*Re-enter Husband.*

He says I am the cause: I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.
*Hus.* If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool! what meant I to marry, to get beggars? Now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter, and my third a thief, or an under-putter; a slave pander. Oh beggary, beggary, to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit.—Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!
*Wife.* Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.
*Hus.* Money, money, money; and thou must supply me.
*Wife.* Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent;
Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire; but I beseech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I myself be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boys
You have been father to.
*Hus.* Puh! bastards, bastards, bastards;[9] begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
*Wife.* Heaven knows how those words wrong me: but I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O call to mind your lands already mortgaged,
Yourself wound into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seized upon; and——
*Hus.* Have done, thou harlot,
Whom, though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends;

---

[8] *Enter Wife.* It is observable, that the poet has not given a name to any of the persons exhibited in this piece, except the three servants.—MALONE.

The author might not think himself at liberty to use the real names belonging to his characters, and at the same time was of opinion that fictitious ones would appear unsatisfactory, as the true were universally known, either from the ballad spoken of by Mr Malone, or from the prose narratives published soon after these notorious murders were committed. See note the last.—STEEVENS.

[9] *Puh!* bastards, bastards, bastards.—Though the author has thought it necessary to deviate from his story as it is still related in Yorkshire, yet here he seems to have had the original cause of this unhappy gentleman's rashness in his mind. Mr Calverly is represented to have been of a passionate disposition, and to have struck one of his children in the presence of his wife, who pertly told him, *to correct children of his own, when he could produce any.* On this single provocation he is said to have immediately committed all the bloody facts that furnish matter for the tragedy before us. He died possessed of a large estate.—STEEVENS.

Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your company! Curbed in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom? that I flagg'd in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.
*Wife.* Be it so.
*Hus.* Nay I protest, (and take that for an earnest) [*Spurns her.*
I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorced in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.
*Wife.* Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.
*Hus.* Look it be done. Shall I want dust,
And, like a slave, wear nothing in my pockets
[*Holds his hands in his Pockets.*
But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?
O much against my blood! Let it be done;
I was never made to be a looker on,
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield: I say, look it be done.
*Wife.* I take my leave: it shall, [*Exit.*[10]
*Hus.* Speedily, speedily.
I hate the very hour I chose a wife:
A trouble, trouble! Three children, like three evils,
Hang on me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

Strumpet and bastards!
1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad,
Endangers others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself; whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust, to soil his better name.
It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.
3 *Gent.* Let honest kindness sway so much with you.
*Hus.* Good den; I thank you, sir; how do you? Adieu!
I am glad to see you. Farewell instructions, admonitions! [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, sirrah? What would you?
*Ser.* Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.
*Hus.* So, sir, then she is gone; and so may you be;
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
At home. [*Exit Servant.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Well or ill met, I care not.
*Hus.* No, nor I.
*Gent.* I am come with confidence to chide you.
*Hus.* Who? me?
Chide me? Do't finely then; let it not move me:
For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.
*Gent.* Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they deserve
To be well beaten. We are now in private;
There's none but thou and I. Thou art fond and peevish;
An unclean rioter; thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption:
I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name;
And such art thou.
*Hus.* Peace.
*Gent.* No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy father's and fore-fathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into men's beliefs,
Such dearth should hang upon thee. We that see it,
Are sorry to believe it. In thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceived the world.
*Hus.* I'll not endure thee.
*Gent.* But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaimed a strumpet.
*Hus.* Nay, then, I know thee;
Thou art her champion, thou; her private friend;
The party you wot on.
*Gent.* O ignoble thought!
I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle,
And see my reputation touched to death?
*Hus.* It has galled you, this; has it?
*Gent.* No, monster; I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.
*Hus.* Love of her virtues? there it goes.
*Gent.* Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed!
[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*
*Hus.* Oh!
*Gent.* Wilt thou yield it yet?
*Hus.* Sir, sir, I have not done with you.

---

[10] *Exit.*—Between this scene and the next, the lady has travelled from Calverly, in Yorkshire, to London, and from London back again to Calverly; in all about three hundred and eighty-six miles.

*Gent.* I hope, nor ne'er shall do.
[*They fight again.*
*Hus.* Have you got tricks? Are you in cunning with me?
*Gent.* No, plain and right:
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
[*Husband falls down.*
*Hus.* Hard fortune! am I levelled with the ground?
*Gent.* Now, sir, you lie at mercy.
*Hus.* Ay, you slave.
*Gent.* Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave!
You see, my sword's not thirsty for your life:
I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
You're of a virtuous house; show virtuous deeds;
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your life;
Cancel not all men's hopes: you have a wife,
Kind and obedient; heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity; let only sin be sore,
And, by this fall, rise, never to fall more.
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*
*Hus.* Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth has left me? O, my heart
Would fain leap after him! Revenge, I say;
I'm mad to be revenged. My strumpet wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit blood;—but thou shalt bleed.
Vanquished? got down? unable even to speak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak:
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me: I'd ne'er been down else. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Wife and a Servant.*

*Ser.* 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.
*Wife.* I grant I had; but alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight,
Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had numbered all his follies:
Knew of his mortgaged lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself withered with debts; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,—
Guessing his kindness to me, (as I smoothed him
With all the skill I had, though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshaped bear,)
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at court; a good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.
*Ser.* I should think so, mistress. If he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the devil himself kept open house in him.
*Wife.* I doubt not but he will. Now pr'ythee leave me; I think I hear him coming.
*Ser.* I am gone. [*Exit.*
*Wife.* By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers' hands.
Now there's no need of sale; my uncle's kind:
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.—
Here comes my husband.

*Enter Husband.*

*Hus.* Now, are you come? Where's the money? Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold? those wise-acres, your lands?—Why when? The money? Where is it? Pour it down; down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the ground; let's see it, let's see it.
*Wife.* Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope my words shall like you well. I bring you better comfort than the sale of my dowry.
*Hus.* Ha! what's that?
*Wife.* Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage, (for so I made it to him,) hath, in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me—
*Hus.* Out on thee, filth! over and overjoyed, when I am in torment? [*Spurns her.*] Thou politic whore, subtiler than nine devils, was this thy journey to nunck? to set down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I, that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in service? to crouch and stand like an old man i'the hams, my hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i'the church? Base slut! this fruit bear thy complaints.
*Wife.* O, heaven knows
That my complaints were praises, and best words
Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgaged lands, and were possessed
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's, (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs,)
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you.
And all I wish even clemency affords;
Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.
*Hus.* Money, whore, money, or I'll—
[*Draws a Dagger.*

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

What the devil! How now! thy hasty news?
*Ser.* May it please you, sir—
*Hus.* What! may I not look upon my dagger?
Speak, villain, or I will execute the point on thee:
Quick, short.

*Ser.* Why, sir, a gentleman from the university stays below to speak with you. [*Exit.*

*Hus.* From the university? so; university:—that long word runs through me. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offered violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery,
Would show but little here; would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery, to be preferred;
A place of credit, a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse? my pretty beggars!
I see how Ruin, with a palsied hand,
Begins to shake this ancient seat to dust:
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes: I can scarce see;
Thus grief will last;—it wakes and sleeps with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

*Enter Husband, and the Master of a College.*

*Hus.* Please you draw near, sir; you're exceeding welcome.

*Mast.* That's my doubt; I fear I come not to be welcome.

*Hus.* Yes, howsoever.

*Mast.* 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman, your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence lies in bond executed for your debt,—a prisoner; all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

*Hus.* Umph, umph, umph!

*Mast.* O you have killed the towardest hope of all our university: wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgements to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, is now, by your careless courses, cast into prison, which you must answer for; and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

*Hus.* O God! oh!

*Mast.* Wise men think ill of you; others speak ill of you; no man loves you; nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemn you: And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother; never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet sleep, contented works, nor any thing that makes man perfect, till you redeem him. What is your answer? How will you bestow him? Upon desperate misery, or better hopes?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

*Hus.* Sir, you have much wrought with me; I feel you in my soul: you are your art's master. I never had sense till now; your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.—Within, there.

*Enter Servant.*

*Hus.* Fill me a bowl of wine. [*Exit Servant.*] Alas, poor brother, bruised with an execution for my sake!

*Mast.* A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore,
Till the grave cure them.

*Re-enter Servant with Wine.*

*Hus.* Sir, I begin to you; you've chid your welcome.

*Mast.* I could have wished it better for your sake. I pledge you, sir:—To the kind man in prison.

*Hus.* Let it be so. Now, sir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnished of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

*Mast.* Good sir, in that the angels would be pleased,
And the world's murmurs calmed; and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[*Exeunt Master and Servant.*

*Hus.* O thou confused man! Thy pleasant sins have undone thee; thy damnation has beggared thee. That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women! give our senses way to find pleasure, which, being found, confounds us! Why should we know those things so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been forbidden! We should then have proved all virtuous; for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden. Had not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine,—to show tricks in the mire? What is there in three dice, to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a little round table, and, with the gentleman's palsy in the hand, shake out his posterity thieves or beggars? 'Tis done; I have don't i'faith: terrible, horrible misery!—How well was I left! Very well, very well. My lands show'd like a full moon about me; but now the moon's in the last quarter—waning, waning; and I am mad to think that moon was mine; mine and my father's, and my fore-fathers'; generations, generations.—Down goes the house of us; down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar; begs in me. That name, which hundreds of years has made this shire famous, in me and my posterity, runs out. In my seed five are made miserable besides myself: my riot is now my brother's gaoler, my wife's sighing, my three boys' penury, and mine own confusion.

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head?
[*Tears his hair.*
Will not this poison scatter them?[11] O, my brother's
In execution among devils that
Stretch him and make him give;[12] and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him!
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell;[13]
Slavery and misery. Who, in this case,
Would not take up money upon his soul?
Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell.[14]

*Enter a little Boy, with a Top and a Scourge.*

*Son.* What ail you, father? Are you not well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs.—Puh! you cannot make me afraid with this; I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.[15]

[*He takes up the Child by the skirts of his long Coat with one hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.*

*Hus.* Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.[16]

*Son.* O, what will you do, father? I am your white boy.

*Hus.* Thou shalt be my red boy; take that.
[*Strikes him.*

*Son.* O, you hurt me, father.

*Hus.* My eldest beggar,
Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;
To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
*Good your honour*, by a coach; no, nor your brother:
'Tis charity to brain you.

*Son.* How shall I learn, now my head's broke?

*Hus.* Bleed, bleed, [*Stabs him*
Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace:
Spurn thou thy fortunes first; if they be base,
Come, view thy second brother's. Fates! my children's blood
Shall spin into your faces; you shall see,
How confidently we scorn beggary!
[*Exit with his Son.*

SCENE V.—*A Maid discovered with a Child in her arms; the Mother on a Couch by her, asleep.*

*Maid.* Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep;
Hush, pretty boy; thy hopes might have been better.
'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won:
Hard, when the father plays away the son!
Nothing but Misery serves in this house;[17]
Ruin and desolation. Oh!

*Enter Husband, with his Son, bleeding.*

*Hus.* Whore, give me that boy.
[*Strives with her for the Child.*

*Maid.* O help, help! Out alas! murder, murder!

*Hus.* Are you gossiping, you prating, strumpet quean?

---

[11] *Why sit my* hairs *upon my cursed head?*
*Will not this* poison scatter them?—Alluding to the effects of some kinds of poison. So in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: "yet was he like to have lost his life, but escaped in the end (being yong) with the *losse* onely *of his haire*." The author is here speaking of a page who had tasted a potion prepared by Leicester for the earl of Essex.—STEEVENS.

[12] *And make him* give.—Leather when stretched is said to *give*.—MALONE.

[13] Divines *and dying men may talk of hell,*
*But in my heart her several torments dwell.*—Thus in Rowe's *Tamerlane*:

" ——— the restless damn'd
" (If *myslics* lye not) wander thus in hell."—STEEVENS.

[14] *I, that did ever in abundance dwell,*
*For me to want exceeds the throes of hell.*—The same aggravation of the miseries occasioned by unexpected poverty, is introduced in *Timon*:

" But myself,
" That had the world as my confectionary.——
" I to bear this
" That never knew but better, is some sufferance."—STEEVENS.

[15] *I fear no vizards nor bugbears.*—This is a natural circumstance. The child mistakes the distortion of real passion, for grimaces exhibited only with a sportive intention to fright him.—STEEVENS.

[16] Up, *sir, for* here *thou hast no inheritance left.*—He means, I believe, that his child having nothing left on earth, he will send him to heaven.—MALONE.

[17] *Nothing but* Misery *serves in this house.*—In *K. Henry VIII.* we have a similar personification:

" And *Danger serves* among them."—STEEVENS.

I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs;
Tumble, tumble, headlong. So:—
[*He throws her down, and stabs the Child.*
The surest way to charm a woman's tongue,[18]
Is—break her neck: a politician did it.[19]
*Son.* Mother, mother; I am killed, mother!
[*Wife awakes.*
*Wife.* Ha, who's that cried?—O me! my children!
Both, both, bloody, bloody!
[*Catches up the youngest Child.*
*Hus.* Strumpet, let go the boy; let go the beggar.
*Wife.* O my sweet husband!
*Hus.* Filth, harlot.
*Wife.* O, what will you do, dear husband?
*Hus.* Give me the bastard.
*Wife.* Your own sweet boy—
*Hus.* There are too many beggars.
*Wife.* Good my husband—
*Hus.* Dost thou prevent me still?
*Wife.* O God!
*Hus.* Have at his heart.
[*Stabs at the Child in her arms.*
*Wife.* O, my dear boy!
*Hus.* Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—
*Wife.* Oh heaven!
[*She is hurt, and sinks down.*
*Hus.* And perish!—Now be gone:
There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O sir, what deeds are these?
*Hus.* Base slave, my vassal!
Com'st thou between my fury to question me?
*Ser.* Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.
*Hus.* Hold me? Presumption! I'll undo thee for it.
*Ser.* 'Sblood, you have undone us all, sir.
*Hus.* Tug at thy master?
*Ser.* Tug at a monster.

---

[18] To charm a *woman's tongue*.—To silence her.—MALONE.

[19] *Break her neck: a politician did it.*—The satire in this passage is undoubtedly personal. The *politician* alluded to was queen Elizabeth's favourite, the earl of Leicester, the death of whose first wife is thus described in the celebrated libel entitled his *Commonwealth*. This work is attributed to Parsons the Jesuit, though sir William Cecil, lord Burleigh, is suspected of having furnished his materials. It was first printed abroad in the year 1584, and was circulated with malicious industry by means of multiplied editions, throughout our kingdom, and through others by repeated translations into various languages.

"The death of Leicester's first lady and wife."

"For first his lordship hath a speciall fortune, that when he desireth any woman's favour, then what person so ever standeth in his way, hath the luck to dye quickly for the finishing of his desire. As for example, when his lordship was in full hope to marry her majesty, and his owne wife stood in his light, as he supposed; he did but send her aside to the house of his servant Forster of Cumner by Oxford, where shortly after she had the chance to *fall from a paire of staires, and so to breake her neck*, but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head But sir Richard Varney, who by commandment remained with her that day alone, with one man onely, and had sent away perforce all her servants from her to a market two miles off, he (I say) with his man, can tell how she died, which man being taken afterward for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the said murder, was made away privily in the prison: and sir Richard himself dying about the same time in London, cried pitiously and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship of mine acquaintance, not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did teare him in pieces. The wife also of Bald Butler, kinsman to my lord, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. But to return unto my purpose, this was my lord's good fortune to have his wife dye, at that time when it was like to turne most to his profit."

When this book was republished for reasons of policy, in 1641, a metrical monologue, called *Leicester's Ghost*, was appended to it, and there likewise the same fact is recorded. The following quotation is from a more perfect and ample MS. copy of the same poem.

"My first wife she *fell downe a paire of staires*
"*And brake her necke*, and so at Comnore dyed,
"Whilst her true servants *led with small affaires*,
"Unto a fayre at Abbingdon did ride;
"This dismall happ did to my wife betyde:
"Whether ye call yt chance or destinie,
"Too true yt is, she did untimely dye."

Lest it should be objected to the probability of Shakespeare's having written the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, that he would not, on account of his intimacy with the friend of Essex, have treated the memory of Leicester with so much freedom, let me add, that the former was executed in 1600, and our author was therefore left at full liberty to adopt the common sentiments relative to this great but profligate statesman.

*Hus.* Have I no power? Shall my slave fetter me?
*Ser.* Nay then the devil wrestles; I am thrown.
*Hus.* O villain! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee;
Set quick spurs to my vassal;[20] bruise him, trample him.
So; I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away;
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar:
Fates! I'll not leave you one to trample on.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Court before the House.*

*Enter Husband; to him the Master of the College.*

*Mast.* How is it with you, sir?
Methinks you look of a distracted colour.
*Hus.* Who, I, sir? 'Tis but your fancy.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you:
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.
*Mast.* I shall be glad to see it: Sir, I'll attend you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the House.*

*The Wife, Servant, and Children, discovered.*

*Ser.* Oh, I am scarce able to heave up myself,
He has so bruised me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur:
A man before of easy constitution,
Till now hell power supplied, to his soul's wrong:
O how damnation can make weak men strong!

*Enter the Master of the College, and two Servants.*

*Ser.* O the most piteous deed, sir, since you came!
*Mast.* A deadly greeting! Hath he summ'd up these,
To satisfy his brother? Here's another;
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
*Wife.* Oh! oh!
*Mast.* Surgeons! surgeons! she recovers life:—
One of his men all faint and bloodied!
1 *Ser.* Follow; our murderous master has took horse,
To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly.
*Mast.* I am the readiest; it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him.[21]
1 *Ser.* Good sir, do follow him.
[*Exeunt Master, and two Servants.*
*Wife.* O my children!
1 *Ser.* How is it with my most afflicted mistress?
*Wife.* Why do I now recover? Why have I life,
To see my children bleed before mine eyes
A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without
An executioner.—What, art thou mangled too?
1 *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rushed upon him.
We struggled; but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms;[22] then did he bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair;
Like a man mad in execution,[23]
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.
*Wife.* What is it has beguiled him of all grace,
And stole away humanity from his breast?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants—

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you to leave this most accursed place:
A surgeon waits within.
*Wife.* Willing to leave it?
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood:
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Highroad.*

*Enter Husband. He falls.*

*Hus.* O stumbling jade! The spavin overtake thee!

---

[20] —— *now I'll tear thee;*
*Set quick* spurs *to my vassal*, &c. So afterwards the Servant says,

He has——
—— torn my flesh with his blood-hasty *spur.*

To render this intelligible, it should be understood, that the ancient spurs had rowels whose points were more than an inch long, with keen broad edges like daggers.—PERCY.

[21] *To raise* the town *upon him.*—The town of Calverly, as I am informed, is about a mile from the spot where these murders were committed.—STEEVENS.

[22] *O'erthrew me* with his arms—i. e. employed his arms as its instrument, or agent.—STEEVENS.

[23] *Like a man mad in execution.*—The servant means to compare his master either to a person whose rage kindles in the progress of its gratification; or to a madman busied in the [illegible] of frantic barbarity.—STEEVENS.

The fifty diseases stop thee![24]
Oh, I am sorely bruised! Plague founder thee!
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of chance!
To throw me now, within a flight o' the town,
In such plain even ground too! 'Sfoot, a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows.
[illegible]
[illegible] Follow, follow, follow.
*Hus.* Ha. I near sounds of men, like hue and cry.
[illegible] struggle to thy horse; make on;
[illegible] little beggar, and all's done.
[*Cry within.*] Here, here; this way, this way.
*Hus.* At my back? Oh,
What fate have I! my limbs deny me go.
My will is 'hated; beggary claims a part.
O could I here reach to the infant's heart?

*Enter the Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and Attendants, with halberds.*

*All.* Here, here; yonder, yonder.
*Mast.* Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous!
The Scythians, even the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds,
In their relentless natures, than these of thine.
Was this the answer I long waited on?
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?
*Hus.* Why, he can have no more of us than our skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.
1 *Gent.* Great sins have made him impudent.
*Mast.* He has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.
2 *Gent.* Away with him; bear him to the justice's.
A gentleman of worship dwells at hand:
There shall his deeds be blazed.
*Hus.* Why all the better.
My glory 'tis to have my action known;
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.
*Mast.* There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Room in the House of a Magistrate.*

*Enter a Knight and three Gentlemen.*

*Knight.* Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?
1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.
*Knight.* I am sorry I e'er knew him;
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honoured stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.[25]
1 *Gent.* Here come the men.

*Enter Master of the College, &c. with the Prisoner.*

*Knight.* The serpent of his house! I am sorry
For this time, that I am in place of justice.
*Mast.* Please you, sir—
*Knight.* Do not repeat it twice; I know too much:
Would it had ne'er been thought on! Sir, I bleed
For you.
1 *Gent.* Your father's sorrows are alive in me.
What made you show such monstrous cruelty?
*Hus.* In a word, sir, I have consumed all, played away long-acre; and I thought it the charitablest deed I could do, to cozen beggary, and knock my house o' the head.
*Knight.* O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.
*Hus.* I repent now that one is left unkilled;
My brat at nurse. I would full fain have weaned him.
*Knight.* Well, I do not think, but in to-morrow's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers you:
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was act played more unnaturally.
*Hus.* I thank you, sir.
*Knight.* Go lead him to the gaol:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.
*Hus.* Come, come; away with me.
[*Exeunt Husband, &c.*
*Mast.* Sir, you deserve the worship of your place:
Would all did so! In you the law is grace.
*Knight.* It is my wish it should be so.—Ruinous man!
The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessor's honoured name!
That man is nearest shame, that is past shame.[26]
[*Exeunt.*

---

[24] *The fifty diseases stop thee!*—"Had he as many diseases as two and fifty horses," occurs, I think, in the *Taming of a Shrew.*—MALONE.

There is an old book, entitled the *Fifty Diseases of a Horse;* by Gervase Markham.—STEEVENS.

[25] *Till this black minute without stain or blemish.*—It should seem from hence, that the worthy magistrate was the only person in the neighbourhood unacquainted with this gentleman's course of life, or that he thought his preceding extravagance, and inhumanity to his wife, was no disgrace to his family. The farther I proceed, the more am I convinced, that our little drama was a piece of hasty patchwork. STEEVENS.

[26] *That man is nearest shame, that is past shame.*—The compositor perhaps caught this word from the end of the line. The author, I believe, wrote:

That man is nearest *sin*, that is past shame.—MALONE.

SCENE X.—*Before Calverly Hall.*

*Enter Husband guarded, Master of the College, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Hus.* I am right against my house,—seat of my ancestors:[27]
I hear my wife's alive, but much endangered.
Let me entreat to speak with her, before
The prison gripe me.

*His Wife is brought in.*

*Gent.* See, here she comes of herself.
*Wife.* O my sweet husband, my dear distressed husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding;
Now my soul bleeds.
*Hus.* How now? Kind to me? Did I not wound thee?
Left thee for dead?
*Wife.* Tut, far, far greater wounds did my breast feel;
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.
*Hus.* 'Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devised
A fine way now to kill me: thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds apiece. Now glides the Devil from me,
Departs at every joint; heaves up my nails.
O catch him torments, that were ne'er invented!
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner;
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not!—
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.
*Wife* O my repentant husband!
*Hus.* O my dear soul, whom I too much have wronged;
For death I die, and for this have I longed.
*Wife.* Thou should'st not, be assured, for these faults die,
If the law could forgive as soon as I.
[*The two Children laid out.*
*Hus.* What sight is yonder?
*Wife.* O, our two bleeding boys,
Laid forth upon the threshold.
*Hus.* Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's face,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks!
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
Killed you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain!
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I feared:
O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so bleared!
O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live!
*Wife.* It makes me even forget all other sorrows,
And live apart with this.
*Offi.* Come, will you go?
*Hus.* I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I'll go:
My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.—
Farewell, dear wife; now thou and I must part;
I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.
*Wife.* O stay! thou shalt not go.
*Hus.* That's but in vain; you see it must be so.
Farewell ye bloody ashes of my boys!
My punishments are their eternal joys.
Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds. [*Exeunt Husband and Officers.*
*Wife.* More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.
*Mast.* O kind wife,
Be comforted; one joy is yet unmurdered;
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.
*Wife.* Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.

---

[27] *I am right against my house, seat of my ancestors:*—I am told, such general horror was inspired by the fact on which this play is founded, that the mansion of Mr Calverly was relinquished by all his relations, and, being permitted to decay, has never since proved the residence of persons of fashion or estate, being at present no more than a farm-house. They say also, it would be difficult even now to persuade some of the common people in the neighbourhood, but that the unfortunate master of Calverly Hall underwent the fate of Regulus, and was rolled down the hill before his own seat, enclosed in a barrel stuck with nails. Such is one of the stories current among the yeomanry of the circumjacent village; where it is likewise added, that the place of Mr Calverly's interment was never exactly known, several coffins, supposed to be filled with sand, having been deposited in various parishes, that his remains might elude the pursuit of the populace, who threatened to expose them to public infamy on a gibbet. They were imagined however, at last, to have been clandestinely conveyed into the family vault in Calverly church, where the bodies of his children lie; and it was long believed, that his ghost rode every night with dreadful cries through the adjoining woods, to the terror of those whose business compelled them to travel late at night, or early in the morning.—I have related all this mixture of truth and fable, once again an opportunity of observing, that no murders were ever more deeply execrated, or bid fairer for lasting remembrance.—STEEVENS.

Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.
*Mast.* Was it in man to wound so kind a creature?
I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.
I must return with grief; my answer's set;
I shall bring news weighs heavier than the debt:
Two brothers, one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution. [*Exeunt omnes.*

---

CONCERNING this play I have not been able to form any decided opinion. The arguments produced by Mr Steevens in support of its authenticity, appear to me to have considerable weight. If its date were not so precisely ascertained, little doubt would remain, in my mind at least, upon the subject. I find it, however, difficult to believe that Shakespeare could have written *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, at nearly the same period.---MALONE.

*The Yorkshire Tragedy* hath been frequently called Shakspeare's earliest attempt in the drama; but most certainly it was not written by our poet at all. The fact on which it is built, was perpetrated no sooner than 1605; much too late for so mean a performance from the hand of Shakespeare. FARMER.

Long ago was it observed by Dr Johnson, that from mere inequality in works of imagination, nothing could with exactness be inferred; but if Dr Farmer's argument be allowed to operate in respect to Shakespeare on this occasion, may it not be employed hereafter with equal force in regard to Dryden and Rowe? It will surely tend to prove, that the author of *Don Sebastian* did not finish his dramatic career with so mean a performance as *Love Triumphant*, or that the despicable *Biter* was produced earlier than all the other plays by the same hand, as much as that Shakespeare was not the writer of the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, because it is unworthy of his ripened genius and amended judgment.

I confess I have always regarded this little drama as a genuine but a hasty production of our author.[28] Though he was seldom vigilant of reputation as a poet, he might sometimes have been attentive to gain as a manager. Laying hold, therefore, on the popular narrative[29] of this "bloody business," it was natural enough that he should immediately adapt it to the stage. His play, indeed, has all the marks of an unpremeditated composition. As fast as ideas on the subject presented themselves, whether clothed in verse or prose, they seem to have been thrown on paper, without the slightest regard to method or uniformity of writing. The piece was probably meant for representation no longer than while its original continued fresh in the memory of the audience; and we therefore find the corruptions in it are few, being proportioned to the shortness of its run. Other reasons, however, may be assigned for the appearance of a tragedy compressed within such narrow limits. Perhaps it was contrived as a prop to some feeble, or as a supplement to some scanty performance;—was produced through a wish to join with three particular friends in the entertainment of a single afternoon;—or was only intended as a sketch which the author would at leisure have transplanted on a more extensive canvas. It is possible, also, that it was manufactured out of some loose unconnected scenes, attempted in the infancy of Shakespeare's art,[30] being meant by him to have comprehended the whole circle of misfortunes incident to an unthinking *London Prodigal*;[31]

---

[28] It was not only printed as Shakespeare's, but is entered *with his name* on the Stationers' Books. See also the coincidences between his other plays and this, which, considering its size, exhibits as many as will be found in *Pericles*.

[29] On the 12th of June 1605, the following entry was made on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Twoo unnaturall murthers, the one practised by Mr Coverly a Yorkshire gent. uppon his wife, and happened on his children the 23d of April 1605. The other practised by Mrs Browne, and performed by her servant upon her husband, who if I mist not last were executed at Berry in Suffolke."

Again, July 1605: "A ballad of a lamentable murther done in Yorkeshire by a gent. uppon 2 of his owne children, sore wounding his wife and nurse."

Again, August 24, 1605: "The Arraignement and Condempnacion of Mr Calverly at Yorke in August 1605."

[30] The frequent mixture of rhyme with blank verse, may serve to strengthen this supposition.

[31] The hero of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* first enters reflecting on the fatal throw that cost him the small

and as this intention of his was divulged in the theatre among his comrades, it might prove the reason why another piece with the same title was afterwards ascribed to him. When the news of the Yorkshire catastrophe arrived in London, he might have been tempted to accommodate this his early prolusion, as well as haste would permit (for indeed his later corrections often militate against his original plans) to the particulars of another story, (as Otway has since converted *Romeo* into the younger *Marius*) for many events are introduced into our tragedy which form no part of the tale, as I received it from a person who heard it frequently related in the parish where the hero of it lived. Hence the incongruity of the beginning, &c. with all the rest, and the accumulation of incidents neither to be found in Stowe's Continuator, or the ballads of the age, which usually confined themselves within the bounds of circumstantiality and truth. Yet whatever was its origin or mode of construction, though by no means one of our author's most powerful effusions, it is still entitled to better treatment than it has hitherto met with from its various editors. If, on the whole, it has not poetical merit than some of the serious dialogues in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *Love's Labour's Lost*, it has surely as much of nature as will be discovered in many parts of these desultory dramas. Murder, which appears ridiculous in *Titus Andronicus*, has its proper effect in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*; and the command this little piece may claim over the passions, will be found to equal any our author has vested in the tragic divisions of *Troilus and Cressida*,—I had almost said in *King Richard the Second*, which critics may applaud, though the successive audiences of more than a century have respectfully slumbered over it as often as it has appeared on the stage. Mr Garrick had once resolved on its revival; but his good sense at last overpowered his ambition to raise it to the dignity of the acting list. Yet our late Roscius's chief expectations from it, as he himself confessed, would have been founded on scenery displaying the magnificence of our ancient barriers.—To return to my subject;—this tragedy in miniature, (exhibiting at least three of the characteristics of Shakespeare, I mean his quibbles, his facility of metre, and his struggles to introduce comic ideas into tragic situations) appears at present before the reader with every advantage that a careful comparison of copies, and attention to obscurities, could bestow on it; and yet among the slight outlines of our theatrical Raphael, and not among his finished paintings, can it expect to maintain a place.

The *Companion to the Playhouse*, however, informs us, that the late Mr Aaron Hill has founded on it "a very beautiful piece of one act, entitled, *Fatal Extravagance*." It was represented, if not published, in 1720, under the name of Joseph Mitchell; an unfortunate though an amiable man, who was then in need of pecuniary assistance. *I have never met with this production; but additional* respect is surely due to the plot of the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, since it has been adopted by the translator of *Merope* and *Zayre*, who possessed no common share of dramatic sagacity, and has the merit of being the first who showed our theatrical adventurers the way into the treasury of *Voltaire*. Mr Hill, however, was not, like some of his successors, a borrower without acknowledgment, or a copier who had produced no originals.

As the ability and erudition displayed by Mr Malone in the publication of the preceding plays, cannot fail to obtain for them a greater number of readers than they have hitherto met with, perhaps this is no improper time to suggest an inquiry, how it happened, that the name of Shakespeare should be prefixed to five dramas of discordant styles, and inconsiderable merit, rather than to as many others approaching nearer to his own language, and not altogether so much beneath his acknowledged excellence. The scanty light I can throw on this matter, is, by supposing that our author had casually mentioned a future design of adopting subjects similar to those of *Locrine*, the *Puritan*, &c.; and was afterwards known to have been instrumental in bringing pieces with such titles on the stage;—or

---

remains of his fortune. Concerning this too he expresses himself as of a recent calamity, an occurrence that had happened immediately before his appearance on the scene.

*Pox o' the last throw, &c.*

Here Mr Malone observes, that, being just returned from London into the country, the circumstance which occasioned his final loss might yet be uppermost in his mind. I am still however influenced by the suspicion I have already encouraged; for, considering the state of roads a century and a half ago, our hero could not have reached his seat at Calverly in less than six or eight days; and, before that time was elapsed, it is natural to conceive, that all his recollection of the particulars of loss must have give way to the single overwhelming idea of hopeless misery and desperate ruin.

If, as Mr Malone observes, this couple were just arrived from the metropolis, how happened it that no application was made by the wife (as soon as her husband was begg[illegible] by gaming) to her uncle who resided in London? Was it necessary for her to travel down into Yorkshire only that she might return to town, and then go back again? I am more and more confirmed in my former belief, that this play was hastily and carelessly constructed with heterogeneous materials.

that he recommended some trivial alterations in them while they were yet in rehearsal;---or that their real owners being carefully concealed, these productions were imputed to him as to one whose reputation was best able to promote their sale, or support their credit with an audience. The necessity of sheltering the plays of unpopular poets under borrowed names, was, I believe, at that period unknown, as well as the more malicious practice of fathering unsuccessful scenes on persons by whom they were never written. Neither was it then customary (as since) for distinguished authors to lend or sell their names, or to permit (like some Italian artists) the scholar to vend his paintings for those of the master. It seems, however, that it was not unusual for booksellers to issue out the works of one man under the nominal sanction of another. Heywood, in his preface to the *Brazen Age*, complains, that a noted pedagogue had impudently stolen from him certain versions of Ovid, and published them as his own. Shirley likewise claims a play which was sent into the world as Fletcher's.[32] I know indeed that our ancient stationers were not very scrupulous in this particular.[33] Anticipated by their rivals in procuring copies of some of Shakespeare's genuine labours, by way of retaliation they might have placed his name before the next tragedies or comedies that fell into their hands. Part of this indeed is but conjecture. I have merely started the subject, and leave it to be pursued by literary antiquarians, whose sagacity and experience are greater than mine; repeating only, that *Locrine* and the *Puritan* were possibly the works of two different academics; that *Oldcastle* and *Cromwell* (as Dr Farmer observes) might be ranked among the almost innumerable dramas of Heywood; and that the *Prodigal*, having nothing characteristic in its composition, may, with equal likelihood, be ascribed to a pen distinct from all the rest. Here, however, I should observe, that *Locrine*, *Cromwell*, and the *Puritan*, were not *publicly* ascribed to our author till the appearance of the folio in 1664. What has been previously urged with relation to the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Pericles*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, is submitted to every reader with that total diffidence which should always accompany imperfect knowledge, and would by no means disgrace even opinions built on more solid grounds than those of bare probability.

I cannot conclude this note without observing, how fortunate a circumstance it is for any society, and especially for one immediately subservient to learning, when an intelligent man is placed by the chance of rotation at its head. To the careful researches and liberal curiosity of Mr Lockyer Davis, the present Master of the Stationers' Company, we owe a recent discovery of the greater part of the first volume of their records, which was long supposed to have been lost through negligence, or to have been destroyed in the fire of London. The numberless dates of our earliest interludes, plays, ballads, &c. which will hereafter be ascertained by the aid of these annals, cannot fail to rank the name of the gentleman already mentioned among those of the best benefactors to the history of ancient English literature. Many of our critical or biographical performances may also in time to come be indebted to the warmth of his zeal, and the success of his investigations. At least I am sure, that the labour of turning over the memoirs which he has rescued from oblivion, will be considerably alleviated, should his successors entrust them to future authors, with a readiness and politeness like his own.---STEEVENS.

---

[32] These particulars escaped me till after the last edition of Shakespeare was printed off. See note on *Pericles*. p. 176.

[33] I affirm this on repeated inspection of their books, in which both their frequent frauds and invasions of each other's property, and their respective fines on discovery, are minutely recorded. The names of eight of the printers of the quarto editions of our author's plays, appear on the list of these delinquents.

# GEORGE A GREENE,

THE

# PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

*The author of this Play is unknown. Philips and Winstanley ascribe it to John Heywood, author of the* Four P's, *and other pieces which bear not the least resemblance to the present performance. The story on which it is grounded seems to have its foundation in the particular traditions of the town of Wakefield: that part which relates to Robin Hood is contained in one of the popular Ballads concerning that celebrated outlaw, printed in the first volume of Evan's* Collection of Old Ballads, *p. 99. This Ballad is mentioned by Drayton, in his* Poly-olbion, *Song the Twentieth-eighth:*

" It chanced she in her course on Kirkbey cast her eye,
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie;
Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
But of his merry man, the Pindar of the town
Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fames so far are blown
For their so valiant fight, that every free man's song
Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on long,
For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days;" &c.

*And Richard Braithwaite, in the* Strappado for the Devil, 1615, 8vo. *p. 203, says:*

" At least such places labour to make known,
As former times have honour'd with renown,
So by thy true relation 't may appear
They are no others now, than as they were
Ever esteem'd by auntient times records,
Which shall be shadow'd briefly in few words.
The first whereof that I intend to show,
Is merry Wakefield, and her Pindar too:
Which Fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong,
Unto that Towne in many gladsome song:
The Pindar's valour, and how firm he stood
In the Townes defence, 'gainst the rebel Robin Hood;
How stoutly he behaved himselfe, and would,
In spite of Robin bring his horse to th' fold;
His many Maygames which were to be seene,
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greene,
Where lovely *Jugge*, and lustie *Tib* would go,
To see *Tom lively* turne upon the toe;
*Hob*, *Lob*, and *Crowde* the fidler would be there,
And many more I will not speake of here:

Good God! how glad hath been this hart of mine,
To see that towne, which hath in former time
So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,
Famous by the Pindar who first raised the same;
Yea, I have paced ore that greene and ore,
And th' more I saw't, I tooke delight the more;
For where we take contentment in a place,
A whole daies walke seemes as a cinque pace:
Unto thy taske, my muse, and now make knowne
The jolly shoo-maker of *Bradford* towne,
His gentle craft so raised in former time,
By princely journey-men his discipline,
Where he was wont with passengers to quaffe,
But suffer none to carry up their staffe
Upon their shoulders, whilst they past through town,
For if they did, he soon should beat them downe.
(So valiant was the Souter), and from hence,
'Twixt Robin Hood and him grew th' difference;
Which, cause it is by most stage poets writ,
For brevity, I thought good to omit."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD, *King of England.*
JAMES, *King of Scotland.*
*Earl of* KENDALL.
*Lord* WARWICK.
*Lord* BONFIELD.
*Lord* HUMES.
*Sir* GILBERT ARMSTRONG.
*Sir* NICHOLAS MANNERING.
GEORGE A GREENE.
*Old* MUSGROVE.
*Young* CUDDIE, *his Son.*
*Mr* GRIME.
BETTRIS, *his Daughter.*
ROBIN HOOD.
JENKIN, *a Clown.*
WILL.
MUCH, *the Miller's Son.*
*Maid* MARION.
SCARLET.
*A Justice.*
*A Townsman.*
JOHN.
JANE A BARLEY.
*A Shoemaker, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

THE

# PINNER[1] OF WAKEFIELD.

*Enter the Earl of* KENDALL, *with him the Lord* BONFIELD, *Sir* GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *and* JOHN.

*Ken.* Welcome to Bradford, martial gentlemen,
Lord Bonfield, and sir Gilbert Armstrong both,
And all my troops, even to my basest groom,
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours.
Our cause is good, it is for the land's avail:
Then let us fight and die for England's good.
*Omnes.* We will, my lord.
*Ken.* As I am Henry Momford, Kendall's earl,

[1] *Pinner*, or *Pindar*;—The Keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his *Etymologicon* voce *Pende*, says: "*Pende* includere ch. ab A. S. pennan pyndan idem significante. Hinc *pinder*, *pinner*. Qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit." Mr Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane.

You honour me with this assent of yours;
[2] And here upon my sword I make protest,
For to relieve the poor, or die myself.
And know, my lords, that James, the king of Scots,
Wars hard upon the borders of this land:
Here is his post; say, John Taylor,
What news with king James?

*John.* War, my lord, I tell; and good news I trow;
For king James vows to meet you the twenty-sixth
Of this month, God willing; marry doth he, sir.

*Ken.* My friends, you see what we have to win.
Well, John, commend me to king James, and tell him,
I will meet him the twenty-sixth of this month,
And all the rest; and so farewell. [*Exit* JOHN.
Bonfield, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps?
Courage; for if I win, I'll make thee duke.
I Henry Momford will be king myself,
And I will make thee duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armstrong lord of Doncaster.

*Bon.* Nothing, my lord, makes me amazed at all,
But that our soldiers find our victuals scant.
We must make havock of those country swains;
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send provision to your camp.

*Gil.* My lord Bonfield gives good advice;
They make a scorn and stand upon the king:
So what is brought is sent from them perforce;
Ask Mannering else.

*Ken.* What sayest thou, Mannering?

*Man.* When as I shewed your high commission,
They made this answer,
Only to send provision for your horses.

*Ken.* Well, hie thee to Wakefield, bid the town
To send me all provision that I want;
Lest I, like martial Tamberlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries, leaving none
Alive that contradicts my commission.

*Man.* Let me alone, my lord, I'll make them
Vail their plumes; for whosoever he be,
The proudest knight, or justice, or other, that gainsayeth
Your word, I clap him fast, to make the rest to fear.

*Ken.* Do so, Nick! hie thee thither presently,
And let us hear of thee to-morrow.

*Man.* Will you not remove, my lord?

*Ken.* No, I will lie at Bradford all this night,
And all the next. Come, Bonfield, let us go,
And listen out some bonny lasses here.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Justice, a Townsman,* GEORGE A GREENE, *and Sir* NICHOLAS MANNERING, *with his commission.*

*Just.* M. Mannering, stand aside, whilst we confer
What is best to do, townsmen of Wakefield:
The earl of Kendall here hath sent for victuals,
And in aiding him, we shew ourselves
No less than traitors to the king;
Therefore let me hear, townsmen,
What is your consents.

*Towns.* Even as you please, we are all content.

*Just.* Then M. Mannering we are resolved——

*Man.* As how?

*Just.* Marry, sir, thus.
We will send the earl of Kendall no victuals,
Because he is a traitor to the king,
And in aiding him we shew ourselves no less.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen mad,
That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves?
The earl is thirty thousand men strong in power,
And what town soever him resist,
He lays it flat and level with the ground:
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay:
Therefore send my lord such provision as he wants,
So he will spare your town, and come no nearer
Wakefield than he is.

*Just.* Master Mannering, you have your answer;
You may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess is thy name,
I'll make thee curse thy [3] overthwart denial;
And all that sit upon the bench this day
Shall rue the hour they have withstood my lord's
Commission.

*Just.* Do thy worst, we fear thee not.

*Man.* See you these seals? before you pass the town,
I will have all things my lord doth want,
In spite of you.

*Geo.* Proud dapper Jack, vail bonnet to the bench
That represents the person of the king;
Or, sirrah, I'll lay thy head before thy feet.

*Man.* Why, who art thou?

*Geo.* Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these,

---

[2] *And here upon my sword I make protest*:—It was formerly common *to swear upon the sword*; that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. Of this custom many instances are quoted by Dr Farmer and Mr Steevens, in their Notes on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 5.

Again, in *Your five Gallants*, by Middleton, A. 4:—"*Sweare on this sword* then to set spurs to your horse, not to looke back, to give no markes to any passenger."

[3] *Overthwart denial*:—So in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. C 2:—"—but when the Gods are sette at bankette, he plaieth the jester, now wyth hys lymphaultynge, now with his skoffinge, and now with his *overthwarte* woords to provoke them all to laughter."

*Euphues and his England*, p. 57:—"As one to young to understande, or obstinate to *overthwart*."

Should brook the braves of any traitorous squire.
You of the bench, and you my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him, even in our mothers' womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases,
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirrah, we have
Nothing left for traitors, but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,
And die against you, before we send you any victuals.

*Just.* Well spoken, George a Greene!

*Towns.* Pray let George a Greene speak for us.

*Geo.* Sirrah, you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoof of beef would save your lives.

*Man.* Fellow, I stand amazed at thy presumption.
Why, what art thou that darest gainsay my lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of myself;
For see, I have a large commission.

*Geo.* Let me see it, sirrah. Whose seals be these?

*Man.* This is the earl of Kendall's seal at arms;
This lord Charnel Bonfield's;
And this sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

*Geo.* I tell thee, sirrah, did good king Edward's son
Seal a commission against the king his father,
Thus would I tear it in despite of him,
[*He tears the commission.*
Being traitor to my sovereign.

*Man.* What! hast thou torn my lord's commission?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

*Geo.* What, are you in choler? I will give you pills
To cool your stomach. Seest thou these seals?
Now, by my father's soul, which was a yeoman,
When he was alive, [4] eat them, or eat
My dagger's point, proud squire.

*Man.* But thou doest but jest, I hope?

*Geo.* Sure that shall you see, before we two part.

*Man.* Well, and there be no remedy, so George,—
One is gone; I pray thee, no more now.

*Geo.* O sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.—
So, sir, now you may go tell the earl of Kendall,
Although I have rent his large commission,
Yet of curtesy I have sent all his seals
Back again by you.

*Man.* Well, sir, I will do your errand. [*Exit.*

*Geo.* Now let him tell his lord, that he hath
Spoke with George a Greene, right Pinner
Of merry Wakefield town, that hath physic for a fool,
Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign.
Are you content with this that I have done?

*Just.* Ay, content, George;
For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield town,
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to-day;
For well thou hast deserved reward and favour.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter old* MUSGROVE, *and young* CUDDIE, *his Son.*

*Cuddie.* Now, gentle father, list unto thy son,
And for my mother's love, that erst was blythe
And bonny in thine eye, grant one petition
That I shall demand.

*Old Mus.* What is that, my Cuddie?

*Cuddie.* Father, you know
The ancient enmity of late between the Musgroves
And the wily Scots, whereof they have oath,
Not to leave one alive that [5] strides a launce.
O father, you are old, and waining age unto the grave:
Old William Musgrove, which whilom was thought
The bravest horseman in all Westmorland,
Is weak, and forced to stay his arm upon a staff,
That [6] erst could wield a launce.
Then, gentle father, resign the hold to me;
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age.

*Mus.* Avaunt, false-hearted boy! my joints do quake
Even with anguish of thy very words.
Hath William Musgrove seen an hundred years?
Have I been feared and dreaded of the Scots,
That, when they heard my name in any road,
They fled away, and posted thence amain?
No, Cuddie, no: thus resolve I,
Here have I lived, and here will Musgrove die.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord* BONFIELD, *Sir* GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *M.* GRIME, *and* BETTRIS *his Daughter.*

*Bon.* Now, gentle Grime, god a mercy for our good cheer,

---

[4] *Eat them*, &c.—This incident bears so near a resemblance to a story related of Robert Greene, that it probably was taken from it. "Had he lived, Gabriel, and thou shouldst so unartificially and odiously libelled against him as thou hast done, he would have thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driven thee *to eate thy owne booke butterid, as I saw him make an apparitor once in a tavern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handsomely serv'd twixt two dishes.*"

NASH'S *Apologie of Pierce Pennelesse*, 4to. 1593.

In the Play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, the Sumner is compelled to eat his citation in like manner.

[5] *Strides a launce*:—i. e. not to leave even a child of them alive, one who *equitat in arundine longa*. S.

[6] *Erst*:—i. e. once, in former times. S.

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great;
And sith so kindly thou hast entertained us,
If we return with happy victory,
We will deal as friendly with thee in recompence.
*Grime.* Your welcome was but duty, gentle lord:
For wherefore have we given us our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?—
O, this goes hard when traitors must be flattered;
But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it.
God, I hope, will revenge the quarrel of my king. [*Aside.*
*Gil.* What said you, Grime?
*Grime.* I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the hour that ere I got the girl:
For, sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdains them all, to have
Poor George a Greene unto her husband.
*Bon.* On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy daughter;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,
Sets me to school, she is so overwise.
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake
The Pinner, and be my love, I will advance thee high;
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and diamonds,
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that head,
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire:
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the lord of Doncaster.
*Bet.* Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the earl, if that be he.
See where he comes, or angry, or in love;
For why? his colour looketh discontent.

*Enter the Earl of* KENDALL *and* NICHOLAS MANNERING.

*Ken.* Come, Nick, follow me.
*Bon.* How now, my lord, what news?
*Ken.* Such news, Bonfield, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to hear how Nick was used.
Why, the justices stand on their terms.
Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words;
He laid the law unto the justices
With threatening braves, that one looked on another,
Ready to stoop; but that a churl came in,
One George a Greene, the Pinner of the town,
And, with his dagger drawn, laid hands on Nick,
And by no beggars swore that we were traitors;
Rent our commission, and upon a brave
Made Nick to eat the seals, or brook the stab.
Poor Mannering, afraid, came *posting hither* straight.
*Bet.* Oh lovely George, fortune be *still thy* friend!
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy mind
In all accords, even to thy heart's desire!
*Bon.* What says fair Bettris?
*Grime.* My lord, she is praying for George a Greene;
He is the man, and she will none but him.
*Bon.* But him! why, look on me, my girl.
Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my return to wed with thee.
Then tell me, love, shall I [7] have all thy fair?
*Bet.* "I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,
Nor baron that is so bold;
For George-a-Greene, the merry Pinner,
He hath my heart in hold."
*Bon.* Bootless, my lord, are many vain replies.
Let us ride us to Wakefield, and send her the Pinner's head.
*Ken.* It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,
Shut up thy daughter, [8] bridle her affects,
Let me not miss her when I make return;
Therefore look to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
*Grime.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exeunt* GRIME *and* BETTRIS.
*Ken.* And, Bettris, leave a base Pinner,

---

[7] *Have all thy fair?*—In the former edition Mr Dodsley had altered *fair* to *faith*. *Fair* was, however, frequently used by contemporary writers as a substantive; and several instances of it are produced by Mr Steevens, in his note on the words, "Demetrius loves your *fair*." A. 1. S. 1. of *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

[8] *Bridle her affects.*—*Affects* are *affections*, and in that sense the word is used in many contemporary authors; as Gascoigne's *Fable of Jeronimi*, p. 250:—"Neyther seemeth it reasonable, that one should have the power to discover the thoughts, or at least to *bridle the affects* of all the rest."

*Euphues and his England*, p. 7:—"Saving that either carried the motion of his minde in his manners, and that the *affects* of the heart were bewrayed by the eyes."

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 3. S. 3:

——"the same *affects*
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these."

Marston's *What you Will*, A. 3, S. 1:

"Is't possible I should be dead so soon
In her *affects*."

For to love an earl. Fain would I see
This Pinner, George a Greene. It shall be thus;
Nick Mannering shall lead on the battle,
And we three will go to Wakefield in some disguise;
But howsoever, I'll have his head to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of* SCOTS, *Lord* HUMES, *with Soldiers, and* JOHNY.

*King.* Why, Johny, then the Earl of Kendall is blithe,
And hath brave men that troop along with him?
*Johny.* Ay, marry, my liege,
And hath good men that come along with him,
And vows to meet you at Scrasblesea, God willing.
*King.* If good St Andrew lend King Jamie leave,
I will be with him at the appointed day.
But, soft: Whose pretty boy art thou?

*Enter* JANE A BARLEY'S *Son.*

*Ned.* Sir, I am son unto Sir John a Barley,
Eldest, and all that ere my mother had.
Edward my name.
*Jane.* And whither art thou going, pretty Ned?
*Ned.* To seek some birds, and kill them, if I can.
And now my school-master is also gone,
So have I *liberty to ply* my bow;
For when he comes, I stir not from my book.
*James.* Lord Humes, but mark the visage of this child;
By him I guess the beauty of his mother:
None but Læda could breed Helena.—
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother?
*Ned.* None but herself and household servants, sir.
If you would speak with her, knock at this gate.
*James.* Johny, knock at that gate.

*Enter* JANE A BARLEY *upon the Walls.*

*Jane.* O, I am betrayed! What multitudes be these?
*James.* Fear not, fair Jane, for all these men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me.
I am thy lover, James, the king of Scots,
That oft have sued and wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
When as my inward soul did bleed for woe.
Little regard was given to my suit,
But haply thy husband's presence wrought it.
Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to crave what long I have desired.
*Ned.* Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,
That seek to wrong Sir John a Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.
*James.* Why, what dishonour, Ned?
*Ned.* Though young,
Yet often have I heard my father say,
No greater wrong than to be made a cuckold.
Were I of age, or were my body strong,
Were he ten kings, I'd shoot him to the heart,
That should attempt to give Sir John the horn.—
Mother, let him not come in, I will go lie
At Jockie Miller's house.
*James.* Stay him.
*Jane.* Ay, well said, Ned,
Thou hast given the king his answer;
For, were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glory of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so.
But good King James is pleasant, as I guess,
And means to try what humour I am in;
Else would he never have brought an host of men,
To have them witness of his Scottish lust.
*James.* Jane, in faith, Jane—
*Jane* Never reply,
For I protest, by the highest holy God,
That doometh just revenge for things amiss,
King James, of all men, shall not have my love.
*James.* Then, list to me! Saint Andrew be my boot,
But I'll rase thy castle to the very ground,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.
*Jane.* I fear thee not, King Jamie; do thy worst.
This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
Besides, to-morrow will Sir John come home.
*James.* Well, Jane, since thou disdainest King James's love,
I'll draw thee on with sharp and deep extremes;
For, by my father's soul, this brat of thine
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.
*Jane.* O deep extremes! my heart begins to break;
My little Ned looks pale for fear. Cheer thee,
My boy, I will do much for thee.

---

*Dutch Courtezan*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Give entertain to mutual *affects*.

*Othello*, A. 1. S. 3:

——"(The young *affects*
In me defunct.)"

See also the several instances quoted by Mr Steevens, in his note on the last passage.

*Ned.* But not so much as to dishonour me.
*June.* And if thou diest, I cannot live, sweet Ned.
*Ned.* Then die with honour, mother, dying chaste.
*Jane.* I am armed.
My husband's love, his honour, and his fame,
Joins victory by virtue. Now, King James,
If mother's tears cannot allay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will never yield.
The son shall die, before I wrong the father.
*James.* Why, then, he dies.

*Alarum within. Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, Musgrove is at hand.
*James.* Who, Musgrove? The devil he is! Come,
My horse. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Old* MUSGROVE, *with King* JAMES *Prisoner.*

*Mus.* Now, King James, thou art my prisoner.
*James.* Not thine, but fortune's prisoner.

*Enter* CUDDIE.

*Cuddie.* Father, the field is ours;
Their colours we have seized, and Humes is slain;
I slew him hand to hand.
*Mus.* [9] God, and Saint George!
*Cuddie.* O father, I am sore athirst.
*Jane.* Come in, young Cuddie; come, and drink thy fill.
Bring in King Jamie with you, as a guest;
For all this broil was 'cause he could not enter.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GEORGE A GREENE *alone.*

*Geo.* The sweet content of men that live in love,
Breeds fretting humours in a restless mind;
And fancy, being checked by fortune's spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
Sweet to those men, whom love leads on to bliss,
But sour to me, whose hap is still amiss.

*Enter* JENKIN, *the Clown.*

*Jen* Marry, amen, sir.
*Geo.* Sir, what do you cry amen at?
*Jen.* Why, did not you talk of love?
*Geo.* How do you know that?
*Jen.* Well, though I say it, that should not say it,
There are few fellows in our parish
So nettled with love as I have been of late.
*Geo.* Sirrah, I thought no less, when the other morning
You rose so early to go to your wenches.
Sir, I had thought you had gone about
My honest business.
*Jen.* Trow, you have hit it;
For, master, be it known to you,
There is some good-will betwixt Madge the Souse-wife
And I; marry she hath another lover.
*Geo.* Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?
*Jen.* A rider? no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes a-foot.
But Madge 'pointed to meet me in your wheat close.
*Geo.* Well, did she meet you there?
*Jen.* Never make question of that.
And first I saluted her with a green gown,
And after fell as hard a wooing, as if
The priest had been at our backs to have married us.
*Geo.* What! did she grant?
*Jen.* Did she grant! never make question of that.
And she gave me a shirt-collar, wrought over
With no counterfeit stuff.
*Geo.* What! was it gold?
*Jen.* Nay, it was better than gold.
*Geo.* What was it?
*Jen.* [10] Right Coventry blue,
Who had no sooner come there, but wot you, who came by?
*Geo.* No; who?
*Jen.* Clim, the sow-gelder.
*Geo.* Came he by?
*Jen.* He spied Madge and I sit together,
He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger,
And began to swear. Now I seeing
He had a dagger, and I nothing
But this twig in my hand, I gave him fair words,
And said nothing. He comes to me,
And takes me by the bosom; You whoreson slave
Said he, hold my horse, and look
He take no cold in his feet.
No marry shall he, sir, quoth I,

---

9 *God and Saint George.*—This exclamation is made by Richmond, in *Richard III.*, immediately before attacking his adversary. Mr Wharton observes, that St. George was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. See Note in the last edition, vol. vii. p. 158.

10 *Right Coventry blue.*—*Coventry blue* is mentioned by several writers of the times.

*Laugh and lie down, or the Worlde's Folly*, 1605, Sign. E 2:—"It was a simple napkinne wrought with *Coventry blew.*"

Stephens's *Satyrical Essayes*, 1615, p. 355:—"He must savour of gallantry a little, though he perfume the table with rose-cake; or appropriate bone lace, and *Coventry blue.*"

Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies:*

"*The Coventry blue*
Hangs there upon Prue."

I'll lay my cloak underneath him.
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And his horse on the midst of it.
*Geo.* Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloak?
*Jen.* Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he was no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife,
Cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground:
*Geo.* 'Twas well done;
Now, sir, go and survey my fields;
If you find any cattle in the corn,
To pound with them.
*Jen.* And if I find any in the pound,
I shall turn them out. [*Exit* JENKIN.

*Enter the Earl of* KENDALL, *Lord* BONFIELD, *Sir* GILBERT, *all disguised, with a Train of Men.*

*Ken.* Now we have put the horses in the corn,
Let us stand in some corner for to hear
What braving terms the Pinner will breathe,
When he spies our horses in the corn.

*Enter* JENKIN *blowing of his Horn.*

*Jen.* O master, where are you? we have a prize.
*Geo.* A prize! what is it?
*Jen.* Three goodly horses in our wheat close.
*Geo.* Three horses in our wheat close! whose be they?
*Jen.* Marry, that's a riddle to me; but they are there.
Velvet horses, and I never saw such horses before.
As my duty was, I put off my cap, and said as followeth:
My masters, what do you make in our close? One of them hearing me ask what he made there, held up his head and neighed, and after his manner laughed as heartily as if a mare had been tied to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you go as round as a top to the pound. Another untoward jade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast up both his heels, and let a monstrous great fart; that was as much as in his language to say, a fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Green. Now I, hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horn, called them all jades, and came to tell you.
*Geo.* Now, sir, go and drive me those three horses
To the pound.
*Jen.* Do you hear? I were best take a constable With me.
*Geo.* Why so?
*Jen.* Why, they being gentlemen's horses, may stand
On their reputation, and will not obey me.
*Geo.* Go, do as I bid you, sir.
*Jen.* Well, I may go.
[*The Earl of* KENDALL, *the Lord* BONFIELD, *and Sir* GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *meet them.*
*Ken.* Whither away, sir?
*Jen.* Whither away! I am going to put the horses
In the pound.
*Ken.* Sirrah, those three horses belong to us,
And we put them in, and they must tarry there
And eat their fill.
*Jen.* Stay, I will go tell my master.
Hear you, master, we have another prize;
Those three horses be in your wheat close still,
And here be three geldings more.
*Geo.* What be these?
*Jen.* These are the masters of the horses.
*Geo.* Now, gentlemen,—I know not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, unless you be kings,—
Why wrong you us of Wakefield with your horses?
I am the Pinner, and before you pass,
You shall make good the trespass they have done.
*Ken.* Peace, saucy mate, prate not to us.
I tell thee, Pinner, we are gentlemen.
*Geo.* Why, sir, so may I, sir, although I give no arms.
*Ken.* Thou! how art thou a gentleman?
*Jen.* And such is my master, and he may give as good
Arms as ever your great grandfather could give.
*Ken.* Pray thee, let me hear how?
*Jen.* Marry, my master may give for his arms
The picture of April in a green jerkin,
With a rook on one fist, and an horn on the other;
But my master gives his arms the wrong way,
For he gives the horn on his fist;
And your grandfather, because he would not lose His arms, wears the horn on his own head.
*Ken.* Well, Pinner, since our horses be in,
In spite of thee, they now shall feed their fill,
And eat until our leisures serve to go.
*Geo.* Now, by my father's soul,
Were good King Edward's horses in the corn,
They shall amend the scaith, or kiss the pound;
Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.
*Ken.* Why, man, thou knowest not us.
We do belong to Henry Momford, earl of Kendall,
Men that, before a month be full expired,
Will be King Edward's betters in the land.
*Geo.* King Edward's betters! rebel, thou liest.
[GEORGE *strikes him.*
*Bon.* Villain, what hast thou done?
Thou hast struck an earl.
*Geo.* Why, what care I? a poor man, that is true,
Is better than an earl, if he be false.
Traitors reap no better favours at my hands.

*Ken.* Ay, so methinks; but thou shalt dear [11]aby this blow.
Now, or never, lay hold on the Pinner.

*Enter all the Ambush.*

*Geo.* Stay, my lords, let us parley on these broils;
Not Hercules against two, the proverb is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.
Had not your troops come marching as they did,
I would have stopt your passage into London:
But now I'll fly to secret policy. [*Aside.*
*Ken.* What dost thou murmur, George?
*Geo.* Marry this, my lord;
I muse, if thou be Henry Momford, Kendall's earl,
That thou wilt do poor George a Greene this wrong,
Ever to match me with a troop of men.
*Ken.* Why didst thou strike me then?
*Geo.* Why, my lord, measure me but by yourself;
Had you a man had served you long,
And heard your foe misuse you behind your back,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would cashier him. Much more,
King Edward is my king: and before I'll hear him
So wrong'd, I'll die within this place,
And maintain good whatsoever I have said.
And, if I speak not treason in this case,
What I have said I'll maintain in this place.
*Bon.* A pardon, my lord, for this Pinner;
For trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.
*Ken.* Well, George,
Wilt thou leave Wakefield, and [12]wend with me;
I'll freely put up all, and pardon thee.
*Geo.* Ay, my lord, considering me one thing,
You will leave these arms, and follow your good king.
*Ken.* Why, George, I rise not against king Edward,
But for the poor that is opprest by wrong;
And, if king Edward will redress the same,
I will not offer him disparagement,
But otherwise, and so let this suffice.
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms,
Now wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,
I'll make thee captain of a hardy band,
And, when I have my will, dub thee a knight.
*Geo.* Why, my lord, have ye any hope to win?
*Ken.* Why, there is a prophecy doth say,
That king James and I shall meet at London,
[13] And make the king vail bonnet to *us both.*
*Geo.* If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty reason.
*Ken.* Why, it is a miraculous prophecy, an cannot fail.
*Geo.* Well, my lord, you have almost turned me Jenkin, come hither.
*Jen.* Sir.
*Geo.* Go your ways home, sir,
And drive me those three horses home unto my house,
And pour them down a bushel of good oats.
*Jen.* Well, I will.—Must I give these scurvy horses
Oats? [*Exit* JENKIN.
*Geo.* Will it please you to command your train aside?
*Ken.* Stand aside. [*Exeunt the Train.*
*Geo.* Now list to me:
Here in a wood, not far from hence,
There dwells an old man in a cave alone,
That can foretel what fortunes shall befal you;
For he is greatly skilful in magic art.
Go you there to him early in the morning,
And question him; if he says good,
Why then, my lord, I am the foremost man,
We will march up with your camp to London.
*Ken.* George, thou honourest me in this:
But where shall we find him out?

---

[11] *Aby this blow.*—To *aby*, is to pay dear for, to suffer. So in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, p. 19:

"My neighbour and I might hap *to abie*,
If we should so do, as he suffereth you."

Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 273:

"O God forbid for mother's fault
The children should *abye*:
No graine of grudge, nor ground of guile
In guiltlesse babes doe lye."

*Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. 3. S. 2:

"Thou shalt *aby* it."

See also Mr Steevens's note on the last passage.

[12] *Wend*—See Note to *Tancred and Gismunda*, A. 1. S. 3. vol. ii. p. 174.

[13] *And make the king* vail bonnet *to us both.*] *To vail bonnet*, is a phrase which occurs in *Edward I.* vol. II. p. 321. and also in *Edward III.* A. 4. S. 7. In all these places it means to stand uncovered as a mark of submission. Again, we find *to vail flag*, *to vail cap*, *to vail top*, in other writers of the time; and all these several modes of expression are intended to denote either inferiority or respect in the person doing these several acts.

*Geo.* My man shall conduct you to the place;
But, good my lords, tell me true what the old man saith.
*Ken.* That will I, as I am earl of Kendall.
*Geo.* Why then, to honour George a Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a piece of beef at my poor house;
You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martilmas;
If that like you not, take what you bring for me
*Ken.* [14]Gramercies, George. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GEORGE A GREENE'S *Boy* WILY, *disguised like a Woman.*

*Wily.* O what is love! it is some mighty power,
Else could it never conquer George a Greene.
Here dwells a churl that keeps away his love.
I know the worst, and if I be espied,
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means
Can get fair Bettris forth her father's door,
It is enough. Venus, be for me, and she alone
Be aiding to my wily enterprize!
[*He knocks at the Door.*

*Enter* GRIME.

*Grime.* How now! who knocks there? what would you have?
From whence came you? where do you dwell?
*Wily.* I am, forsooth, a sempster's maid hard-by,
That hath brought work home to your daughter.
*Grime.* Nay, are ye not some crafty quean,
That comes from George a Greene, that rascal,
With some letters to my daughter?
I will have you search'd.
*Wily.* Alas! sir, it is Hebrew unto me,
To tell me of George a Green, or any other.
Search me, good sir, and if you find a letter
About me, let me have the punishment that is due.
*Grime.* Why are you muffled? I like you the worse for that.
*Wily.* I am not, sir, ashamed to shew my face;
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the air:
Nor am I [15]chary of my beauty's hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ache sore.
*Grime.* A pretty wench, of smiling countenance!
Old men can like, although they cannot love;
Ay, and love, though not so brief as young men can.—
Well, go in, my wench, and speak with my daughter.— [*Exit* WILY.
I wonder much at the earl of Kendall,
Being a mighty man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more than God or man will well allow.
But what a fool am I to talk of him?
My mind is more here of the pretty lass:
Had she brought some forty pounds to town,
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I have heard it in a proverb said,
He that is old, and marries with a lass,
Lies but at home, and proves himself an ass.

*Enter* BETTRIS, *in* WILY'S *apparel, to* GRIME.

How now, my wench, how is it? what, not a word?
Alas, poor soul! the tooth-ache plagues her sore.
Well, my wench, here is an angel for to buy
Thee pins, and I pray thee use mine house;
The oftener, the more welcome: farewell. [*Exit.*
*Bet.* O blessed love, and blessed fortune both!
But, Bettris, stand not here to talk of love,
But hie thee straight unto thy George a Greene.
Never went roebuck swifter on the downs,
Than I will trip it till I see my George. [*Exit.*

*Enter the Earl of* KENDALL, *Lord* BONFIELD, *Sir* GILBERT, *and* JENKIN *the Clown.*

*Ken.* Come away, Jenkin.
*Jen.* Come, here's his house.—Where be you, ho?
*Geo.* Who knocks there?
*Ken.* Here are two or three poor men, father,
Would speak with you.
*Geo.* Pray, give your man leave to lead me forth.
*Ken.* Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.
*Jen.* Come, old man.

*Enter* GEORGE A GREENE *disguised.*

*Ken.* Father, here is three poor men come to question
Thee a word in secret, that concerns their lives.
*Geo.* Say on, my sons.
*Ken.* Father, I am sure you hear the news,
How that the earl of Kendall wars against the king
Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,
But younger brethren that want revenues,
And for the hope we have to be prefer'd,
If that we knew that we shall win,
We will march with him:
If not, we will not march a foot to London more.
Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,
Whether the king or the earl of Kendall shall win.
*Geo.* The king, my son.
*Ken.* Art thou sure of that?
*Geo.* Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one lord Bonfield, the other sir Gilbert.

---

[14] *Gramercies, George.*—*Gramercy*, that is, says Mr Hawkins, *Origin of Drama*, Vol. III. 269, *grand merci*; or, I thank ye. *Je vous remercie.* In this sense it was constantly used by our first writers.

[15] *Chary.*—Careful. So, in *Euphues*, p. 22. "You have made so large profer of your service, and so fayre promises of your fidelitie, that were I not over *charie* of mine honesty, you would inveigle me to shake hands with chastitie."

*Ken.* Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
His deep perceivance should be such to know us.
*Gil.* Magic is mighty, and foretelleth great matters.—
Indeed, father, here is the earl come to see thee,
[16] And therefore, good father, fable not with him.
*Geo.* Welcome is the earl to my poor cell,
And so are you, my lords; but let me counsel you
To leave these wars against your king,
And live in quiet.
*Ken.* Father, we come not for advice in war,
But to know whether we shall win or [17] leese.
*Geo.* Lose, gentle lords, but not by good king Edward:
A baser man shall give you all the foil.
*Ken.* Ay, marry, father, what man is that?
*Geo.* Poor George a Greene, the Pinner.
*Ken.* What shall he?
*Geo.* Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you.
*Ken.* He! as how?
*Geo.* Nay, the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
*Ken.* But so it shall not, by my honour, Christ!
I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefield town,
And take that servile Pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edward's face.
*Geo.* Good my lord, be not offended,
For I speak no more than art reveals to me:
And, for greater proof,
Give your man leave to fetch me my staff.
*Ken.* Jenkin, fetch him his walking-staff.
*Jen.* Here is your walking-staff.
*Geo.* I'll prove it good upon your carcases:
A wiser wizard never met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoom your fall:
Now I have singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.
*Ken.* Villain, hast thou betray'd us?
*Geo.* Momford, thou liest! never was I
A traitor yet; only devised this guile
To draw you on, for to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London.
But it shall go hard, but I will hold you task.
*Gil.* Come, my lord, cheerly, I'll kill him hand to hand.
*Ken.* A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke.
*Geo.* Then give it me, for I will have the first.
[*Here they fight,* GEORGE *kills* GILBERT, *and takes the other two Prisoners.*
*Bon.* Stay, George, we do appeal.
*Geo.* To whom?
*Bon.* Why, to the king:
For rather had we bide what he appoints,
Than here be murthered by a servile groom.
*Ken.* What wilt thou do with us?
*Geo.* Even as lord Bonfield [18] wist:
You shall unto the king, and for that purpose,
See where the justice is placed.

*Enter Justice.*

*Just.* Now, my lord of Kendall, where be all your threats?
Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could never have conquer'd three.
*Ken.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit me;
If I have faulted, I must make amends.
*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many words.
I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,
That every man may go home unto his own house.
*Just.* It shall be so; what wilt thou do, George?
*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, look to your charge,
Leave me to myself.
*Just.* Come, my lords.
[*Exeunt all but* GEORGE.
*Geo.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,
As one despairing of thy beauteous love.
Fie, George! no more;
Pine not away for that which cannot be.
I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,
So long as I do want my Bettris.

*Enter* JENKIN.

*Jen.* Who see a master of mine?
*Geo.* How now, sirrah, whither away?
*Jen.* Whither away? why, who do you take me to be?
*Geo.* Why, Jenkin, my man.
*Jen.* I was so once indeed, but now the case is altered.
*Geo.* I pray thee, as how?
*Jen.* Were not you a fortune-teller to-day?
*Geo.* Well, what of that?
*Jen.* So sure am I become a juggler.
What will you say if I juggle your sweetheart?
*Geo.* Peace, prating [19] losell; her jealous father
Doth wait over her with such suspicious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feet,
He thinks it straight a witch to charm his daughter.

---

[16] *And therefore,* &c.—The same expression is in Shakespeare and Milton. The First Part of *Henry* VI. Act 4. Sc. 2.:

"He *fables* not, I hear the enemy."

*Comus,* l. 800.

"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear."

[17] *Leese*—i. e. *lose.* Anciently spelt in this manner.

[18] *Wist.*—Thought. So, in *Laugh and lie down at the World's Folly,* 1605, Sign. E 4: "—— with a deepe sighe, saying, Had *I wist* this would have falne out."

[19] *Losell.*—See Note 66. on *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* p. 117.

*Jen.* Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither?

*Geo.* A suit of green, and twenty crowns besides.

*Jen.* Well, by your leave, give me room;
You must give me something that you have lately worn.

*Geo.* Here is a gown, will that serve you?

*Jen.* Ay, this will serve me: keep out of my circle,
Lest ye be torn in pieces with she-devils:
Mistress Bettris, once, twice, thrice.
[*He throws the ground in, and she comes out.*
Oh, is this no cunning?

*Geo.* Is this my love? or is it but her shadow?

*Jen.* Ay, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweet love, what good fortune brought thee hither?
For one it was that favoured George a Greene.

*Bet.* Both love and fortune brought me to my George,
In whose sweet sight is all my heart's content.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweet love, how cam'st thou from thy father's?

*Bet.* A willing mind hath many slips in love.
It was not I, but Wily thy sweet boy.

*Geo.* And where is Wily now?

*Bet.* In my apparel in my chamber still.

*Geo.* Jenkin, come hither: go to Bradford,
And listen out your fellow Wily.—
Come, Bettris, let us in,
And in my cottage we will sit and talk.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King* EDWARD, *the King of Scots, Lord* WARWICK, *young* CUDDY, *and their Train.*

*Edw.* Brother of Scotland, I do hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirm'd
Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered,
You should make such invasion in my land.
The vows of kings should be as oracles,
Not blemish'd with the stain of any breach;
Chiefly where fealty and homage willeth it.

*James.* Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh;
My conscience grieves me for my deep misdeed.
I have the worst: of thirty thousand men,
There 'scapt not full five thousand from the field.

*Edw.* Gramercy, Musgrove, else it had gone hard.
Cuddy, I'll quite thee well ere we two part.

*James.* But had not his old father, William Musgrove,
Played twice the man, I had not now been here.
A stronger man I seldom felt before;
But one of more resolute valiance
Treads not, I think, upon the English ground.

*Edw.* I wot well, Musgrove shall not lose his hire.

*Cuddy.* And it please your grace, my father was
Five score and three at Midsummer last past:
Yet had king James been as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.

*Edw.* As George a Greene?
I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.
Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,
Many, in manner of a proverb, say,
*Were he as good as George a Greene, I would strike him sure.*
I pray thee tell me, Cuddy, can'st thou inform me,
What is that George a Greene?

*Cuddy.* Know, my lord, I never saw the man,
But mickle talk is of him in the country:
They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield town;
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

*War.* May it please your grace, I know the man too well.

*Edw.* Too well! why so, Warwick?

*War.* For once he swinged me, till my bones did ache.

*Edw.* Why, dares he strike an earl?

*War.* An earl, my lord! nay, he will strike a king,
Be it not king Edward. For stature he is framed
Like to the picture of stout Hercules,
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
The boldest earl or baron of our land,
That offereth [20] scath unto the town of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;
And whoso resisteth bears away the blows,
For he himself is good enough for three.

*Edw.* Why, this is wonderous!—My lord of Warwick,
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
But, leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the north?
They are now marching up to Doncaster.

*Enter one with the Earl of* KENDALL, *Prisoner.*

Soft, who have we there?

*Cuddy.* Here is a traitor, the earl of Kendall.

*Edw.* Aspiring traitor! how dar'st thou once
Cast thine eyes upon thy sovereign,
That honour'd thee with kindness and with favour?
But I will make thee buy this treason dear.

*Ken.* Good my lord—

*Edw.* Reply not, traitor.
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honour

---

[20] *Scath.*—*Scath* is harm, mischief. As in *Richard III.* A. 1. S. 3:—
"To pray for them that hath done *scathe* to us."
The Second Part of *Henry VI.* A. 2. S. 4:—
"All these could not procure me any *scathe*."

Won the victory against this rebel?
*Cuddy.* George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.
*Edw.* George a Greene! now shall I hear news
Certain, what this Pinner is:
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befel.
*Cuddy.* Kendall and Bonfield, with Sir Gilbert Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield town disguised,
And there spoke ill of your grace;
Which George but hearing, fell'd them at his feet;
And, had not rescue come into the place,
George had slain him in his close of wheat.
*Edw.* But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell
Where I might give and grant some thing,
That might please, and highly gratify the Pinner's thoughts?
*Cuddy.* This at their parting George did say to me:
If the king vouchsafe of this my service,
Then, gentle Cuddy, kneel upon thy knee,
And humbly crave a boon of him for me.
*Edw.* Cuddy, what is it?
*Cuddy.* It is his will your grace should pardon them,
And let them live, although they have offended.
*Edw.* I think the man striveth to be glorious.
Well, George hath craved it, and it shall be granted,
Which none but he in England should have gotten.
Live, Kendall, but as prisoner;
So shalt thou end thy days within the Tower.
*Ken.* Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.
*James.* My lord of Kendall, you are welcome to the court.
*Edw.* Nay, but ill come as it falls out now;
Ay, ill come indeed, were it not for George a Greene.
But, gentle king, for so you would aver,
And Edward's betters, I salute you both;
And here I vow by good Saint George,
You will gain but little when your sums are counted.
I sore do long to see this George a Greene:
And for because I never saw the North,
I will forthwith go see it:
And for that to none I will be known,
We will disguise ourselves, and steal down secretly,
Thou and I, king James, Cuddy, and two or three,
And make a merry journey for a month.
Away then, conduct him to the Tower.
Come on, king James, my heart must needs be merry,
If fortune makes such havock of our foes.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD, *Maid* MARIAN, SCARLET, *and* MUCH *the Miller's Son.*

*Robin.* Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheer?
What ails my lemman, that she 'gins to lower?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?
*Marian.* Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart,
But whensoever I do walk abroad,
I hear no songs but all of George a Greene:
Bettris his fair lemman passeth me;
And this, my Robin, galls my very soul.
*Robin.* Content; what wreaks it us, though George a Greene
Be stout, so long as he doth proffer us no scath?
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself,
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.
*Marian.* Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,
Nor lie with him under the green-wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.
*Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grief,
My merry men and I will thither stray;
And here I vow, that, for the love of thee,
I will beat George a Greene, or he shall beat me.
*Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I [21] wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares to do.
[22] *Much.* As I am Much, the miller's son,
That left my mill to go with thee,
And nil repent that I have done,
This pleasant life contenteth me;
In aught I may, to do thee good,
I'll live and die with Robin Hood.
*Marian.* And, Robin, Marian she will go with thee,
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of blee.
*Robin.* Marian, thou shalt go with thy Robin.
Bend up your bows, and see your strings be tight,
The arrows keen, and every thing be ready,
And each of you [23] a good bat on his neck,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.
*Scarlet.* I will have friar Tucke's.
*Much.* I will have little John's.
*Robin.* I will have one made of an ashen plank,
Able to bear a bout or two.
Then come on, Marian, let us go;
For before the sun doth shew the morning day,
I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George a Greene. [*Exeunt.*

---

[21] *Wend.*—The old word for travel.
[22] *Much.*—In the Ballads he is called *Midge.*
[23] *A good bat on his neck.*—*A bat* is a club. So in *King Lear*, A. 4. S. 6: "—Ise try whether your costard or my *bat* be the harder."—See Mr Stevens's Note on this passage.

*Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the Stage at work;* JENKIN *to him.*

*Jenk.* My masters, he that hath neither meat nor money,
And hath lost his credit with the alewife,
For any thing I know, may go supperless to bed.
But soft, who is here? here is a shoemaker;
He knows where is the best ale.—
Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me,
Where is the best ale in the town?

*Shoe.* Afore, afore, follow thy nose,
At the sign of the egg-shell.

*Jenk.* Come, Shoemaker, if thou wilt,
And take thy part of a pot.

*Shoe.* Sirrah, down with your staff,
Down with your staff.

*Jenk.* Why, how now, is the fellow mad?
I pray thee tell me, why should I hold down my staff?

*Shoe.* You will down with him, sir, will you not, sir?

*Jenk.* Why, tell me wherefore?

*Shoe.* My friend, this is the town of merry Wakefield,
And here is a custom held, that none shall pass
With his staff on his shoulders, but he must have
A bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

*Jenk.* And so will not I, sir.

*Shoe.* That will I try. [24] Barking dogs bite not the forest.

*Jenk.* I would to God, I were once well rid of him. [*Aside.*

*Shoe.* Now, what, will you down with your staff?

*Jenk.* Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

*Shoe.* If I am not, take that.

*Jenk.* You whoreson cowardly scab,
It is but the part of a [25] clapperdudgeon,
To strike a man in the street.
But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

*Shoe.* Ay, that I dare do:
But stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go
With thee to the town's end presently.

*Jenk.* I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow. [*Aside.*

*Shoe.* Come, sir, will you come to the town's end now, sir?

*Jenk.* Ay, sir, come.
Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

*Shoe.* Marry come, let us even have a bout.

*Jenk.* Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

*Shoe.* Why, what's the matter?

*Jenk.* Faith, I am Under-pinner of a town,
And there is an order, which if I do not keep,
I shall be turned out of my office.

*Shoe.* What is that, sir?

*Jenk.* Whensoever I go to fight with any body,
I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head
Before I strike, and then shew no favour.

*Shoe.* Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

*Jenk.* Well, sir, here is once, twice—here is my hand,
I will never do it the third time.

*Shoe.* Why then, I see, we shall not fight:

*Jenk.* Faith no: come, I will give thee two pots
Of the best ale, and be friends.

*Shoe.* Faith, I see,
It is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to have a bout with me:
Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer.—
My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow,
Thou hast no stomach to fight,
Therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

*Jenk.* Well, content; go thy ways and say thy prayers,
Thou 'scapest my hands to-day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GEORGE A GREEN *and* BETTRIS.

*George.* Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content?
What, canst thou brook to live with George a Green?

*Bet.* Oh, George, how little pleasing are these words!
Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I live until my life do end.

---

The mode of expression here used is very frequent in ancient writers. So, in Munday's Translation of *Palmerin D'Oliva*, 1588, p. 35. "—So ascended he the hyl, by a little trackt foote path, with hys yron mace on *his necke*, and the glasse for the water fastened at his gyrdle."

Dekkar's *Belman of London*, Sign. E 2: "— But when I approached neere unto him, and beheld a man with a lanthorne and candle in his hand, a long staffe *on his necke*, and a dogge at his tayle, &c."

Dekkar's *Belman's Night Walkes*, Sign. I 2: "—He tooke him for some curlesh Hobgoblin, seeing a long staffe *on his necke*, and therefore to be one of his own fellowes."

See also Dr Farmer's and Mr Steevens's notes on *As you like it*, A. I. S. 2.

[24] *Barking dogs, &c.*—This was proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 76.

[25] *Clapperdudgeon.*—A cant term for a beggar born. Dekkar's *Villainies discovered*, &c. 1620, Sign. N 3. So in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, A. 2. S. 4:—

"—— What! *a clapper dudgeon!*
"That's a good sign, to have a beggar follow him
"So near at his first entry into fortune."

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD, *and* MARIAN, *and his Train.*

*Geo.* Happy am I to have so sweet a love.
But what are these come [26] trasing here along?
*Bet.* Three men come striking through the corn, my love.
*Geo.* Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not [27] wend this way.
*R. Hood.* That were great shame. Now by my soul, proud sir,
We be three [28] tall yeomen, and thou but one.
Come, we will forward in despite of him.
*Geo.* Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But you must make a path over the corn?
*R. Hood.* Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?
We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.
*Geo.* Sirrah, the biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three merry men,
I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once,
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares perform.
*Scar.* Wert thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well mightest be a champion for a King:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
*Geo.* Sirrah, darest thou try me?
*Scar.* Ay, sirrah, that I dare.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE A GREENE *beats him.*
*Much.* How now? what, art thou down?
Come, sir, I am next.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE A GREENE *beats him.*
*R. Hood.* Come, sirrah, now to me; spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.
*Geo.* Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.
[*They fight,* ROBIN HOOD *stays.*
*R. Hood.* Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.
*Geo.* Soft, you sir, by your leave, you lie,
You never yet laid hands on me.
*R. Hood.* [29] George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.
*Geo.* Why, who art thou?
*R. Hood.* Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.
*Geo.* Robin Hood!
Next to king Edward art thou leefe [30] to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin Hood; welcome, maid Marian;
And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poor house?
You shall have wafer-cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since [31] Martlemas,
Mutton and veal; if this like you not,
Take that you find, or that you bring for me.
*R. Hood.* 'Godamercies, good 'George,
I'll be thy guest to-day.

---

[26] *Trasing.*—Following. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 180:

" All hand and hand they *traced* on
" A tricksie ancient round,
" And soone as shadowes were they gone,
" And might no more be found."

*Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1:

" ——— give to the edge o' the sword
" His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
" That *trace* him in his line."

[27] *Wend.*—See p. 452.

[28] *Tall Yeomen.*—The word *tall* in this place, and in most of our ancient writers, is not designed to give us an idea of height or bulk, but signifies *stout, bold*, or *courageous*. Thus, in *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Divell*, p. 9: " Ulysses was a *tall man* under Ajax' shield: but by himselfe hee would never adventure but in the night."

Hall's *Chronicle, Henry IV.* p. 14: " And with that word Sir Piers entered into the chamber well armed with *eight tall* men in harness."

Ibid p. 17: " — dyd gather a houge armye of twentie thousande *talle meune* and more."

So Bobadil addresses Downright by the title of *Tall man.* See *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7. and Mr Whalley's Note thereon.

[29] *George, wilt thou, &c.*—See the ballad in Evans's *Collection*, vol. 1. p. 109.

[30] *Leefe.*—See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 114.

[31] *Martlemas.*—*Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of *St Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption, as Mr Steevens remarks (Note to the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2.) is general in all the old Plays.

*Geo.* Robin, therein thou honourest me.
I'll lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter King* EDWARD *and King* JAMES, *disguised, with two staves.*

*Edw.* Come on, king James, now we are thus disguised,
There is none (I know) will take us to be kings:
I think we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merry shoemakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoemaker.*

*Shoe.* Down with your staves, my friends,
Down with them.
*Edw.* Down with our staves! I pray thee, why so?
*Shoe.* My friend, I see thou art a stranger here,
Else would'st thou not have question'd of the thing.
This is the town of merry Bradford,
And here hath been a custom kept of old,
That none may bear his staff upon his neck,
But trail it all along throughout the town,
Unless they mean to have a bout with me.
*Edw.* But hear you, sir, hath the king
Granted you this custom?
*Shoe.* [32] King or Kaisar, none shall pass this way,
Except king Edward;
No, not the stoutest groom that haunts his court:
Therefore down with your staves.
*Edw.* What were we best to do?
*James.* Faith, my lord, they are stout fellows;
And, because we will see some sport,
We will trail our staves.
*Edw.* Hear'st thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace and travellers,
We are content to trail our staves.
*Shoe.* The way lies before you, go along.

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD *and* GEORGE A GREENE *disguised.*

*R. Hood.* See, George, two men are passing through the town,
Two lusty men, and yet they trail their staves.
*Geo.* Robin, they are some peasants trickt in yeoman's weeds.—
Hollo, you two travellers!
*Edw.* Call you us, sir?
*Geo.* Ay, you. Are ye not big enough to bear
Your bats upon your necks, but you must trail them
Along the streets?
*Edw.* Yes, sir, we are big enough;
But here is a custom kept, that none may pass
His staff upon his neck, unless he trail it at the weapon's point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleep
In our whole skins, and therefore quietness is best.
*Geo.* Base-minded peasants, worthless to be men!
What, have you bones and limbs to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?
Wer't not for shame, I would [33] drub your shoulders well,
And teach you manhood against another time.
*Shoe.* Well preached, sir Jack! down with your staff.
*Edw.* Do you hear, my friends? and you be wise,
Keep down your staves, for all the town
Will rise upon you.
*Geo.* Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.
But hear you me; in spite of all the swains
Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your necks,
Or, to begin withal, I'll baste you both so well,
You were never better basted in your lives.
*Edw.* We will hold up our staves.
[GEORGE A GREENE *fights with the Shoemakers, and beats them all down.*
*Geo.* What, have you any more?
Call all your town forth, Cut, and Longtail.

*The Shoemakers spy* GEORGE A GREENE.

*Shoe.* What! George a Greene, is it you? A plague found you! [34]
I think you long'd to swinge me well.

---

[32] *King or Kaisar.*—The expression of *King and Kaisar* is frequently used by Spenser. See Mr Warton's *Observations*, vol. 2. p. 212. where several instances are produced.
Again, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 4. D. Sign. H 3: "My harts in my hose, but my face was never ashamed to shew itselfe yet before *King* or *Keysar*."
Skelton's *Works*, p. 196:

"Ye boste, ye face, ye crake,
"And upon you take
"To rule *King and Kayser*."

*Euphues*, p. 65: —"*No King, nor Keyser* be he never so royal in birth, &c.
*The Return from Parnassus*, A. 5. S. 1:—

"Fair fell good Orpheus, that would rather be
"*King* of a molehill, than a *Keyser's* slave."

[33] *Drub.*—The first edition reads *shrub.*
[34] *A plague found you.*—i. e. confound you.

Come, George, we will [35] crush a pot before we part.
*Geo.* A pot! you slave, we will have an hundred.
Here, Will Perkins, take my purse,
Fetch me a stand of ale, and set in the market-place,
That all may drink that are athirst this day;
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford town.
[*They bring out the Stand of Ale, and fall a drinking.*
Here, Robin, sit thou here;
For thou art the best man at the board this day.
You that are strangers, place yourselves where you will.
Robin, here's a [36] carouse to good king Edward's self,
And they that love him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

*Enter the Earl of* WARWICK *with other Noblemen, bringing out the King's garments; then* GEORGE A GREENE *and the rest kneel down to the King.*

*Edw.* Come masters, all fellows. Nay, Robin,
You are the best man at the board to-day.
Rise up, George.
*Geo.* Nay, good my liege, ill nurtur'd we were then:
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,
And little skill'd in court, or such quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth us duty to our king,
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a Greene,
*Rob.* And good my lord, a pardon for poor Robin.
And for us all a pardon, good king Edward.
*Shoe.* I pray you, a pardon for the shoemakers.
*Edw.* I frankly grant a pardon to you all.
And George a Greene, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.
*Geo.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.
That which I did against the earl of Kendall,
It was but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merits such good words.
*Edw.* But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.
Say what king Edward may perform,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.
*Geo.* I have a lovely lemman,
[37] As bright of blee as is the silver moon,
And old Grimes her father will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.
*Edw.* Where is she?
*Geo.* At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent, which is my greatest grief, my lord.
*Edw.* If this be all, I will dispatch it straight;
I'll send for Grime, and force him give his grant;
He will not deny king Edward such a suit.

*Enter* JENKIN, *and speaks.*

Ho, who saw a master of mine?
Oh, he is gotten into company, and a body
Should rake hell for company.
*Geo.* Peace, ye slave, see where king Edward is.
*Edw.* George, what is he?
*Geo.* I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.
*Shoe.* Sirrah, the king hath been drinking with us,
And did pledge us too.
*Jenk.* Hath he so? kneel, I dub you gentlemen
*Shoe.* Beg it of the king, Jenkin.
*Jenk.* I will.—I beseech your worship grant me one thing.
*Edw.* What is that?
*Jenk.* Hark in your ear. [*He whispers the King in the ear.*
*Edw.* Go your ways, and do it.
*Jenk.* Come down on your knees, I have got it
*Shoe.* Let us hear what it is, first.
*Jenk.* Marry, because you have drunk with the king,
And the king hath so graciously pledged you,

---

[35] *Crush a pot.*—This cant expression, Mr Steevens observes, seems to have been once common among low people. It is often to be met with in ancient Plays. See some instances in Note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 2.

[36] *Carouse.*—A *carouse* seems to be a more than ordinary quantity of liquor, probably as we now say a *bumper*.

Marston's First Part of *Antonio and Melleda*, A. 3.

" ——— O gallant youth,
" I'll drink *carouse* unto your countrie's health."

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 51: " Supper time being come, they fell to their victuals, and Lionel was *carroust* unto by Mutio."

[37] *As bright of blee.*— So p. 452:

" To see fair Beatrice how *bright she is of blee*."

Again Chaucer's *Lamentation of Mary Magdalen*, l. 391:—

" Onely for him, which is *so bright of ble*,
" As I trowe I shall him nevir se."

You shall no more be called shoemakers;
But you and yours to the worlds end,
Shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.
*Shoe.* I beseech your majesty reform this
Which he hath spoken.
*Jenk.* I beseech your worship consume this
Which he hath spoken.
*Edw.* Confirm it, you would say.
Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.
Come, George, we will go to Grime,
And have thy love.
*Jenk.* I am sure
Your worship will abide: for yonder is coming
Old Musgrove, and mad Cuddy his son.—
Master, my fellow Wily comes drest like a woman,
And master Grime will marry Wily. Here they come.

*Enter* MUSGROVE *and* CUDDY, *and Master* GRIME, WILY, *Maid* MARIAN, *and* BETTRIS.

*Edw.* Which is thy old father, Cuddy?
*Cuddy.* This, if it please your majesty.
*Edw.* Ah, old Musgrove, stand up;
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.
*Mus.* Long live
My sovereign! long and happy be his days!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Meddellom-castle gave me this,
This won the honour, and this give I thee.
*Edw.* Godamercy, Musgrove, for this friendly gift;
And for thou feld'st a king with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.
*Mus.* Alas, what hath your highness done? I am poor.
*Edw.*[38] To mend thy living, take thou Meddellom-castle,
The hold of both; and if thou want living, complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.
George, which is thy love?
*Geo.* This, if please your majesty.
*Edw.* Art thou her aged father?
*Grime.* I am, and it like your majesty.
*Edw.* And wilt not give thy daughter unto George?
*Grime.* Yes, my lord, if he will let me marry
With this lovely lass.
*Edw.* What say'st thou, George?
*Geo.* With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.
*Grime.* Then do I give my daughter unto George.
*Wily.* Then shall the marriage soon be at an end.
Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman;
For I am Wily, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtile shift.
*Edw.* What! is it a boy? what say'st thou to this, Grime?
*Grime.* Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath
More knavery than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.
*Edw.* Now, George, it rests I gratify thy worth;
And therefore, here I do bequeath to thee,
In full possession, half that Kendall hath;
And what as Bradford holds of me in chief,
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.
Kneel down, George.
*Geo.* What will your majesty do?
*Edw.* Dub thee a knight, George.
*Geo.* I beseech your grace, grant me one thing,
*Edw.* What is that?
*Geo.* Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his son.
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.
*Edw.* Well, be it so, George.
*James.* I beseech your grace dispatch with me,

---

[38] *To mend thy living, take thou Meddellom-castle.*—Mr Grose, who has given two views of this Castle, and a very accurate history of the several changes of its owners, in his *Antiquities of England and Wales*, vol. iv. supposes, that this play hath little or no foundation in history. "The king," says he, "here is simply named Edward, without any other distinction; but as the Scots King is called James, and mention is made of Edward's son, it can only be Edward the Fourth, he being the first of that name contemporary with a James, and the last that had issue.

"Having thus ascertained the king, the next step is to see, whether the other circumstances accord with the events of that reign; but in these there is very little similarity; for although there was a war with the Scots, no decisive battle was fought near Middleham, neither was the King of Scotland taken prisoner. It is true, there was an insurrection in Yorkshire towards the latter end of this reign, on account of a contribution demanded for the maintenance of an hospital at York; but this was terminated by the defeat of the rebels at Banbury. I will not object to the anachronism of introducing here Robin Hood, who lived in the reign of Richard the First. The introduction of imaginary characters was a liberty then frequently taken in old historical Plays, in order to divert the audience, and enliven the representation—a compliment to the upper galleries of those times. It may also be objected, that the Castle of Middleham was, about that period, the property of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. To this it may be answered, That a man of the age old Musgrove is here described to be, would not, in all probability, hold it above a year or two, after which it might be granted to Richard."

And set down my ransom.
*Edw.* George a Greene, set down the king of Scots
His ransom.
*Geo.* I beseech your grace pardon me,
It passeth my skill.
*Edw.* Do it, the honour's thine.
*Geo.* Then let king James make good
Those towns which he hath burnt upon the borders;
Give a small pension to the fatherless,
Whose fathers he caused murthered in those wars;
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so return. King James, are you content?
*James.* I am content, and like your majesty,
And will leave good castles in security.
*Edw.* I crave no more. Now George a Greene,
I'll to thy house; and when I have supt,
I'll go to Ask, and see if Jane a Barley be so fair,
As good king James reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custom of *Vail staff*,
Keep it still, claim privilege from me.
If any ask a reason why? or how?
Say, English Edward vail'd his staff to you.
[*Exeunt.*

## EDITION.

A pleasant conceyted Comedie of George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield. As it was sundry times acted by the Servants of the Right Honourable the Earl of Sussex. Imprinted at London, by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby; and are to be sold at his Shop neare the Royal Exchange, 1599, 4to.

# JERONIMO,

## PART THE FIRST.

*From Heywood's "Apology for Actors," it appears, that Thomas Kyd was the author of the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again." But whether he likewise wrote this "First Part of Jeronimo" does not appear.*

*This "First Part of Jeronimo" is so scarce, that many have doubted whether it ever existed; and Mr Coxeter and the author of the "Playhouse Dictionary" were of opinion, that what is called the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again," was only the old play altered and new named.—Ben Jonson has a passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," 1600, that seems to favour that opinion: "Another swears down all that sit about him, that the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted, was the only best and judiciously pen'd play of Europe."*

*They were, however, two distinct plays, as appears from this copy of the First Part, which is printed from one in the valuable collection of David Garrick, Esq.*

*From another passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, it may be conjectured, that "Jeronimo" first appeared on the stage about the year 1588. "They say (says one of the children of the Queen's Chapel) the ghosts of some three or four plays, departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here."*

*Sound a Signet,*[1] *and pass over the Stage. Enter at one door the King of Spain, Duke of Castile, Duke Medina,* LORENZO, *and* ROGERO; *at another door,* ANDREA, HORATIO, *and* JERONIMO. JERONIMO *kneels down, and the King creates him Marshall of Spain;* LORENZO *puts on his Spurs,*[2] *and* ANDREA *his Sword. The King goes along with* JERONIMO *to his House; after a long Signet is sounded, enter all the Nobles, with covered dishes, to the Banquet.*

*Exeunt omnes. That done, enter all again as before.*

*Spain.* Frolick, Jeronimo! thou art now confirmed
Marshal of Spain, by all the dues
And customary rights unto thy office.

*Jer.* My knee sings thanks unto your highness' bounty.—
Come hither, boy Horatio; fold thy joints;
Kneel by thy father's loins, and thank my leege,
By honouring me, thy mother, and thyself,
With this high staff of office.

*Hor.* O, my leege,
I have a heart thrice stronger than my years,
And that shall answer gratefully for me.
Let not my youthful blush impare my valour:
If ever you have foes, or red field scars,
I'll empty all my veins to serve your wars;
I'll bleed for you; and more, what speech affords,

[1] *Sound a* signet—This word, which is variously spelt, as *senet, cynet, sennet, sinet, signate, synnet, signet*, &c. I believe to be no more than a corruption of *sonata*, Ital. See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Vol. VIII. p. 9. and another on *King Henry VIII.* Vol. VII. p. 286. S.

[2] *Lorenzo puts on his spurs.*—This ceremony is still retained in the creation of a Knight of the Bath, and is generally performed by some person of eminence. See Anstis's *Historical Essay upon the Knighthood of the Bath*, 4to, 1725. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Life*, p. 54.

I'll speak in drops when I do fail in words.
*Jer.* Well spoke, my boy; and on thy father's side.—
My leege, how like you Don Horatio's spirit?
What! doth it promise fair?
*Spain.* Ay, and no doubt his merit will purchase more.
Knight Marshal rise, and still rise
Higher and greater in thy sovereign's eyes.
*Jer.* O, fortunate hour! blessed minute! happy day!
Able to ravish even my sense away!
Now I remember too; O sweet remembrance!
This day my years strike fifty, and in Rome
They call the fifty year, the year of Jubily,
The merry year, the peaceful year, jocond year,
A year of joy, of pleasure, and delight;
This shall be my year of Jubily, for 'tis my fifty.
Age ushers honour; 'tis no shame; confess,
Beard, thou art fifty full, not a hair less.

*Enter an Embassador.*

*Spain.* How now? what news from Spain? tribute returned?
*Emb.* Tribute in words, my leege, but not in coin.
*Spain.* Ha! dare he still procrastinate with Spain?
Not tribute paid! not three years paid!
'Tis not at his coin,
But his slack homage, that we most repine.
*Jer.* My leege, if my opinion might stand firm
Within your highness' thoughts—
*Spain.* Marshal, our kingdom calls thee father;
Therefore speak free.
Thy counsel I'll embrace, as I do thee.
*Jer.* I thank your highness. Then, my gracious leege,
I hold it meet, by way of embassage,
To demand his mind, and the neglect of tribute.
But, my leege,
Here must be kind words, which doth oft besiege
The ears of rough-hewn tyrants, more than blows;
Oh, a politic speech beguiles the ears of foes.
Marry, my leege, mistake me not, I pray;
If friendly phrases, honied speech, bewitching accent,
Well-tuned melody, and all sweet gifts
Of nature, cannot avail or win him to it,
Then let him raise his gall up to his tongue,
And be as bitter as physicians' drugs,
Stretch his mouth wider with big swoln phrases.
Oh, here's a lad of mettle, stout Don Andrea,
Mettle to the crown,
Would shake the king's high court three handfuls down.
*Spain.* And well picked out, Knight Marshal; speech well strung;
I'd rather chuse Horatio, were he not so young.
*Hor.* I humbly thank your highness,
On placing me next unto his royal bosom.
*Spain.* How stand ye, lords, to this election?
*Omnes.* Right pleasing, our dread sovereign.
*Med.* Only, with pardon, mighty sovereign,—
*Cast.* I should have chose Don Lorenzo.
*Med.* I, Don Rogero.
*Rog.* Oh, no; not me, my lords,
I am war's champion, and my fees are swords.
Pray, king, pray, peers, let it be Don Andrea;
He's a worthy limb,
Loves wars and soldiers, therefore I love him.
*Jer.* And I love him and thee, valiant Rogero.
Noble spirits, gallant bloods;
You are no wise, insinuating lords,
You ha' no tricks, you ha' none of all their sleights.
*Lor.* So, so, Andrea must be sent embassador;
Lorenzo is not thought upon: good!
I'll wake the court, or startle out some blood.
*Spain.* How stand you, lords, to this election?
*Omnes.* Right pleasing, our dread sovereign.
*Spain.* Then, Don Andrea,—
*And.* My approved leege.
*Spain.* We make thee our lord high embassador.
*And.* Your highness circles me with honour's bounds;
I still discharge the weight of your command
With best respect: if friendly tempered phrase
Cannot affect the virtue of your charge,
I will be hard like thunder, and as rough
As northern tempests, or the vexed bowels
Of too insulting waves, who at one blow
Five merchants' wealths into the deep doth throw.
I'll threaten crimson wars.
*Rog.* Aye, aye, that's good;
Let them keep coin, pay tribute with their blood.
*Spain.* Farewell then, Don Andrea; to thy charge.
Lords, let us in; joy shall be now our guest:
Let's in to celebrate our second feast.
[*Exeunt omnes, præter* LORENZO.
*Lor.* Andrea's gone embassador;
Lorenzo is not dreamt on in this age.
Hard fate,
When villains sit not in the highest state!
Ambition's plumes, that flourished in our court,
Severe authority has dashed with justice;
And policy and pride walk like two exiles,
Giving attendance, that were once attended;
And we rejected, that were once high honoured.
I hate Andrea; 'cause he aims at honour, when
My purest thoughts work in a pitchy vale,
Which are as different as heaven and hell.
One peers for day, the other gapes for night.
That yawning ba'dam, with her jetty skin,
'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride,
For such complexions best appease my pride.
I have a lad in pickle of this stamp,
A melancholy, discontented courtier,
Whose famished jaws look like the chap of death;
Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation;
Whose hands are washed in rape and murders bold:
Him with a golden bait will I allure,
(For courtiers will do any thing for gold,)
To be Andrea's death at his return.
He loves my sister, that shall cost his life;
So she a husband, he shall lose a wife.

O sweet, sweet policy, I hug thee! good;
Andrea's Hymen's-draught shall be in blood.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* HORATIO *at one door*, ANDREA *at another.*

*Hor.* Whither in such haste, my second self?
*And.* I'faith, my dear bosom, to take solemn leave
Of a most weeping creature.
*Hor.* That's a woman.

*Enter* BELLIMPERIA.

*And.* That's Bellimperia.
*Hor.* See, see, she meets you here:
And what is it to love, and be loved dear!
*Bel.* I have heard of your honour, gentle breast,
I do not like it now so well methinks.
*And.* What! not to have honour bestowed on me?
*Bel.* O, yes; but not a wandering honour, dear;
I could afford well didst thou stay here.
Could honour melt itself into thy veins,
And thou the fountain, I could wish it so,
If thou would'st remain here with me, and not go.
*And.* 'Tis but to Portugal.
*Hor.* But to demand the tribute, lady.
*Bel.* Tribute! alas, that Spain cannot of peace
Forbear a little coin, the Indies being so near.
And yet this is not all: I know you are too hot,
Too full of spleen for an embassador,
And will lean much to honour.
*And.* Push!
*Bel.* Nay, hear me, dear! I know you will be rough
And violent; and Portingal hath a tempestuous son,
Stampt with the mark of fury, and you too.
*And.* Sweet Bellimperia!
*Bel.* You'll meet like thunder, each imperious
Over other's spleen; you have both proud spirits,
And both will strive to aspire.
When two vexed clouds justle, they strike out fire:
And you, I fear me, war, which peace forefend.
O dear Andrea, pray, let us have no wars!
First let them pay the soldiers that were maimed
In the last battle, ere more wretches fall,
Or walk on stilts to timeless funeral.
*And.* Respective dear! O, my life's happiness!
The joy of all my being! do not shape
Frightful conceit beyond the intent of act!
I know thy love is vigilant o'er my blood,
And fears ill fate which heaven hath yet withstood.
But be of comfort; sweet Horatio knows
I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.
*Hor.* True, madam Bellimperia, that's his task:
The phrase he useth must be gently styled,
The king hath warned him to be smooth and mild.
*Bel.* But will you, indeed, Andrea?
*And.* By this.
*Bel.* By this lip-blushing kiss.
*Hor.* O you swear sweetly.
*Bel.* I'll keep your oath for you till you return,
Then I'll be sure you shall not be forsworn.

*Enter* PEDRINGANO.

*And.* Ho, Pedringano!
*Ped.* Signioro.
*And.* Are all things aboard?
*Ped.* They are, my good lord.
*And.* Then, Bellimperia, I take leave; Horatio
Be, in my absence, my dear self, chaste self.—
What! playing the woman, Bellimperia?
Nay, then, you love me not; or, at the least,
You drown my honours in those flowing waters.
Believe it, Bellimperia, 'tis as common
To weep at parting, as to be a woman.
Love me more valiant; play not this moist prize;
Be woman in all parts save in thy eyes.
And so I leave thee.
*Bel.* Farewell, my lord:
Be mindful of my love, and of your word.
*And.* 'Tis fixed upon my heart; adieu, soul's friend!
*Hor.* All honour on Andrea's steps attend.
*Bel.* Yet he is in sight, and yet but now he's vanished.
[*Exit* ANDREA.
*Hor.* Nay, lady, if you stoop so much to passion,
I'll call him back again.
*Bel.* O, good Horatio, no; it is for honour.
Pr'ythee let him go.
*Hor.* Then, madam, be composed, as you were wont,
To music and delight; the time being comic, will
Seem short and pleasant, till his return
From Portingal:
And, madam, in this circle let your heart move;
Honoured promotion is the sap of love.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* LAZAROTTO, *a discontented Courtier.*

*Lor.* Come, my soul's spaniel, my life's jetty substance,
What's thy name?
*Laz.* My name's an honest name, a courtier's name:
'Tis Lazarotto.
*Lor.* What, Lazarotto!
*Laz.* Or rather rotting in this lazy age
That yields me no employments: I have mischief
Within my breast, more than my [3] bulk can hold:
I want a midwife to deliver it.
*Lor.* I'll be the he-one then, and rid thee soon

---

[3] *Bulk*—One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his *Etymologicon*, is "*Venter*, hinc Hisp. *Buche*, Ventriculus animalis, Belg. *Bulcke*, Thorax."
So, in *The Nice Valour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. X. p. 355. edition 1778:

"My maintenance, rascals! *my bulk*, my exhibition!"

Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elf.
Thou know'st the love betwixt Bellimperia and
Andrea's bosom?
*Laz.* Aye, I do.
*Lor.* How might I cross it, my sweet mischief?
Honey damnation! how?
*Laz.* Well:
As many ways as there are paths to hell,
And that's enow i'faith. From usurers' door,
There goes one path: from friers that nurse whores,
There goes another path: from brokers' stalls,
From rich that die and build no hospitals,
Two other paths: from farmers that crack barns
With stuffing corn, yet starve the needy swarms,
Another path: from drinking schools one,
From dicing-houses—but from the court, none, none.
*Lor.* Here is a slave just of the stamp I wish;
Whose ink soul's blacker than his name,
Though it stand printed with a raven's quill.
But, Lazarotto, cross my sister's love,
And I'll rain showers of duckets in thy palm.
*Laz.* Oh duckets, dainty ducks; forgive me duckets,
I'll fetch you duck enough for gold; and chink
Makes the punk wanton and the bawd to wink.
*Lor.* Discharge, discharge, good Lazarotto, how
We may cross my sister's loving hopes.
*Laz.* Nay, now I'll tell you.
*Lor.* Thou knowest Andrea's gone embassador.
*Laz.* The better; there's opportunity: now list to me.

*Enter* JERONIMO *and* HORATIO, *and overhear their talk.*

Alcario, the Duke Medina's son,
Dotes on your sister Bellimperia:
Him in her private gallery you shall place
To court her; let his protestations be
Fashioned with rich jewels,[4] for in love
Great gifts and gold have the best tongue to move.
Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
To bind it fast: oh, I know women's hearts,
What stuff they are made of, my lord; giving and giving
Will melt the chastest seeming female living.
*Lor.* Indeed Andrea is but poor, though honourable;
His bounty among soldiers sokes him dry,
And therefore great gifts may bewitch her eye.
*Jer.* [5] Here's no fine villainy, no damned brother!
*Lor.* But say she should deny his gifts, be all
Composed of hate, as my mind gives me that
She will: what then?
*Laz.* Then thus: at his return
To Spain, I'll murder Don Andrea.
*Lor.* Dar'st thou, spirit?
*Laz.* What dares not he do, that ne'er hopes to inherit?
*Hor.* He dares be damn'd like thee.
*Laz.* Dare I? Ha, ha!
I have no hope of everlasting height,
My soul's a Moor you know, salvation's white.
What dare I not enact then? Tush, he dies;
I will make way to Bellimperia's eyes.
*Lor.* To weep I fear, but not to tender love.
*Laz.* Why, is she not a woman? she must weep
Awhile, as widows use till their first sleep;
Who in the morrow following will be sold
To new, before the first are throughly cold.
So Bellimperia; for this is common;
The more she weeps, the more she plays the woman.
*Lor.* Come then, howe'er it hap, Andrea shall be crost.
*Laz.* Let me alone, I'll turn him to a ghost.
[*Exeunt* LORENZO, *and* LAZAROTTO, *and* HORATIO.

*Manet* JERONIMO.

*Jer.* Farewell, true brace of villains;
Come hither, boy Horatio, didst thou hear them?

---

[4] *For in love*, &c.—The same sentiment is in both Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 3. S. 2:—

—— "Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

*The Woman Hater*, A. 4. S. 2:

—— "Your offers must
Be full of bounty; velvets to furnish a gown, silks
For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining;
Forget not some pretty jewel to fasten after
Some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy,
Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
Fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,
Will win an anchorite."

[5] *Here's no fine villainy.*—See Note to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, postea.

*Hor.* O my true-breasted father, my ears
Have suck'd in poison, deadly poison:
Murder Andrea! O inhuman practice!
Had not your reverend years been present here,
I should have ponyarded the villain's bowels,
And shoved his soul out to damnation.
Murder Andrea! honest lord! impious villains!
*Jer.* I like thy true heart, boy; thou lov'st thy friend,
It is the greatest argument and sign,
That I begot thee, for it shews thou art mine.
*Hor.* O father, 'tis a charitable deed
To prevent those that would make virtue bleed!
I'll dispatch letters to Don Andrea;
Unfold their hellish practice, damn'd intent,
Against the virtuous rivers of his life.
Murder Andrea!

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Jer.* Peace: who comes here? news, news, Isabella.
*Isa.* What news, Jeronimo?
*Jer.* Strange news:
Lorenzo is become an honest man.
*Isa.* Is this your wondrous news?
*Jer.* Is it not wondrous
To have honesty in hell? go tell it abroad now;
But see you put no new additions to it,
As thus—shall I tell you, gossip; Lorenzo is
Become an honest man:—beware, beware; for honesty,
Spoken in derision, points out knavery.
O then take heed; that jest would not be trim,
He's a great man, therefore we must not knave him.
In, gentle soul; I'll not be long away,
As, short my body, short shall be my stay.
[*Exit* ISABELLA.
*Hor.* Murder Andrea! what blood-sucking slave
Could choke bright honour in a scabbard grave!
*Jer.* What, harping still upon Andrea's death?
Have courage, boy: I shall prevent their plots,
And make them both stand like two politic sots.
*Hor.* Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell,
To hook the devil from his flaming cell:
Oh, sprightly father, he'll out-reach you then;
Knaves longer reaches have than honest men.
*Jer.* But, boy, fear not, I'll out-stretch them all,
My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small. [6]
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of Portingal,* BALTHEZAR, ALEXANDRO, *Don* VOLLUPO, *and others: a Peal of Ordnance; within, a great shout of People.*

*King.* What is the meaning of this loud report?
*Alex.* An embassy, my lord, is new arrived from Spain.
*King.* Son Balthezar, we pray do you go meet him,
And do him all the honour that belongs him.
*Bal.* Father, my best endeavour shall obey you:
Welcome, worthy lord, Spain's choice embassador,
Brave, stout Andrea; for so I guess thee.

*Enter* ANDREA.

*And.* Portugal's, ere I thank thee,
Thou seems no less than what thou art, a prince,
And an heroic spirit: Portingal's king,
I kiss my hand, and tender on thy throne
My master's love, peace, and affection.
*King.* And we receive them, and thee, worthy Andrea;
Thy master's high-prized love unto our heart,
Is welcome to his friend; thou to our court.
*And.* Thanks, Portingal. My lords, I had in charge,
At my depart from Spain, this embassage,
To put your breast in mind of tribute due
Unto our master's kingdom, these three years
Detained and kept back; and I am sent to know,
Whether neglect, or will, detains it so.
*King.* Thus much return unto thy king, Andrea;
We have with best advice thought of our state,
And find it much dishonoured by base homage:
I not deny, but tribute hath been due
To Spain by our forefathers' base captivity,
Yet cannot rase out their successors' merit.
'Tis said, we shall not answer at next birth
Our fathers' faults in heaven; why then on earth?
Which proves and shews, that which they lost
By base captivity,
We may redeem with honoured valiancy.
We borrow nought: our kingdom is our own:
He is a base king that pays rent for his throne.
*And.* Is this thy answer, Portingal?
*Bal.* Ay, Spain;
A royal answer too, which I'll maintain.
*Omnes.* And all the peers of Portugal the like.
*And.* Then thus all Spain, which but three minutes ago
Was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe.
*Bal.* An excellent foe; we shall have scuffling good.
*And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.
*Bal.* Tribute for tribute, then; and foes for foes.
*And.* I bid you sudden wars.
*Bal.* I sudden blows, and that's as good as wars.
Don, I'll not bate
An inch of courage, nor a hair of fate:
Pay tribute I with strokes.
*And.* Aye, with strokes you shall;
Alas, that Spain should correct Portugal!
*Bal.* Correct!
O, in that one word such torments do I feel,
That I could lash thy ribs with valiant steel.
*And.* Prince Balthezar, shall's meet?
*Bal.* Meet, Don Andrea? yes, in the battle's bowels;
Here is my gage, a never-failing pawn;
'Twill keep his day, his hour, nay minute; 'twill.

---

6 *Small.*—The first edition reads *full.*

*And.* Then thine, and this, possess one quality.
*Bal.* O let them kiss:
Did I not understand thee noble, valiant,
And worthy my sword's society with thee,
For all Spain's wealth, I'd not grasp hands,
Meet Don Andrea. I tell thee, noble spirit,
I'd wade up to the knees in blood, I'd make
A bridge of Spanish carcases, to single thee
Out of the gasping army.
*And.* Woot thou, prince?
Why even for that, I love.
*Bal.* Tut, love me, man, when we have drunk
Hot blood together; wounds will tie
An everlasting settled amity,
And so shall thine.
*And.* And thine.
*Bal.* What! give no place?
*And.* To whom?
*Bal.* To me.
*And.* To thee?
Why should my face, that's placed above my mind,
Fall under it?
*Bal.* I'll make thee yield.
*And.* Aye, when you get me down;
But I stand even yet, jump crown to crown.
*Bal.* Dar'st thou?
*And.* I dare.
*Bal.* I am all vext.
*And.* I care not.
*Bal.* I shall forget the law.
*And.* Do, do.
*Bal.* Shall I?
*And.* Spare not.
*Bal.* But thou wilt yield first.
*And.* No.
*Bal.* O, I hug thee for't,
The valiant'st spirit e'er trod the Spanish court:
Here let the rising of our hot blood set.
*Alex.* My leege, two nobler spirits never met.
*Bal.* Until we meet in purple, when our swords
Shall——
*And.* Agreed, right valiant prince:—
Then Portugal, this is thy resolute answer?
*King.* So return; it's so: we have bethought us
What tribute is; how poor that monarch shews,
Who for his throne a yearly pension owes:
And what our predecessors lost to Spain,
We have fresh spirits that can renew it again.
*And.* Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war:
Many a new wound must gasp through an old scar.
So Portugal, I leave thee.
*King.* Ourself in person
Will see thee safe aboard: come son, come!
Instead of tribute we must pay our swor:
*Bal.* Remember, Don Andrea, [illegible]
*And.* Up hither sailing in a crimson fleet
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* ALCARIO.

*Lor.* Do you affect my sister?
*Alca.* Affect! above affection, for
Her breast is my lifes' treasure; O entire
Is the condition of my hot desire!
*Lor.* Then this must be your plot.
You know Andrea's gone embassador,
On whom my sister Bellimperia
Casts her affection.
You are in stature like him, speech alike,
And had you but his vestment on your back,
There's no one living but would swear 'twere he:
Therefore sly policy must be your guide.
I have a suit just of Andrea's colours,
Proportioned in all parts:—nay, 'twas his own:
This suit within my closet shall you wear,
And so disguised woo, sue, and then at last—
*Alca.* What?
*Lor.* Obtain thy love.
*Alca.* This falls out rare;
In this disguise I may both wed, bed, and board her.
*Lor.* You may, you may:
Besides, within these few days he'll return.
*Alca.* Till this be acted, I in passion burn.
*Lor.* All falls out for the purpose: [7] all hits jump;
The date of his embassage nigh expired,
Gives strength unto our plot.
*Alca.* True, true; all to the purpose.
*Lor.* Moreover, I will buz Andrea's landing;
Which, once but crept into the vulgar mouths,
Is hurried here and there, and sworn for troth:
Think, 'tis your love makes me create this guise,
And willing hope to see your virtue rise.
*Alca.* Lorenzo's bounty I do more enfold
Than the greatest mine of India's brightest gold.
*Lor.* Come, let us in; the next time you shall show
All Don Andrea, not Alcario. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* JERONIMO *trussing of his points;* HORATIO *with pen and ink.*

*Jer.* Come, pull the table this way: so, 'tis well.

---

[7] *All hits jump*, i. e. *exactly.* So, in *Hamlet*: "—*jump* at this dead hour." S.
Again, *The Two Noblemen Kinsmen*, A. 1. S. 2:
"——where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even *jump*
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters."
*Othello*, A. 2. S. 3:
"Myself the while will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him *jump* where he may Cassio find."

Come write, Horatio, write;
This speedy letter must away to-night.
[HORATIO *folds the Paper the contrary way.*
Will a fold paper that way to a nobleman?
To Don Andrea, Spain's embassador!
Fie! I am ashamed to see it: hast thou worn
Gowns in the university, [8] tost logic,
Suckt philosophy, eat cues, drunk cees, [9] and cannot give
A letter the right courtier's crest?
O there's a kind of state,
In every thing, save in a cuckold's pate!
Fie, fie, Horatio! what, is your pen foul?
*Hor.* No, father, cleaner than Lorenzo's soul;
That's dipt in ink made of an envious gall,
Else had my pen no cause to write at all.
*Jer.* Signior Andrea, say.
*Hor.* Signior Andrea—
*Jer.* 'Tis a villainous age this.
*Hor.* 'Tis a villainous age this—
*Jer.* That a nobleman should be a knave as
Well as an ostler.
*Hor.* That a nobleman should be a knave as
Well as an ostler—
*Jer.* Or a serjeant.
*Hor.* Or a serjeant—
*Jer.* Or a broker.
*Hor.* Or a broker—
*Jer.* Yet I speak not this of Lorenzo,
For he's an honest lord.
*Hor.* 'S foot, father, I'll not write him honest lord.
*Jer.* Take up thy pen, or I'll take up thee.
*Hor.* What? write him honest lord? I'll not agree.
*Jer.* You'll take it up, sir?
*Hor.* Well, well.
*Jer.* What went before? thou hast put me out: beshrew
Thy impudence or insolence.
*Hor.* Lorenzo's an honest lord—
*Jer.* Well, sir; and has hired one to murder you.
*Hor.* O, I cry you mercy, father, meant you so?
*Jer.* Art thou a scholar, Don Horatio,
And can'st not aim at figurative speech?
*Hor.* I pray you, pardon me; 'twas but youth's
Hasty error.
*Jer.* Come, read then. * *
*Hor.* And has hired one to murder you—
*Jer.* He means to send you to heaven, when
You return from Portugal.
*Hor.* From Portugal—
*Jer.* Yet he's an honest duke's son.
*Hor.* Yet he's an—
*Jer.* But not the honest son of a duke.
*Hor.* But not the honest—
*Jer.* O that villainy should be found in the great chamber!
*Hor.* O that villainy—
*Jer.* And honesty in the bottom of a cellar.
*Hor.* And honesty—
*Jer.* If you'll be murdered, you may.
*Hor.* If you'll be—
*Jer.* If you be not, thank God and Jeronimo.
*Hor.* If you be not—
*Jer.* If you be, thank the devil and Lorenzo.
*Hor.* If you be, thank—
*Jer.* Thus hoping you will not be murdered, and you can choose.
*Hor.* Thus hoping you will—
*Jer.* Especially being warned before hand.
*Hor.* Especially—
*Jer.* I take my leave, boy; Horatio, write leave
Bending in the hams like an old courtier:—
Thy assured friend, say, 'gainst Lorenzo and
The devil,—little Jeronimo Marshal.
*Hor.* Jeronimo Marshall.
*Jer.* So, now read it o'er.
*Hor.* Signior Andrea, 'tis a villainous age this,
That a nobleman should be a knave as well
As an ostler, or a serjeant, or a broker; yet
I speak not this of Lorenzo: he's an
Honest lord, and has hired one to murder you,
When you return from Portugal; yet
He's an honest duke's son, but not the
Honest son of a duke. O that villainy
Should be found in the great chamber, and honesty
In the bottom of a cellar!
*Jer.* True, boy: there's a moral in that; as much
To say, knavery in the court, and honesty in a
Cheese-house.
*Hor.* If you'll be murdered you may: if you be
Not, thank God and Jeronimo: if you be,
Thank the devil and Lorenzo. Thus hoping
You will not be murdered, and you can choose;
Especially being warned before hand, I take my leave.
*Jer.* Horatio, hast thou written leave, bending in the
Hams, enough, like a gentleman usher? 'Sfoote,
No Horatio; thou hast made him straddle too much
Like a Frenchman: for shame, put his legs closer,
Though it be painful.
*Hor.* So, 'tis done, 'tis done.—
Thy assured friend 'gainst Lorenzo and the devil;
Little Jeronimo Marshal.

*Enter* LORENZO *and* ISABELLA.

*Isa.* Yonder he is, my lord; pray you speak to him.
*Jer.* Wax, wax, Horatio: I had need wax too,
Our foes will stride else over me and you.
*Isa.* He's writing a love-letter to some Spanish lady,
And now he calls for wax to seal it.
*Lor.* God save you, good knight Marshal.

---

[8] The quarto reads *lost*.
[9] *Eat* cues, *drunk cees*.—Terms current in the universities for different portions of bread and beer. S.

*Jer.* Who's this? my lord Lorenzo? welcome, welcome;
[10] You're the last man I thought on, save the devil:
Much doth your presence grace our homely roof.
*Lor.* O Jeronimo,
Your wife condemns you of an uncourtesy,
And over-passing wrong; and, more, she names
Love-letters which you send to Spanish dames.
*Jer.* Do you accuse me so, kind Isabella?
*Isa.* Unkind Jeronimo.
*Lor.* And for my instance, this in your hand is one.
*Jer.* In sooth, my lord, there is no written name
Of any lady, then no Spanish dame.
*Lor.* If it were not so, you would not be afraid
To read, or show, the waxed letter:
Pray you, let me behold it.
*Jer.* I pray you pardon me.
I must confess, my lord, it treats of love,
Love to Andrea, ay even to his very bosom.
*Lor.* What news, my lord, hear you from Portugal?
*Jer.* Who I? before your grace it must not be;
The badger feeds not till the lion's served:
[11] Nor fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears,
As the fair cheek of high authority.
Jeronimo lives much absent from the court,
And, being absent there, lives from report.
*Lor.* Farewell, Jeronimo
*Isa.* Welcome, my lord Lorenzo.
[*Exeunt* LORENZO *and* ISABELLA.
*Jer.* Boy,
Thy mother's jealous of my love to her.
*Hor.* O, she play'd us a wise part; now ten to one
He had not overheard the letter read
Just as he enter'd.
*Jer.* Though it had happen'd evil,
He should have heard his name yoked with the devil.
Here, seal the letter with a loving knot:
Send it with speed; Horatio, linger not;
That Don Andrea may prevent his death,
And know his enemy by his envious breath.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* ALCARIO, *disguised like* ANDREA.

*Lor.* Now, by the honour of Castile's true house,
You are as like Andrea, part for part,
As he is like himself: did I not know you,
[12] By my cross I swear, I could not think you but
Andrea's self, so legg'd, so faced, so speech'd,
So all in all, methinks I should salute
Your quick return, and speedy haste from Portugal:
Welcome, fair lord, worthy embassador,
Brave Don Andrea. O I laugh to see
How we shall jest at her mistaking thee.
*Alc.* What, have you given it out Andrea is return'd?
*Lor.* 'Tis all about the court in every ear,
And my invention, brought to me for news
Last night at supper; and which the more to cover,
I took a bowl, and quaft a health to him,
When it would scarce go down for extreme laughter,
To think how soon report had scatter'd it.
*Alc.* But is the villain Lazarotto
Acquainted with our drift?
*Lor.* Not for Spain's wealth;
Though he be secret, yet suspects the worst,
For confidence confounds the stratagem.
The fewer in a plot of jealousy
Build a foundation surest, when multitudes
Make it confused ere it come to head.
Be secret then; trust not the open air,
For air is breath, and breath-blown words raise care.
This is the gallery where she most frequents.
*Alc.* Within this walk have I beheld her dally
With my shape's substance. O immortal powers!
Lend your assistance; clap a silver tongue
Within this palate, that, when I approach
Within the presence of this demi-goddess,
I may possess an adamantic power,
And so bewitch her with my honied speech,
Have every syllable a musick stop;
That, when I pause, the melody may move,

---

[10] *You're the last man*, &c.—Mr Steevens observes (Note to *Merry Wives*, &c. A. 5. S. 2.) that "in the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of supreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occasionally styled *Men* So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry says, God's a good *man*. Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an absurd one by Mr Pope and his associates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraseology. See *Memoirs of* P. P."

[11] *Nor fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears.*—In the quarto, the word *ears* is omitted. As the sense of this passage is imperfect without some addition, I have adopted the above emendation, which was proposed by Mr Steevens.

[12] *By my cross I swear.*—See Note on the *Pinner of Wakefield* p. 412.

And hem persuasion 'tween her snowy paps,
That her heart hearing may relent and yield!
*Lor.* Break off, my lord: see where she makes approach.

*Enter* BELLIMPERIA.

*Alc.* Then fall into your former vein of terms.
*Lor.* Welcome, my lord, welcome, brave Don Andrea,
Spain's best of spirit! what news
From Portugal? tribute or war?
But see, my sister Bellimperia comes:
I will defer it to some other time,
For company hinders love's conference.
[*Exit* LORENZO
*Bel.* Welcome, my life's self-form, dear Don Andrea.
*Alc.* My words iterated give thee as much:
Welcome, myself of self.
*Bel.* What news, Andrea? treats it peace or war?
*Alc.* At first they cried all war, as men resolved
To lose both life and honour at one cast:
At which I thunder'd words all clad in proof,
Which strook amazement to their pallid speech,
And tribute presently was yielded up.
But, madam Bellimperia, leave we this,
And talk of former suits and quests of love.

*They whisper. Enter* LAZAROTTO.

*Laz.* 'Tis all about, the court Andrea's come:
Would I might greet him! and I wonder much,
My lord Lorenzo is so slack in murder,
Not to afford me notice all this while.
Gold, I am true;
I had my hire, and thou shalt have thy due:
Was't possible to miss him so? soft! soft!
This gallery leads to Bellimperia's lodging;
There he is sure, or will be sure. I'll stay:
The evening too begins [13] to slubber day:
Sweet, opportuneful season; here I'll lean,
Like a court-hound, that licks fat trenchers clean.
*Bel.* But has the king partook your embassy?
*Alc.* That till to-morrow shall be now deferr'd.
*Bel.* Nay, then you love me not:
Let that be first dispatch'd; till when receive this token.
[*She kisses him.—Exit* BELLIMPERIA.
*Alc.* I to the king with this unfaithful heart!
It must not be: I play too false a part.
*Laz.* Up, Lazarotto; yonder comes thy prize;
Now lives Andrea, now Andrea dies.
[LAZAROTTO *kills him.*
*Alc.* That villain Lazarotto has kill'd me,
Instead of Andrea.

*Enter* ANDREA, *and* ROGERO, *and Others.*

*Rog.* Welcome home, lord embassador.
*Alc.* Oh, oh, oh.
*And.* Whose groan was that? what frightful villain's this,
His sword unsheathed? whom hast thou murdered, slave?
*Laz.* Why Don, Don Andrea.
*And.* No, counterfeiting villain.
He says, my lord, that he hath murdered me.
*Laz.* Aye, Don Andrea, or else Don the devil.
*And.* Lay hands on him; some rear up
The bleeding body to the light.
*Rog.* My lord, I think 'tis you: were you not here,
A man might swear 'twere you.
*And.* His garments—ha! like mine, his face made like:
An ominous horror all my veins doth strike.
Sure this portends my death; this misery
Aims at some fatal pointed tragedy.

*Enter* JERONIMO *and* HORATIO.

*Jer.* Son Horatio, see Andrea slain!
*Hor.* Andrea slain! then weapon [14] cling my breast.
*And.* Live, truest friend, for ever loved and blest.
*Hor.* Lives Don Andrea?
*And.* Aye, but slain in thought,
To see so strange a likeness forged and wrought.
Lords, cannot you yet descry
Who is the owner of this red melting body?
*Rog.* My lord, it is Alcario, duke Medina's son,
I know him by this mole upon his breast.
*Laz.* Alcario slain! hast thou beguiled me, sword?
Arm, hast thou slain thy bountiful kind lord?
Why then rot off and drop upon the ground,
Strow all the galleries with gobbets round.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* Who names Alcario slain? it is Alcario:
O cursed deed!
Could'st thou not see, but make the wrong man bleed?
*Laz.* 'Sfoot, 'twas your fault, my lord; you brought no word.
*Lor.* Peace; no words: I'll get thy pardon:
Why mum then.

*Enter* BELLIMPERIA.

*Bel.* Who names Andrea slain? O tis Andrea!
O, I swoon, I die:

---

[13] *To slubber day.*—To obscure day. So, in *Othello*, A. 1. S. 3: "you must therefore be content to *slubber* the gloss of your new fortunes."

Howard's *Defensative against the Poyson of supposed Prophecies*, fol. 1620, p. 117. "Surely, for the most part so they are, as may be gathered "either by the colours or the garments, or the *slubbering* of set purpose to bestow some greater grace and colour of antiquity."

[14] *Cling my breast.*—The word *cling* is so variously used in different authors, that it is difficult to affix any precise meaning to it. Several instances are quoted by Mr Steevens, in his Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5.

*Lor.* Look to my sister Bellimperia!
*And.* Raise up, my dear love, Bellimperia!
O be of comfort, sweet: call in thy spirits;
Andrea lives: O let not death beguile thee!
*Bel.* Are you Andrea?
*And.* Do not forget;
That was Alcario, my shape's counterfeit.
*Lor.* Why speaks not this accursed, damned villain?
*Laz.* O, good words, my lords; for those are courtiers' vails:
The king must hear; why should I make two tales?
For to be found in two, before the king
I will resolve you all this strange strange thing:
I hit, yet mist; 'twas I mistook my part.
*Hor.* Aye, villain; for thou aim'st at this true heart.
*Jer.* Horatio, 'twas well, as fortune stands,
This letter came not to Andrea's hands.
*Hor.* 'Twas happiness indeed.
*Bel.* Was it not you, Andrea, questioned me
'Bout love?
*And.* No, Bellimperia,
Belike 'twas false Andrea; for the first
Object mine eyes met, was that most accurst,
Which, I much fear me, by all signs portends
Most doubtful wars, and dangerous pointed ends
To light upon my blood.
*Bel.* Angels of heaven forefend it!
*And.* Some take up the body; others take charge
Of that accursed villain.
*Lor.* My lord, leave that to me; I'll look to him.
*Jer.* Mark, mark, Horatio: a villain guard a villain.
*And.* The king may think my news is a bad guest,
When the first object is a bleeding breast.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King of* SPAIN, CASTILE, MEDINA, ROGERO, *and Others; a Dead March within.*

*King.* My lords,
What heavy sounds are these?—nearer, and nearer! ha!
Andrea the forerunner of these news?
Nay, then I fear Spain's inevitable ill.
Ha! Andrea, speak! what news from Portugal?
What, is tribute paid? peace or wars?
*And.* Wars, my dread leege.
*King.* Why then
That bleeding object doth presage what shall
Hereafter follow. What's he that lies there slain,
Or hurt, or both? Speak.
*And.* My leege, Alcario, duke Medina's son;
And by that slave this purple act was done.
*Med.* Who names Alcario slain? ah me, 'tis he:
Art thou that villain?
*Laz.* How didst thou know my name?
I see an excellent villain hath his fame,
As well as a great courtier.
*Med.* Speak, villain: wherefore didst thou this accursed deed?
*Laz.* Because I was an ass, a villainous ass;
For had I hit it right, Andrea had lain there;
He walk'd upright: this ominous mistake,
This damned error, breedeth in my soul
An everlasting terror.
*King.* Say, slave, how came this accursed evil?
*Laz.* Faith, by myself, my short sword, and the devil.
To tell you all, without a tedious tongue,
I'll cut them down, my words shall not hang[15] long.
That hapless bleeding lord Alcario,
Which this hand slew, pox on't, was a huge doter
On Bellimperia's beauty, who replied
In scorn, and his hot suit denied;
For her affections were all firmly planted
In Don Andrea's bosom; yet, unwise,
He still pursued it with blind lover's eyes.
Then hired he me with gold—O fate, thou elf!
To kill Andrea, which here killed himself;
For, not content to stay the time of murder,
He took Andrea's shape unknown to me,
And in all parts disguised as there you see,
Intending, as it seemed by that sly shift,
To steal away her troth; short tale to tell,
I took him for Andrea; down he fell.
*King.* O impious deed,
To make the heir of honour melt and bleed!
Bear him away to execution.
*Laz.* Nay, lord Lorenzo, where's the pardon? 'sfoot
I'll peach else.
*Lor.* Peace, Lazarotto, I'll get it of the king.
*Laz.* Do it quickly then, or I'll spread villainy.
*Lor.* My lord, he is the most notorious rogue
That ever breath'd. [*In his ear.*
*King* Away with him.
*Lor.* Your highness may do well to bar his speech,
'Tis able to infect a virtuous ear.
*King.* Away with him, I will not hear him speak.
*Laz.* My lord, Lorenzo is a——
[*They stop his mouth, and bear him in.*
*Jer.* Is not this a monstrous courtier?
*Hor.* He is the court-toad, father.
*King.* Tribute denied us? ha!
*And.* It is, my leege, and that with no mean words:
He will redeem his honour lost, with swords.
*King.* So daring! ha! so peremptory!
Can you remember the words he spake?
*And.* Word for word, my gracious sovereign,

---

8. 5. I imagine Horatio means, that his weapon shall *cling to him, or not leave him*, until he had gratified his revenge for his friend's murder.

[15] *Long.*—This word is not in the quarto.

And these they were.—Thus much return to Spain:
Say That our settled judgment hath advised us
What tribute is, how poor that monarch shews
Who for his throne a yearly pension owes;
And what our predecessors lost to Spain,
We have fresh spirits that can renew it again.
*King.* Ha! so peremptory, daring, stout!
*And.* Then, my leege,
According to your gracious dread command,
I bade defiance with a vengeful hand.
*Spain.* He entertained it?
*And* Aye, and returned it with menacing brows;
Prince Balthezar his son
Grew violent, and wish'd the fight begun.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* So, so, I have sent my slave to hell;
Though he blab there, the devils will not tell.

[16] *A Tucket within.*

*Spain.* How now! what means this trumpet's sound?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My leege, the Portugals
Are up in arms glittering in steel.
*Spain.* Where's our lord general, Lorenzo, stout Andrea,
With whom I rank sprightly Horatio?
What! for shame, shall the Portugals
Trample the fields before you?
*Gen.* No, my leege, there's time enough
To let out blood enough: tribute shall flow,
Out of their bowels, and be tendered so.
*Spain.* Farewell, brave lords; my wishes are bequeath'd,
A nobler rank of spirits never breath'd.
[*Exeunt King and Nobles.*
*Jer.* O, my sweet boy, heaven shield thee still from care!
O, be as fortunate as thou art fair!
*Hor.* And heaven bless you, my father, in this fight,
That I may see your grey head crowned in white!
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANDREA *and* BELLIMPERIA.

*Bel.* You came but now, must you part again?
You told me that your spirit
Should put on peace; but, see, war follows war.
*And.* Nay, sweet love, cease;
To be denied our honour, why 'twere base
To breathe and live; and [17] war in such a case
Is even as necessary as our blood.
Swords are in season then when right's withstood:
Deny us tribute, that so many years
We have in peace told out; why it would raise
Spleen in the host of angels! 'twere enough
To make our tranquil saints of angry stuff.
*Bel.* You have o'erwrought the chiding of my breast;
And by that argument you firmly prove
Honour to soar above the pitch of love.
Lend me thy loving and thy warlike arm,
On which I knit this soft and silken charm,
Tied with an amorous knot: O, may it prove
Inchanted armour, being charmed by love;
That when it mounts up to thy warlike crest,
It may put by the sword, and so be blest.
*And.* O what divinity proceeds from love!
What happier fortune then myself can move!—
Hark! the drum beckons me; sweet dear, farewell!
This scarf shall be my charm 'gainst foes and hell.
*Bel.* O, let me kiss thee first.
*And.* The drum again!
*Bel.* Hath that more power than I?
*And.* Do't quickly then: farewell!
[*Exit* ANDREA.
*Bel.* Farewell! O cruel part!
Andrea's bosom bears away my heart.
[*Exit* BELLIMPERIA.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR, ALEXANDRO, VOLLUPO, *Don* PEDRO, *with Soldiers, Drum, and Colours.*

*Bal.* Come, valiant spirits, you peers of Portugal,
That owe your lives, your faiths, and services,
To set you free from base captivity.
O let our fathers' scandal ne'er be seen
As a base blush upon our free-born cheeks;
Let all the tribute that proud Spain received
Of those all captive Portugales deceased,
Turn into chafe, and choke their insolence.
Methinks no moiety, not one little thought
Of them whose servile acts live in their graves,
But should raise spleens big as a cannon-bullet
Within your bosoms: O, for honour,
Your country's reputation, your lives' freedom,
Indeed your all that may be termed revenge,
Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea;
And all those wounds that you receive of Spain,

---

[16] *A Tucket within.*—In *All's Well that ends Well*, A. 3. S. 5, one of the stage-directions is *a Tucket afar off*; and, in *Henry V.* A. 4. S. 2. the Constable says:

——"Then let the trumpets sound
*The tucket* sonuance, and the note to mount."

*A Tucket* is, therefore, probably *a trumpet*.

[17] *War*—The first edition reads, *wars*.

Let theirs be equal to quit yours again.
Speak, Portugales! are you resolved as I,
To live like captives, or as free-born die?
*Vol.* Prince Balthezar, as you say, so say we;
To die with honour, scorn captivity.
*Alex.* Why, spoke like true Portugales indeed;
I am assured of your forwardness.
Now, Spain, sit firm, I'll make thy towers shake,
And all that gold thou hadst from Portugal,
Which makes thy court melt in luxuriousness,
I vow to have it treble at thy hands.
Hark, Portugales! I hear their Spanish drum:
March on, and meet them; this must be the day,
That all they have received they back must pay.
[*The Portugales march about.*

*Enter* JERONIMO, ANDREA, HORATIO, LORENZO, *Lord General*, ROGERO, *and Attendants, with Drum and Colours.*

*Jer.* What, are you braving us before we come!
We'll be as shrill as you: strike alarum, drum.
[*They sound a flourish on both sides.*
*Bal.* Thou inch of Spain!
Thou man, from thy hose downward scarce so much!
Thou very little longer than thy beard!
Speak not such big words; they'll throw thee down,
Little Jeronimo! words greater than thyself!
It must be.
*Jer.* And thou long thing of Portugal, why not?
Thou, that art full as tall
As an English gallows, upper beam and all,
Devourer of apparel, thou huge swallower,
My hose will scarce make thee a standing collar.
What! have I almost quited you?
*And.* Have done,
Impatient Marshal.
*Bal.* Spanish combatants,
What! do you set a little pigmy marshal
To question with a prince?
*And.* No, prince Balthezar;
I have desired him peace, that we might war:
What! is the tribute-money tendered yet?
*Bal.* Tribute? ha, ha!
What else: Wherefore meet our drums,
But to tender and receive the sums
Of many a bleeding heart, which, ere sun fall,
Shall pay dear tribute, even their lives and all.
*And.* Prince Balthezar, I know your valiant spirit;
I know your courage to be tried and good,
And yet, O prince, be not confirmed in blood:
Not that I taste of fear or cowardice,
But of religion, piety, and love
To many bosoms, that yet firmly move
Without disturbed spleens. O, in thy heart,
Weigh the dear drops of many a purple part,
That must be acted on the field's green stage
Before the evening dews quench the sun's rage.
Let tribute be appeased and so stayed,
And let not wonted fealty be denayed[18]
To our desertful kingdom. Portugales,
Keep your forefathers' oaths; that virtue craves;
Let them not lie foresworn now in their graves,
To make their ashes perjured and unjust.
For heaven can be revenged on their dust.
They swore to Spain, both for themselves and you;
And will posterity prove their sires untrue?
This should not be 'mong men of virtuous sprit:
Pay tribute then, and receive peace and writ.
*Bal.* O virtuous coward!
*Hor.* O ignoble spirit!
To term him coward for his virtuous merit!
*And.* Coward! nay, then, relentless rib of stee,
What virtue cannot, thou shalt make him feel.
*Lor.* Proud Alexandro, thou art mine.
*Alex.* Agreed.
*Rog.* And thou, Vollupo, mine.
*Vol.* I'll make thee bleed.
*Hor.* And thou, Don Pedro, mine.
*Don Ped.* I care not whose; or thine, or thine, or all at once.
*Bal.* I bind thee, Don Andrea, by thy honour,
Thy valiancy, and all that thou hold'st great,
To meet me single in the battle's heat;
Where I'll set down, in characters on thy flesh,
Four precious lines, spoke by our father's mouth,
When first thou cam'st embassador; these they are:
'Tis said we shall not answer, at next birth,
Our fathers' faults in heaven, why then on earth?
Which proves and shows,
That what they lost by base captivity,
We may redeem with wonted valiancy:
And to this crimson end our colours spread;
Our courages are new born, our valours bread.
Therefore, Andrea, as thou tenderest fame,
Wars, reputation, and a soldier's name,
Meet me.
*And.* I will.
*Bal.* Single me out.
*And.* I shall.
*Alex.* Do you the like.
*Lor.* And you all, and we.
*And.* Can we be too? and all so well agreed?
*Bal.* Why, man, in war there's bleeding amity;
And he this day gives me the deepest wound,
I'll call him brother.
*And.* Then, prince, call me so;
To gain that name, I'll give the deepest blow.
*Jer.* Nay, then, if brotherhood by strokes come due,
I hope, boy, thou wilt gain a brother too.
*Hor.* Father, doubt it not.
*And.* Lord general,

---

[18] *Denayed*—See note to *Tancred and Gismunda*.

Breathe, like your name, a general defiance
'Gainst Portugal.
*Gen.* Defiance to the Portugales!
*Bal.* The like
Breathe our lord general against the Spaniards.
*Gen.* Defiance to the Spaniards!
*And.* Now cease words,
I long to hear the music of clashed swords.
*Bal.* Why, thou shalt hear it presently.
[*They offer to Fight.*
*And.* Quickly then.
*Bal.* Why now.
*Gen.* O stay, my lords,
This will but breed a mutiny in the camp.
*Bal.* I am all fire, Andrea.
*And.* Art thou? good:
Why, then, I'll quench thee, prince, with thine own blood.
*Bal.* Adieu!
*And.* Adieu!
Bal. Let's meet.
*And.* 'Tis meet we did. [*Exeunt Portugales.*
*Lor.* Alexandro.
*Alex.* Lorenzo.
*Rog.* Vollupo.
*Vol.* Rogero.
*Hor.* Don Pedro.
*Don Ped.* Horatio.
*Jer.* Aye, aye, Don Pedro, my boy shall meet thee.
Come, valiant spirits of Spain;
Valiant Andrea, fortunate Lorenzo,
Worthy Rogero, sprightly Horatio;
O, let me dwell a little on that name!
Be-all as fortunate as heaven's blest host,
But, blame me not, I'd have Horatio most;
Ride all conquerors when the fight is done,
Especially ride thee home so, my son.
So now kiss and embrace: Come, come,
I am war's tutor;—strike alarum, drum.
[*Exeunt.*
[*After a long alarum, the Portugales and Spaniards meet. The Portugales are put to the worst.*

*Enter* JERONIMO *solus.*

*Jer.* O, valiant boy! struck with a giant's arm;
His sword so falls upon the Portugales,
As if he would slice them out like oranges,
And squeeze their bloods out; O, abundant joy!
Never had father a more happier boy.
[*Exit* JERONIMO.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR, *and a Soldier.*

*Bal.* Can you not find Don Andrea forth?
O for a voice shriller than all the trumpets,
To pierce Andrea's ears through the hot army!
Go search again; bring him, or ne'er return.—
[*Exit Soldier.*
Valiant Andrea, by thy worthy blood,
Thy honoured faith, which thou pawn'st to mine,
By all that thou hold'st dear upon this earth,
Sweat now to find me in the height of blood!
Now death doth heap his goods up all at once,
And crams his store-house to the top with blood;
Might I, now, and Andrea, in one fight,
Make up thy wardrobe richer by a knight.

*Enter* ROGERO.

*Rog.* Ha, Vollupo!
*Bal.* No; but a better.
*Rog.* Pox on't.
*Bal.* Pies on't,
What luck is this!—But, sir, you part not so;
Whate'er you be, I'll have a bout with you.
*Rog.* Content; this is joy mixed with spight,
To miss a lord, and meet a prince in fight.
*Bal.* Come, meet me, sir.
*Rog.* Just half way; I'll meet it with my sword.
[*They fight.* BALTHEZAR *beats in* ROGERO.

*Enter* ANDREA *with a Captain.*

*And.* Where might I find this valorous Balthezar,
This fierce, courageous prince; a noble worthy,
Made of the ribs of Mars and fortitude?
He promised to meet fair, and single me
Out o'the misty battle. Did you search
The left wing for him? speak.
*Capt.* We did, my lord.
*And.* And could he not be found?
*Capt.* Not in that wing, my lord.
*And.* Why, this would vex the resolution
Of a suffering spleen!—Prince Balthezar!
Portugal's valiant heir!
The glory of our foe, the heart of courage,
The very soul of true nobility,
I call thee by thy right name, answer me!—
Go, captain, pass the left wing squadron; hie!
Mingle yourself again amidst the army;
Pray, sweat to find him out.— [*Exit Captain.*
This place I'll keep:
Now wounds are wide, and blood is very deep.
'Tis now about the heavy dread of battle,
Soldiers drop down as thick as if death mowed them;
As sith men trim the long-haired ruffian fields,
So fast they fall, so fast to fate life yields.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR.

*Bal.* I have sweat much, and cannot find him—Andrea!
*And.* Prince Balthezar! O lucky minute!
*Bal.* O long-wished-for hour!
Are you remembered, Don,
Of a daring message, and a proud attempt
You braved me, Don, within my father's court?
*And.* I think I did.
*Bal.* This sword shall lash you for it.
*And.* Alas!
War knows I am too proud a scholar grown
Now to be lashed with steel; had I not known
My strength and courage, it had been easy then
To have me borne upon the backs of men.
But now I'm sorry, prince, you come too late,
That wear proud steel; i'faith that should do that,

*Bal.* I can hold no longer!
Come, let's see which of our strengths is stronger.
*And.* Mine, for a wager.
*Bal.* Thine! what wager, say?
*And.* I hold three wounds to one.
*Bal.* Content I lay; but you shall keep stakes then.
*And.* Nay, I'll trust you.
For you're a prince; I know you'll pay your due.
*Bal.* I'll pay you soundly.
*And.* Prince, you might have paid
Tribute as well, then battles had been staid.
*Bal.* Here's tribute for you.
*And.* I'll receive it of you,
And give you acquittance with a wound or two.
[*They fight.* BALTHEZAR *hath* ANDREA *down.*

*Enter* JERONIMO *and* HORATIO. HORATIO *beats away* BALTHEZAR.

*And.* Thou art a wondrous friend, a happy spirit;
I owe thee now my life. Couldst thou inherit
Within my bosom, all I have is thine,
For by this act I hold thy arm divine.
*Hor.* Are you not wounded? let me search and see.
*And.* No, my dear self! for I was blest by thee.
Else his unpitying sword had cleft my heart,
Had not Horatio played some angel's part.
Come, happy mortal, let me rank by thee,
Then am I sure no star will threaten me.
*Hor.* Let's to the battle once more; we may meet
This haughty prince, and wound him at our feet.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ROGERO *and* ALEXANDRO *in their Shirts, with Pollaxes.*[19]

*Rog.* Art thou true valiant? hast thou no coat of proof
Girt to thy loins? art thou true loyal?
*Alex.* Why, look;
Witness the naked truth upon my breast.
Come, let's meet, let's meet,
And break our haughty sculls down to our feet.
[*They fight.* ALEXANDRO *beats in* ROGERO.

*Enter* LORENZO *and Don* PEDRO *at one Door, and* ALEXANDRO *and* ROGERO *at another Door.—* LORENZO *kills Don* PEDRO, *and* ALEXANDRO *kills* ROGERO. *Enter at one Door* ANDREA, *at another Door* BALTHEZAR.

*And.* O me, ill stead! valiant Rogero slain!
*Bal.* O my sad fates! Don Pedro weltering in his gore!
O could I meet Andrea, now my blood's a tiptoe,
This hand and sword should melt him:
Valiant Don Pedro!
*And.* Worthy Rogero, sure 'twas multitudes
That made thee stoop to death; one Portugal
Could ne'er o'erwhelm thee in such crimson streams,
And no mean blood shall quit it.—Balthezar, Prince Balthezar!
*Bal.* Andrea, we meet in blood now.
*And.* Aye, in valiant blood of Don Rogero's shedding,
And each drop is worth a thousand Portugales.
*Bal.* I'll top thy head, for that ambitious word.
*And.* You cannot, prince: see a revengeful sword
Waves o'er my head.
*Bal.* Another over mine;
Let them both meet, in crimson tinctures shine.
[*They fight; and* ANDREA *hath* BALTHEZAR *down.*

*Enter Portugales, and relieve* BALTHEZAR, *and kill* ANDREA.

*And.* O, I am slain! help me, Horatio!
My foes are base, and slay me cowardly.
Farewell, dear, dearest Bellimperia!
Yet herein joy is mingled with sad breath:
I keep her favour longer than my breath.
[*He dies. Sound alarum.* ANDREA *slain, an Prince* BALTHEZAR *vaunting on him.*

*Enter* JERONIMO, HORATIO, *and Lord General.*

*Hor.* My other soul, my bosom, my heart's friend,
O, my Andrea, slain! I have the price of him
In princely blood.
Prince Balthezar, my sword shall strike true strains,
And fetch Andrea's ransom forth thy veins.—
Lord general, drive them hence, while I make war.
*Bal.* Hath war made thee so impudent and young?
My sword shall give correction to thy tongue.
*Jer.* Correct thy rascals, prince; thou correct him!
Lug with him, boy: honours in blood best swim.
[*They fight, and breathe afresh.*
*Bal.* So young and valorous! This arm ne'er met
So strong a courage in so green a set.
*Hor.* If thou be'st valiant, cease these idle words,
And let revenge hang on our glittering swords,
With this proud prince, the haughty Balthezar.
[HORATIO *has Prince* BALTHEZAR *down; then enter* LORENZO *and seizes his weapon.*
*Hor.* Hand off, Lorenzo; touch not my prisoner.
*Lor.* He's my prisoner;
I seized his weapons first.
*Hor.* O, base renown! 'tis easy to seize those,
Were forced laid down.

---

[19] *Pollaxes*—Poles headed by axes. *Contus securi munitus.* Skinner.

*Lor.* My lance first threw him from his warlike steed.
*Jer.* Thy lance, Lorenzo! now, by my beard, you lie.
*Hor.* Well, my lord,
To you a while I tender my whole prisoner.
*Lor.* Horatio,
You tender me part of mine own, you know.
*Hor.* Well, peace; with my blood dispense,
Until my liege shall end the difference.
*Jer.* Lorenzo, thou dost boast of base renown;
Why, I could whip all these, were their hose down.
*Hor.* Speak, prince, to whether dost thou yield?
*Bal.* The vanquished yields to both, to you first.
*Hor.* O, abject prince! what, dost thou yield to two?
*Jer.* Content thee, boy; thou shalt sustain no wrong.
I'll to the king before, and let him know
The sum of victory, and his overthrow.
[*Exit* JERONIMO.
*Lor.* Andrea slain! thanks to the stars above.
I'll choose my sister out her second love.
[*Exeunt* LORENZO *and* BALTHEZAR.
*Hor.* Come, noble rib of honour, valiant carcase!
I loved thee so entirely when thou breathedst,
That I could die were but to bleed with thee,
And wish me wounds, even for society.
Heaven and this arm once saved thee from thy foe,
When his all-wrathful sword did basely point
At the rich circle of thy labouring heart,
Thou groveling under indignation
Of sword and ruth: O then stept heaven and I
Between the stroke, but now alack must die.
Since so the powers above have writ it down,
In marble leaves, that death is mortal crown;
Come then, my friend, in purple I will bear
Thee to my private tent, and then prepare
For honour'd funeral for thy melting corse.
[*He takes his Scarf and ties it about his arm.*
This scarf I'll wear in memory of our souls
And of our mutual loves; here, here, I'll wind it;
And full as often as I think on thee,
I'll kiss this little ensign, this soft banner,
Smear'd with foes' blood, all for the master's honour.
Alas! I pity Bellimperia's case,
Just at this instant, her heart sinks and dies.
[*Exit* HORATIO *carrying* ANDREA *on his back.*

*Enter* JERONIMO *solus.*

*Jer.* My boy adds treble comfort to my age;
His share is greatest in the victory.
The Portugales are slain, and put to flight
By Spaniards force, most by Horatio's might.
I'll to the Spanish tents to see my son,
Give him my blessing, and then all is done.

*Enter two dragging of Ensigns; then the Funeral of* ANDREA: *next* HORATIO *and* LORENZO, *leading Prince* BALTHEZAR *captive; then the Lord General, with others, mourning. A great cry within,* Charon, a boat, a boat! *then enter* CHARON, *and the Ghost of* ANDREA.

*Hor.* O, my lords,
See, Don Andrea's ghost salutes me! see, embraces me!
*Lor.* It is your love that shapes this apparition.[20]
*Hor.* Do you not see him plainly, lords?
Now he would kiss my cheek. O, my pale friend,
Wert thou any thing but a ghost, I could love thee.
See, he points at his own hearse; mark all,
As if he did rejoice at funeral.
*And.* Revenge, give my tongue freedom to paint her part,
To thank Horatio, and commend his heart.
*Revenge.* No, you'll blab secrets then?
*And.* By Charon's boat, I will not.
*Revenge.* Nay, you shall not; therefore pass;
Secrets in hell are locked with doors of brass:
Use action if you will, but not in voice,
Your friend conceives, in signs, how you rejoice.
*Hor.* See, see, he points to have us[21] go forward on:
I pr'ythee rest, it shall be done, sweet Don.
O, now he's vanished.
[*Sound Trumpets, and a peal of Ordnance.*
*And.* I am a happy ghost;
Revenge, my passage now cannot be crost.
Come, Charon; come, hell's sculler, waft me o'er
Your sable streams, which look like moulten pitch;
My funeral rites are made, my hearse hung rich.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Revenge. A great noise within.*
*Within.* Charon, a boat! Charon, Charon!
*Charon.* Who calls so loud on Charon?
Indeed 'tis such a time, the truth to tell,
I never want a fare, to pass to hell. [*Exeunt.*

*Sound a Flourish. Enter, marching,* HORATIO *and* LORENZO, *leading Prince* BALTHEZAR; *Lord General,* PHILLIPPO, *and* CASSIMERO, *with Followers.*

*Hor.* These honoured rites and worthy duties spent
Upon the funeral of Andrea's dust;
Those, once his valiant ashes; march we now
Homeward, with victory to crown Spain's brow.
*Gen.* The day is ours, and joy yields happy treasure;
Set on to Spain, in most triumphant measure.
[*Exeunt.*

[20] *Apparition*—The quarto reads, *apprehension.*
[21] *Us*—The quarto reads, *his.*

*Enter* JERONIMO *solus.*

*Jer.* Foregod! I have just mist them.—Ha!
Soft, Jeronimo! thou hast more friends
To take thy leave of; look well about thee,
Embrace them, and take friendly leave.
My arms are of the shortest;
Let your loves piece them out.
You're welcome all, as I am a gentleman:
For my son's sake, grant me a man at least,
At lenst I am. So good-night, kind gentles,[22]
For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all;
And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*

---

[22] ——————*kind* gentles,

*For I hope there's never a* Jew *among you all.*—A play upon words was the failing of almost every writer of the times. The quibble here upon *gentles* and *Jew*, is also in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 7. See the notes on that passage, by Dr Johnson, Mr Steevens, and Dr Farmer, Vol. III. edit. 1778, p. 179. To the instances there quoted, may be added the following from *Euphues*, 1581, p. 65.:—"Consider with thyselfe that thou art a gentleman, yea, and a *Gentile*; and, if thou neglect thy calling, thou art worse than a *Jewe*."

## EDITION.

The First Part of Jeronimo. With the Warres of Portugall, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea. Printed at London, for Thomas Pavyer, and are to be solde at his Shop, at the entrance into the Exchange. 1605. 4to.

THE

# SPANISH TRAGEDY:

OR,

## HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN.

*This Play was the object of ridicule to almost every writer of the times. Philips and Winstanly ascribe it, but erroneously, to Thomas Smith. We learn from Heywood, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd; to whom, therefore, all the absurdities contained in it are to be charged. The former edition was printed from a very incorrect copy. It is here given from that published by Mr Hawkins, who appears to have accurately collated all the several editions; and the variations in each are put at the bottom of the page. We find, from Dekkar's* Satiromastrix, *that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Jeronimo.*

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*The Ghost of Andrea.*
REVENGE.
*King of Spain.*
*Viceroy of Portingale.*
*Don* CYPRIAN, *Duke of Castile.*
HIERONIMO, *Marshal of Portingale.*
BALTHEZAR, *the Viceroy's Son, in love with Belimperia.*
LORENZO, *Duke of Castile's Son.*
HORATIO, *Hieronimo's Son.*
ALEXANDRO.
VILLUPPO.
PEDRINGANO.
SERBERINE.
*Old Man.*
*Painter.*
*Page.*
*Hangman.*
*Citizens, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

ISABELLA, *Hieronimo's Wife.*
BELIMPERIA, *Lorenzo's Sister.*

### ACT I.

*Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him* REVENGE.

*Ghost.* When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my [1] wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:

[1] Wonted, 1618. 23. 33.

For there,[2] in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service, and deserving love,
In secret I possest a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Belimperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my[3] summer joys,
Death's winter nipt the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me:
For in the late conflict with Portingale,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended strait
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said, that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit among his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And[4] slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves;
There, pleasing Cerberus with honied speech,
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamant;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This knight, quoth he, both lived and died in love;
And, for his love, tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.
Why then, said Æacus, convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees, and cypress-shades.
No, no, said Rhadamant, it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist:
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' myrmidons do scour the plain.
Then Minos, mildest[5] censor of the three,
Made this device, to end the difference:
Send him, quoth he, to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty.
To this effect my passport strait was drawn.
In keeping *on my way to Pluto's court,*
Through *dreadful shades of ever*[6] *glooming night,*
I saw *more sights than thousand tongues can tell,*
Or pens can write, *or mortal hearts can think.*
Three ways there were: that on the right hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid[7] fields,
Where lovers live, and bloody martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The *left hand path, declining fearfully,*
Was a ready[8] *downfal to the deepest hell;*
Where bloody furies shake their whips of *steel,*
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choaked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes;
And murderers[9] groan with ever-killing wounds;
And perjured wights, scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green;
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant:
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I shewed my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to[10] smile,
[11]And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss.
Forthwith, Revenge, she[12] rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the[13] gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage *in the silent night.*
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,
[14]I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.
*Rev.* Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthezar, the prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Belimperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

*Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, and* HIERONIMO.

*King.* Now say, lord general, how fares our camp?

---

[2] There in the pride and prime, 1618. 23. 33.
[3] Summer's, 1623. 33.
[4] Slackt, 1618.
[5] Censurer, 1618. 23. 33.
[6] Shapes of ever blooming night, 1618.——Shades of ever blooming night, 1623. 33.
[7] Field, 1618. 22. 33.
[8] Fall down, 1618. 22. 33.
[9] Murderers greeve, 1618.——Murderers green, 1623. 33.
[10] —— smile.
[11] I begg d, 1618. 23. 33.
[12] *Rounded thee in th' ear*,—i. e. whispered. So, in Gascoigne's *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*, p. 202. "After his due reverence, he layd his hande on her temples, and privilie *rounding her in her eare*, desired "her to commaunde," &c.
*Euphues*, p. 21.: "———Ferando entered, whome they all dutifully welcomed home, who, *rounding* "*Philautus in the eare*, desired him to accompanie him immediatelye."
See also Mr Steevens's Note on *King John*, A. 2. S. 2.
[13] *Gates of horn*,—of *Lor.* second edition of Horror, 1618. 23. 33. For—the Gates of *horn*. See Virgil, B. VI. *Sunt geminæ somni portæ*.—Note on Hawkins's Edition.
[14] *I wot not how*.—See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

*Gen.* All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.
*King.* But what [15] portends thy chearful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man; hath fortune given us victory?
*Gen.* Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.
*King.* Our Portingals will pay us tribute, then?
*Gen.* Tribute, and wonted homage therewithal.
*King.* Then blest be heaven, and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.
Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*
*Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes*
*Succumbant: recti soror est victoria juris.*
*King.* Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.—
But, general, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle, and your war's success;
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage, and greater dignity,
We [16] may reward thy blissful chivalry.
*Gen.* Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's [17] bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;
Both furnished well; both full of hope and fear;
Both menacing alike, with daring shows;
Both vaunting sundry colours of device;
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes;
Both raising dreadful clamours to the [18] sky,
That vallies, hills, and rivers, made rebound,
And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron-form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
But ere we joined, and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot,
From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
They brought another wing t'encounter us:
Meanwhile our ordnance played on either side,
And captains strove to have their [19] valours tried.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
Did, with his [20] cornet, bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks:
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopt the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
[21] Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows:
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampires of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
Now [22] while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered launces [23] dark the troubled air.

*Pede pes, et cuspide cuspis,*
*Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*

On every side [24] drop captains to the ground,
[25] And soldiers some ill maimed, some slain outright:
Here falls a body, sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons, and [26] unbowell'd steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave launciers,
In [27] their main battle made so great a breach,
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired:
But Balthezar, the Portingale's young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.
Here hence the fight was eagerly renewed,
And in that conflict was Andrea slain;
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthezar:
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valour joined in one,
[28] Pricked forth Horatio, our knight-marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince to single fight:
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But strait the prince was beaten from his horse,
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursued them to the death;
Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.
*King.* Thanks, good lord general, for these good news;
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
[*Gives him a Chain.*
But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?

---

[15] Pretends, 1618. 23. 33. [16] Will, 1633. [17] Bounds, 1623. 33.
[18] Skies, 1633. [19] Valour, 1618. 23. 33. [20] Coronet, 1618. 23. 33.
[21] *Both battles join, and fall to* handy-blows.—This play, though not mentioned in the Key to *The Rehearsal*, seems to have been one of those ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in that witty performance. See A. 5.:

"The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
"First fell to words, and then to *handy-blows*."

[22] When, 1618. 23. 33. [23] Dark'd, 1618. 23. 33. [24] Dropt, 1618. 23. 33.
[25] And soldiers lie maim'd, 1618. 23. 33. [26] Unbowed, 1618. 23. 33.
[27] His, 1618. [28] Pickt, 1618.

*Gen.* No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if, with homage, tribute be [29] well paid,
The fury of [30] your forces will be staid;
And to [31] this peace their viceroy hath subscribed,
[*Gives the King a Paper.*
And made a solemn vow, that during life
[32] His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.
*King.* These words, these deeds, become thy person well.—
But now, knight-marshal, frolick with [33] thy king,
For 'tis thy son that wins [34] this battle's prize.
*Hier.* Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.
*King.* Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.
What means this warning of the trumpet's sound? [*A* [35] *Tucket afar off.*
*Gen.* This tells me, that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To shew themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave [36] in charge at my depart;
Whereby, by demonstration, shall appear
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.

*The Army enters.* [37] BALTHEZAR *between* LORENZO *and* HORATIO, *captive.*

*King.* A gladsome sight; I long to see them here. [*They enter, and pass by.*
Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?
*Gen.* It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.
*King.* But what was he, that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?
*Hier.* That was my son, my gracious sovereign,
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes till now,
Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys.
*King.* Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.—
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

*Enter again.*

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale,—
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismissed,
We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,
And on every leader ten, that they may know
Our largess welcomes them—
[*Exeunt all but* BALTHEZAR, LORENZO, *and* HORATIO.
Welcome, Don Balthezar, welcome nephew;—
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.—
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.
*Bal.* The tresspass that my father made in peace
Is now controuled by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so:
His men are slain, a weakening to [38] his realm;
His colours seized, a blot upon his name;
His son distrest, a cor'sive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offence.
*King.* Aye, Balthezar, if he [39] observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars:
Mean while live thou, [40] though not in liberty,
Yet [41] free from bearing any servile yoke;
For, in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.
*Bal.* And I shall study to deserve this grace.
*King.* But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?
*Lor.* To me, my [42] liege.
*Hor.* To me, my sovereign.
*Lor.* This hand first took [43] his courser by the reins,
*Hor.* But first my lance did put him from his horse.
*Lor.* I seized his weapon, and enjoyed it first.
*Hor.* But first I forced him lay his weapons down.
*King.* Let go his arm, upon our privilege.—
[*They let him go.*
[44] Say, worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?
*Bal.* To him in courtesy, to this perforce;
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death;
He won my love, this other conquered me;
And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.
*Hier.* But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Inforced by nature, and by law of arms,
My tongue shall plead for young Horatio's right

---

[29] Tribute may be paid, 1618. 23. 33.
[30] Our, 1618. 23. 33.
[31] That, 1618. 23. 33.
[32] This, 1618. 23. 33.
[33] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[34] That, 1618. 23.
[35] *Tucket.*—See Note to the First Part of *Jeronimo*, p. 469.
[36] Gave them charge, 1618. 23. 33.
[37] Meets, 1618. 23. 33.
[38] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[39] Observes, 1618. 23. 33.
[40] As though, 1618.
[41] Free omitted, 1618.
[42] Lord, 1618. 23. 33.
[43] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[44] So, 1618. 23. 33.

[45] He hunted well, that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.
*King.* Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?
*Lor.* I crave no better than your grace awards.
*Hor.* Nor I, although I sit beside my right.
*King.* Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.—
Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his horse;
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.—
Horatio thou didst force him first to yield;
His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee;
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.—
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatio's house were small for all his train:
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon [46] may befal desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince.—
How likes Don Balthezar of this device?
*Bal.* Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.
*King.* Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.—
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Viceroy,* ALEXANDRO, *and* VILLUPPO.

*Vice.* Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?
*Alex.* Two days, my liege, are past since his depart.
*Vice.* And tribute-payment gone along with him?
*Alex.* Aye, my good lord.
*Vice.* Then rest we here a while in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in [47] a regal throne?
This [48] better fits a wretch's endless moan.
[*Falls to the ground.*
Yet this is higher than my fortune's reach,
And therefore better than my state deserves:
Aye, aye, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates [49] adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie—Now [50] am I at the lowest.

*Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.*
*In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:*
*Nil* [51] *superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, fortune may bereave me of my crown;
Here, take it.—Now let fortune do her worst;
She will not rob me of this sable weed.
O no, she envies none but pleasant things;
Such is the folly of despiteful chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments:
And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me; what then?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
O, yes! complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
Those [52] bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And, with my treasure, my people's blood;

---

[45] *He hunted well*, &c.—So, in Shakespeare's *King John*, A. 2. S. 1:

"You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
"Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard."

[46] *Guerdon*—is *reward*. So, in the present scene, p. 480:

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee, whate'er it be."

Act 2d:

"Yet speak the truth, and I will *guerdon* thee."

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 11:

"And for this service of discovery,
Performed by thee, in honour of our name,
We vow to *guerdon* it with such due grace,
As shall become our bounty and thy place."

*Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 4:

"Yet speak the truth, and I will *guerdon* thee,
But if thou dally once again, thou diest."

*Wily beguiled:*

"I hope, as *guerdon* for my just desert,
To have it for my detestable acts."

[47] This, 1618. 23. 33.
[48] It, 1618.
[49] Adjudged, 1618. 23. 33.
[50] I am, 1633.
[51] *Nihil*, 1633.
[52] These, 1623. 33.

And, with their blood, my joy and best beloved,
My best beloved, my sweet, and only son.
O wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine, I might have died for both:
My years were mellow, his[53] but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.
*Alex.* No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.
*Vice.* Survives! aye, where?[54]
*Alex.* In Spain; a prisoner, by mischance of war.
*Vice.* Then they have slain him for his father's fault.
*Alex.* That were a breach to common law of arms.
*Vice.* They reck no laws that meditate revenge.
*Alex.* His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.
*Vice.* No; if he lived, the news would soon be here.
*Alex.* Nay, evil news fly[55] faster still than good.
*Vice.* Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.
*Vill.* My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.
*Vice.* Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be;
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.
*Vill.* Then hear that[56] truth, which these mine eyes have seen.
When both the armies were in battle joined,
Don Balthezar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown, did wondrous feats of arms;
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord general,
Till Alexandro (that here counterfeits
Under the colour of a duteous friend)
Discharged his pistol at the prince's back,
As though he would have slain their general;
But therewithal Don Balthezar fell down,
And when he fell, then we began to fly:
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.
*Alex.* O wicked forgery! O trait'rous miscreant!
*Vice.* Hold thou thy peace.—But now, Villuppo, say,
Where then became the carcase of my son?
*Vill.* I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
*Vice.* Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me this.—
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast!
Wherein had Balthezar offended thee,
That thou should'st thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou could'st see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Tersera's lord,
Thou had'st[57] some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son, and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought[58] shall break thy neck.
Aye, this was it that made thee spill his blood;
[*He takes the Crown, and puts it on again.*
But I'll now[59] wear it, till thy blood be spilt.
*Alex.* Vouchsafe, dread[60] sovereign, to hear me speak.
*Vice.* Away with him! his sight is second hell:
Keep him, till we determine of his death.
If Balthezar be dead, he shall not live.—
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.
[*Exit Viceroy.*
*Vill.* Thus have I, with an envious forged tale,
Deceived the king, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [*Exit.*

*Enter* HORATIO *and* BELIMPERIA.

*Bel.* Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death;
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest[61] flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.
*Hor.* For love of him, and service to yourself,
[62] I will refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in[63] fight,
Your worthy cavalier amidst the thickest,
For glory's cause, still aiming at the fairest,
Was, at the last, by young Don Balthezar
Encountered hand to hand. Their fight was long;
Their hearts were great; their clamours menacing;
Their strength alike; their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armour's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus)
Brought in a[64] fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunched his horse, and dinged[65] him to the ground:
Then young Don Balthezar, with ruthless rage,

---

[53] But his, 1623. 33.
[54] But where? 1618. 23. 33.
[55] Will fly, 1618. 23. 33.
[56] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[57] Hast, 1623. 33.
[58] Thoughts, 1618. 23. 33.
[59] Now I'll, 1618. 23. 33.
[60] Deare, 1618. 23. 33.
[61] Chiefest, 1623. 33.
[62] I'll not refuse this doleful heavy, 1618. 23. 33.
[63] To, 1618. 23. 33.
[64] *A*, omitted, 1618. 23.
[65] *Dinged*—i. e. threw him to the ground with force. As, in the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 4. S. 3:

"Distraught and raving, from a turret's top
He threw his body in the high swolne sea,
And as he headlong topsie turvie *dinged* downe,
He still cry'd Mellida."

Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I, with my band, set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.
*Bel.* Would thou hadst slain him that so[66] slew my love!—
But, then, was Don Andrea's carcase lost?
*Hor.* No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stept I back till I recovered him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms,
And welding[67] him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend:
But neither friendly sorrow,[68] sighs, nor tears,
Could win pale death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do,
I saw him honoured with due funeral:
[69] This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.
*Bel.* I know the scarf, would he had kept it still!
For, had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Belimperia's sake;
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
But now wear thou[70] it, both for him and me;
For, after him, thou hast deserved it best;
And, for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Belimperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.
*Hor.* And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Belimperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince,
For so the duke your father gave me charge.
*Bel.* Aye, go, Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Yet, what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Belimperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthezar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for[71] his murderous deed;
For what was't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?—
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

*Enter* LORENZO *and* BALTHEZAR.

*Lor.* Sister, what means this melancholy walk?
*Bel.* That, for a while, I wish no company.
*Lor.* But here the prince is come to visit you.
*Bel.* That argues, that he lives in[72] liberty.
*Bal.* No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
*Bel.* Your prison, then, (belike) is your conceit?
*Bal.* Aye, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.
*Bel.* Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.
*Bal.* What if conceit have laid my heart to gage?
*Bel.* Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.
*Bal.* I die, if it return from whence it lies.
*Bel.* A heartless man, and live?[73] a miracle!
*Bal.* Aye, lady, love can work such miracles.
*Lor.* Tush, tush, my lord, let go these ambages,[74]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
*Bel.* What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?
*Bal.* Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

---

Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "For, besides the loud bellowing prodigious flaw of indignation, stirred up against me in my absence and extermination from the upper region of our celestial regimen, which hath *dung me* in a manner down to the infernal bottom of desolation," &c.

Marston's *Satires*, Sat. 5:

"Is *dinged* to hell, and vulture eates his hart."

[66] *So*, omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[67] *Welding*—Carrying, or bearing. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 116:

"Almes deeds are dead, and conscience waxeth cold,
World scrats and scrapes, pluckes flesh and fell from bone,
What cunning heads, and hands can catch in hold,
That covetous mindes, doth seeke to *weld* alone."

[68] Sorrowes, 1618. 23. 33.
[69] This scarfe pluckt off from, 1618. 23. 33.
[70] *Thou*, omitted, 1618 23. 33.
[71] Of, 1618. 23. 33.
[72] At, 1618. 23. 33
[73] Lives! 1618. 23. 33.
[74] *Ambages*—So, in *Wily beguiled*, 1606:

"By Jesus, I cannot play the dissembler,
And wooe my love with courtly *ambages*."

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
And but device [75] to drive me from this place.
[*She going in, lets fall her Glove, which* HORATIO, *coming out, takes up.*
*Hor.* Madam, your glove—
*Bel.* Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.
*Bal.* Signior Horatio, stooped in happy time.
*Hor.* I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.
*Lor.* My lord, be not dismayed for what is past.
You know that women oft are humorous: [76]
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
[77] In some delightful sports and revelling.
*Hor.* The king, my lords, [78] is coming hither straight,
To feast the Portingale ambassador.
Things were in readiness before I came.
*Bal.* Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

*Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, King, and Ambassador.*

*King.* See, lord ambassador, how Spain intreats
Their prisoner Balthezar, thy viceroy's son:
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.
*Amb.* Sad is our king, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthezar is slain.
*Bal.* So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.—
You see, my lord, how Balthezar is slain,
I frolick with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapt every hour in pleasures of the court,
And graced with favours of his majesty.
*King.* Put off your greetings till our feast be done:
Now come, and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
[*Sit to the Banquet.*
Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest:
Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place;
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup,
For well thou hast deserved to be honoured.
Now, lordlings, fall to; Spain is Portingale,
And Portingale is Spain; we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.—
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promised us, in honour of our guest,
[79] To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

*Enter* HIERONIMO *with a Drum, three Knights, each his 'scutcheon. Then he fetches three Kings; they take their crowns and them captive.*

Hieronimo, this mask contents my eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.
*Hier.* The first armed knight, that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[*He takes the 'scutcheon, and gives it to the King.*
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived, with five and [80] twenty thousand men,
In Portingale; and, by success of war,
Enforced the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.
*King.* My lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.—
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?
*Hier.* The second knight, that hung his 'scutcheon up, [*He does as he did before.*
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent, in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the king of Portingale in fight;
For which, and other such-like service done,
He after was created Duke of York.
*King.* This is another special argument,

---

[75] Devised, 1618. 23. 33.

[76] *Humorous*—That is, act from caprice. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Introduction: "When you come to plays *be humorous*, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh."

Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*, 1600:

"——all our understanding faculties
Sit there in their high court of parliament,
Enacting laws to sway this *humorous* world,
This little isle of man."

The Second Part of *Henry* IV. A. 4. S. 4:

"——being incensed he's flint,
As *humorous* as winter, and as sudden."

See also Mr Steevens's note on the last passage.

[77] In some delightsome sports and revellings, 1618. 23. 33.

[78] Lord, 1618. 23. 33.

[79] *To grace our banquet with some* pompous jest.—To *jest*, is to play a part in a masque. See Dr Farmer's note on *King Richard II.* A. 1. S. 3:

"As gentle and as jocund as to *jest*.

[80] *Five and*, omitted, 1623. 33.

That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yoked.—
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?
*Hier.* The third and last, not least in our account, [*Doing as he did before.*
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his 'scutcheon plainly may appear;
He, with a puissant army, came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.
*Amb.* This is an argument for our viceroy,
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.
*King.* Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.—
[*Takes the Cup of* HORATIO.
My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you [81] may be dispatched;
I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt.*

"*Andrea.* Come we for this from depth of under-ground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul;
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting.
*Revenge.* Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despight;
Their love to mortal hate; their day to night;
Their hope into despair; their peace to war;
Their joys to pain; their bliss to misery."

## ACT II.

*Enter* LORENZO *and* BALTHEZAR.

*Lor.* My lord, though Belimperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure;
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
[82] In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she, in time, will fall from her disdain,
And rue [83] the sufferance of your friendly pain.
*Bal.* No; she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall:
But wherefore blot I Belimperia's name?
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight;
My words are rude, and work her no delight:
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and [84] Marsia's quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
[85] Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Aye, but that's slander'd by captivity.
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Aye, but her reason masters [86] his desire.
Yet might she love me, as her brother's friend:
Aye, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
Aye, but perhaps she [87] hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Aye, but I fear she cannot love at all.
*Lor.* My Lord, for my sake, leave these extasies,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
Some cause there is, that lets you not be loved;
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What if my sister love some other knight?
*Bal.* My summer's day will turn to winter's night.
*Lor.* I have already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see:
By force, or fair means, will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out.
Ho, Pedringano!

*Enter* PEDRINGANO.

*Ped.* Segnior!
*Lor.* *Vien que presto.*
*Ped.* Hath your lordship any service to command me?
*Lor.* Aye, Pedringano, service of import;
And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: It is not long thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love;
For which thou wert adjudged to banishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
And since thou know'st how I have favour'd thee,
Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and [88] living join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.
*Ped.* Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case [89] it lie in me to tell the truth.
*Lor.* Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Belimperia?

---

[81] We, 1618. 23. 33.
[82] In time the hardest flint, &c. 1618. 23 33.
[83] Rule, 1618. 23. 33.
[84] Marses, 1618. 23. 33.
[85] *Yet might she love me for my valiancy*;—These lines seem to be those intended to be ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in *The Rehearsal*. See A. 3. S. 5:
"My legs, the emblem of my various thought, &c."
[86] Her, 1618. 23. 33.
[87] Loves, 1623. 33.
[88] Livings, 1618. 32. 33.
[89] In me it lies, 1618. 23. 33.

For she reposeth all her trust in thee;
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward;
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place;
*Ped.* Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death,
I have no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not if she love or no.
*Lor.* Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
[*Draws his Sword.*
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.
*Ped.* Oh, stay, my lord.
*Lor.* Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But, if thou dally once again, thou diest.
*Ped.* If madam Belimperia be in love—
*Lor.* What, villain! ifs and ands?
*Ped.* Oh stay, my lord, she loves Horatio.
[*Balthezar starts back.*
*Lor.* What Don Horatio, our knight-marshal's son?
*Ped.* Even him, my lord.
*Lor.* Now, say but how [88] know'st thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.
*Ped.* She sent him letters, which myself perused,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of love,
Preferring him before prince Balthezar.
*Lor.* [89] Swear on this cross, that what thou sayest is true;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.
*Ped.* I swear to both, by him that made us all.
*Lor.* In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward:
But, if I prove thee perjured and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.
*Ped.* What I have said is true, and shall for me
Be still conceal'd from Belimperia:
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.
*Lor.* Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when, and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.
*Ped.* I will, my lord.
*Lor.* Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not:
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.
[*Exit* PED.
Why so: *tam armis, quam ingenio:*
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes prince Balthezar [90] this stratagem?
*Bal.* Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me, whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge;
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave:
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits;
[91] Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits.
Which sly deceits [92] smooth Belimperia's ears;
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart [93] set him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'n my body by his force,
And now by slight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love;
*Lor.* Let's go, my lord, [94] your staying stays revenge:
Do you but follow me, and gain your love.
Her favour must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HORATIO *and* BELIMPERIA.

*Hor.* Now, madam, since by favour of your love,
Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chief contents) where more cannot be had:
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why shew you sign of inward languishments?
[PEDRINGANO *shows all to the Prince and* LORENZO, *placing them in secret.*
*Bel.* My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease
She may repair what stormy times have worn;
And, leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss, annoy.
Possession of thy love is the only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
[95] There to repair the joys that it hath lost;
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire,
That sweetest bliss, is crown of love's desire.
[BALTHEZAR *and* LORENZO *aside.*
*Bal.* Oh sleep mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf mine ears, hear not my discontent;

---

88 How knowest thou that he, 1618. 23. 33.
89 Swear on this cross.—See p. 442.
90 Of this, 1618. 23. 33.
91 This line omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
92 Sweet, 1618. 23. 33.
93 Sets, 1618. 23. 33.
94 Our, 1633.
95 There on repair, 1618. 23. 33.

Die, heart, another joys what thou deserv'st.
*Lor.* Watch still, mine eyes, to see [96] this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
[97] Live heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.
*Bel.* Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?
*Hor.* The less I speak, the more I meditate.
*Bel.* But whereon dost [98] thou chiefly meditate?
*Hor.* On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
*Bal.* On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
*Bel.* What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?
*Hor.* Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.
*Lor.* Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
*Bel.* Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me:
But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words:
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks:
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines:
Give me a kiss, I'll counter-check thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.
*Hor.* But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.
*Bal.* Ambitious villain! how his boldness grows!
*Bel.* Then [99] be thy father's pleasant bower, the field
Where first we vowed a [100] mutual amity;
The court were dangerous, that place is safe:
[101] Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home [102] distressful travellers:
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Happily the gentle nightingale
Shall carrol us asleep ere we beware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and [103] mirthful dalliance:
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
*Hor.* But, honey sweet, and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight,
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.
*Lor.* Aye, danger mixed with jealous despight
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter King of Spain,* PORTINGALE *Ambassador, Don* CYPRIAN, *&c.*

*King.* Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Belimperia?
*Cyp.* Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince;
I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time;
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice;
Which is to love him, or forego my love.
*King.* Then lord embassador of Portingale,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strength'ning of our late-confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal;
Besides that she is daughter and half heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift:
And this it is, (in case the match go forward)
The tribute which you pay shall be released:
And if by Balthezar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.
*Amb.* I'll make the motion to my [104] sovereign liege,
And work it, if my counsel may prevail.
*King.* Do so, my lord; and, if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let [105] himself determine of the time.
*Amb.* Will't please your grace [106] command me aught beside?
*King.* Commend me to the king; and so farewell.
But where's prince Balthezar, to take his leave?
*Amb.* That is perform'd already, my good lord.
*King.* Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward:
It was Horatio, our knight-marshal's son.
*Amb.* Between us, there's a price already pitch'd,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.
*King.* Then once again farewell, my lord.
*Amb.* Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. [*Exit.*
*King.* Now, brother, you must take some little [107] pains,
To win fair Belimperia from her will:
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The prince is amiable, and loves her well:
If she neglect him, and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours;
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure [108] that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:

---

[96] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[97] *Live*—So, in the first edition. Those of 1618. 23. 33. have leave. Mr Dodsley reads *leap.*
[98] Chiefly dost thou, 1618. 23. 33.
[99] By, 1618. 23. 33.
[100] Our, 1618. 23. 33.
[101] *Our hour shall be,* &c.—These lines describing the meeting of the Lovers are, as Master Whalley observes, tender and natural. See *Essay on Shakespear's Learning*, 1748, p. 48.
[102] Distressed, 1623. 33.
[103] Sportful, 1623. 33.
[104] Our, 1618,
[105] Himself, 1633.
[106] To command, 1618.
[107] Paine, 1618. 23. 33.
[108] Pleasures, 1618. 23. 33.

If she give back, all this will come to nought.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HORATIO, BELIMPERIA, *and* PEDRINGANO.

*Hor.* Now that the night begins with sable wings
To over-cloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done:
Come, Belimperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.
*Bel.* I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.
*Hor.* Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?
*Bel.* No, he is as trusty as my second self.—
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if any make approach.
*Ped.* Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold,
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.
[*Exit* PEDRINGANO.
*Hor.* What means my love?
*Bel.* I know not what myself:
And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.
*Hor.* Sweet, say not so: fair fortune is our friend,
And [109] heavens have shut up day, to pleasure us.
The stars, thou seest hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
*Bel.* Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
*Hor.* The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.
*Bel.* Aye, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
*Hor.* Hark, madam, how the birds [110] record by night,
For joy that Belimperia sits in sight.
*Bel.* No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
*Hor.* If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
Aye, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
*Bel.* If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.
*Hor.* Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
*Bel.* Set forth thy foot, to try the push of mine.
*Hor.* But first my looks shall combat against thine.
*Bel.* Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.
*Hor.* Thus I [111] retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
*Bel.* Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke, and make thee yield
*Hor.* Nay, then mine arms are large and strong withall;
Thus elms by vines are compass'd till they fall.
*Bel.* O let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read, that life in passion dies.
*Hor.* O stay a while, and I will die with thee
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me
*Bel.* Who's there, Pedringano? We are betrayed.

*Enter* LORENZO, BALTHEZAR, CERBERINE, *and* PEDRINGANO, *disguised.*

*Lor.* My lord, away with her; [112] take her aside—
O sir, forbear; your valour is already tried.—
Quickly dispatch, my masters.
[*They hang him in the Arbour.*
*Hor.* What, will ye murder me?
*Lor.* Aye, thus, and thus; these are the fruits of love. [*They stab him.*
*Bel.* O save his life and let me die for him;
O save him, brother, save him Balthezar;
I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.
*Bal.* But Balthezar loves Belimperia.
*Lor.* Although his life were [113] still ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.
*Bel.* Murder! murder! help, Hieronimo, help
*Lor.* Come, stop her mouth, away with her.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HIERONIMO *in his shirt.*

*Hier.* What [114] outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill [115] my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.
No, no, 'twas some woman cried for help;
And here within [116] this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, what murderous spectacle is this!

---

[109] Heaven hath, 1618. 23. 33.
[110] *Record—To record*, anciently signified *to sing*. As, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 5. S. 3:

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
"And to the nightingale's complaining notes
"Tune my distresses, and *record* my woes."

" See also Mr Steevens's Note on this passage.

[111] Return, 1618. 23. 33.
[112] *Take her aside* is printed as a marginal direction, 1618. 23. 33.
[113] *Still* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[114] Outcry calls, 1618. 23. 33.
[115] Chill, 1618. 23. 33.
[116] The, 1618 23. 33.

A man hang'd up and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.
[*He cuts him down.*
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen;
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
Oh, no, but he [117] that whilome was my son!
Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
Oh, speak, if any spark of life remain:
I am thy father: who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
[118] Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,
For me amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day, this deed of darkness had not been.
Oh, Earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The [119] viled profaner of this sacred bow'r?
O, poor Horatio? what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh, wicked butcher! whatsoe'er thou wert,
How could'st thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ah me! most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isa.* My husband's absence makes my heart to throb;—
Hieronimo!
*Hier.* Here, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.
*Isa.* What world of grief! my son Horatio!
Oh, where's the author of this endless woe?
*Hier.* To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge my heart would find relief.
*Isa.* Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
Oh gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears:
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.
[120] " Ah me! Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!
" *Hier.* He supp'd with us to-night, frolick and merry,
" And said, he would go visit Balthezar,
" At the duke's palace; there the prince doth lodge.
" He had no custom to stay out so late,
" He may be in his chamber; some go see—Roderigo, ho.

*Enter* PEDRO *and* JAQUES.

" *Isa.* Ah me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo!
" *Hier.* True all Spain takes note of it.
" Besides, he is so generally beloved,
" His majesty the other day did grace *him*
" With waiting on his cup; these be favours,
" Which do assure me that he cannot be *long* lived.
" *Isa.* Sweet Hieronimo!
" *Hier.* I wonder how this fellow got his clothes;
" Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all;
" Jaques, run to the duke of Castile's presently,
" And bid my son Horatio to come home,
" I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night;
" Do you hear me, sir?
" *Jaq.* Aye, sir.
" *Hier.* Well, sir, be gone—Pedro come hither;
" Know'st thou who this is?
" *Ped.* Too well, sir.
" *Hier.* Too well! who? who is it? peace, Isabella.
" Nay, blush not, man.
" *Ped.* It is my lord Horatio.
" *Hier.* Ha, ha, St James; but this doth make me laugh,
" That there are more deluded than myself.
" *Ped.* Deluded!
" *Hier.* Aye, I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
" That this had been my son Horatio,
" His garments are so like; ha, are they *not* great persuasions?
" *Isa.* O, would to God it were not so!
" *Hier.* Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?
" Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
" That such a black deed of mischief should be done
" On one so pure and spotless as our son?
" Away, I am ashamed.
" *Isa.* Dear Hieronimo,
" Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,
" Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.
" *Hier.* It was a man sure that was hang'd up here,
" A youth, as I remember; I cut him down.
" If it should prove my son now after all,
" Say you, say you; light, lend me a taper;
" Let me look again.
" O god! confusion, mischief, torment, death, and hell,
" Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
" That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
" Be gracious to me, thou infective night.
" And drop this deed of murder down in me;

---

117 That who whilome, 1618.
118 Here hath, 1618. 23. 33.
119 Vile, 1618. 23. 33.
120 Mr Hawkins supposes this scene printed in inverted commas to be foisted in by the players, it being omitted in the second edition.

" Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
" And let me not survive to see the light,
" May put me in the mind I had a son.
" *Isa.* O, sweet Horatio! O, my dearest son!
" *Hier.* How strangely had I lost my way to grief!
Sweet lovely rose, ill pluck'd before thy time.
Fair worthy son, not conquer'd, but betrayed:
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are staid."
*Isa.* And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were [121] only my delight.
*Hier.* Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them till I have [122] reveng'd;
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then, my [123] sorrow never shall be spent.
*Isa.* The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.
*Hier.* Mean while, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabella, now let's take him up,
[*They take him up.*
And bear him in from out this cursed place:
I'll say his dirge, singing fits not his case.
*O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,*
[*Hieronimo* sets his breast unto his sword.
*Misceat, et nostra detur medicina dolori:*
*Aut si qui faciunt annorum oblivia succos,*
*Præbeat, ipse metum magnum quæcunque per orbem,*
*Gramina sol pulchras ejecit lucis in oras,*
*Ipse bebam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,*
*Quicquid et erarum vi cæca nenia nectit.*
*Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque dum semel omni.*
*Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus;*
*Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,*
*Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus.*
*Emoriar tecum sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*
*Attamen adsistam properato cedere letho,*
*Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.*
[Here he throws it from him, and bears the body away.
" *And.* Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I look'd that Balthezar should have been slain.
But it's my friend Horatio that is slain;
And they abuse fair Belimperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all world."
" *Rev.* Thou talk'st of [124] harvest, when the corn is green;
The end is [125] crown of every work well done.
The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll shew thee Balthezar in heavy case."

## ACT III.

*Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles,* ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

*Vic.* Unfortunate condition of great kings,
Seated [126] amidst so many helpless doubts!
First, we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest, never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd
Sith fear, or love, to kings is flattery:
For instance, lordlings, look upon your king,
By hate deprived of his dearest son;
The only hope of our successive [127] line.
*Noble.* I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been invenom'd with such extreme hate:
But now I see, that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.
*Vil.* No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
That feigned love had colour'd in his looks,
When he in camp consorted Balthezar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.
*Vic.* No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts:
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death;

---

121 Chiefly, 1623. 33.
122 Revenge, 1623. 33.
124 The harvest, 1618. 23. 33.
126 Among, 1623, 33.
123 Sorrows, 1618. 23. 33.
125 Growne, 1618. 23. 33.
127 Lives, 1618. 23. 33.

Go some of you and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemned, he may die.

*Enter* ALEXANDRO, *with a Nobleman, and halberts.*

*Noble.* In such extremes, will nought but patience serve.
*Alex.* But in extremes, what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.
*Noble.* Yet hope the best.
*Alex.* 'Tis heaven is my hope;
As for the earth, it is too much [128] infect,
To yield me hope of any of her mould.
*Vice.* Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.
*Alex.* Not that I fear the extremity of death,
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I, O king! thus discontented live.
But this, O this torments my labouring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin,
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.
*Vice.* No more, I say; to the [129] tortures with him;
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames.
[*They bind him to the Stake.*
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegeton, prepared for his soul.
*Alex.* My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath maliced thus;
Or [130] for thy meed hast falsely me accused.
*Vil.* Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works;
Injurious traitor, monstrous homicide!

*Enter Ambassador.*

*Amb.* Stay, hold a while; and here (with pardon of
His majesty) lay hands upon Villuppo.
*Vice.* Embassador, what news hath urged this sudden entrance?
*Amb.* Know, [131] sovereign lord, that Balthezar doth live,
*Vice.* What say'st thou, liveth Balthezar our son?
*Amb.* Your highness' son, lord Balthezar, doth live,
And well intreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty;
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the letters of the king's [132] commends,
[*Gives him Letters.*
Are happy witness of his highness' health.
[*The King looks on the Letter, and proceeds.*
" *Vice.* Thy son doth live, your tribute is received;
" Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied;
" The rest resolve upon as things proposed
" For both our honours, and thy benefit.
*Amb.* These are his highness' farther articles.
[*Gives him more Letters.*
*Vice.* Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him;
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent.
[*They unbind him.*
*Alex.* Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
Upon report of such a damned fact;
But, thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.
*Vice.* Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray lord Alexandro's life?
Him, whom thou knowest that no unkindness else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could [133] once have moved us to have misconceived.
*Alex.* Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king;
Or wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?
*Vil.* Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My [134] guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For, not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferr'd
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.
*Vice.* Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death.
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him, who thou saidst slew our son;
But with the bitter'st torments and extremes,
That may be yet invented for thine end.
[ALEXANDRO *seems to entreat.*
Intreat me not,—go take the traitor hence.—
[*Exit* VILLUPPO.

---

[128] Infected, 1618. 23. 33.
[129] *Tortures when*—The alteration here adopted was made by Mr Dodsley.
[130] Of, 1618. 23. 33.
[131] Know sovereign I that—1618
Know my soveraigne that—1623. 33.
[132] Commend, 1618. 23. 33.
[133] Could never once moved—1633.
[134] Guiltful, 1618. 23. 33.

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.
To end those things [135] articulated here
By our great lord, the mighty king of Spain,
We with our counsel will deliberate:
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HIERONIMO.

*Hier.* Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
Oh life! no life, but lively form of death:
Oh world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds.
Oh, sacred heav'ns! if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt;
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed, and unrevenged pass;
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wakes my vexed soul;
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
[136] And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my [137] discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams,
And drives me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some mean that may— [*A Letter falleth.*
What's here, a letter? tush, it is not so:
A letter written to Hieronimo? [*Red ink.*
*For want of ink, receive this bloody writ;*
*Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee:*
*Revenge thyself on Balthezar and him:*
*For those were they that murdered thy son.*
*Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,*
*And better far than Belimperia doth.*
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo, and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Belimperia,
To accuse thy brother had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betray'd,
And to intrap thy life, this train is laid:
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous;
This is devised to endanger thee,
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse:
And he, for the dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged:
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo;
But live to effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;
And [138] hearkning near the duke of Castile's house,
Close, if I can, with Belimperia,
To listen more; but nothing to [139] bewray.

*Enter* PEDRINGANO.

*Hier.* Now, Pedringano!
*Ped.* Now, Hieronimo!
*Hier.* Where's thy lady?
*Ped.* I know not: here's my lord.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* How now, who's this, Hieronimo?

---

[135] *Articulated*—i. e. exhibited in articles. See Mr Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 1.

[136] *And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.* The verb *fear* is often used by our ancient writers in the sense of *frighten*, or *make afraid*: As, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 7:

"——(he shall not go) I but *fear* the knave."

*Sejanus his Fall*, A. 4:

"His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
"To hold him even in: not so to *fear* him,
"As wholly put him out, and yet give check
"Unto his farther boldness."—

*A Fair Quarrel*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Could but my soule resolve my cause were just,
"Earth's mountaine, nor sea's surge, should hide him from mee.
"E'ne to hell's threshold would I follow him,
"And see the slanderer in before I left him,
"But as it is it *feares* me."

*Euphues and his England*, p. 128: "—nor the threatnings of kings (which are perillous to a prince), "nor the perswasions of Papists (which are homy to the mouth) could either *fear him*, or allure him, &c."
*The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 41: "—if he shall *feare* us out of our wits with strange "words, &c."

[137] Discontent, 1618, 23 33.

[138] Hearken, 1618, 23. 33.

[139] *Bewray—bewray*, which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified *to betray, to discover*. Mr Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 6.

*Hier.* My lord.
*Ped.* He asketh for my lady Belimperia.
*Lor.* What to do, Hieronimo? the duke my father hath
Upon some disgrace a while removed her hence:
But if be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.
*Hier.* Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you, it shall not need,
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.
*Lor.* [140] Why so, Hieronimo? use me.
" *Hier.* Who you, my lord?
" I reserve your favour for a greater honour.
" This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.
" *Lor.* All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.
" *Hier.* I'faith, my lord, 'tis an idle thing, I must confess,
" I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honour.
" *Lor.* How now, Hieronimo?
" *Hier.* In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing;
" The murder of a son, or so:
" A thing of nothing, my lord."
*Lor.* Why, then farewell.
*Hier.* My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [*Exit.*
*Lor.* Come hither, Pedringano; see'st thou this?
*Ped.* My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.
*Lor.* This is that damn'd villain, Serberine,
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.
*Ped.* My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my company.
*Lor.* Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That e'er I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy farther satisfaction, take [141] thou this, [*Gives him more Gold.*
And hearken to me; [142] thus it is devised,
This night thou must, (and pr'ythee so resolve)
Meet Serberine at St Lingis' park:
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house;
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we do mean to live.
*Ped.* But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?
*Lor.* Let me alone, I'll send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.
*Ped.* It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.
*Lor.* When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou know'st my mind.
*Che le jeron!* [*Exit* PEDRINGANO.

*Enter* PAGE.

*Page.* My lord!
*Lor.* Go, sirrah, to Serberine, and bid him forthwith
Meet the prince and me at St Lingis' park,
Behind the house, this evening, boy.
*Page.* I go, my lord.
*Lor.* But, sirrah, let the hour be eight a clock:
Bid him not fail.
*Page.* I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Lor.* Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work, that will avoid distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap:
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly inquiry of Hieronimo
For Belimperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a farther ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them:
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;
And better 'tis that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps;
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend:
For die they shall; slaves are ordain'd [143] to no other end. [*Exit.*

*Enter* PEDRINGANO *with a Pistol.*

*Ped.* Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;
And hold on, fortune, once more favour me,
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed,
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possest thereof;
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him, that thus his liberal purse had stretcht,
Unworthy such a favour may he fail;
And wishing, want, when such as I prevail:
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord

---

[140] *Why so*, &c.—This scene likewise is rejected by Mr Hawkins. Instead of it, Hieronimo says:

" O, no my lord; I dare not, it must not be:
" I humbly thank your lordship."

[141] Thee, 1623. 33.
[142] —Thus it is disguis'd, 1618. 23. 33.
[143] For, 1618. 23 33.

Will stand between me and ensuing harms:
Besides, this place is free from all [144] suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

*Enter the Watch.*

1 *Watch.* I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.
2 *Watch.* 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3 *Watch.* But we were never wont to [145] watch and [146] ward
So near the duke his [147] brother's house before.
2 *Watch.* Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

*Enter* SERBERINE.

*Ser.* Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint,
That thou by his command should'st meet with him:
How fit a place, if one were so disposed!
Methinks this corner is too close with one.
*Ped.* Here comes the bird that I must seize upon:
Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man.
*Ser.* I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
*Ped.* For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't.
[*Shoots the Dag.*[148]
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

*The Watch.*

1 *Watch.* Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.
2 *Watch.* And here's one slain; stay the murderer.
*Ped.* Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,
[*He strives with the Watch.*
Who first lays hold on me, I'll be his priest.
3 *Watch.* Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest;
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?
*Ped.* Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.
3 *Watch.* Come, Sir, you had better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2 *Watch.* Come, to the marshal's [149] with the murderer.
1 *Watch.* On to Hieronimo's: [150] help me here
To bring the murder'd body with us too.
*Ped.* Hieronimo's? carry me before whom you will,
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you
And do your worst, for I defy you all.

*Enter* LORENZO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Bal.* How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?
*Lor.* Fear of preventing our mishaps and your's.
*Bal.* What mischief is it that we not mistake?
*Lor.* Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.
*Bal.* Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If aught concerns our honour, and your own?
*Lor.* [151] Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.
*Bal.* Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush! it cannot be.
*Lor.* A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to Hieronimo,
And therefore know, that I have cast it thus.

---

144 *Suspect*—Suspicion.

145—*Watch and ward*—These are terms used in several modern acts of parliament, for that composition which is paid in the City of London to excuse the attendance which formerly every householder was obliged to give in person *to watch* in his respective *ward*. See Stow's *Survey*, *Vol. II. p. 393.* Strype's Edition 1720.

146 Not, 1618. 23. 33.

147 *Brother's* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

*Dag*—The ancient name for *a pistol*. So, in *Arden of Feversham*:

"Or dare abide the noise *the dagge* will make."

Again,

"I'll leave you and at your *dag's* discharge."

Again,

"My *dagge* was leavelled at his hart.

*Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616, A. 5:

"With I Sir, yes Sir, and so Sir, at each word,
"Whilst he would shew me how to hold *the dagge*,
"To draw the cock, to charge and set the flint."

Roger Ascham's *Works*, 4to. by Bennet, p. 21: "The Prince yet always bare hymselfe so wisely, that "he could not without some sturre be thrust downe openly: and ridyng on his journey, he was once shot "with *a dagge* secretly.

149 Marshall, 1618. 23. 33.

150 Hieronimo, 1618. 23. 33.

151 Not, 1618. 23. 33.

*Enter Page.*

But here's the Page—How now, what news with thee?

*Page.* My lord, Serberine is slain.

*Bal.* Who, Serberine my man?

*Page.* Your highness' man, my lord.

*Lor.* Speak, Page, who murdered him?

*Page* He that is apprehended for the fact.

*Lor.* Who?

*Page.* Pedringano.

*Bal.* [152] Is Serberine slain, that loved his lord so well?

Injurious villain! murderer of his friend!

*Lor.* Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?

My lord, let me intreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge;
With your complaints unto my lord the king,
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

*Bal.* Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I haste the marshal sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.
[*Exit* BALTHEZAR.

*Lor.* Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point:
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was [153] lim'd.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends;
He runs to kill, whom I have [154] holp to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter.*

*Lor.* Boy.

*Page.* My lord.

*Lor.* What's he?

*Mes.* I have a letter to your lordship.

*Lor.* From whence?

*Mes.* From Pedringano, that's imprison'd,

*Lor.* So, he is [155] in prison then?

*Mes.* Aye, my good lord.

*Lor.* What would he with us?
He writes us here, *To stand, good Lorenzo, and help him in distress*, &c.
Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may, let him assure him of.
Fellow be gone, my boy shall follow thee.
[*Exit Messenger.*
This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,
Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
And be advised that none be there about:
Bid him be merry still, but secret;
And though the marshall [156] sessions be to-day,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery;
Tell him, his pardon is already sign'd:
And thereon bid him boldly be *resolv'd*;
For were he ready to be turned off,
(As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried)
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still:
Shew him this box, tell him his pardon's in't:
But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life:
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives: away.

*Page.* I go, my lord, I run. [*Exit Page.*

*Lor.* But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done.
Now stands our fortune on a [157] tickle point,
And now or never end Lorenzo's doubts;
One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner.
But to what end? [158] I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence therein;
For fear the privy whispering of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.
*Et quel che voglio, io nessun lo sa,*
*Intendo io quel mi bastara.* [*Exit.*

*Enter Boy with the Box.*

*Boy.* My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and by my [159] troth 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we [160] menskind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now.—By my [161] bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would

---

[152] I, Serberine, 1618. 23. 33.

[153] *Lim'd.*—i. e. *snared*, or *entangled*, as a bird with bird-lime. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 1.

"*She's lim'd*, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam."

*Arden of Feversham*:

"—— once more
"*Lime* well your twigs, to catch this wary bird."

[154] Hope, 1623. 33. [155] Imprison'd, 1618. 23. 33. [156] Marshalls, 1618. 23. 33.
[157] *Tickle*—See Mr Steevens's Note on the Second Part of *Henry* VI. A. 1. S. 1.
[158] *I* omitted, 1618. 23. 33. [159] Honesty, 1618. 23. 33.
[160] Men-kind, 1618. 23. 33. [161] Credit, 1618. 23. 33.

have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile, to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest, for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who [162] would say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Is't not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but, if I should be hang'd with thee, I cannot [163] weep.

*Enter* HIERONIMO *and the Deputy.*

*Hier.* Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

*Dep.* Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

*Hier.* So is't my duty to regard his death,
Who when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that, which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and* PEDRINGANO *with a Letter in his hand, bound.*

*Dep.* Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

*Ped.* Gramercy boy: but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me:
But sith he hath remembered me so well,—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

*Hier.* Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy [164] place of execution.

*Ped.* This is short work: well, to your marshalship.
First, I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

*Dep.* Aye, Pedringano.

*Ped.* Now [165], I think not so.

*Hier.* Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so:
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as judge)
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch, the fault's approved, and confest;
And by our law, he is condemn'd to die.

*Enter Hangman.*

*Hang.* Come on, sir, are you ready?

*Ped.* To do what? my fine officious knave.

*Hang.* To go to this gear.

*Ped.* O, sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit:
So I should go out of this gear my raiment, into that gear the rope:
But, hangman, now I spy your knavery; I'll not change without boot, that's flat.

*Hang.* Come, sir.

*Ped.* So then, I must up?

*Hang.* No remedy.

*Ped.* Yes, but there shall be for [166] my coming down.

*Hang.* Indeed here's a remedy for that.

*Ped.* How? to be turn'd off?

*Hang.* Aye, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray you, sir, dispatch, the day goes away.

*Ped.* What, do you hang by the hour? if you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

*Hang.* Faith you have [167] reason, for I am like to break your young neck.

*Ped.* Doest thou mock me, hangman? pray God I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

*Hang.* Alas! sir, you are a foot too low to reach it; and I hope you will never grow so high, while I am in the office.

*Ped.* Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

*Hang.* What, he that points to it with his finger?

*Ped.* Aye, that companion.

*Hang.* I know him not, but what of him?

*Ped.* Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

*Hang.* Aye, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man, than either thou, or he.

*Ped.* What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

*Hang.* Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;
Methinks, you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

---

[162] Should, 1618. 23. 33.
[163] Could not, 1618. 23.33.
[164] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[165] No, 1618. 23. 33.
[166] *My* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[167] No reason, 1618. 23. 33.

*Ped.* Why, sirrah hangman, I take it, that what is good for the body, is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

*Hang.* Well, thou art even the merriest piece of mans-flesh that ever groan'd at my office-door.

*Ped.* Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

*Hang.* Aye, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.

*Ped.* I pr'ythee request this good company to pray [167] with me.

*Hang.* Aye, marry sir, this is a good motion—My masters, you see here's a good fellow.

*Ped.* Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

*Hier.* I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times! where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder, O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.
Dispatch, and see this [168] execution done:
This makes me to remember thee, my son.
[*Exit* HIERONIMO.

*Ped.* Nay, soft, no haste.

*Dep.* Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

*Ped.* Why, aye.

*Hang.* As how?

*Ped.* Why, rascal! by my pardon from the king.

*Hang.* Stand you on that? then you shall off with this. [*He turns him off.*

*Dep.* So, executioner—Convey him hence;
But let his body be unburied;
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven condemns, and men neglect. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HIERONIMO.

*Hier.* Where shall I run, to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament, have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flower'd green,
Made mountains marsh with [169] spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That winged mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat [170] at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge;
But they are placed in those imperial heights,
Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

*Enter Hangman with a Letter.*

*Hang.* O lord, sir, God bless you, sir; the man, sir, Petergad, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits—

*Hier.* Well, what of him?

*Hang.* O, lord, sir, he went the wrong way—the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport—I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

*Hier.* I warrant thee, give it me.

*Hang.* You will stand between the gallows and me?

*Hier.* Aye, aye.

*Hang.* I thank your lord worship. [*Exit Hangman.*

*Hier.* And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
*My lord, I write as my extremes require,*
*That you would labour my delivery;*
*If you neglect, my life is desperate;*
*And in my death, I shall reveal the truth.*
*You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,*
*And was confederate with the prince and you;*
*Won by rewards and hopeful promises,*
*I help'd to murder Don Horatio too.*
Help he to murder mine Horatio,
And actors in th' accursed tragedy
Was't thou, Lorenzo, Balthezar, and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard? what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens! may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus [171] by this be venged or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bellimperia's letter was not feign'd;
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wrong'd
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt her's and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd [172] would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?

---

[167] For, 1618. 23. 33.
[168] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[169] Spring-tide, 1618. 23. 33.
[170] But, 1618. 23. 33.
[171] Shall thus be this revenged, 1618.
Shall thus be thus revenged, 1623. 33.
[172] Should, 1618. 23. 33.

Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
And, Balthezar, bane to thy soul and me,
Was this the ransom he reserved thee [173] for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity!
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self!
And bann'd with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go 'plain me to my lord the king,
And cry aloud for justice through the court,
Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats.
[*Exit.*

## ACT IV. [174]

*Enter* ISABELLA *and her Maid.*

*Isa.* So that you say this herb will purge the [175] eye,
And this the head—Ah, but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead.
[*She runs Lunatic.*
Horatio, O where's Horatio?

*Maid.* Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio,
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

*Isa.* Why, did I not give you gowns, and goodly things?
Bought you a whistle, and [176] whipstalk too,
To be revenged on their villainies?

*Maid.* Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

*Isa.* My soul, poor soul—Thou talk'st of things
Thou know'st not what—My soul hath silver wings,
That mount me up unto the highest heavens;
To heaven, aye, there sits my Horatio,
Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubims,
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns, and chaunting heavenly notes;
Rare harmony to greet his [177] innocence,
That [178] died, aye died, a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run,
To find them out, that murdered my son?
[*Exeunt.*

BELIMPERIA *at a Window.*

*Bel.* What means this outrage that is offer'd me?
Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
No notice! shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother! unkind murderer!
Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why [179] writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
Me, for thy friend Horatio, handled thus!
And him for me, thus causeless murdered!
Well, force perforce, I *must* constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hoped, shall set *me* free.

*Enter* CHRISTOPHEL.

*Christ.* Come, madam Belimperia, this [180] may not be. [*Exeunt.*

---

[173] For thee, 1618. 23. 33.

[174] Formerly this Play consisted only of four Acts. The division of this act into two was made by Mr Hawkins.

[175] Eyes, 1618. 23. 33.

[176] *Whipstalk.*—or *whipstock*, probably "the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself." So, in *Pericles*, A. 2:

"For, by his rusty outside, he appears
"To have practised more the *whipstock* than the lance."

And, in Ben Johnson's *New Inn*, A. 3. S. 1. Trundle says:

——"I will step aside
Into the stables, and salute my mares."

To which Pierce replies:

"Yes, do, and sleep with 'em, let him go base *whipstock*."

Other examples are in Mr Steevens's Note on the *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

[177] Innocency, 1618. 23. 33.

[178] Lived, 1618. 23. 33.

[179] Rite, 1618. 23. 33.

[180] ust 1618. 23. 33.

*Enter* LORENZO, BALTHEZAR, *and the Page.*

*Lor.* Boy, talk no further—Thus far things go well.
Thou art assured that thou saw'st him dead?
*Page.* Or else, my lord, I live not.
*Lor.* That's enough.—
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring, and give it Christophel,
And bid him let my sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight.— [181] [*Exit Page.*
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,
Which, as a nine-days wonder, being o'er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.
*Bal.* And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the duke,
You heard, inquired for her yesternight.
*Lor.* Why, and my lord, I hope, you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My lord, you love her?
*Bal.* Aye.
*Lor.* Then in your love beware; deal cunningly;
Save all suspicions, only sooth me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us,
As for her sweet-heart, and concealment so,
Jest with her gently; under feigned jest
Are things concealed, that else would breed unrest. [182]
But here she comes.

*Enter* BELIMPERIA.

*Lor.* Now, sister—
*Bel.* Sister! no, thou art no brother, but an enemy,
Else would'st thou not have used thy sister so;
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwinds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up where none might come at me;
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did posses thy [183] wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?
*Lor.* Advise you better, Belimperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.
*Bel.* Mine honour! why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you or any need to rescue it?
*Lor.* His highness, and my father, were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determin'd.
*Bel.* And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?
*Bal.* Have patience, Belimperia, hear the rest.
*Lor.* Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh;
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And, unexpected, in an arbour there,
Found Belimperia with Horatio.
*Bel.* How then?
*Lor.* Why then, remembering that old disgrace
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather, for I [184] knew no readier mean,
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.
*Bal.* And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.
*Bel.* Even so, my lord? and you are witness
That this is true which he intreateth of?—
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake;
And you, my lord, were made his instrument;
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?
*Lor.* Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.
*Bal.* And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.
*Bel.* But why had I no notice of his ire?
*Lor.* That were to add more fuel to [185] your fire,
Who burnt like Ætna, for Andrea's loss.
*Bel.* Hath not my father, then, enquired for me?
*Lor.* Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee:
[*He whispereth in her Ear.*
But, Belimperia, see the gentle prince,

---

[181] *Exit.* Page omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[182] *Unrest.*—*Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. As, in *Titus Andronicus*, A. 2. S. 3:

"And so repose sweet gold, for their *unrest*."

See Mr Steevens's Note on this line.
Again, p. 479:

"Then rest me here a while in our *unrest*."

[183] Wit, 1618. 23. 33.
[184] Know, 1618. 23. 33.
[185] The, 1618. 23. 33.

Look on thy love, behold young Balthezar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy [186] hate, his love, thy flight, his following thee.

*Bel.* Brother, you are become an orator,
I know not I, by what experience,
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you—But content yourself,
The prince is meditating higher things.

*Bal.* 'Tis of thy beauty then, that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's [187] twins,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised;
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

*Bel.* To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

*Bal.* 'Tis I that love.

*Bel.* Whom?

*Bal.* Belimperia.

*Bel.* But I, that fear.

*Bal.* Whom?

*Bel.* Belimperia.

*Lor.* Fear yourself.

*Bel.* Aye, brother.

*Lor.* How?

*Bel.* As those that, [188] what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

*Bal.* Then, fair, let Balthezar your keeper be.

*Bel.* [189] No, Balthezar doth fear as well as we;

*Est tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,*
*Et vanum stolidæ proditionis opus.* [Exit.

*Lor.* Nay, an' you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

*Bal.* Led by the [190] load-star of her heavenly looks,
[191] Wends poor oppressed Balthezar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage. [Exeunt.

*Enter two Portuguese, and* HIERONIMO *meets them.*

1 *Port.* By your leave, sir.

[192] "*Hier.* 'Tis neither as you think, nor as "you think,
"Nor as you think: you're wide all——
"These slippers are not mine, they were my son "Horatio's.
"My son! and what's a son?
"A thing begot within a pair *of minutes, there-* "about:
"A lump bred up in darkness, and *doth serve*
"To balance those light creatures we *call women,*
"And, at the nine months' end, creeps *forth to* "light.
"What is there yet in a son,
"To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
"Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
"What is there yet in a son?
"He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
"Aye, or yet; why might not a man love a calf as "well?
"Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a "son?
"Methinks a young bacon,
"Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
"Should move a man as much as doth a son;
"For one of these, in very little time,
"Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
"The more he grows in stature and in years,
"The more unsquared, [193] unbeveled, he appears,
"Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
"Strikes care [194] upon their heads with his mad "riots,
"Makes them look old before they meet with age:
"This is a son; and what a loss were this, consi- "dered truly?
"Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those

---

[186] Thy hate is love, 1618.
[187] Twinnes, 1618. 23. 33.
[188] When, 1618. 23. 33.
[189] *No* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[190] *Load-star.*—So, in Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Nights Dream*, A. 1. S. 1.:

——"O happy fair!
"Your eyes are *lode-stars.*"

Upon this passage Dr Johnson observes. "This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. "The *lode-star* is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the *Pole-star*. The magnet is, for the same reason, "called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same "thought in *L'Allegro*:

"Towers and battlements he sees
"Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
"Where perhaps some beauty lies,
"The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

"Davies calls Elizabeth 'lode-stone to hearts, and lode-stone to all eyes."
See also Mr Steevens's Note on the above passage.
[191] *Wends.*—Goes.
[192] This speech, in inverted commas, omitted also in the second edition.
[193] Unleavill'd, 1623. 33.
[194] Cares, 1623. 33.

" Insatiate humours; he loved his loving parents:
" He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
" The very arm that did hold up our house—
" Our hopes were stored up in him.
" None but a damned murderer could hate him.
" He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
" When his strong arm unhorsed the proud prince
" Balthezar;
" And his great mind, too full of honour,
" Took him as to mercy, that valiant but ignoble
" Portingale.
" Well, heaven is heaven still!
" And there is Nemesis, and furies,
" And things called whips,
" And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
" They do not always 'scape,—that's some com-
" fort.
" Aye, aye, aye, and then time steals on, and
" steals, and steals,
" Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
" Wrapt in a ball of fire,
" And so doth bring confusion to them all.
" Good leave have you: I pray you go,
" For I'll leave off, if you can leave me so."
Good leave have you; nay, I pray you, go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

2 *Port.* Pray you, which is the [195] next way to my lord the duke's?

*Hier.* The next way from me.

2 *Port.* To his house, we mean.

*Hier.* O, hard by; 'tis yon house that you see.

2 *Port.* You could not tell us if his son were there.

*Hier.* Who, my lord Lorenzo.

1 *Port.* Aye, sir.

[*He goes in at one Door, and comes out at another.*

*Hier.* O forbear, for other talk for us far fitter were;
But if you be [196] importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt:
There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
[197] Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death;
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
[198] That kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
An habitation for their cursed souls,
There in a brazen caldron, fixed by Jove
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 *Port.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Hier.* Ha, ha, ha! Why ha, ha, ha? Farewell, good ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

2 *Port.* Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him doat.
Come, let's away, to seek my lord the duke.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HIERONIMO *with a Poinard in one hand, and a Rope in the other.*

*Hier.* Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit.
Why is not this a strange and [199] seld seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel, and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand:
Away, Hieronimo, to him begone,
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path, thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: soft and fair, not so;
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know,
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no, fie no; pardon me, I'll none of that.
[*He throws away the Dagger and Halter.*
This way I'll take, and this way comes the king.
[*He takes them up again.*
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthezar, I'll be with thee to bring—
And thee, Lorenzo——here's the king, nay, stay;
And here, aye here: there goes the hare away.

*Enter King, Ambassador,* CASTILE, *and* LORENZO.

*King.* Now, shew the ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?

*Hier.* Justice! O justice to Hieronimo.

*Lor.* Back, seest thou not the king is busy?

*Hier.* O, is he so?

*King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?

*Hier.* Not I: Hieronimo beware, [200] go by, go by.

---

[195] *Next* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[196] Importune, 1618. 23.
[197] Whose paleful humours if you but behold, 1618. 23. 33.
[198] That's, 1618. 23. 33.
[199] *Seld.*—An usual contraction among old writers for *seldom.*
[200] *Go by, go by.*—This line is ridiculed by Shakespeare in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew.* and by other poets of the times.

*Amb.* Renowned king, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And, as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This, for thy farther satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Belimperia, thy beloved niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to th' offended heavens:
In person therefore will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure[201] inextricable band
Of kingly love, and everlasting league,
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale;
There will he give his crown to Balthezar,
And make a queen of Belimperia.

*King.* Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

*Cast.* No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keep his friend,
And wond'rous zeal to Balthezar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

*Amb.* Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

*Hier.* Horatio! who calls Horatio?

*King.* And well remembered, thank his majesty:
Here, see it given to Horatio.

*Hier.* Justice! O justice! justice! gentle king.

*King.* Who is that, Hieronimo?

*Hier.* Justice! O justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem.

*Lor.* Hieronimo, you are not well advised.

*Hier.* Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss;
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
[*He diggeth with his Dagger.*
And ferry over to the Elysian plains,
And bring my son to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, I'll make a pick-ax of my poinard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up[202] the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

*King.* What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?

*Hier.* Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to strive,—
Needs must he go that the devils drive. [*Exit.*

*King.* What accident hath[203] hapt Hieronimo?—
I have not seen him to demean him so.

*Lor.* My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceived of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthezar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

*King.* Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't.
This is the love that fathers bear their sons:—
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

*Lor.* But if he be thus[204] helplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resigned,
And given to one of more discretion.

*King.* We shall increase his melancholy so,
'Tis best[205] that we see farther in it first,
Till when, ourself will exempt the place.
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match,
'Twixt Balthezar and Belimperia;
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy lord the viceroy here.

*Amb.* Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

*King.* On then, and hear[206] you lord ambassador. [*Exeunt.*

" *Enter* JAQUES *and* PEDRO.[207]

" *Jaq.* I wonder, Pedro, why our master *thus*
" At midnight sends us with our torches light,
" When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
" Save those that watch for rape and bloody mur-
" der.
" *Ped.* O Jacques, know thou that our master's
" mind
" Is much[208] distraught since his Horatio died.

---

[201] Inexecrable, second edition.———Inexplicable, 1618. 23. 33.
[202] *My*, 1618. 23. 33.
[203] Hapt to, 1618. 23. 33.
[204] Haplessly, 1618. 23. 33.
[205] *That* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[206] Your, 1618. 23 33.
[207] This scene, printed in inverted commas, is rejected by Mr Hawkins, for the same reasons as the former.
[208] *Distraught.—Distraught* is *distracted.* So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. G. 3.:
" Alas, kind youth, how came he thus *distraught?*"
In the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 2.:
" Alas, my son's *distraught.* Sweet boy, appease
" Thy mutining affections."
*Tyrhues and his England*, 41.: " Iffida so *distraught* of her wits, with these newes, fell into a frensie."

" And now his aged years should sleep in rest,
" His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
" Grows lunatic and childish, for his son:
" Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
" He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
" Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
" Cries out, Horatio! where is my Horatio?
" So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
" There is not left in him one inch of man.
" See, here he comes.

" *Enter* HIERONIMO.

" *Hier.* I pry through every crevice of each
" wall,
" Look at each tree, and search through every
" brake,
" Beat on the bushes, stamp our grand-dame earth,
" Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven:
" Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
" How now, who's there! sprights! sprights!
" *Ped.* We are your servants that attend you,
" sir.
" *Hier.* What make you with your torches in the
" dark?
" *Ped.* You bid us light them, and attend you
" here.
" *Hier.* No, no, you are deceived, not I, you
" are deceived:
" Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
" Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
" When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
" Light me your torches then.
" *Ped.* Then we [209] burn day-light.
" *Hier.* Let it be burnt, night is a murd'rous slut,
" That would not have her treasons to be seen:
" And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
" Doth give consent to that is done in darkness:
" And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
" Are [210] aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train:
" And those that should be powerful and divine,
" Do steep in darkness when they most should
" shine.
" *Ped.* Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempt-
" ing words,
" The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and
" sorrow
" Make you speak you know not what.
" *Hier.* Villain, thou lyest! and thou dost
" nought
" But tell me I am mad: thou lyest, I am not mad:
" I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques;
" I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how
" could I?
" Where was she the same night, when my Hora-
" tio was murdered?
" She should have shone: search thou the book:
" Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there
" was a kind of grace,
" That I know, nay I do know had the murd'rer
" seen him,
" His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
" Had he been framed of nought but blood and
" death:
" Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
" What shall we say to mischief?

*Enter* ISABELLA.

" *Isa.* Dear Hieronimo, come in a doors.
" O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.
" *Hier.* Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
" I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques:
" Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.
" *Isa.* How? be merry here? be merry here?
" Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
" Where my Horatio died, where he was mur-
" dered?
" *Hier.* Was, do not say what: let her weep
it out,
" This was the tree, I set it of a kernel;
" And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
" But that the infant and the humane sap
" Began to wither, duly twice a morning
" Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:
" At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore:
" Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear
" our son:
" It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked
" plant! [*One knocks within at the Door.*
" See who knocks there?
" *Ped.* It is a painter, sir.
" *Hier* Bid him come in, and paint some com-
" fort,
" For surely there's none lives but painted com-
" fort:

---

[209] *Burn day-light.*—*To burn day-light* was a proverbial phrase used when any act was done which would be wholly useless. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 1., and *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 4. Again, in Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 96. edit. 1776:

" To Ludloe now my muse must needes returne,
" A season short no long discourse doth crave:
" Tyme rouleth on, I *doe but day-light burne*,
" And many things indeede to doe I have."

*The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 46.: " Oh thou invaluable jewell! how art thou in this age " cast upon the dunghill? how dost thou *burne out thy day-light* to these thy regardless children?"

[210] *Aglets.*—An *aglet*, Mr Pope says, is the tag of a point. See *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 2. This is also one of the explanations in Barret's *Alvearie*, who also says, *An aglet is a jewell in one's cap.* Segmentum aureum. Monile ex auro vel gemmis confectum.

"Let *him* come in, one knows not what may
"chance:
"God's will that I should set this tree,
"But even so masters, ungrateful servants, reared
"from nought,
"And then they hate them that did bring them up.

*Enter the Painter.*

"*Paint.* God bless you, sir.
"*Hier.* Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain!
"How, where, or by what means, should I be
"blest?
"*Isa.* What would'st thou have, good fellow?
"*Paint.* Justice, madam.
"*Hier.* O ambitious beggar, would'st thou have
"that,
"That lives not in the world?
"Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
"An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
"I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his
"hands,
"And there is none but what comes from him.
"*Paint.* O then I see, that God must right me
"for my murdered son.
"*Hier.* How! was thy son murdered?
"*Paint.* Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.
"*Hier.* What, not as thine? that's a lie,
"As massy as the earth: I had a son,
"Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
"A thousand of thy son's; and he was murdered.
"*Paint.* Alas, sir, I had no more but he.
"*Hier.* Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
"Was worth a legion. But all is one,—
"Pedro, Jaques, go in a doors; Isabella, go,
"And this good fellow here, and I,
"Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
"Like two she lions reaved of their young.
"Go in a doors, I say. [*Exeunt.*
"[*The Painter and he set down.*
"Come, let's talk wisely now:—
"Was thy son murdered?
"*Paint.* Ay, sir.
"*Hier.* So was mine.
"How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime
"mad?
"Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes?
"*Paint.* O lord, yes, sir.
"*Hier.* Art a painter? canst paint me a tear,
"a wound?
"A groan, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree
"as this?
"*Paint.* Sir, I am sure you have heard of my
"painting:
"My name's Bazardo.
"*Hier.* Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent fel-
"low. Look you, sir,
"Do you see? I'd have you paint me my gallery,
"In your oil colours matted, and draw me five
"Years younger than I am: do you see, sir? let
"five
"Years go: let them go like the marshal of Spain,
"My wife Isabella standing by me,
"With a speaking look to my son Horatio,
"Which should intend to this, or some such like
"purpose:
"God bless thee, my sweet son; and my hand
"Leaning upon his head thus, sir; do you see?—
"May it be done?
"*Paint.* Very well, sir.
"*Hier.* Nay, I pray mark me, sir:
"Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree,
"this very tree:
"Canst paint a doleful cry?
"*Paint.* Seemingly, sir.
"*Hier.* Nay, it should cry; but all is one.
"Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and
"through
"With villains' swords, hanging upon this tree.
"Canst thou draw a murderer?
"*Paint.* I'll warrant you, sir;
"I have the pattern of the most notorious villains,
"That ever lived in all Spain.
"*Hier.* O, let them be worse, worse: stretch
"thine art,
"[211] And let their beards be of Judas's own colour,

---

[211] *And let their beards be of Judas's own colour.*—It is observed, that "in an age when but small part "of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry." Leland, in his *Collectanea*, asserts, that painters constantly represented *Judas* the traitor with a *red head*. Dr Plot's *Oxfordshire*, p. 153., says the same. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. See the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tollet to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 4.

To the instances there produced may be added the following:

Middleton's *Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620: "What has he given her? what is it Gossip? A fair "high standing cup, and the two great postle spoons, one of them gilt. Sure that was *Judas with the red* "*beard.*"

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, p. 104.:

"Methought a sweet young man,
"In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
"Promising a future *beard*, and yet *no red one*,
"Stole slily to my cabin all unbraced,
"Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times."

" And let their eye-brows jetty over: in any case
" observe that;
" Then, sir, after some violent noise,
" Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under
" my arm,
" With my torch in my hand, and my sword
" reared up thus,
" And with these words:
" *What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?*
" May it be done.
" *Paint.* Yea, sir.
" *Hier.* Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring
" me through alley and alley, still with a distract-
" ed countenance going along, and let my hair
" heave up my night-cap.
" Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark,
" the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells
" tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking,
" the minutes jarring, and the clock striking
" twelve.
" And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man
" hanging, and tot'ring, as you know the wind will
" wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him
" down.
" And looking upon him by the advantage of
" my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.
" There you may shew a passion, there you may
" shew a passion!
" Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
" Crying—the house is a-fire, the house is a-fire.
" And the torch over my head: make me curse,
" Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,
" Make me well again, make me curse hell,
" Invocate, and in the end leave me
" In a trance, and so forth.
" *Paint.* And is this the end?
" *Hier.* O no, there is no end: the end is death
" and madness;
" And I am never better than when I am mad;
" Then methinks I am a brave fellow;
" Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me;
" And there's the torment, there's the hell:
" At the last, sir, bring me to one of the mur-
" derers;
" Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
" Tear and drag him up and down.
" [*He beats the Painter in, then comes out*
" *again, with a Book in his hand.*"

*Vindicta mihi.*

Aye, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder un-repaid:
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint[212] their time.

*Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.*

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution;
For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

*Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;*
*Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.*

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet[213] shalt thou be assured of a tomb;
If neither; yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And, to conclude, I will revenge his death:
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely, and safely, fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time:
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness;
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think,
That ignorantly I will let[214] all slip;
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

*Remedium malorum mors est.*

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,[215]
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.
[*A noise within.*
How now! what noise? what coil is that you keep?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Here are a sort[216] of poor petitioners,

---

*Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, edit. 1636, Sign. E. 3.:

" ——————Runne to the counter,
" Fetch me *red-bearded* serjeant, I'll make
" You captaine thinke the devill of hell is come,
" To fetch you, if he once fasten on you."

[212] A time, 1618. 23. 33.
[213] Thou shalt, 1623. 33.
[214] It, 1618. 23. 33.
[215] Spirits affoord, 1618. 23. 33.
[216] *Sort*,—See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 102.

That are importunate; and it should please you, sir,
That you should plead their [217] cases to the king.
*Hier.* That I should plead their several actions?
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

*Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.*

1 *Cit.* So, I tell you this, for learning, and for law,
There's not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain,
That he will, in pursuit of equity.
*Hier.* Come near, you men that thus importune me;—
(Now must I bear a face of gravity)
For [218] thus I used before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corrigidor,—
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?
2 *Cit.* Sir, an action.
*Hier.* Of battery?
1 *Cit.* Mine of debt.
*Hier.* Give place.
2 *Cit* No, sir, mine is an action of the case.
3 *Cit.* Mine an *Ejectione firma* by lease.
*Hier.* Content you, sirs; are you determined
That I should plead your several actions?
1 *Cit.* Aye, sir, and here's my declaration.
2 *Cit.* And here is my [219] band.
3 *Cit.* And here is my lease.
[*They give him Papers.*
*Hier.* But wherefore stands [220] yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?—
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.
*Senex.* O, worthy sir, my cause but slightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons.
And melt the corsick [221] rocks with ruthful [222] tears.
*Hier.* Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?
*Senex.* No, sir; could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper (as you see)
With ink bewray what blood began in me.
*Hier.* What's here?—*The humble supplication of Don Bazulto, for his murdered son.*
*Senex.* Aye, sir.
*Hier.* No, sir, it was my murdered son! Oh my son,
Oh my son, Oh my son Horatio!
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here take my handkerchief, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively pourtrait of my dying self.
[*He draweth out a bloody Napkin.*
O no, not this, Horatio, this was thine:
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this,—what, my purse?
Aye, this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one are our extremities.
1 *Cit.* Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo!
2 *Cit.* This gentleness shows him a gentleman.
*Hier.* See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo;
See here a loving father to his son;
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he delivereth [223] for his son's decease.
If love's [224] effects so strive in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express [225] such power in poor estates;
Hieronimo,—when as a raging sea,
Tost with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep:—
Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet [226] revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and, in this passion,

---

[217] Causes, 1623. 33.
[218] This, 1618. 23. 33.
[219] *Band.*—This was altered to *bond* in the former edition. *Band* was, however, the manner in which the word was formerly written, and I imagine pronounced. See several instances in Mr Steevens's Note on *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 2.
Again, Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 152.:

"Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
"I sent him word to come, and sue my *band*."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*. Vol. VIII. edit. 1778, p. 389.:

"Take up at any use; give *band*, or land,
"Or mighty statutes."

[220] Stand you, 1618. 23. 33.
[221] *Corsick*—The Glossary to Gawain Douglas's *Virgil*, explains the word *corssy* to be *big-bodied*; *corsick* is therefore *large, huge, great*. In Churchyard's *Challenge*, p 37. we have the substantive *corzies*, for *swellings, protuberances*.

"And *corzies* rose, that made a running sore."

[222] Rueful, 1618. 23. 33.
[223] Delivered, 1618. 23. 33.
[224] Love, 1618.
[225] Enforce, 1618. 23. 33.
[226] Swift, 1618. 23. 33.

Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force (as once Alcides did)[227]
A troop of furies, and tormenting hags,
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet, lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strond,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit.—
Come on,[228] old father, be my Orpheus;
And if thou can'st[229] no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief
Till we do gain, that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son.
Then will I rend and tear them thus, and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.
[*Tears the Papers.*

1 *Cit.* O, sir, my declaration!
[*Exit* HIERONIMO, *and they after.*

2 *Cit.* Save my bond.

*Enter* HIERONIMO.

3 *Cit.* Save my bond.

2 *Cit.* Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound;
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

*Hier.* That cannot be, I gave it[230] never a wound;
Shew me one drop of blood fallen from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.
[*Exeunt all but the Old Man.*

BAZULTO *remains till* HIERONIMO *enters again, who staring him in the face speaketh.*

*Hier.* And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimmed with overlong laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company.
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamant,
For just revenge against the murderers.

*Baz.* Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

*Hier.* But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how[231] art thou[232] changed in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffered thy fair crimson-coloured spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio,[233] thou art older than thy father:
Ah, ruthless fate! that favour thus transforms!

*Baz.* Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.

*Hier.* What, not my son? thou then[234] a fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamant,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

*Baz.* I am a grieved man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.

*Hier.* Aye, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son:
Thou art the lively image of my grief,
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see:
Thy eyes are gum'd[235] with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And self-same sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel:
Lean on my arm; I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she, will sing a song;
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed:
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and* LORENZO, BALTHEZAR, *Don* PEDRO, *and* BELIMPERIA.

*King.* Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile' cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

*Cast.* I go.

*Vice.* Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

*Ped.* It shall be so.[236]

*King.* And now to meet these[237] Portingales;
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.—
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train.
'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,
Or have so kingly crost the raging seas;
Sufficeth[238] it in this, we note the troth,
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honourable niece

---

[227] *Did*, omitted, 1618.
[228] *On*, omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[229] *Can'st no notes*—i. e. says Mr Hawkins, "understandest not; hast no knowledge of, or power in." So, Spenser, and others.
[230] Them, 1618 23. 33.
[231] *How*, omitted, 1618.
[232] Thou art, 1623. 33.
[233] Older, 1618. 23. 33.
[234] Then thou, 1633.
[235] Dimmed, 1618. 23. 33.
[236] Be, sir, 1618.—Be done, sir, 1623.
[237] The, 1618. 23. 33.
[238] Sufficed, 1618. 23. 33.

(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betrothed to Balthezar;
And, by appointment and our condescent,
To-morrow are they[239] to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure,[240] and our peace.
Speak, men of Portingale; shall it be so?
If aye, say so; if not, say flatly, no.

*Vice.* Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy well-beloved niece,
Fair Belimperia, with my Balthezar;
With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee:
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

*King.* See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend, with thine extremities;
A place more private fits this princely mood.

*Vice.* Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

[*Exeunt all but* CASTILE *and* LORENZO.

*Cast.* Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you;
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

*Lor.* I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

*Cast.* And knowest thou why this meeting is?

*Lor.* For her, my lord, whom Balthezar doth love,
And to confirm the promised marriage.

*Cast.* She is thy sister.

*Lor.* Who, Belimperia? Aye, my gracious lord;
And this is the day that I have longed so happily to see.

*Cast.* Thou would'st be loth that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness?

*Lor.* Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

*Cast.* Why, then, Lorenzo, listen to my words.
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

*Lor.* That I, my lord?

*Cast.* I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art[241] my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love,
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts, within the court of Spain?
Or seest thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, should'st thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings,
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly *too*,[242]
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

*Lor.* My lord, it lies not in *Lorenzo's power*
To stop the vulgar, liberal[243] *of their tongues;*
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

*Cast.* Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.

*Lor.* Yourself, my lord, have seen his passions,
That ill-beseemed the presence of a king;
And, for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo,
As to my soul, my lord.

*Cast.* Hieron*imo*, my son, mistakes thee then.

*Lor.* My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas? how easy is it for him to err?
But, for his satisfaction, and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that[244] Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconstrue me.

*Cast.* Lorenzo, thou'st hast said, it shall be so.—
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR *and* BELIMPERIA.

*Bal.* Come, Belimperia, Balthezar's content;
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordained thee[245] to be *mine*,
Disperse those clouds and melancholy *looks*,
And clear[246] them up with those *thy sun-bright* eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

*Bel.* My locks, my lord, are fitting for my love;
Which, new begun, can show no brighter yet.

*Bal.* New kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

---

[239] They are, 1633.
[240] Pleasures, 1623. 33.
[241] Wert, 1618. 23. 33.
[242] *Too*, omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[243] *Liberal—Liberal*, in our ancient writers, is, as here, frequently used to signify *licentious*. So, in Field's *Woman's a Weathercock*:

"Next that, the fame
Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue,
Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong."

[244] *That*, omitted, 1623. 33.
[245] Heaven hath thee ordained, 1623. 33.
[246] Cheare, 1618. 23. 33.

*Bel.* But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see, my lord, my father.
*Bal.* Truce, my love, I will go salute him.
*Cast.* Welcome, Balthezar; welcome, brave prince,
The pledge of Castile's peace;
And welcome, Belimperia.—How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied.
It is not now as when Andrea lived,
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love.—
But, Balthezar, here comes Hieronimo.
I'll have a word with him.

*Enter* HIERONIMO *and Servant.*

*Hier.* And where's the duke?
*Serv.* Yonder.
*Hier.* Even so: what new device hath they devised tro?
Pocas palabras,[247] mild as the lamb:
I'st, I will be revenged?[248] no, I am not the man.
*Cast.* Welcome, Hieronimo.
*Lor.* Welcome, Hieronimo.
*Bal.* Welcome, Hieronimo.
*Hier.* My lords, I thank you for Horatio.
*Cast.* Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.
*Hier.* What, so short?
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.
*Cast.* Nay, stay, Hieronimo:—go call him, son.
*Lor.* Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.
*Hier.* With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought you had done.
*Lor.* No; would he had!
*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrieved at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.
*Hier.* Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?
*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause;
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.
*Hier.* Your son Lorenzo! whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain? mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare;
[*Draws out his Sword.*
I'll meet him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such,
As love not me, and hate my lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.
*Lor.* Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.
*Hier.* My good lord, I know you did not.
*Cast.* There pause;
And, for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:
But here, before Prince Balthezar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
*Hier.* Aye marry, my lord, and shall;
Friends, quoth he; see, I'll be friends with you all;
Especially with you, my lovely lord:
For divers causes, it is fit for us
That we be friends; the world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.
*Bal.* Why this is friendly done, Hieronimo.
*Lor.* And thus, I hope, old grudges are forgot.
*Hier.* What else? it were a shame it should not be so.
*Cast.* Come on, Hieronimo, at my request,
Let us intreat your company to-day. [*Exeunt.*
*Hier.* Your lordship's to command.—Pha!
Keep your way.

[249] *Mi! chi mi fà piu carrezze che non suole*
*Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.* [Exit.

*Enter Ghost and Revenge.*

"*Ghost.* Awake, Erictho; Cerberus, awake!
"Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,
"To combat Acheron and Erebus in hell,
"For ne'er by Styx and Phlegeton,
"Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes,
"Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea see.
"Revenge, awake!
"[250] *Rev.* Awake, for why?
"*Ghost.* Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill advised
"To sleep; awake! what, thou[251] art warned to watch?
"*Rev.* Content thyself, and do not trouble me.
"*Ghost.* Awake, Revenge! if love, as love hath had,
"Have yet the power or prevalence in hell:
"Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
"And intercepts our passage to revenge;

---

[247] *Pocas palabras*—These words are given to the Tinker in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew* in order to ridicule them.
[248] Hist, I will be revenged, 1633.
[249] *Me, chi mi fa? Pui correzza che non sule*
*Tradito viha otrade vule.*—Quartos.
[250] *Revenge.* Awake, for why?—omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[251] *Thou*, omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

" Awake, Revenge! or we are woe-be-gone.[252]
" *Rev.* Thus worldlings ground what they have dreamed upon.
" Content thyself, Andrea, though I sleep,
" Yet is[253] my mood soliciting their souls:
" Suffice it thee that poor Hieronimo
" Cannot forget his son Horatio.
" Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep a while:
" For in unquiet, quietness is feigned,[254]
" And slumbering is a common worldly wile.
" Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
" Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
" What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

*Enter a Dumb Show.*

" *Ghost.* Awake, Revenge! reveal this mystery.
" *Rev.* The two first, the nuptial torches bore,
" As brightly[255] burning as the mid-day's sun:
" But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
" Clothed in sable, and a saffron robe,
" And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
" As discontent that things continue so.
" *Ghost.* Sufficeth me thy meaning's understood,
" And thanks to[256] thee, and those infernal powers,
" That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
" Rest thee, for I will sit to[257] see the rest.
" *Rev.* Then[258] argue not, for thou hast thy request.

*[Exeunt.*"

## ACT V.

*Enter* BELIMPERIA *and* HIERONIMO.

*Bel.* Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
Are these the fruits of thy incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
Oh, unkind father! oh, deceitful world!
With what excuses can'st thou shew thyself?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour, and the hate of men;
Thus to neglect the loss and life[259] of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine own belief,
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame! Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ungratitude unto thy son;
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's[260] sake;
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Should'st thou neglect the love thou should'st retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfal, with extremest death.

*Hier.* But may it be, that Belimperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Belimperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean,
To let his death be unrevenged at full:
And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.
*Bel.* Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And aught[261] that may effect for thine avail
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.
*Hier.* On,[262] then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me intreat you, grace my practices:
For why, the plot's already in my head.—
Here they are.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR *and* LORENZO.

*Bal.* How now, Hieronimo? what, courting Belimperia?
*Hier.* Aye, my lord, such courting as I promise you,
She hath my heart: but you, my lord, have hers.
*Lor.* But now, Hieronimo, or never, we are to intreat your help.

---

[252] *Woe begone*—Lost in woe.
[253] *In*, 1618. 23. 33.
[254] Found, 1618. 23. 33.
[255] Bright, 1618. 23. 33.
[256] Unto, 1618. 23. 33.
[257] Unto, 1618. 23. 33.
[258] Thus, 1618.
[259] Life and loss, 1618. 23. 33.
[260] Fashion.
[261] What, 1633.
[262] O then, 1618. 23. 33.

*Hier.* My help? why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause, aye, by my faith [263] have you.
*Bal.* It pleased you, at the entertainment of the ambassador,
To grace the king so much as with a show:
Now were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself it would content them well.
*Hier.* Is this all?
*Lor.* Aye, this is all.
*Hier.* Why, then, I'll fit you, say no more.
[264] When I was young, I gave my mind,
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which, though it profit the professor nought,
Yet is it [265] passing pleasing to the world.
*Lor.* And how for that?
*Hier.* Marry, my good lord, thus:
And yet methinks you are too quick with us.
When in Toledo, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, [*Shows them a Book.*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day;
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it,—
I mean each one of you to play a part,—
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to the assembly.
*Bal.* What, would you have us play a tragedy?
*Hier.* Why, Nero thought it no disparagement;
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight,
To make experience of their wits in plays.
*Lor.* Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo,
The prince but asked you a question.
*Bal.* In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.
*Lor.* And I another.
*Hier.* Now, my good lord, could you intreat
Your sister Belimperia to make one:
For what's a play without a woman in't?
*Bel.* Little intreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employed in your play.
*Hier.* Why this is well: I tell you, lordlings,
It was determined to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too;
Such as could tell what to speak.
*Bal.* And now it shall be [266] played by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak;
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.
*Hier.* That shall I roundly.—The chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of [267] Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld;
Especially the soul of Solyman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Solyman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same;
Then 'gan he break his passion to a friend,
One of his Bashaws, whom he held full dear;
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes;
Whom presently by treachery he slew:
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Solyman;
And, to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself:—and this [268] the tragedy.
*Lor.* Aye, sir.
*Bel.* But say, Hieronimo, what then became of him
That was the Bashaw?
*Hier.* Marry, thus: Moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain top, and [269] hung himself.
*Bal.* But which of us is to perform that part?
*Hier.* O, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it,
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that.
*Bal.* And what shall I?
*Hier.* Great Solyman, the [270] Turkish emperor.
*Lor.* And I?
*Hier.* Erasto, the knight of Rhodes.
*Bel.* And I?
*Hier.* Perseda, chaste, and resolute.—
And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,

---

263 Honour, 1618. 23. 33.

264 *When I was young*, &c.—Ben Jonson, who, as hath been said, performed the part of Hieronimo, hath borrowed this thought. See *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 1:

> "Myself was once a student, and, indeed,
> Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
> Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
> That fruitless and unprofitable art,
> Good unto none, but least to the professors."

265 It is, 1633.
266 Said, 1618. 23. 33.
267 Of the Rhodes, 1618.
268 This is, 1618. 23. 33.
269 Hanged, 1618. 23. 33.
270 That, 1618.

And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio, and a faulchion.
[*Gives a Paper to* BALTHEZAR.
You with a cross, like to [271] a knight of Rhodes.
[*Gives another to* LORENZO.
And, madam, you must attire yourself,
[*Gives* BELIMPERIA *another.*
Like Phebe, Flora, or the huntress, [272]
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
As for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
[273] As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.
*Bal.* Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.
*Hier.* A comedy! fie! comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
*Tragœdia cothurnata*, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation,
They would perform any thing in action.
*Lor.* And well it may, for I have seen the like
In Paris, 'mongst the French tragedians.
*Hier.* In Paris! mass, and well remembered,
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.
*Bal.* What's that, Hieronimo? forget not any thing.
*Hier.* Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed the [274] more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin; I in Greek;
You in Italian; and, for because I know
That Belimperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.
*Bel.* You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo.
*Bal.* But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.
*Hier.* It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wonderous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure thyself, shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.
*Bal.* How like you this?
*Lor.* Why thus, my lord, we must resolve
To sooth his humours up.
*Bal.* On then; [275] Hieronimo, farewell till soon.
*Hier.* You'll ply this gear?
*Lor.* I warrant you.
[*Exeunt all but* HIERONIMO.
*Hier.* Why so; [276] now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ISABELLA, *with a Weapon.*

*Isab.* Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety, nor pity, moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
[277] Where thus they murdered my beloved son.
[*She cuts down the Arbour.*
Down with these branches, and these loathsome boughs,
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine,
Down with them, Isabella, rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless [278] whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.
An eastern wind, commixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants, and the young saplings:
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
Shall stand aloof; and looking at it, tell,
There, murdered, died the son of Isabel.
Aye, here he died, and here I him embrace.
See there his ghost solicits [279] with his *wounds*
Revenge on her that should revenge *his death.*
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me,
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamant.
Make haste, Hieronimo; to hold excused [280]
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah nay, [281] thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiv'st the murderers of thy noble son,

---

271 *To*, omitted, 1618.
272 *The huntress*,—i. e. Diana. Hawkins.
273 That, 1623. 33.
274 *The*, omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
275 O then, 1633.
276 I, why, 1633.
277 Where they murdered, 1618. 23.—Where they have murdered, 1633.
278 Blessless, 1618. 23. 33.
279 Solicited with his wounds, 1618. 23. 33.
280 To hold exclude, 1618. 23. 33.
281 Ha, 1618. 23. 33.

And none but I bestir me to no end:
And as I curse this tree from farther fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast that gave Horatio suck.
[*She stabs herself.*

*Enter* HIERONIMO, *he knocks up the Curtain.*

*Enter the Duke of Castile.*

*Cast.* How now, Hieronimo, where's your [282] fellows,
That you take all this pain?
*Hier.* O, sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well;
But, good my lord, let me intreat your grace
To give the king the copy of the play;
This is the argument of what we show.
*Cast.* I will, Hieronimo.
*Hier.* One thing more, my good [283] lord.
*Cast.* What's that?
*Hier.* Let me intreat your grace,
That when the train are [284] past into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.
*Cast.* I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit Castile.*
*Hier.* What are you ready, Balthezar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

*Enter* BALTHEZAR *with a Chair.*

Well done, Balthezar, hang up the title;
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on?
*Bal.* Half on, the other is in my hand.
*Hier.* Dispatch for shame! are you so long?—
[*Exit* BALTHEZAR.
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recal thy wits, recount thy former wrongs,
Thou hast received by murder of thy son.
And lastly, though not least, how Isabel,
Once his mother, and my dearest wife,
All woe-begone [285] for him, hath slain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged!
The plot is laid of dire revenge.
On then, [286] Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
For nothing wants, but acting of revenge. [*Exit.*

*Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile, and their Train.*

*King.* Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Solyman the Turkish emperor,
Performed of pleasure by your [287] son the prince,
My nephew, Don Lorenzo, and my niece?
*Vice.* Who, Belimperia?
*King.* Aye, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign [288] to do't themselves;
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.—
Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper;
This is the argument of that they show.
[*Gives him a Book.*

*Gentlemen, this play of* Hieronimo, *in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.*

*Enter* BALTHEZAR, BELIMPERIA, *and* HIERONIMO.

*Bal.* Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour,
And holy Mahomet our sacred prophet:
And be thou graced with every excellence,
That Solyman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less,
Than in reserving this fair Christian [289] nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel like powerful adamant
The warlike heart of Solyman to wait.
*King.* See Viceroy, that is Balthezar your son,
That represents the emperor Solyman:
How well he acts his amorous passion!
*Vice.* Aye, Belimperia hath taught him that.
*Cast.* That's because his mind runs all on Belimperia.
*Hier.* Whatever joy earth yields, betide [290] your majesty.
*Bal.* Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.
*Hier.* [291] Let then Perseda on your grace attend.
*Bal.* She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield;
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,
Erastus dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda my beloved.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*King.* Here comes Lorenzo—Look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?
*Bel.* Ah, my Erastus, welcome to Perseda.
*Lor.* Thrice happy is Erastus that thou livest;
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erastus' joy,
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.
*Bal.* Ah, Bashaw, here is love betwixt Erastus
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.
*Hier.* Remove Erastus, mighty Solyman,

---

[282] Thy, 1618. 23. 33.
[283] Good my, 1633.
[284] Is, 1618. 23. 33.
[285] *Woe begone*—See P. 508. Note.
[286] On them, 1618. 23. 33.
[287] Our, 1618. 23. 33.
[288] *Denie*, 1618.
[289] *Christian*, omitted, 1633.
[290] Betinde, 1618.
[291] Then let, 1618. 23. 33.

And then Perseda will be quickly won.
*Bal.* Erastus is my friend, and while he lives
Perseda never will remove her love.
*Hier.* Let not Erastus live to grieve great Solyman.
*Bal.* Dear is Erastus in our princely eye.
*Hier.* But if he be your rival, let him die.
*Bal.* Why, let him die; so love commandeth me;
Yet grieve I that Erastus should so die.
*Hier.* Erastus, Solyman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, that thou should'st be thus employed.
[*Stabs him.*
*Bel.* Ah me, Erastus!—See, Solyman, Erastus slain.
*Bal.* Yet liveth Solyman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increased.
If by Perseda's grief be not released.
*Bel.* Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which siezed on my Erastus, harmless knight;
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey;
But were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince;
[*Stabs him.*
And on herself she would be thus revenged.
[*Stabs herself.*
*King.* Well said, old marshal, this was bravely done.
*Hier.* But Belimperia plays Perseda well.
*Vice.* Were this in earnest, Belimperia?
You would be better to my son than so.
*King.* But now what follows [292] for Hieronimo?
*Hier.* Marry this follows for Hieronimo;
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue;
Haply you think (but bootless [293] are your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do, as all tragedians do,
To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please to-morrow's audience;
No, princes; know, I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is [294] tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see your looks urge instance of those words—
Behold the reason urging me to this.
[*He shews his dead Son.*
See here my show, look on this spectacle;
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft;
But, hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died; yea, all decay'd with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murder'd me, that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate,
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthezar,
The love, my son to Belimperia;
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hush'd [295] these traitors harms,
And lent them leave, for they had [296] sorted leisure,
To take advantage in my garden-plot,
Upon my son, my dear Horatio;
There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.
He shrieks, I heard; and yet methinks I hear
His dismal outcry echo in the air;
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see;
And grieved I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portingale, whose loss [297] resembles mine,
If thou can'st weep upon thy Balthezar,
'Tis like I [298] wail'd for my Horatio—
And you, my lord, whose reconciled son
March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
[299] With—God amend that mad Hieronimo;
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkerchief,
Which at Horatio's death I, weeping, dipt
Within the river of his bleeding wounds,
It, as propitious, see, I have [300] reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody [301] heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow,
With these, O these accursed murderers;

---

[292] *For* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.
[293] Be, 1618. 23. 33.
[294] Turned, 1618.
[295] The trait'rous 1623. 33.
[296] *Sorted.—To sort* is *to chuse* or *select*. As, in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* A. 5. S. 6:

"For I will *sort* a pitchy day for thee."

Ford's *Love's Melancholy:*

"We shall *sort* time to take more notice of him."

[297] Resemble, 1618. 23.
[298] Waile, 1633.
[299] Which, 1618. 23. 33.
[300] Preserved, 1618. 23. 33.
[301] Bleeding, 1623 33.

Which now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life;
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently:—
So, Viceroy, was this Balthezar thy son,
That Solyman, which Belimperia,
In person of Perseda, murder'd,
Solely appointed to that tragic part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Belimperia miss'd her part in this;
For though the story saith, she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him, whom they did hate [302] too much,
Did urge her resolution to be such.—
And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part
As any of the actors gone before.—
And, [303] gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

[*He runneth to hang himself.*

*King.* O hearken, Viceroy—Hold, Hieronimo—
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain.
*Vice.* We are betray'd—my Balthezar is slain.
Break ope the doors—run, save Hieronimo.

[*They break in, and hold* HIERONIMO.

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events,
Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.
*Hier.* Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offer'd to my son.
Accursed wretch! why [304] stay'st thou him that was resolved to die?

*King.* Speak, traitor! damned bloody murderer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?
*Vice.* Why hast thou murdered my Balthezar?
*Cast.* Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?
" *Hier.* But are you sure that they are dead?
" *Cast.* Aye, slain too sure.
" *Hier.* What, and your's too?
" *Vice.* Aye, all are dead; not one of them " survive.
" *Hier.* Nay, then I care not.—Come, and we " shall be friends:
" Let us lay our heads together.
" See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.
" *Vice.* O damned devil! how [305] secure he is!
" *Hier.* Secure! why dost thou wonder at it?
" I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen re- " venge,
" And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
" Than ever sate under the crown of Spain.
" Had I as many lives as there be stars,
" As many heavens to go to as those lives,
" I'd give them all, aye, and my soul to boot,
" But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
" *Cast.* Speak, who were thy confederates in " this?
" *Vice.* That was thy daughter Belimperia;
" For by her hand my Balthezar was slain:
" I saw her stab him."
*Hier.* O good words.—As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you;
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthezar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly;
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet [306] avenged
[307] With greater far than these afflictions.

---

[302] So, 1623. 33. [303] Gentles, 1623. 33. [304] Staid'st, 1623. 33.

[305] *Secure.*—" In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—securus admodum de *bello animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed."
Dr Warburton's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 4. S. 5. See also Dr Farmer's Note on the same passage.

[306] Revenged, 1618. 23. 33.

[307] *With greater far than these afflictions.*—In the second edition, instead of what is printed in inverted commas, the dialogue goes on in this manner:

*Cast.* But who were thy confederates in this?
*Vice.* That was thy daughter Belimperia;
For by her hand my Balthezar was slain:
I saw her stab him.
*King.* Why speak'st thou not?
*Hier.* What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then afford it me:
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.
*King.* Fetch forth the tortures.—
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.
*Hier.* Indeed, thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio;

"Methinks, since I grew [308] inward with revenge,
"I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
"*King.* What, dost [309] thou mock us, slave? "bring tortures forth.
"*Hier.* Do, do, do, and mean time I'll torture "you:
"You had a son, as I take it, and your son
"Should have been married to your daughter: "ha, was't not so?
"You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew:
"He was proud and politic; had he lived,
"He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain:
"I think 'twas so;—'twas I that killed him:
"Look you, this same hand was it that stabbed
"His heart—do you see this hand?
"For one Horatio, if you ever knew him?
"A youth, one that they hanged up in his father's "garden,
"One that did force your valiant son to yield,
"While your valiant son did take him prisoner.
"*Vice.* Be deaf, my senses, I can hear no more.
"*King.* Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad "ruins.
"*Cast.* Roll all the world within thy pitchy "cloud.
"*Hier.* Now do I applaud what I have acted.
"[310] *Nunc mors cede manus.*
"Now to express the rapture of my part,
"First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.
"[*He bites out his Tongue.*"

*King.* O monstrous resolution of a wretch!—
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we required.
*Cast.* Yet can he write.
*King.* And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.
[*He makes Signs for a Knife to mend his Pen.*
*Cast.* O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
*Vice.* Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—
Look to my brother, save Hieronimo.
[*He with the Knife stabs the Duke and himself.*

*King.* What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That [311] Spain expected after my decease—
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entombed, whate'er befal:
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.
*Vice.* And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain:
Set me with him, and he with woful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide hale me along
To Sylla's barking and untamed gulph;
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want [312] for my sweet Balthezar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Trumpets sound a Dead March; the King of Spain mourning after his Brother's Body; and the King of Portingale bearing the Body of his Son.*

*Enter Ghost and* REVENGE.

*Ghost.* Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
Horatio murdered in his father's bower;
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthezar by Belimperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile, and his wicked son,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell;
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine,
That by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still indured.
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain.
I'll lead my Belimperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess.

---

But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate;
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge,
First take my tongue, &c.

308 *Inward*,—i. e. *intimate*. So, in the *Malecontent*, A. 4. S. 3.:
"Come, we must be *inward*, thou and I all one."

*The Revengers Tragedy*, A. 2.:
"My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,
"That is most *inward* with the duke's son's lust."

309 *Thou* omitted, 1623. 33.
310 *Nunc mers cade manus*, 1618.——*Nunc mens cade manus*, 1623. 33.
311 Of, 1618. 23. 33.
312 Of, 1623. 33.

I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, (for thou must help, or none,)
Against the rest how shall my hate be shewn?
*Rev.* This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where [313] none but furies, bugs, [314] and tortures dwell.
*Ghost.* Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request,
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Titius from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room:
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lovers' endless pains surcease;
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease.
Hang Balthezar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above.
Let Serberine go roul the fatal stone,
And take from Sisiphus his endless moan.
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.
*Rev.* Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes;
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes:
For here, though death [315] hath end their misery.
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

## THE SPANISH TRAGEDY,

*Containing the Lamentable Murder of* HORATIO *and* BELIMPERIA; *with the Pitiful Death of Old* HIERONIMO.

To the Tune of—*Queen Dido.*

You that have lost your former joys,
And now in woe your lives do lead:
Feeding on nought but dire annoys,
Thinking your griefs all grief exceed:
Assure yourselves it is not so:
Lo here a sight of greater woe.

Hapless Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long;
But now her flattering smiles I blame,
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had died in tender years,—
Then had not been this cause of tears.

I Marshall was in prime of years,
And won great honour in the field;
Until that age with silvered hairs,
My aged head had overspread:
Then left I war, and staid at home,
And gave my honour to my son.

Horatio, my sweet only child,
Prickt forth by fame's aspiring wings,
Did so behave him in the field,
That he prince Balthezar captive brings;
And with great honour did present
Him to the king incontinent.

[313] Nought, 1618. 23. 33.
[314] *Bugs.*—Terrors. So, in *Arden of Feversham:*

"Nay then let's go sleepe; when *bugs* and feares
"Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke."

Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 180.:

"And in their place came fearful *bugges*,
"As blacke as any pitche:
"With bellies big, and swagging dugges,
"More lothsome than a witch."

Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 16. edit. 1776:

"A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
"To feare young babes, with brute of *bugges* and toyes,"

[315] Doth, 1623. 33.

The Duke of Castile's daughter then
Desired Horatio to relate
The death of her beloved friend,—
Her love Andrea's woeful fate:
  But when she knew who had him slain,
  She vowed she would revenge the same.

Then more to vex prince Balthezar,
Because he slew her chiefest friend,
She chose my son for her chief flower,—
Thereby meaning to work revenge.
  But mark what then did straight befall,
  To turn my sweet to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then, to find the cause,
Why that his sister was unkind;
At last he found, within a pause,
How he might sound her secret mind:
  Which for to bring well to effect,
  To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his sight,
He threatneth for to rid his life,
Except straightways he should recite,
His sister's love,—the cause of strife.
  Compelled therefore t' unfold his mind,
  Said—with Horatio she's combined.

The villain then, for hope of gain,
Did straight convey them to the place
Where these two lovers did remain,
Joying in sight of others face;
  And to their foes they did impart
  The place where they should joy their heart.

Prince Balthezar, with his comperes,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my son slain they uprear,
The more to work my greater spight;
  But as I lay and took repose,
  A voice I heard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senseless form,
The murderers I sought to find,
But missing them I stood forlorn,
As one amazed in his mind;
  And rent and pulled my silvered hair,
  And cursed and damned each thing was there.

And that I would revenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood,
Swearing to work their woful bain,
That so had spoiled my chiefest good:
  And that I would not it forget,
  It always at my heart I kept.

## THE SECOND PART.

*To the same Tune.*

THEN Isabella, my dear wife,
Finding her son bereaved of breath,
And loving him dearer than life,
Her own hand straight doth work her death.
  And now their deaths doth meet in one,
  My griefs are come, my joys are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the air with mournful groans,
Because I had not yet found out
The murtherers to ease to moans.
  I rent and tore each thing I got,
  And said, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I passed the streets, hard by
The Duke of Castile's house, as then
A letter there I did espy,
Which shewed Horatio's woful end;
  Which Belimperia forth had flung,
  From prison, where they kept her strong.

Then to the court forthwith I went,
And of the king did justice crave;
But by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
  Then vexed more I stamped and frowned,
  And with my poinard ript the ground.

But false Lorenzo put me out,
And told the king then by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my son did always cry,
  And said, 'twere good I would resign
  My marshalship, which grieved my mind.

The Duke of Castile hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his son,
Did send for me to make us friends,
To stay the rumour then begun:
  Whereto I straightway gave consent,
  Although in heart I never meant.

Sweet Belimperia comes to me,
Thinking my son I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot;
  But when we knew each other's mind,
  To work revenge a mean I find.

Then bloody Balthezar enters in,
Entreating me to shew some sport
Unto his father and the king,
That to his nuptial did resort.
  Which gladly I prepared to shew,
  Because I knew 'twould work their woe.

And from the chronicles of Spain,
I did record Erastus life,
And how the Turk had him so slain,
And straight revenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this tragedy,
I gave their parts immediately.

Sweet Belimperia Balthezar kills,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I Lorenzo's blood did spill,
And eke his soul to hell did send.
Then died my foes by dint of knife,
But Belimperia ends her life.

Then for to specify my wrongs,
With weeping eyes and mournful heart,
I shewed my son with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart;
And said—my son was as dear to me
As thine, or thine, though kings you be.

But when they did behold this thing,
Now I had slain their only sons,
The duke, the viceroy, and the king,
Upon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they do prepare,
Unless I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did give it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong.
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrows me opprest.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then fained I my pen was naught,
And by strange signs a knife I sought.

But when to me they gave the knife,
I killed the duke then standing by,
And eke myself bereaved of life,
For I to see my son did hie.
The kings that scorned my griefs before,
With nought can they their joys restore.

Here have you heard my tragic tale,
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewail,
But that in it the murderers ends.
For murder God will bring to light,
Though long it be hid from man's sight.

*Printed at London for* H. GOSSON.

## EDITIONS.

OF this Play, Mr Hawkins says, there are many Editions, viz. 1603, 1615, 1618, 1623, 1633; and one without a date, "printed by Edward Allde, amended of such gross blunders as passed in the "first." None of these several Editions have come under my notice, except those of 1623 and 1633; but, by comparing the collation of Mr Hawkins with these copies, I can so far bear testimony to that gentleman's accuracy, as to think myself warranted to follow his Edition of this Play, as printed in the *Origin of the English Drama*, Vol. II. Mr Hawkins printed from Allde's Edition, compared with those of 1618, 1623, and 1633.

The foregoing Ballad is printed from a Black Letter Copy in the valuable Collection of Thomas Pearson, Esq. It seems to have been written after the Play.

# THE HONEST WHORE.

THOMAS DEKKAR *wrote in the reign of James the First. "He was, says Langbaine,*[1] *more famous for the contention he had with Ben Jonson for the bayes, than for any great reputation he had gained by his own writings. He was, however, not destitute of genius; and among his contemporaries, several of whom joined with him in writing, was much esteemed, especially by Richard Brome, who always gave him the title of Father. We know very few particulars concerning him. Oldys says, he was in the King's Bench Prison from the year 1613 to 1616, if not longer. We may therefore conclude, that, like the generality of his poetical friends, he was in indigent circumstances. At what time he died we do not know with certainty; but the same writer says, he was alive in 1638, and at that time full threescore years of age. From a passage in the dedication to* Match me in London, *published in 1631, it may be conjectured that he was older than Oldys imagines, as he there says, "I have beene a priest in Apollo's temple many years, my voyce is decaying with my age." He was a voluminous writer; and, besides a great number of pamphlets, of which a list is hereafter given of as many as can at present be discovered, he wrote the following plays:*

1. "*The Pleasant Comedie of* OLD FORTUNATUS. *As it was plaied before the Queen's Majestie "this Christmas, by the Right Honourable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of Eng-"lund his Servants, 4to,* 1600."

2. "*Satiro-mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet. As it hath bin presented publikely, "by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants; and, privately, by the Children of "Paules,* 1602, *4to,*—1610, *4to.*"

3. *The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife,* 1604, *4to,*—1615, *4to,*—1616, *4to,*—1635, *4to.*

4. *Westward Hoe. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Children of Paules. Written by Thomas Decker and John Webster,* 1607, *4to.*

5. *Northward Hoe. Sundry times acted by the Children of Paules. By Thomas Decker and John Webster,* 1607, *4to.*

6. *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat; with the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming-in of King Philip. As it was plaied by the Queen's Majestie's Servants. Written by Thomas Deckers and John Webster,* 1607, *4to.*

7. *The Whore of Babylon. Acted by the Prince's Servants,* 1607, *4to.*

8. "*If it be not good, the Divel is in it. A new Play. As it hath bin lately acted, with great ap-"plause, by the Queenes Majestie's Servants, at the Red Bull,* 1612, *4to.*"

9. "*The Second Part of the Honest Whore, with the Humors of the Patient Man, the Impatient "Wife: the Honest Whore perswaded, by strong arguments, to turne Curtizan againe; her brave "refuting those arguments; and, lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the "Scene ends,* 1630, *4to.*"

10. "*A Tragi-Comedy, called,* Match mee in London. *As it hath beene often presented; first, "at the Bull in Saint John's Street; and lately at the Private House in Drury-Lane, called the "*PHŒNIX, *1631, 4to.*"

11. *The Wonder of a Kingdome, 4to,* 1636.

*He also joined with Massinger in writing* The Virgin Martyr; *with Rowley and Ford, in* The Witch of Edmonton; *Middleton and Rowley, in* The Roaring Girl; *and with Ford, in* The Sun's Darling.

---

[1] Page 112.

*A complete list of the several pamphlets, published by a writer who so frequently employed the press, is scarce to be expected. The following is more perfect than any one which hath yet appeared:*

1. "*The Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603. *Wherein is shewed the Picture of London, lying sicke of the "Plague. At the ende of all, (like a merry Epilogue to a dull Play,) certaine Tales are cut out in "sundry fashions, of purpose to shorten the Lives of long Winter Nights, that lye watching in the "darke for us, 4to*, 1603."

*Reprinted in* Phœnix Britannicus, 1732, *Vol. I. p.* 27.

2. "*The whole Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, and "Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesties triumphant passage (from the Tower) "through his Honourable Citie and Chamber of London, the 15th of March*, 1603, *as well by the "English as by the Strangers; with the Speeches and Songs delivered in the several Pageants; and "those Speeches that before were published in Latin, now newly set forth in English, by Thomas "Dekker, 4to*, 1604."

3. "*News from Hell; brought by the Divel's Carrier, 4to*, 1606." *The running title is,* The Divel's Answere to Pierce Pennylesse.

4. "*The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, drawn in seven severall Coaches through the seven severall "Gates of the Citie; bringing the Plague with them, 4to*, 1606."

5. *Jests to make you Merryer, 4to*, 1607.

6. *A Knight's Conjuring done in Earnest, discovered in Jest, 4to*, 1607.

7. *The Dead Term, or Westminster Complaint, &c. 4to*, 1608.

8. *The Guls Horne Booke, 4to*, 1609. *This treats of the humours and fashions of the times among the gallants and Paul's walkers; also at the ordinaries, playhouses, taverns, &c. See an extract from it in the last edition of Shakespeare*, 1778.

9. Troja nova Triumphans, *at the receiving Sir John Swinnerton, Knight, into the City of London, 4to*, 1612.

10. "*The Belman of London; bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now prac-"tised in the Kingdome, 4th edition*, 1616, *4to.*"

*There was an edition of this pamphlet as early as in* 1608.

11. "*Dekkar his Dream, 4to*, 1620."

12. "*Villanies discovered by Candle-light, and the helpe of a new Cryer, called,* O Per se O; *be-"ing an addition to the Belman's Second Night Walke; and laying open to the World of those abuses, "which the Belman (because he went ithe darke) could not see. With Canting Songs, and other "new Conceits, never before printed. Newly corrected and enlarged by the Author*, 1620, *4to.*"

13. *Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthys Yeomen of the West; now six times corrected and enlarged*, 1632.

He was also the author of a pamphlet, the title-page of which was wanting in the only copy I have seen of it. *The running titles of the different parts of it are,* A Strange Horse Race; The Divil's Last Will and Testament; *and* The Bankrout's Banquet.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASPARO TREBATZI, *Duke of Milan,*
CASTRUCCHIO,
SENEZI,
BIORATTO,
FLURLIO,
HIPPOLITO,
MATHEO,
FUSTIGO, *Brother to* VIOLA,
CANDIDO, *the Patient Man,*
GEORGE, *his Servant,*

*Dr* BENEDICT,
*Friar* ANSELMO,
CRAMBO,
PUFF,
ROGER, *Servant to* BELLAFRONT.

VIOLA, *Wife to* CANDIDO,
INFELICIA,
BELLAFRONT, *the Honest Whore,*
*A Bawd.*

# THE HONEST WHORE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Enter at one Door a Funeral, a Coronet lying on the Hearse, 'Scutcheons and Garlands hanging on the sides; attended by* Gasparo Trebatzi *Duke of Milan,* Castruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto, Fluello, *and others at another Door.*

*Enter* Hipolito *in discontented appearance;—* Matheo, *a Gentleman, his Friend, labouring to hold him back.*

*Duke.* Behold yon comet shews his head again!
Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
Prodigious[1] looks; twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, he's turned wild!—
Go on, in God's name!
*All.* On afore there, ho!
*Duke.* Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons, to keep back the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.
*Hip.* I pr'ythee, dear Matheo,—
*Math.* Come, you're mad.
*Hip.* I do arrest thee, murderer! set down,
Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine!
*Duke.* I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake,
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Join in confederacy with your weapons' points;
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seek out his bowels; funeral grief lothes words.
*All.* Set on.
*Hip.* Set down the body.
*Math.* O, my lord,
You're wrong:—i'the open street!—You see she's dead.
*Hip.* I know she is not dead.
*Duke.* Frantic young man,
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? pray.
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tear
That here are shed for her. If to behold
Those roses withered that set out her cheeks
That pair of stars, that gave her body light,
Darkened and dim for ever; all those rivers,
That fed her veins with warm and crimson stream,
Frozen and dried up;—if these be signs of death
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth!
Art not ashamed to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears; (a debt due to the dead,
As mirth is to the living;) sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou accursed,
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak
*Hip.* My lord.
*Duke.* What would'st thou have? is she not dead?
*Hip.* Oh, you ha' killed her by your cruelty.
*Duke.* Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again
And art more savage than a barbarous Moor.[2]
*Hip.* Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip
*Duke.* O, fie, fie, fie!
*Hip.* Or, if not touch her, let me look on her.
*Math.* As you regard your honour!
*Hip.* Honour! smoke!
*Math.* Or, if you loved her living, spare her now
*Duke.* Aye, well done, sir; you play the gentleman:
Steal hence; 'tis nobly done; away! I'll join
My force to your's, to stop this violent torment.
Pass on. [*Exeunt with Funeral.*
*Hip.* Matheo, thou dost wound me more—
*Math.* I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.

---

[1] *Prodigious*—i. e. *portentous*; so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.* See Dr Johnson's and Mr Steevens's Notes on *King John*, A. 3. S. 1.

[2] *A barbarous Moor.*—I suspect there is an allusion here to the character of Aaron *the Moor*, in Titus Andronicus.

*Duke.* Oh, well said, well done; a true gentleman;
Alack! I know the sea of lovers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes. Forget her, gallant youth.

*Hip.* Forget her?

*Duke.* Nay, nay, but be patient:
For why? death's hand hath sued a strict divorce
'Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a corse?
What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest forms?
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

*Math.* Speak no more sentences, my good lord, but slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll rule him, I warrant ye. Aye, so, tread gingerly; your grace is here somewhat too long already.—'Sblood! the jest were now, if, having ta'en some knocks o'the pate already, he should get loose again, and, like a mad ox, toss my new black cloaks into the kennel. I must humour his lordship.—My lord Hipolito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner? [*Exit Duke.*

*Hip.* Where is the body?

*Math.* The body, as the duke spoke very wisely, is gone to be wormed.

*Hip.* I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn. I'll see how my love looks.

[MATHEO *holds him in's arms.*

*Math.* How your love looks! worse than a scarecrow. Wrestle not with me: [3] the great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.

*Hip.* I shall forget myself.

*Math.* Pray do so; leave yourself behind yourself, and go whither you will. 'Sfoot! do you long to have base rogues, that maintain a Saint Anthony's fire in their noses by nothing but two-penny ale, make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much metal in him as is in a cobler's awl, he would ha' been a vexed thing; he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards: you'll blood three pottles of Alicant, [4] by this light, if you follow 'em; and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up, like a baby, in swaddling clouts.

*Hip.* What day is to-day, Matheo?

*Math.* Yea, marry, this is an easy question: why, to-day is, let me see, Thursday.

*Hip.* Oh, Thursday!

*Math.* Here's a coil for a dead commodity! 'sfoot, women, when they are alive, are but dead commodities; for you shall have one woman lie upon many men's hands.

*Hip.* She died on Monday then.

*Math.* And that's the most villainous day of all the week to die in; and she was well, and eat a mess of water-gruel, on Monday morning.

*Hip.* Aye? it cannot be
Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.

*Math.* O, yes, my lord. So soon! why, I ha' known them at dinner have been as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it; yet, before three o'clock, have been found dead drunk.

*Hip.* On Thursday buried! and on Monday died!
Quick haste, by'r lady: sure her winding-sheet
Was laid out 'fore her body; and the worms,
That now must feast with her, were even bespoke,
And solemnly invited, like strange guests.

*Math.* Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord; and, like your jester, or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.

*Hip.* Cursed be that day for ever, that robbed her
Of breath, and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand
Within the wizard's book (the kalendar)
Marked with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
Slander (the beggar's sin), lies (the sin of fools),
Or any other damned impieties,
On Monday let them be delivered.
I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul,
Hereafter, weekly, on that day I'll glew
Mine eye-lids down, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheek; and being locked up
In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
*On nothing but my Infelice's end,*
Or on a dead man's scull draw out mine own.

*Math.* You'll do all these good works now every Monday, because it is so bad; but I hope upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with a wench.

*Hip.* If ever, whilst frail blood through my veins run,
On woman's beams I throw affection,
Save her that's dead; or that I loosely fly
To the shore of any other wafting eye,
Let me not prosper, heaven! I will be true,
Even to her dust and ashes; could her tomb
Stand, whilst I lived so long, that it might rot,
That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

*Math.* If you have this strange monster, honesty, in your belly, why so jig-makers [5] and chroniclers shall pick something out of you; but and I smell not you and a bawdy-house out with-

---

[3] *The great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.*—See *As you like it*, A. I. S. 2.

[4] *Three pottles of Alicant.*—This wine appears to have been a favourite liquor at the time Dekkar wrote. Blount, in his *Glossographia*, says, it is called from "Alicante, the chiefest town of Murcia in Spain, where great store of mulberries grow, the juice whereof makes the true *Alicant* wine."

[5] *Jig-makers*—i. e. ballad-makers. See Note [35] to *Edward II.*

in these ten days, let my nose be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, hough it be to the place aforenamed.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* FUSTIGO, *in some fantastic sea suit, at one Door, a Porter meets him at another.*

*Fust.* How now, porter, will she come?

*Porter.* If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.

*Fust.* There's for thy pains; God-a-mercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, porter, thou shalt earn my money before any Clarissimo in Milan; yet so, God sa' me, she's mine own sister, body and soul, as I am a Christian gentleman. Farewell, I'll ponder till she come: thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

*Porter.* No matter if I had, sir; better men than porters are bawds.

*Fust.* O God, sir, many that have borne offices.—But, porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house?

*Porter.* I think so, for I met with no thieves.

*Fust.* Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

*Porter.* I am sure, by all superscriptions, it was the party you cyphered.

*Fust.* Not very tall?

*Porter.* Nor very low, a middling woman.

*Fust.* 'Twas she, faith, 'twas she; a pretty plump cheek, like mine.

*Porter.* At a blush, a little very much like you.

*Fust.* Godso, I would not for a ducat she had kicked up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage; marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen.—There's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay: farewell, honest porter.

*Porter.* I am in your debt, sir; God preserve you. [*Exit*

*Fust.* Not so neither, good porter: Godslid! yonder she comes.

*Enter* VIOLA.

Sister Viola, I am glad to see you stirring; 'tis news to have me here, is't not, sister?

*Viola.* Yes, trust me; I wondered who should be so bold to send for me. You are welcome to Milan, brother.

*Fust.* Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send; for, you know, we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather. And how does all our friends?

*Viola.* Very well; you ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.

*Fust.* A pox on 'em; wild oats! I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha' sowed my oats, and reaped two hundred ducats, if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty, till the ship come; by this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

*Viola.* These are your old oaths.

*Fust.* Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?

*Viola.* Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.

*Fust.* I'll sweat like a horse, if I like the matter.

*Viola.* You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours?

*Fust.* I had not sailed a league in that great fish-pond (the sea) but I cast up my very gall.

*Viola.* I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

*Fust.* Nay, by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

*Viola.* Then lend me your ears.

*Fust.* Mine ears are your's, dear sister.

*Viola.* I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.

*Fust.* A linen draper, I was told, sister.

*Viola.* Very true, a grave citizen; I want no thing that a wife can wish from a husband; but here's the suit, he has not all things belonging to a man.

*Fust.* God's my life, he's a very [6] mandrake, or else (God bless us) one o' those whiblings and that's worse; and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

*Viola.* O, you run over me too fast, brother. I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man [7] in print for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

*Fust.* 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us, he should ha' been moved and moved again; for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

---

[6] *Mandrake.*—"A plant bearing yellow round apples; the root of it is great and white like a radish root, and is divided into two or more parts, growing sometimes like the legs of a man." Blount's *Glossographia.*

See Mr Steevens's Note on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

[7] *In print.*—Exactly, perfectly. So, in *Laugh and lie downe, or the World's Folly,* 1605. Sign. D. 3:—"His looks were so demuir, his words were so *in print,* his graces so in order, and his conceits so in tune," &c.

See also the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tyrwhitt on *Love's Labour Lost,* p. 419. edit. 1778.

*Viola.* No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle; no crabbed language make his countenance sour; the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician will he never be, (yet I find much music in him,) but he loves no frets; and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands: brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

*Fust.* Belike his blood, sister, is well brew'd then.

*Viola.* I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately; but I know not—I ha' such a tickling within me—such a strange longing; nay, verily, I do long.

*Fust.* Then you're with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else. I ha' read [8] Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle's problems.

*Viola.* You're wide a'the bow-hand still, brother; my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me; I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

*Fust.* 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that: make him a cuckold.

*Viola.* Poh, he would count such a cut no unkindness.

*Fust.* The honester citizen he. Then [9] make him drunk, and cut off his beard.

*Viola.* Fie, fie; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little [10] scal'd hair. No, brother, thus it shall be: you must be secret.

*Fust.* As your midwife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

*Viola.* Repair to the Tortoise here in St Christopher's street, I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

*Fust.* I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

*Viola.* O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb; to be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible wide mouth'd swaggerer.

*Fust.* Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

*Viola.* Resort then to our shop, and (in my husband's presence) kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing, so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

*Fust.* By this hand, sister.

*Viola.* Swear as if you came but new from knighting.

*Fust.* Nay, I'll swear after 400 a year.

*Viola.* Swagger worse than a lieutenant among fresh-water soldiers; call me your love, your ingle, your cousin, or so; but sister, at no hand.

*Fust.* No, no, it shall be cousin, or rather cuz; that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their old dames that man 'em to the garden; to call you one o'mine [11] aunts, sister, were as good as call you errant whore; no, no, let me alone to couzen you rarely.

*Viola.* He has heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

*Fust.* The best in Milan, I warrant.

*Viola.* Take up wares, but pay nothing; rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for money to dice withal; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

*Fust.* By this welkin that here roars, I will, or else let me never know what a secret is. Why, sister, do you think I'll [12] coney-catch you when

---

[8] *Albertus Magnus.*—i. e. de Secretis Mulierum. S.

[9] *Make him drunk, and cut off his beard.*—To cut off the hair of any person was, in our author's time, a mark of disgrace, and esteemed a very great indignity. From the following passage in a Pamphlet, called "The admirable deliverance of 266 Christians, by John Reymard, Englishman, from the captivity "of the Turkes, who had been Gally-slaves many years in Alexandria, 1608." Sign. B. 2. it seems to have been a practice made use by the Turks, towards their prisoners, "hither were these Christians brought; the first villany and indignitie that was done unto them, was *the shaving off all the hayre both of heade and beard, thereby to rob them of those ornaments which all Christians make much of, because they best become them.*"

[10] *Scal'd hair.*—i. e. scattered, or dispersed hair. Mr Lambe, in his Notes on *Flodden Field*, observes, that the word *scale* is used in the North in the above-mentioned sense. See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Coriolanus*.

[11] *Auats.*—*Aunt* was a cant word for a woman of no virtue, generally for a bawd. So, in Dekker's *Bel-man's Night-walkes*, Sign. G: "Be not so guld, be not so dull in understanding: do thou but follow aloofe those two tame pigeons, and thou shalt find, that her new uncle lies by it all that night, to make his kins-woman one of mine *aunts*." See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

[12] *Coney-catch.*—*Coney-catch* is to cheat or defraud. So, a *coney-catcher* was the common name of a *cheat* or *sharper*. In *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602, A. 4. Curvetto says: "Felony? you *cony-catching* slave." To which Frisco replies: "*Coney-catching* will bear an action. I'll *cony-catch* you for this." Robert Green, who, Dr Johnson observes, was one of the first amongst us who made a trade of writing Pamphlets, published several describing the different modes of *cheating* or *cony-catching*, used in his time.

you are my cousin? God's my life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts,[13] beg me for a fool.

*Viola.* Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

*Fust.* The Tortoise, sister? I'll stay there; forty ducats. [*Exit.*

*Viola.* Thither I'll send: this law can none deny;
Women must have their longings, or they die.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

GASPARO *the Duke, Doctor* BENEDICT, *two Servants.*

*Duke.* Give charge that none do enter, lock the doors;
And, fellows, what your eyes and ears receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding air
To carry the least part of it.—The glass, the hour glass.

*Doct.* Here, my lord.

*Duke.* Ah, 'tis near spent.
But, doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?
Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,
And leave the crystal banks of her white body
Pure as they were at first, just at the hour?

*Doct.* Just at the hour, my lord.

*Duke.* Uncurtain her.
Softly, sweet doctor. What a coldish heat
Spreads over all her body!

*Doct.* The vital spirits, that by a sleepy charm
Were bound up fast, and threw an icy rust
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break;
Trouble her not, my lord.

*Duke.* Some stools. You called
For music, did you not? oh, ho, it speaks,
It speaks. Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.
Doctor, sit down: a dukedom that should weigh mine
Own down twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy Hipolito
Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i' the t'other, were her state more light
Than her's who makes a dowry up with alms.
Doctor, I'll starve her on the Appenine,
Ere he shall marry her. I must confess,
Hipolito is nobly born: A man,
Did not mine enemies blood boil in his veins,
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law;
But princes, whose high spleens for empire swell,
Are not with easy art made parallel.

*2 Ser.* She wakes, my lord!

*Duke.* Look, Doctor Benedict.
I charge you, on your lives, maintain for truth
Whate'er the Doctor or myself aver;
For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

*Inf.* Oh God, what fearful dreams!

*Lady.* Lady.

*Inf.* Ha?

*Duke.* Girl!
Why, Infelicia! How is't now? ha, speak.

*Inf.* I'm well.—What makes this Doctor here? I'm well.

*Duke.* Thou wert not so e'en now. Sickness's pale hand
Laid hold on thee even[14] in the deadst of feasting;
And when a cup, crown'd with thy lover's health,
Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
To see such beauty alter'd.

*Inf.* I remember
I sat at banquet; but felt no such change.

*Duke.* Thou hast forgot then how a messenger
Came wildly in, with this unsavory news,
That he was dead.

*Inf.* What messenger? who's dead?

*Duke.* Hipolito. Alack, wring not thy hands.

*Inf.* I saw no messenger; heard no such news.

*Doct.* Trust me you did, sweet lady.

*Duke.* La' you now.

*2 Ser.* Yes, indeed, madam.

*Duke.* La' you now 'tis well, God knows.

*Inf.* You have slain him, and now you'll murder me.

*Duke.* Good Infelicia, vex not thus thyself;
Of this the bad re[illegible] before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift current
Of life were all frozen up——

*Inf.* It is untrue,
'Tis most untrue. O most unnatural brother!

*Duke.* And we had much ado, by art's best cunning,
To fetch life back again.

*Doct.* Most certain, lady.

*Duke.* Why la' you now; you'll not believe me. Friends,
Sweat we not all? had we not much to do?

*2 Ser.* Yes indeed, my lord, much.

*Duke.* Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face,

---

[13] *Beg me for a fool.*—Sir William Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, vol. i. p. 303. says: "By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to enquire whether a man be an idiot or not: which must be tried by a jury of twelve men; and, if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them." And he observes, that this power, though of late very rarely exerted, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of *begging* a man for a fool.

[14] *In the deadst of feasting.*—i. e. *in the midst*; taken from the vulgar expression concerning night, saying *in the dead of night*, for the middle of it. S. P.

That, were Hipolito alive again,
[15] I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband. Now I sore repent
My sharpness to him, and his family.
Nay, do not weep for him: we all must die.
Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seen
His lively presence, haunts her: does it not?
*Doct.* Doubtless, my lord, it does.
*Duke.* It does, it does.
Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.
*Inf.* Even where you will: in any place there's woe.
*Duke.* A coach is ready; Bergamo doth stand
In a most wholsome air; sweet walks; there's deer.
Aye, thou shall hunt and send us venison,
Which, like some goddess in the Cyprian groves,
Thine own fair hand shall strike.—Sirs, you shall teach her
To stand, and how to shoot: aye, she shall hunt.
Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare
This night to ride away to Bergamo.
*Inf.* O most unhappy maid! [*Exit.*
*Duke.* Follow it close.
No words that she was buried, on your lives,
Or that her ghost walks now after she is dead;
I'll hang you if you name a funeral.
1 *Ser.* I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak that deadly word.
2 *Ser.* And I'll speak Welch, which is harder than Greek. [*Exeunt.*
*Duke.* Away, look to her.—Doctor Benedict,
Did ye observe how her complexion alter'd
Upon his name and death? O! would 'twere true!
*Doct.* It may, my lord.
*Duke.* May! How I wish his death.
*Doct.* And you may have your wish: say but the word,
And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave.
I have good knowledge with Hipolito:
He calls me friend; I'll creep into his bosom,
And sting him there to death: poison can do't.
*Duke.* Perform it; I'll create thee half mine heir.
*Doct.* It shall be done, although the fact be foul.
*Duke.* Greatness hides sin; the guilt upon my soul. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, *and* FLUELLO.

*Cast.* Signior Pioratto, signior Fluello, shall's be merry? shall's play the wag now?
*Fluel.* Aye, any thing that may beget the child of laughter.
*Cast.* Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my brain, will move excellent mirth.
*Pior.* Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the scene of mirth lie?
*Cast.* At signior Candido's house, the patient man; nay, the monstrous patient man. They say his blood is immoveable; that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from a woman.
*Fluel.* That makes so many whores now-a-days.
*Cast.* Aye, and so many knaves too.
*Pior.* Well, sir.
*Cast.* To conclude; the report goes, he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him. Now, do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.
*Fluel.* O! 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how will't be done, signior?
*Cast.* Let me alone; I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, 'faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in his belly, or a spleen not so big as [17] a tavern token.
*Pior.* Thou stir him! thou move him! thou anger him! Alas! I know his approved temper. Thou vex him! why he has a patience above man's injuries; thou may'st sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it: this wonderfully temper'd signior Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords, of curious taste, and no mean palates, [18] conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trenchermen. She (just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of

---

[15] *I'd kneel.*—All the editions read *I'll kneel.*

[17] *A tavern token.*—During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper-money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradesmen, without any restriction, were therefore permitted to coin small money, or *tokens* as they were called, which were used for change. These *tokens* were very small pieces, and probably at first coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expression a *tavern token* might have been originally derived. Amongst other cant phrases to describe drunkenness, it appears from *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 60. that to swallow a *tavern token* was one. So Cob, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 4. says, in answer to Master Matthew's question: "Was he drunk?" "Drunk, sir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a *tavern token*, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal."

[18] *Conjuring his wife* of all loves—See Note 95 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 130.

vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnish'd not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildness of his breast) entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude; they were hungry lords, for there came no meat *in*; their stomachs were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seized a man) there was matter enough, 'faith, to vex any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

*Fluel.* Aye, I'll swear for't: 'sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' played mad tricks with my wife and family; first, I would ha' spitted the men, stewed the maids, and baked the mistress, and so served them in.

*Pior.* Why, 'twould ha' temper'd any blood but his;
And thou to vex him; thou to anger him
With some poor shallow jest!

*Cast.* S'blood, signior Pioratto (you that disparage my conceit) I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves, frets him, and galls him.

*Pior.* Done: 'tis a lay; [19] join golls on't. Witness signior Fluello.

*Cast.* Witness: 'tis done.
Come follow me: the house is not far off.
I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win an hundred ducats by one jest.

*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* CANDIDO's *Wife*, GEORGE, *and two 'Prentices in the Shop.*

*Wife.* Come you, put up your wares in good order here: do you not think, you, one piece cast this way, another that way, you had need have a patient master indeed?

*Geo.* Aye, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.

*Wife.* You mumble! Do you mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry: for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

1 *'Prentice.* You patient! aye, so is the devil when he is horn-mad.

*Enter* CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, *and* PIORATTO.

*All three.* Gentlemen, what do you lack? what is't you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambricks, fine lawns.

*Geo.* What is't you lack?

2 *'Prentice.* What is't you buy?

*Cast.* Where's signior Candido, thy master?

*Geo.* Faith, signior, he's a little negociated; he'll appear presently.

*Cast.* Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

*Geo.* The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you, gentlemen, with fine callicoes too for doublets; the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly: a meek gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffatas: ah, most neat, feat, and unmatchable.

*Fluel.* A notable voluble-tongued villain.

*Pior.* I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

*Cast.* What, and is this she, say'st thou?

*Geo.* Aye, and the purest she that ever you fingered since you were a gentleman: look how even she is; look how clean she is; ha! as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons-and-heirs when they ha' spent all.

*Cast.* Puh! thou talk'st—Pox on't, 'tis rough.

*Geo.* How! Is she rough? But, if you bid pox on't, sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.

*Fluel.* Ha, signior, has he fitted your French curse?

*Geo.* Look you, gentlemen, here's another; compare then, I pray: *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

*Cast.* Puh! I ha' seen better; and as you term them, evener and cleaner.

*Geo.* You may see farther for your mind, but trust me you shall not find better for your b[illegible]

*Enter* CANDIDO.

*Cast.* O! here he comes: let's make as though we pass.
Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

*Can.* How now? What's the matter?

*Geo.* The gentle[illegible] find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without cause too.

*Can.* Without a cause!
And that makes you to let 'em pass away?
Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

*Fluel.* He calls us.

*Cast.* Makes the better for the jest.

*Can.* I pray come near. You're very welcome, gallants;
Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me
He's talk'd above a 'prentice with you.—Lawns!
Look you, kind gentlemen—this!—no:—Aye, this:
Take this, upon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weave; not too hard, nor slack,
But e'en as far from falsehood, as from black.

*Cast.* Well, how do you rate it?

*Can.* Very conscionably; eighteen shillings a yard.

*Cast.* That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

---

[19] *Join golls*—i. e. hands.

*Can.* Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or thereabouts. How much would serve your turn, I pray?

*Cast.* Why, let me see—would it were better too!

*Can.* Truth, 'tis the best in Milan, at few words.

*Cast.* Well; let me have then—a whole penny-worth.

*Can.* Ha, ha! you're a merry gentleman.

*Cast.* A penn'orth, I say.

*Can.* Of lawn!

*Cast.* Of lawn? aye, of lawn, a penn'orth. 'Sblood, do'st not hear? a whole penn'orth: are you deaf?

*Can.* Deaf! no, sir: but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

*Cast.* Nay, an you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well.

*Can.* Pray stay; a word, pray signior! for what purpose is it, I beseech you?

*Cast.* 'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a penn'orth.

*Can.* A penny-worth! why you shall: I'll serve you presently.

2 *'Prentice.* 'Sfoot, a penny-worth, mistress!

*Mistress.* A penny-worth! call you these gentlemen?

*Cast.* No, no; not there.

*Can.* What then, kind gentleman? what, at this corner here?

*Cast.* No, nor there neither;
I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.

*Can.* Just in the middle!—ha—you shall too: what,
Have you a single penny?

*Cast.* Yes, here's one.

*Can.* Lend it me, I pray.

*Fluel.* An excellent following jest.

*Wife.* What, will he spoil the lawn now?

*Can.* Patience, good wife.

*Wife.* Aye, that patience makes a fool of you. Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

*Can.* Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a woman; Do not regard her language—O! kind soul, Such words will drive away my customers.

*Wife.* Customers with a murrain! Call you these customers?

*Can.* Patience, good wife.

*Wife.* Pox o' your patience!

*Geo.* 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

*Can.* Look you, gentlemen, there's your ware; I thank you, I have your money here; pray know my shop, and let me have your custom.

*Wife.* Custom, quoth-a!

*Can.* Let me take more of your money.

*Wife.* You had need so.

*Pior.* Hark in thine ear; thou'st lost an hundred ducats.

*Cast.* Well, well, I know't: is't possible that Homo
Should be nor man, nor woman? not once mov'd;
No, not at such an injury, not at all!
Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

*Fluel.* Come, come, you're angry, though you smother it;
You're vex'd, i'faith—confess.

*Can.* Why, gentlemen,
Should you conceit me to be vex'd or moved?
He has my ware, I have his money for't;
And that's no argument I am angry: no,
The best logician cannot prove me so.

*Fluel.* Oh! but the hateful name of a penny-worth of lawn,
And then cut out i' the middle of the piece,
Pah! I guess it by myself; t'would move a lamb,
Were he a linen-draper; t'would, i'faith.

*Can.* Well, give me leave to answer you for that;
We're set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies—offend none:
We get by many, if we lose by one.
May be his mind stood to no more than that;
A penn'orth serves him: and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.
Oh! he that means to thrive, with patient eye
Must please the devil, if he come to buy.

*Fluel.* O wonderous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe!
How blest were men, if women could be so!

*Can.* And to express how well my breast is pleased,
And satisfied in all—George, fill a beaker.
[*Exit* GEORGE.
I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately
Bestowed his money with me.

*Wife.* God's my life,
We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawn.

*Enter* GEORGE.

*Can.* Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman.

*Wife.* I begin to him!

*Can.* George, fill up again:
'Twas my fault, my hand shook. [*Exit* GEORGE.

*Pior.* How strangely this doth show!
A patient man linked with a waspish shrew.

*Fluel.* A silver-and-gilt beaker! I have a trick to work upon that beaker; sure 'twill fret him: it cannot choose but vex him. Signior Castruchio, in pity to thee, I have a conceit will save thy hundred ducats: 'twill do't, and work him to impatience.

*Cast.* Sweet Fluello, I should be bountiful to that conceit.

*Fluel.* Well, 'tis enough.

*Enter* GEORGE.

*Can.* Here, gentlemen, to you,
I wish your custom; you're exceeding welcome:

*Cast.* [20] I pledge you, signior Candido—Here you, that must receive an hundred ducats.

*Pior.* I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, Castruchio, Signior Fluello.

*Fluel.* Come; play't off: to me,
I am your last man.

*Can.* George, supply the cup.

*Fluel.* So, so, good honest George!
Here, Signior Candido, all this to you.

*Can.* Oh, you must pardon me, I use it not.

*Fluel.* Will you not pledge me then?

*Can.* Yes, but not that:
Great love is shown in little.

*Fluel.* Blurt on your sentences—'Sfoot, you shall pledge me all.

*Can.* Indeed I shall not.

*Fluel.* Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry away the beaker then.

*Can.* The beaker! Oh, that at your pleasure, sir.

*Fluel.* Now by this drink I will.

*Cast.* Pledge him, he'll do't else.

*Fluel.* So: I ha' done you right [21] on my thumb nail.
What, will you pledge me now?

*Can.* You know me, sir, I am not of that sin.

*Fluel.* Why, then farewell:
I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.

*Can.* That's as you please, 'tis very good.

*Fluel.* Nay, it doth please me; and as you say, 'tis a very good one: farewell, signior Candido.

*Pior.* Farewell, Candido.

*Can.* You're welcome, gentlemen.

*Cast.* Heart! not moved yet?
I think his patience is above our wit. [*Exeunt.*

*Geo.* I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.

*Wife.* Why, fool! why, husband! why, madman! I hope you will not let them sneak away so with a silver-and-gilt beaker, the best in the house too: go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.

*Can.* Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well:
Come hither, George, hye to the constable,
And in calm order wish him to attach them;
Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment:
'Tis but a size above a jest, thou knowest;
Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone;
The constable's hard-by, bring him along;—make haste again.

*Wife.* O you're a goodly patient woodcock: are you not now? [*Exit* GEORGE.
See what your patience comes to. Every one saddles you, and rides you; you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Milan: a woman's well holped up with such a [22] meacock. I had rather have a husband, that would swaddle me thrice a day, than such a one, that will be gull'd twice half an hour. Oh, I could burn all the wares my shop for anger!

*Can.* Pray wear a peaceful temper; be wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
Share but one soul between them: this known,
Why should not one soul then agree in one?

[F

---

[20] *I pledge you, signior Candido*—The following account of the forms prescribed in Health-drinking in our author's time, is taken from "*The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Cry*," by Barnaby Rich, 1623, p. 24. He calls it, *The Ruffingly Order of drinking Healths used by the Spendalls of this age*: "that beginnes the health, hath his prescribed orders: first uncovering his head, hee takes off all cup "his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves *for* audience: silence being "obtained, he beginnes to breath out the name peradventure of some honourable personage, that is "thy of a better regard, then to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time amongst a company "drunkards: but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse "fingers, and bowing himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the leader sees his follower in "prepared, hee sups up his broath, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterite, gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *Twango*. And thus the first scene is acted.

"The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne "his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company, provided alwayes by a canon set down "by the founder, there must be three at the least still uncovered, till the health hath had the full pas"sage: which is no sooner ended, but another begins againe, and hee drinkes an health to his *Lady of "tittle worth*, or peradventure to his *light-hele'd mistres*."

[21] *On my thumb nail.*—See Note 6 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 102

[22] *Meacock*—i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature. See *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 2. S. 1. and Mr Steevens's Note thereon.

Again, Hall's *Chronicle, Henry IV.* fol. 6: "—depravynge and railyng on Kynge Richarde as an innocent, a *meacocke*, and not worthy to beare the name of a kynge."

*Euphues*, p. 41: "But hapely thou wilt say, if I refuse their curtesie I shall be accounted *a mecock*, a milksop, taunted and retaunted, &c."

Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, p. 39: "—because he was a *meacocke*, and a milksoppe, not daring to "draw his sword to revenge her wrongs"

Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, p. 39. edit. 1776: "Let us therefore give the charge, and onset "upon yonder effeminate and *meycocke* people."

*Wife.* Hang your agreements :—But if my beaker be gone—

## SCENE VI.

*Enter* CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, *and* GEORGE.

*Can.* Oh! here they come.

*Geo.* The Constable, sir, let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wondering: he stays at door.

*Cast.* Constable, goodman Abram!

*Fluel.* Nay, signior Candido, 'sblood, why do you attach us?

*Cast.* 'Sheart! attach us!

*Can.* Nay, swear not, gallants;
Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me:
You have a silver beaker of my wife's.

*Fluel.* You say not true: 'tis gilt.

*Can.* Then you say true.
And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

*Cast.* I hope you're not angry, sir.

*Can.* Then you hope right; for I am not angry.

*Pior.* No, but a little moved.

*Can.* I moved! 'twas you were moved, you were brought hither.

*Cast.* But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caused us to be attached.

*Can.* Nay, you misplace it.
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not any wrath. Had I shown anger,
I should have then pursued you with the law,
And hunted you to shame; as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds.
The more's the pity! Many lose their lives
For scarce so much coin as will hide their palms;
Which is most cruel. Those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest,
The loss of millions could not move my breast.

*Fluel.* Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deal;
Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

*Can.* Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time;
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

*Cast.* I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

*Pior.* Nor I.

*Fluel.* Nor I.

*Can.* The constable shall bear you company:
George, call him in; let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ROGER *with a stool, cushion, looking-glass, and* [23] *chafingdish. These being set down, he pulls out of his pocket a vial with white colour in it; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting; he places all things in order, and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old ballads as he does it. At last* BELLAFRONT, *as he rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles within.*

*Roger.* Anon, forsooth.

*Bel.* What are you playing the rogue about?

*Roger.* About you, forsooth: I'm drawing up a hole in your white silk stocking.

*Bel.* Is my glass there? and my boxes of complexion?

*Roger.* Yes, forsooth; your boxes of complexion are here, I think; yes 'tis here; here's your two complexions.—And if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good face upon't. Some men, I see, are born under hard-favoured planets, as well as women. Zounds, I look worse now than I did before: and it makes her face glister most damnably. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my life; or else this is only female pomatum.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT, *not full ready, without a gown; she sits down; with her bodkin curls her hair, then colours her lips.*

*Bel.* Where's my ruff and [24] poker, you blockhead?

*Roger.* Your ruff, your poker, *are ingend'ring* together on the cupboard of the court, or the [25] court cup-board.

*Bel.* Fetch 'em: is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

*Roger.* Would the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging; catch— [*Exit.*

*Bel.* I'll catch you, you dog, by and by: do you grumble? [*She sings.*

---

[23] *Chafing-dish.*—To heat the poking-irons.

[24] *Poker*—This instrument, of which mention is frequently made in contemporary writers, is sometimes called *poting stick*, and at others *a poking stick*. It was used to adjust the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that these *poking sticks* were made of wood or bone until about the 16th year of Queen Elizabeth, when they began to be made of steel. In Mr Steevens's Note to *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3. many examples are produced, to which it is unnecessary to add more, as during the course of these volumes such frequent notice is taken of the ruff, and this its necessary appendage.

[25] *Court cup-board*—A *court cup-board* was probably what we call at present a side-board. Mr Steevens says, that two of them are still remaining in Stationers-Hall, and their use is exactly described, as Mr Nichols observes, in the following line from Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"*Court cup-boards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers, &c." See Notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 5.

*Cupid is a god, as nakted as my nail,*
*I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.*

*Roger.* There's your ruff, shall I poke it?

*Bel.* Yes, honest Roger: no, stay; pr'ythee good boy, hold here.

*Down down, down, down, I fall down and arise; down, I never shall arise.*

*Roger.* Troth, madam, then leave off the trade, if you shall never rise.

*Bel.* What trade, goodman Abram?

*Roger.* Why, that of down and arise, or the falling trade.

*Bel.* I'll fall with you by and by.

*Roger.* If you do, I know who shall smart for't:
Troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

*Bel.* Like what you are; a panderly sixpenny rascal.

*Roger.* I may thank you for that: in faith I look like an old Proverb, *Hold the candle before the devil.*

*Bel.* Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and you prate to me so: What? [*She sings.*

*Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty: umb, umb,*
*How now, sir knave, you forget your duty, umb, umb.*
*Marry muff, sir, are you grown so dainty; fa, la, la, &c.*
*Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.*

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass?

*Roger.* Why, as I hold your door, with my fingers.

*Bel.* Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely: Sing *Pretty wantons warble, &c.* we shall ha' guests to-day, I'll lay my little maidenhead, my nose itches so.

*Roger.* I said so too last night, when our fleas twing'd me so.

*Bel.* So, poke my ruff now. My gown, my gown! have I my fall?

[26] Where's my fall, Roger? [*One knocks.*

*Roger.* Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

*Bel.* Gods my pittikins, some fool or other knocks.

*Roger.* Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

*Bel.* And all these baubles lying thus? Away with it quickly.—Aye, aye, knock and be damn'd, whosoever you be.—So; give the fresh salmon line now; let him come ashore. He shall serve for my breakfast, though he go against my stomach.

[ROGER *fetches in* FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, *and* PIORATTO.

*Fluel.* Morrow, cuz.

*Cast.* How does my sweet acquaintance?

*Pior.* Save thee, little marmoset; how dost thou, good pretty rogue?

*Bel.* Well, Godamercy, good pretty rascal.

*Fluel.* Roger, some light, I pr'ythee.

*Roger.* You shall, signior; for we that live here in this vale of misery, are as dark as hell.

[*Exit for a Candle.*

*Cast.* Good tobacco, Fluello?

*Fluel.* Smell.

*Enter* ROGER.

*Pior.* It may be tickling geer: for it plays on my nose already.

*Rog.* Here's another light angel, signior.

*Bel.* What, you pied cartel, what's that you are a neighing?

*Rog.* I say, God send us the light of heaven or some more angels.

*Bel.* Go fetch some wine, and drink half.

*Rog.* I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

*Fluel.* Here, Roger!

*Cast.* No, let me send pr'ythee.

*Fluel.* Hold, your cank-rcorns.

*Rog.* You shall send both, if you please, signiors.

*Pior.* Stay, what's best to drink a mornings?

*Rog.* [27] Ipocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

*Fluel.* Ipocras! there then, here's a [28] *testo* for you, you snake.

*Rog.* Right, sir; here's three shillings and six pence for a pottle and a [29] manchet. [*Exit.*

---

[26] *Where's my fall*—From the following passages in the *Malecontent*, A. 5. S. 3. *the fall* appears to have been a part of dress worn about the neck as ruffs were, but different from them: "There is such a trick of pinning these ruffs, when a fine clean *fall* is worth them all." Again, "If you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your *falling hand* requires no poking stick to recover his form." They seem to have been something like bands, but larger. It must, however, be acknowledged, that they might be a species of the ruff; for, in *Laugh and lie downe, or the World's Folly*, 1605, it is said, "there sat with her poting sticke, *stiffening a fall*, and singing the Ballet, &c."

[27] *Ipocras,*—or *Ypocras.* The following receipt for making this liquor is extracted from Strutt's *View of the Manners, &c. of the Inhabitants of England*, Vol. III. p. 74., where it is copied from Arnold's *Chronicle of London.*—The Crafte to make Ypocras: "Take a quarte of red wyne, an ounce of synamon, an halfe an once (ounce) of gynger, a quarter of an unnce of greynes and longe peper, and half a pounde suger, and brose all this, (not too small) and then put them in a bage of wullen cloth, made therefor with the wine, and lete it hange over a vessell tyll the wyne be rune thorowe."

[28] *Teston.*—A coin worth about 18*d.* sterling.

[29] *Manchet,*—or fine white bread. "Panis primarius, a *G. michette, miche.* Panis candidior et puri hoc dim. a Lat. Mica. q. d. Micula. Skin."—JUNIUS's *Etymologicon.*

*Cast.* Here's most herculanean tobacco! ha' some, acquaintance!

*Bel.* Foh, not I; makes your breath stink, like the piss of a fox.—Acquaintance, where supped you last night?

*Cast.* At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your *health*[30] *danced the canaries* i'faith; you should ha' been there.

*Bel.* I there among your punks? marry fah, hang 'em: *I scorn't*: will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folks' hens' nests?

*Cast.* Why in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask Fluello.

*Fluel.* No faith, cuz; none but cocks; Signior *Malavella* drunk to thee.

*Bel.* O, a pure beagle; that horse-leach there?

*Fluel.* And the knight, Sir Oliver Lollio, swore he would betow a taffata petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee.

*Bel.* With me! I'll choke him then; hang him molecatcher, it is the dreamingest snotty-nose.

*Pior.* Well, many took that Lollio for a fool, but he's a subtle fool.

*Bel.* Aye, and he has fellows:[31] of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

*Cast.* Why, wench, is he scabbed?

*Bel.* Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scabs about him. His betters have 'em; but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knighthood, because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, faced all with coney before, and within nothing but fox; this[32] sweet Oliver will eat mutton till he be ready to burst, but the lean-jawed slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

*Pior.* Plague him; set him beneath the salt;[33] and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

*Fluel.* Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher, came into us too: marry 'twas in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord of a citizen.

*Cast.* What an ass is that lord to borrow money of a citizen?

*Bel.* Nay, God's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to a lord.

---

[30] *Danced the canaries.*—The following account of this dance is extracted from Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, Vol IV. p. 391.: "There occurs, in the Opera of *Dioclesian*, set to music by Purcell, a "dance called the *Canaries*: of this, and also another called *Trenchmore*, it is extremely difficult to ren- "der a satisfactory account. The first is alluded to by Shakespeare in the following passage:

"*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

"*Arm.* How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

"*Moth.* No, my compleat master: but to jigg off a tune at the tongue's end, *canary* to it with your feet, "humour it with turning up your eye-lids, &c.

"As to the air itself, it appears, by the example in the Opera of *Dioclesian*, to be a very sprightly "movement of two reprises, or strains, with eight bars in each. The time three quarters in a bar, the "first pointed. That it is of English invention, like a country dance, may be inferred from this circum- "stance, that none of the foreign names that distinguish one kind of air from another, correspond in the "least with this. Nay, farther, the appellation is adopted by *Couperin*, a Frenchman, who, among his "lessons, has an air which he entitles CANARIE."

[31] *Of all filthy dry-fisted knights.*—A moist hand is vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. See the Notes of Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens on *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 3.

[32] *This sweet Oliver will eat mutton.*—In Shakespeare's *As you like it*, A. 4. S. 3. the clown sings a few lines of a song, in which the epithet *sweet* is joined to the name *Oliver*. Mr Tyrwhitt observes, that this epithet seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which he was perhaps originally obliged to the old song, of which only the few lines preserved by Shakespeare now remain.

[33] *Set him beneath the salt.*—This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were seated at their meals. "The tables being long," says Mr Whalley, Note to *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 2. "the salt was "commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the "guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the depen- "dants, or inferior relations of the master of the house. This custom is yet preserved at the Lord "Mayor's and some other public tables." It is mentioned in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 3. S. 1.:

"————he believes it is the reason
"You ne'er presume to *sit above the salt.*"

*The City Madam*, by the same, A. 1. S. 1.:

"————————My proud lady
"Admits him to her table, marry ever
"*Beneath the salt*; and there he sits the subject
"Of her contempt and scorn."

Dekkar's *Bell-man's Night-walkes*, Sign. C.: "————for hee that had the graine of the table with his "trencher, paid no more than hee that placed himselfe *beneath the salt*."

See also Mr Whalley's Note on *Cynthia's Revels*.

*Math.* He's so malcontent!—Sirrah, Bellafronta and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us: thou shalt sit at the upper end, punk.

*Bel.* Punk, you sous'd *gurnet*! [36]

*Math.* King's truce: come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

*Cast.* He betrays his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.

*Math.* All this for a woman?

*Bel.* A woman! some whore. What sweet jewel is't?

*Pio.* Would she heard you.

*Fluel.* Troth, so would I.

*Cast.* And I, by heaven.

*Bel.* Nay, good servant, what woman?

*Math.* Pah.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee tell me, a buss, and tell me: I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench: Good rogue, who?

*Math.* By the lord I will not, must not, faith, mistress: is't a match, sirs? this night, at th' Antilope; aye, for there's best wine, and good, boys.

*Omnes.* 'Tis done, at the Antilope.

*Bel.* I cannot be there to-night.

*Math.* Cannot! by the lord, you shall.

*Bel.* By the lady, I will not: shall!

*Fluel.* Why, then, put it off till Friday: wo't come then, cuz?

*Bel.* Well.

*Enter* ROGER.

*Math.* You're the waspishest ape.—Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on Friday next; you'd best come like a madwoman, without a band in your waistcoat, [37] and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

*Bel.* Go, go hang yourself.

*Cast.* It's dinner-time, Matheo; shall's hence?

*Omnes.* Yes, yes; farewell, wench. [*Exeunt.*

*Bel.* Farewell, boys.—Roger, what wine sent they for?

*Rog.* Bastard wine; [38] for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been ashamed to come in. Here's six shillings to pay for nursing the bastard.

*Bel.* A company of rooks! O good, sweet Roger, run to the poulter's and buy me some fine larks.

*Rog.* No woodcocks?

*Bel.* Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.

*Rog.* I'll buy but one; there's one already here. [*Exit* ROGER.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Hip.* Is the gentleman, my friend, departed, mistress?

*Bel.* His back is but new turned, sir.

*Hip.* Fare you well.

*Bel.* I can direct you to him.

*Hip.* Can you, pray?

*Bel.* If you please stay, he'll not be absent

*Hip.* I care not much.

*Bel.* Pray sit, forsooth.

*Hip.* I'm hot.
If I may use your room, I'd rather walk.

*Bel.* At your best pleasure.—Whew,—some rubbers there.

---

[36] *You sous'd gurnet!*—An appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. See Mr Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 2.

[37] *Without a band in your waistcoat.*—From the following passages it appears, that some particular garment like a *waistcoat* was formerly worn by the courtezans.

*The Humorous Lieutenant*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. III. p. 30. edit. 1778:

> "I'll put her into action for a *waistcoat*:
> "And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace
> "Shall sail for gold, and good store too."

And, in *Wit without Money*, Vol. II. p. 368., Luce says,

> "————————Do you think you're here, sir,
> "Amongst your *waistcoatiers*, your base wenches
> "That scratch at such occasions."

And, in the beginning of the *Humorous Lieutenant*, one of the gentlemen ushers calls Celia a *waistcoateer*, when in a disposition to apply to her the severest term of reproach.

[38] *Bastard wine.*—Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains *Bastarde* to be muscadell, sweete wine. *Vin doulx, bastard*, muscadell. And, Blount says—"Muscadel is a kind of wine, so called, because for sweetness and "smell it resembles musk. This wine comes for the most part from the isle Creta, or Candy; for this "island (as Ortelius reports) yearly transports 12,000 buts of it. Others say it takes name from Monto "Alcino in Italy." Mr Tollet, in a Note to the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4., gives the following extract from *Maison Rustique*, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635.:—"Such wines are called *Mun-* "*grell*, or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, "nor manifest astriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." See also Mr Steevens's Note.

*Hip.* Indeed, I'll ha' none: indeed I will not. Thanks.——
Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend
Is old in your acquaintance.
*Bel.* Troth, sir, he comes
As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours:
If yourself like our roof, such as it is,
Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.
*Hip.* Say I did like; what welcome should I find?
*Bel.* Such as my present fortunes can afford.
*Hip.* But would you let me play Matheo's part?
*Bel.* What part?
*Hip.* Why, embrace you; dally with you; kiss.
Faith, tell me; will you leave him and love me?
*Bel.* I am in bonds to no man, sir.
*Hip.* Why then,
You're free for any man: if any, me.
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine. I could brook no sharers;
I should be covetous, and sweep up all:
I should be pleasure's usurer; faith I should.
*Bel.* O fate!
*Hip.* Why sigh you, lady? may I know?
*Bel.* 'Thas never been my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine,
As I have ever wished it. O my stars!
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would have purchased sin alone to himself,
For his own private use; although scarce proper,
Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thigh'd,
And my allowance reasonable—i'faith,
According to my body, by my troth,
I would have been as true unto his pleasures,
Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons,
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.
*Hip.* This were well, now, to one but newly fledged,
And scarce a day old in this subtle world:
'Twere pretty art, good bird-lime, cunning net.
But come, come, faith, confess: how many men
Have drank this self-same protestation,
From that red ticing lip?
*Bel.* Indeed, not any.
*Hip.* Indeed, and blush not!
*Bel.* No, in truth, not any.
*Hip.* Indeed! in truth!—how warily you swear?
'Tis well, if ill it be not: yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you
But in right colours, I do know indeed,
You could not swear indeed, but thunder oaths
That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,
And pierce a soul (that loved her Maker's honour)
With horror and amazement.
*Bel.* Shall I swear?
Will you believe me then?
*Hip.* Worst then of all:
Our sins by custom seem at last but small.
Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,
Should have this golden hook, and luscious bait,
Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,
I've seen letters sent from that white hand,
Tuning such music to Matheo's ear.
*Bel.* Matheo! that's true. Yet believe it, I
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,
But straight mine eyes conveyed you to mine heart.
*Hip.* Oh! you cannot fool with me. Why, I know, lady,
This is the common passion of you all,
To hook in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover.
And in the end you shew him a French trick,
And so you leave him, that a coach may run
Between his legs, for breadth.
*Bel.* O, by my soul,
Not I: therein I'll prove an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.
*Hip.* If any be disposed to trust your oath,
Let him: I'll not be he. I know you feign
All that you speak. Aye, for a mingled harlot
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What! shall I teach you how to loath yourself;
And mildly too, not without sense and reason?
*Bel.* I am content; I would fain loath myself,
If you not love me.
*Hip.* Then if your gracious blood
Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.
Lend me your silence and attention.
You have no soul, that makes you weigh so light:
Heaven's treasure bought it, and half-a-crown
Hath sold it:—for your body
Is like the common-shore, that still receives
All the town's filth. The sin of many men
Is within you; and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers stood in rank,
They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell,
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, should I urge it more, there have been known,
As many by one harlot maimed and dismembered,
As would ha' stuffed an hospital: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.
O! you're as base as any beast that bears;
Your body is e'en hired, and so are theirs.
For gold and sparkling jewels'(if he can)-
You'll let a Jew get you with Christian:
Be he a Moor, a Tartar, though his face
Looked uglier than a dead man's scull,
Could the devil put on a human shape,
If his purse shake out crowns, up then *he gets*.
Whores will be rid to hell with golden *bits*.
So that you're crueller than Turks; for they
Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.
Why, those that love you, hate you: and will term you
Liquorish damnation; wish themselves half sunk
After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse
Their fruitless riot; for what one begets,
Another poisons. Lust and murder hit;
A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

*Bel.* O me unhappy!
*Hip.* I can vex you more:
A harlot is like Dunkirk,—true to none;
Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
Back-doored Italian; last of all, the French,
And he sticks to you, faith! gives you your diet,
Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,
And then you know what follows.
*Bel.* Misery,
Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery.
*Hip.* Methinks a toad is happier than a whore!
That with one poison swells, with thousands more
The other stocks her veins. Harlot! fie! fie!
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature; mark me else:
You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them;
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin:
And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.
From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves:
Like bears and apes, you're baited and shew tricks
For money; but your bawd the sweetness licks.
Indeed you are their journey-women, and do
All base and damned works they list set you to:
So that you ne'er are rich; for do but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous courtezan,
Whose flesh was dear'st; that raised the price of sin,
And held it up: to whose intemperate bosom,
Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,
The meanest a gentleman, have offered up
Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rained in showers
Handfuls of gold; yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow; then grew so poor,
That she has begged, e'en at a beggar's door.
And (wherein heaven has a finger) when this idol,
From coast to coast has leaped on foreign shores,
And had more worship, than th' outlandish whores;
When several nations have gone over her;
When for each several city she has seen
Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear,
Did live well there, and might have died unknown,
And undefamed; back comes she to her own;
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorned even of those that once adored her eyes;
As if her fatal-circled life thus ran,
Her pride should end there where it first began.
What, do you weep to hear your story read?
Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.
*Bel.* O, yes, I pray proceed;
Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep, indeed!
*Hip.* To give those tears a relish, this I add:
You're like the Jews, scattered; in no place certain;
Your days are tedious, your hours burthensome;
And wer't not for full suppers, midnight revels,
Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown
And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,
They have no power to look so high as heaven,
You'd sit and muse on nothing, but despair;
Curse that devil Lust, that so burns up your blood;
And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
For his temptation. Say, you taste delight,
To have a golden gull from rise to set,
To meet you in his hot luxurious arms,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream
Of warrants, whips, and beadles; and then start
At a door's windy creak; think ev'ry weazle
To be a constable; and every rat
A long-tailed officer: Are you now not slaves?
Oh! you have damnation without pleasure for it!
Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paint no more,
You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.
Make use of this. Farewell.
*Bel.* O, I pray stay.
*Hip.* See, Matheo comes not: time hath barred me.
Would all the harlots in the town had heard me!
[*Exit.*
*Bel.* Stay yet a little longer!—no; quite gone.
Cursed be that minute, for it was no more,
(So soon a maid is changed into a whore)
Wherein I first fell! be it for ever black!
Yet why should sweet Hipolito shun mine eyes,
For whose true love I would become pure honest,
Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold.
Am I not fair? why should he fly me then?
Fair creatures are desired, not scorned of men.
How many gallants have drunk healths to me,
[39] Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them blest,
Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
And does Hipolito detest my love?
Oh, sure their beedless lusts but flattered me;
I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young.
Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties. I am foul!—
Harlot! aye, that's the spot that taints my soul!
What! has he left his weapon here behind him,
And gone forgetful? O fit instrument
To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
Thy master hates me, 'cause my blood hath ranged:
But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm changed.

---

[39] *Out of their dagger'd arms.*—To drink a mistress's health in wine mingled with one's own blood was antiently regarded as an act of gallantry. So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—"Have I not been drunk to your health, swallowed flag dragons, eat glasses, drunk urine, *stabb'd arms*, and done all the offices of protested gallantry, for your sake?" S.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Hip.* Mad woman, what art doing?
*Bel.* Either love me,
Or split my heart upon thy rapier's point.
Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st
That which I love thee for, thy virtues. Here, here,
Thou'rt crueller, and kill'st me with disdain:
To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.
[*Exit* HIPOLITO.
Not speak to me! not bid farewell! a scorn!
Hated! this must not be; some means I'll try;
Would all whores were as honest now, as I!
[*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* CANDIDO, *his Wife*, GEORGE, *and two 'Prentices in the Shop;* FUSTIGO *enters, walking by.*

*George.* See, gentlemen, what you lack: a fine holland, a fine cambrick: see what you buy.
1 *'Pren.* Holland for shirts, cambrick for bands;
What is't you lack?
*Fust.* 'Stoot, I lack'em all; nay, more, I lack money to buy'em. Let me see, let me look again; 'mass this is the shop—What, cuz! sweet cuz! how do'st, i'faith, since last night after candle-light? We had good sport, faith; had we not? And when shall's laugh again?
*Wife.* When you will, cousin.
*Fust.* Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see yonder's thy husband.
*Wife.* Aye, there's the sweet youth, God bless him.
*Fust.* And how is't, cousin? and how, how is't, thou squall?
*Wife.* Well, cousin, how fare you?
*Fust.* How fare I? troth, for sixpence a meal, wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves'[40] chaldrons and chitterlings; besides, I have a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.
*Can.* Are you my wife's cousin?
*Fust.* I am, sir; what hast thou to do with that?
*Can.* O nothing, but you're welcome.
*Fust.* The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no: aye, what ring's this, cuz? very pretty and fantastical i'faith, let's see it.
*Wife.* Puh! nay, you wrench my finger.
*Fust.* I ha' sworn I'll ha' it, and I hope you will not let my oaths be[41] cracked in the rin—, will you? I hope, sir, you are not melancholy at this: for all your great looks, are you angry?
*Can.* Angry! not I. [aside] now, if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.
*George.* Suffer this, sir, and suffer all; a whore son gull to—
*Can.* Peace, George; when she has reaped what I have sown,
She'll say, one grain tastes better of her own,
Than whole sheaves gathered from another's land;
Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.
*George.* But in the mean time she makes an ass of somebody.
2 *'Pren.* See, see, see, sir, as you turn your back, they do nothing but kiss.
*Can.* No matter, let 'em:[42] when I touch her lip,
I shall not feel his kisses, no nor miss;
And of her lip, no harm in kissing is.
Look to your business, pray make up your wares.
*Fust.* Troth, cuz, and well remembered! I would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn, to make my punck some falling bands of the fashion, three falling one upon another; for that's the new edition now; she's out of linen horribly too; troth, she's never a good smock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself for want of shift too; pr'ythee put me into some wholesome napery,[43] and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

---

[40] *Chaldron.*—Or, as it is oftener spelt, *chawdron*, i. e. says Mr Steevens, (Note on *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1.) "Entrails; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a *calf's chaldron*. At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other dishes, one was, "swan with a *chawdron*," meaning, I suppose, roasted with entrails in it, or undrawn." See Ives's *Select Papers*, No. 3. p. 141.

[41] *Crack'd in the ring.*—This phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2. and Dr Johnson explains it to be *crack'd too much for use.* See instances produced by Mr Steevens. Again, in *Your five Gallants*, by Middleton, Sign. D. 2: "Here's Mistresse Rose noble has lost her maidenhead, *crackt in the ring*, shee's good enough for gaimsters," &c.

[42] ——*When I touch her lip,*
*I shall not feel his kisses.*—Imitated by Shakespeare in *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

"I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
*I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.*"

[43] *Napery.*—*Napery* signifies *linen in general.* So, in Dekker's *Belman of London*, Sign. G 4: "—At which time they lift away Goblets or other pieces of plate, *nappery*, or any thing worth venting for." See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

*Wife.* Reach me those cambricks and the lawns hither.

*Can.* What to do, wife? to lavish out my goods upon a fool?

*Fust.* Fool! nails eat the fool, or I'll so batter your crown that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2 *Pren.* Do you hear, sir? y'are best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

*Fust.* Nails, I think so, for thou tellest me.

*Can.* Are you angry, sir, because I named thee fool?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine own house
And to my face to play the antic thus;
If you'll needs play the madman, chuse a stage
Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note
Your action's error; but if still you miss,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

*Fust.* Zounds, cousin, he talks to me, as if I were a scurvy tragedian.

2 *Pren.* Sirrah, George, I have thought upon a device how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

*George.* Do it.

2 *Pren.* I'll go in, pass through the house, give some of our fellow-prentices the watch-word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a while, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgel the cull out of his coxcomb.

*George.* Do't; away, do't.

*Wife.* Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawns?

*Can.* Nay see, you anger her; George, pr'ythee dispatch.

2 *Pren.* Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

*Can.* Go fetch them presently. [*Exit* 1 *Prentice.*

*Fust.* Aye, do, make haste, sirrah.

*Can.* Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

*Fust.* Stranger! no, sir, I am a natural Milaner born.

*Can.* I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake me; but you are welcome, sir, I much wish your acquaintance.

*Fust.* My acquaintance! I scorn that i'faith. I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double; you know who I mean, cuz;[44] the posts of his gate are a painting too.

*Enter the Second Prentice.*

2 *Pren.* Signor Pandulfo, the merchant, desires conference with you.

*Can.* Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight. Attend your mistress and the gentleman. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* When do you show those pieces?

*Fust.* Aye, when do you show those pieces?

*Omnes.* Presently, sir, presently, we are but charging them.

*Fust.* Come, sirrah, you[45] flat cap, where be those whites?

*George.* Flat-cap? hark in your ear, sir, you're a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrumb you; do you see this cambrick, sir?

---

[44] *The posts of his gate are a painting too.*—i. e. He will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to stick proclamations, were always set up. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

"If e'er I live to see thee *Sheriff* of London,
I'll gild thy *posts*,"—S.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 9:

"How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *sheriff's posts?*"

Mr Whalley observes, that it was usual, out of respect, to read the proclamations fastened on the sheriff's posts bare-headed.

[45] *Flat-cap.—Flat-caps*, like those now worn by the children belonging to Christ-Church Hospital, and to the apprentices of Bridewell, were, I apprehend, formerly part of the dress particularly confined to the Citizens of London. They are mentioned as such in several contemporary writers. As Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look I use; mock me all over,
From my *flat-cap*, unto my shining shoes."

Marston's *Dutch Curtezan*, A. 2. S. 1: "—Who helped thee to thy custome, not of swaggering Ireland Captains, nor of 2s. Innes-a-court men, but with honest art caps, wealthy *flat-caps*, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe."

Dekker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603: "For those misbelieving Pagans, the Plough-drivers, those worse than infidels, that (like their swine) never looke up so high as heaven, when citizens borded them, the wrung their hands, and wisht rather they had fallne into the hands of Spaniards: for the sight of a *flat cap* was more dreadful to a Lob, than the discharging of a caliver."

Dekker's *Newes from Hell*, 1606: "—You may eyther meete him at dicing ordinaries like a captay at cocke-pits like a young countrey gentleman; or else at a bowling-ally in *a flat-cap like a Shopkeep e*

*Fust.* 'Sfoot, cuz, a good jest, did you hear him? he told me in my ear, I was a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrumb you; do you see this cambrick, sir?

*Wife.* What, not my men, I hope?

*Fust.* No, not your men, but one of your men, i'faith.

*1 Pren.* I pray, sir, come hither; what say you to this? here's an excellent good one.

*Fust.* Aye marry, this likes me well; cut me off some half score yards.

*2 Pren.* Let your whores cut; you're an impudent coxcomb, you get none, and yet I'll thrumb you.—A very good cambrick, sir.

*Fust.* Again, again, as God judge me: 'sfoot, cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

*1 Pren.* A word I pray, sir; you must not be angry, prentices have hot bloods, young fellows. What say you to this piece? look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.

*Fust.* 'Sfoot I think so, if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it: cut me off twenty yards; thou art an honest lad.

*1 Pren.* Not without money, gull, and I'll thrumb you too.

*Omnes.* Gull, we'll thrumb you.

*Fust.* O lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thrumb? zounds! your men here make a plain ass of me.

*Wife.* What, to my face so impudent?

*George.* Aye, in a cause so honest; we'll not suffer
Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

*Wife.* You will not suffer them!

*2 Pren.* No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so mild a breast,
As is our master's.

*Wife.* Take away those pieces,
Cousin; I give them freely.

*Fust.* Mass, and I'll take them as freely.

*Omnes.* We'll make you lay them down again more freely.

*Wife.* Help! Help! my brother will be murdered.

*Enter* CANDIDO.

*Can.* How now, what coil is here? forbear, I say.

*George.* He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

*Can.* Why, sirs, do such examples flow from me?

*Wife.* They are of your keeping, sir; alas, poor brother!

*Fust.* I'faith they have peppered me, sister! look, does it not spin? call you these prentices? I'll never play at cards more [illegible] clubs is trump. I have a good coxcomb, sister, have I not?

*Can.* Sister, and brother! brother to my wife?

*Fust.* If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

*Can.* A surgeon! run, a surgeon! Why then wore you that forged name of cousin?

*Fust.* Because its a common thing [illegible], and mingle now a-days all the world over.

*Can.* Cousin! a name of much deceit, folly, and sin;
For under that common abused word,
Many an honest-tempered citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife trained out
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word a city's bawd.

*Fust.* Troth, brother, my sister would needs have me take upon me to gull your patience a little; but it has made double[46] gules on my coxcomb.

*Wife.* What, playing the woman? blabbing now, you fool?

*Can.* O, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

*Fust.* 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks.

*Can.* Then let this warning more of sense afford;
The name of cousin is a bloody word.

*Fust.* I'll ne'er call cuz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it; this should be a coronation-day; for my head runs claret lustily.

[*Exit.*

*Enter an Officer.*

*Can.*[47] Go, wish the surgeon to have great respect.
How now, my friend! what, do they sit to-day?

*Offi.* Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.

*Can.* I thank your pains, I'll not be last man there. [*Exit Officer.*
My gown, George go, my gown. A happy land,
Where grave men meet each cause to understand,
Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poor man's right; but in even scales
Peize rich and poor, without corruption's veils.
Come, where's the gown?

---

[46] *Gules.*—*Gulls* in the Editions of 1615, 1616, 1635.

[47] *Go, wish the surgeon, &c.*—*To wish*, was, in the language of the times, *to recommend*, or *desire*. So, in *The City Night Cap*, vol. xi. p. 305: "She looks for one, they call father Antony, sir; and *he's wish'd* to her by Madona Lussuriosa."

*George.* I cannot find the key, sir.
*Can.* Request it of your mistress.
*Wife.* Come not to me for any key;
I'll not be troubled to deliver it.
*Can.* Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble;
But for my gown.
*Wife.* Moths swallow down your gown;
You set my teeth an edge with talking on't.
*Can.* Nay pr'ythee sweet, I cannot meet without it;
I should have a great fine set on my head.
*Wife.* Set on your cockscomb; tush, fine me no fines.
*Can.* Believe me (sweet) none greets the senate-house
Without his robe of reverence, that's his gown.
*Wife.* Well then you're like to cross that custom once,
You get nor key, nor gown; and so depart.—
This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.
[*Exit.*
*Can.* Stay, let me see, I must have some device;
My cloak's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will do't;
It must be something fashioned like a gown,
With my arms out.—Oh, George, come hither. George;
I pr'ythee lend me thine advice.
*George.* Troth, sir, were it any but you, they would
Break open chest.
*Can.* O no, break open chest! that's a thief's office;
Therein you counsel me against my blood:
'Twould shew impatience that. Any meek means
I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it;
Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets,
The saddest coloured carpet, honest George;
Cut thou a hole in the middle for my neck,
Two for mine arms.—Nay, pr'ythee look not strange.
*George.* I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.
*Can.* Pr'ythee about it quickly, the hour chides me;
Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes.
[*Exit* GEORGE.
Out of two evils he's accounted wise,
That can pick out the least; the fine imposed
For an ungowned senator, is about
Forty[48] cruzadoes, the carpet not above four.
Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet;
Preserved my patience, foiled her desperate wit.

*Enter* GEORGE.

*George.* Here, sir, here's the carpet.
*Can.* O, well done, George, we'll cut it just in the midst.
'Tis very well, I thank thee; help it on.
*George.* It must come over your head, sir, like a wench's petticoat.
*Can.* Thou'rt in the right, good George; it must, indeed.
Fetch me a night-cap; for I'll gird it close,
As if my health were queasy: 'twill show well
For a rude careless night-gown; will't not, think'st?
*George.* Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gown, being girt and plaited.
*Can.* Aye, and a night-cap on my head.
*George.* That's true, sir; I'll run and fetch one, and a staff. [*Exit* GEORGE.
*Can.* For thus they cannot chuse but construe it:
One that is out of health takes no delight,
Wears his apparel without appetite,
And puts on heedless raiment without form.

*Enter* GEORGE.

So, so, kind George, be secret now; and, pr'ythee,
Do not laugh at me, till I'm out of sight.
*George.* I laugh! not I, sir.
*Can.* Now to the senate-house;
Methinks I'd rather wear, without a frown,
A patient carpet than an angry gown. [*Exit.*
*George.* Now looks my master just like one of our[49] carpet knights, only he's somewhat the honester of the two.

---

[48] *Cruzadoes.*—A cruzado is a Portuguese coin, struck under Alphonsus V. about the year 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus sent thither the bull for a croisade against the Infidels. It had its name from a cross which it bears on one side; the arms of Portugal being on the other. The value of it is 40 French sols, or upwards of 2s. 10d. sterling.

[49] *Carpet-knights.*—The following account of this Order of Knighthood is taken from a Note, by Sir James Burrows, on *Twelfth Night*, A. 3. S. 4: "There was an order of Knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS OF THE CARPET, though few or no persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing about it, or even to have heard of it. I have taken some memorandum concerning the institution, and know that William Lord Burgh of Scarborough-castle in the County of Surry, father to Thomas Lord Burgh, Deputy of Ireland, and to Sir John Burgh (who took the great Caracca ship in 1592) was made a *Knight of the carpet*, at Westminister, on the 2d of October, 1553, the day after Queen Mary's coronation: and I met with a list of all who were made so at the same time, in Strype's *Memorials*, vol. III. Appendix, p. 11. See Anstis's *Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath*, (Lond. 1725.) p. 50. Upon the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, a commission was granted to the Earl of Arundel, empowering him to make Knights, but WITHOUT any *additional title*, within two days after the date of that patent, which were the two days preceding her coronation. In pursuance hereof, we

*Enter* CANDIDO'S *Wife.*

*Wife.* What, is your master gone?

*George.* Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turned.

*Wife.* And in his cloak? did he not vex and swear?

*George.* No; but he'll make you swear anon; no, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

*Wife.* Key, sink to hell; still patient, patient still!
I am with child to vex him. Pr'ythee, George,
If e'er thou lookest for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jest for me.

*George.* Against my master?

*Wife.* 'Tis a mere jest, in faith; say, wilt thou do't?

*George.* Well, what is't?

*Wife.* Here, take this key; thou know'st where all things lie;
Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,
Chain, cap, ruff, every thing; be like himself;
And, 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop;
Feign the same carriage, and his patient look;
'Twill breed but a jest, thou knowest: speak, wilt thou?

*George.* 'Twill wrong my master's patience.

*Wife.* Pr'ythee, George.

*George.* Well, if you'll save me harmless, and put me under covert baron, I am content to please you, provided it may breed no wrong against him.

*Wife.* No wrong at all; here, take the key, be gone;
If any vex him, this; if not this, none. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter a* BAWD *and* ROGER.

*Bawd.* O Roger, Roger, where's your mistress? where's your mistress? there's the finest, neatest gentleman at my house, but newly come over; O where is she, where is she, where is she?

*Roger.* My mistress is abroad, but not amongst them; my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

*Bawd.* How! is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, Roger? you are a fine pander, indeed.

*Roger.* I tell you, Madona Finger-lock, I am not sad for nothing; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days; I had wont to get sixteen-pence by fetching a pottle of [illegible] but now those days are past; [illegible] ings, Madona Finger-lock, she within doors, and I without, as any poor young [illegible] upic in Milan.

*Bawd.* God's my life, and is she changed now?

*Roger.* I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

*Bawd.* And had she no time to turn honest but now? what a vile woman is this! twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in gold and no silver. Why, here was a time! if she should ha' picked out a time, it could not be better! gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing. It cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an ass. Roger, I'll never believe it.

*Roger.* Here she comes now.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT.

*Bawd.* O sweet Madona, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather! there's the sweetest, prop'rest, gallantest, gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergrise, his pocket full of crowns, flame-coloured doublet, red sattin hose, carnation silk stockings, and a leg and a body,—oh!

---

find the names of the Knights, created by him, according to the stated form of creating Knights of the Bath; and the variety of the ceremonies used so distinctly related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in the Appendix.

"So that Mr Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species of Knights of the Bath, though without any additional title.

"If so, the appellation of *Knights of the Carpet* might be only popular; not their strict or proper title. This, however, was sufficient to induce Shakespeare (who wrote whilst they were commonly spoken of by such an appellation) to use that term in contrast to a knighthood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of military valour."

These Carpet Knights are spoken of with great contempt by many contemporary writers.

Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 2. S. 5:

> "To men I had forborn it; you are women,
> Or, at the best, *loose Carpet Knights.*"

*The Unnatura Combat*, A. 3. S. 3.

> "There your *Carpet Knights*,
> That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
> Are still most keen and valiant."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on *The Twelfth Night*, vol. IV. p. 245. and Note to Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. IX. p. 349. edit. 1778.

*Bel.* Hence thou, our sex's monster, poisonous bawd,
Lust's factor, and damnation's orator!
Gossip of hell, were all the harlots sins,
Which the whole world contains, numbered together,
Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures,
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable; for thou sly'st
Upon the dregs of harlots; guard'st the door,
Whilst couples go to dancing. O, coarse devil!
Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his sin,
The letcher's French disease; for thou dry-suck'st him:
The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

*Bawd.* Marry come up, with a pox! have you nobody to rail against, but your bawd, now?

*Bel.* And you, knave, pander, kinsman to a bawd!

*Roger.* You and I, Madona, are cousins.

*Bel.* Of the same blood and making, near allied;
Thou that art slave to six-pence; base metal'd villain!

*Roger.* Six-pence! nay, that's not so; I never took under two shillings and four pence. I hope I know my fee.

*Bel.* I know not against which most to inveigh;
For both of you are damn'd so equally.
Thou never sparest for oaths; swear'st any thing,
As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather.
*God damn me, gentlemen, if she be within,*
When, in the next room, she's found dallying.

*Roger.* If it be my vocation to swear, every man in his vocation; I hope my betters swear, and damn themselves; and why should not I?

*Bel.* Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

*Roger.* The more gulls they.

*Bel.* Slave, I cashier thee.

*Bawd.* And you do cashier him, he shall be entertained.

*Roger.* Shall I then [50] blurt o'your service?

*Bel.* As hell would have it, entertained by you! I dare the devil himself to match those two.
[*Exit.*

*Bawd.* Marry gup! are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest, with a pox?

*Rog.* Scurvy, honest punk!—But stay, Madona; how must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door.

*Bawd.* True, Roger, except my vails.

*Rog.* Vails, what vails?

*Bawd.* Why, as thus; if a couple come in a coach, and light to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the coachman himself is their pander.

*Rog.* Is he so? In truth, I have almost forgot, for want of exercise. But how, if I fetch this citizen's wife to that gull, and that Madona to that gallant; how then?

*Bawd.* Why, then, Roger, you are to have six-pence a lane; so many lanes, so many sixpences.

*Rog.* Is't so? then I see we two shall agree, and live together.

*Bawd.* Aye, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and bawdy-houses in Milan. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT, *with a Lute; Pen, Ink, and Paper, being placed before her.*

### SONG.

*The courtier's flattering jewels,*
*(Temptation's only fuels;)*
*The lawyer's ill-got moneys,*
*That suck up poor bees' honeys;*
*The citizen's son's riot;*
*The gallant's costly diet;*
*Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,*
*Shall not draw me to their chambers.*
*Silks and velvets, &c.* [She writes.

Oh, tis in vain to write; it will not please.
Ink, on this paper, would ha' but presented
The foul black spots that stick upon my soul;
And rather make me loathsomer, than wrought
My love's impression in Hipolito's thought.
No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee;
And hate all men, their gifts, and company.

---

[50] *Blurt o' your service.*—An expression of contempt very frequent in writers of the times. Marston's First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 4:

"*Blirt on* your Aye mees, guard her safely hence."

And, in *Edward III.* A. 4. S. 6:

"This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us."

*Enter* MATHEO, CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, PIORATTO.

*Math.* You, goody punk, *subaudi* cockatrice,[51] O, you're a sweet whore of your promise; are you not, think you? how well you came to supper to us last night! Mew, a whore, and break her word! Nay, you may blush, and hold down your head at it well enough; 'sfoot! ask these gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as serjeants.

*Fluel.* Aye, and their yeomen too.

*Cast.* Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you forgot yourself too much; we had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk after supper.

*Pior.* And when we were in our wood-cocks, (sweet rogue!) a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came in, and paid all the shot.[52]

*Math.* Pox on her, let her alone.

*Bel.* O aye, pray do; if you be gentlemen,
I pray depart the house. Beshrew the door
For being so easily entreated; faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk;
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth,
And so your words did unregarded pass:
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

*Fluel.* I am not what I was! no, I'll be sworn thou art not: for thou wert honest at five, and now thou'rt a punk at fifteen; thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now thou'rt a cunning coney-catching baggage to-day.

*Bel.* I'll say, I'm worse; I pray forsake me, then;
I do desire you leave me, gentlemen,
And leave yourselves: O, be not what you are,
Spendthrifts of soul and body!
Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots,
Worse than the deadliest poisons; they are worse,
For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse.
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish:
They're seldom blest with fruit; for, ere it blossoms,
Many a worm confounds it.
They have no issue, but foul ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'en to their graves;
For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases;
And all you gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French infant, which ne'er acts, but speaks.
What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gallant,
Would waste all his inheritance to purchase
A filthy loathed disease, and pawn his body
To a dry evil? That usury's worst of all,
When the interest will eat out the principal.

*Math.* 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em the best! This is always her fashion, when she would be rid of any company, that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

*Fluel.* What's here? icistructions, admonitions, and caveats! Come out, you scabbard of vengeance.

*Math.* Fluello, spurn your hounds when they foist; you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell you; my blood is vext.

*Fluel.* Pox o' your blood! make it a quarrel.

*Math.* You're a slave; will that serve turn?

*Omnes.* 'Sblood, hold, hold!

*Cast. Math. Fluel.* For shame put up.

*Math.* Spurn my sweet varlet!

*Bel.* O how many thus,
Moved with a little folly, have let out
Their souls in brothel houses! fell down, and die
Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride.

*Fluel.* Matheo, we shall meet.

*Math.* Aye, aye, any where, saving at church pray take heed we meet not there.

*Fluel.* Adieu, damnation!

*Cast.* Cockatrice, farewell!

*Pior.* There's more deceit in women, than in hell. [*Exeunt.*

*Math.* Ha, ha! thou dost gull 'em so rarely so naturally! if I did not think thou had'st been in earnest. Thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

*Bel.* Why are not you gone too, signior Matheo? I pray, depart my house; you may believe me In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

*Math.* How's this?

*Bel.* Indeed, I love you not; but hate you worse
Than any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my soul. You brake the ice,
Which after turned a puddle: I was led
By your temptation to be miserable.
I pray, seek out some other that will fall,
Or, rather, (I pray,) seek out none at all.

*Math.* Is't possible to be? Impossible! An honest whore! I have heard many honest wenches turn strumpets, with a wet finger; but for a harlot to turn honest, is one of Hercules's labours. It was more easy for him, in one night, to make fifty queans, than to make one of them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope, thou dost but jest.

*Bel.* 'Tis time to leave off jesting, I had almost Jested away salvation: I shall love you,
If you will soon forsake me.

*Math.* God be with thee.

*Bel.* Oh, tempt no more women; shun their weighty curse!
Women (at best) are bad, make them not worse.
You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,
But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence;
To marry with me?

*Math.* How! marry with a punk, a cockatrice,

---

[51] *Cockatrice*—See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*, postea.

[52] *The shot*,—i. e. *the reckoning*; a term still used in many parts of the kingdom.

a harlot? marry, foh! I'll be burnt thorough the nose first.

*Bel.* Why, lah? these are your oaths: you love to undo us,
To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste;
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

*Math.* I'll hear no more of this, this ground upon;
Thou'rt damned, for altering thy religion. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* Thy lust and sin speak so much: go thou, my ruin!
The first fall my soul took. By my example,
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under men's girdles; who least trusts, is most wise:
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.
My best of wit be ready; now I go,
By some device to greet Hipolito. [*Exit.*

## SCENE X.

*Enter a Servant, setting out a Table; on which he places a Skull, a Picture, a Book, and a Taper.*

*Serv.* So, this is Monday morning; and now must I to my housewifery. Would I had been created a shoemaker; for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every Monday by their copy, and scorn (then) to work one true stitch. My master means, sure, to turn me into a student; for here's my book, here my desk, here my light; this my close chamber, and here my punk: so that this dull drowsy first day of the week makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half a painter, half a sexton, aye, and half a bawd; for all this day my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back's turned, will be naught together.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Hip.* Are all the windows shut?

*Serv.* Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that hath stood in three reigns.

*Hip.* Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st
The calendar, both of my solemn vows
And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone.
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

*Serv.* If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them.
What will your lordship have to breakfast?

*Hip.* Sighs.

*Serv.* What to dinner?

*Hip.* Tears.

*Serv.* The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind; the other wet you too much.—What to supper?

*Hip.* That which, now, thou canst not get me; the constancy of a woman.

*Serv.* Indeed, that's harder to come by, than ever was Ostend.[53]

*Hip.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Serv.* I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords; but rather help to make them away.—Now to my door-keeping; I hope to pick something out of it. [*Exit.*

*Hip.* My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek; and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art!
True love's best pictured in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead!
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?
Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's.
'Las! say it were, I need not fear him now:
For all his braves, his contumelious breath;
His frowns, though dagger-pointed; all his plot,
Though ne'er so mischievous; his Italian pills;
His quarrels; and that common fence, his law;
See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one;
How clean they're pickt away to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals, then, to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that sumpter-horse,[54] the back,
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul;

---

[53] *Ostend.*—The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our ancient writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola, on the 8th of September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks.—See "*A True History of the Memorable Siege of* OSTEND, *and what passed on either side, from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the Town.*" 4to, 1604.

[54] *Sumpter-horse,*—A horse that carries the necessaries and expenses for a journey.

Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.
What fools are men, to build a garish[55] tomb,
Only to save the carcase whilst it rots;
To maintain't long in stinking, make good carion,
But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound;
For good deeds keep men sweet long above ground.
And must all come to this? fools, wise, all hither?
Must all heads thus at last be laid together?
Draw me my picture, then, thou grave neat workman,
After this fashion, not like this; these colours,
In time, kissing but air, will be kissed off;
But here's a fellow, that which he lays on,
Till doom's-day alters not complexion.
Death's the best painter, then. They that draw shapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes;
They come but near the life, and there they stay:
This fellow draws life too; his art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

*Enter his Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's a person would speak with you, sir.

*Hip.* Ha!

*Serv* A parson, sir, would speak with you.

*Hip.* Vicar?

*Serv.* Vicar! no, sir, h'as too good a face to be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

*Hip.* What youth? of man or woman? lock the doors.

*Serv.* If it be woman, marrow-bones and potatoe-pies[56] keep me from meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches! 'Tis a male-varlet,[57] sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor ne'er measured him.

*Hip.* Let him give thee his message, and be gone.

*Serv.* He says, he's Signor Matheo's man; but I know he lies.

*Hip.* How dost thou know it.

*Serv.* 'Cause he has ne'er a beard; 'tis his boy, I think, sir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.

*Hip.* Send him in, and keep the door.—

[Reads.] *Fata si liceat mihi,*
*Fingere arbitrio me,*
*Temperem zephyro levi vela.*

I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the ocean;
Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feel no bruise.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT, *like a Page.*

How! from Matheo?

*Bel.* Yes, my lord.

*Hip.* Art sick?

*Bel.* Not all in health, my lord.

*Hip.* Keep off.

*Bel.* I do.—
Hard fate, when women are compelled to wooe. [*Aside.*

*Hip.* This paper does speak nothing.

*Bel.* Yes, my lord,
Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ
In hidden characte; to me instruction
My master gives, and (lest you please to stay
Till you both meet) I'll in the text display.

*Hip.* Do so; read out.

*Bel.* I am already at it;
Look on my face, and read the strangest story!

*Enter his Servant.*

*Hip.* What, villain, ho!

*Serv.* Call you, my lord?

*Hip.* Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.

*Serv.* Lord bless us, where? he's not cloven, my lord, that I can see; besides, the devil goes more like a gentleman than a page; good my lord, *boon couragio.*

*Hip.* Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,
And thou art damned for't.

*Serv.* Not damned, I hope, for putting in a woman to a lord.

*Hip.* Fetch me my rapier,—do not; I shall kill thee,
Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runs upon me thus: Slave, thrust her hence.

*Serv.* Alas! my lord, I shall never be able to thrust her hence without help.—Come, mermaid, you must to sea again.

*Bel.* Hear me but speak, my words shall be all music;
Hear me but speak.

*Hip.* Another beats the door,
T'other she-devil! look.

*Serv.* Why, then, hell's broke loose. [*Exit.*

*Hip.* Hence, guard the chamber; let no more come on;
One woman serves for man's damnation.—
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e'er was entered in the court of heaven.
[58] I was on meditation's spotless wings,
Upon my journey thither; like a storm,
Thou beats my ripened cogitations
Flat to the ground; and like a thief doth stand,
To steal devotion from the holy land.

*Bel.* If woman were thy mother; if thy heart

---

[55] *Garish,*—See Note 34 to *Edward II.*

[56] *Potatoe-pies,*—See Note to *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 166. edit. 1778.

[57] *Male-varlet,*—So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 5. S. 1: "Thou art thought to be Achilles' *male-varlet.*"

[58] *I was on meditation's spotless wings.*—So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 1:

"Haste, let me know it; that I, with *wings* as swift
As *meditation*, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge."

Be not all marble; or, if't marble be,
Let my tears soften it, to pity me.
I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
Destroy a woman.

*Hip.* Woman, I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not;
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen.
I cannot love thee: for I must not: See
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.

*Bel.* She's dead you told me, she'll let fall her suit.

*Hip.* My vows to her, and after her to heaven:
Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold her,
Watching, upon yon battlements of stars.
How I observe them! Should I break my bond,
This board would rive in twain; these wooden lips,
Call me most perjured villain! Let it suffice,
I ha' set thee in the path; is't not a sign
I love thee, when with one so most most dear,
I'll have thee fellows? all are fellows there.

*Bel.* Be greater than a king; save not a body,
But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul;
If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

*Hip.* Stay, and take physic for it; read this book;
Ask counsel of this head what's to be done,
He'll strike it dead, that 'tis damnation,
If you turn Turk again.[59] Oh, do it not!
Though heaven cannot allure you to do well,
From doing ill let hell fright you; and learn this,
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride; and maidens' souls are such.
The soul that, leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.
How now! who comes?

*Enter his Servant.*

*Serv.* No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks. Here's a letter from Doctor Benedict; I would not enter his man, though he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman; for some women have beards, marry, they are half witches.[60] 'Slid, you are a sweet youth to wear a codpiece,[61] and have no pins to stick upon't.

*Hip.* I'll meet the Doctor, tell him; yet to-night
I cannot: but at morrow rising sun
I will not fail. Go;—woman, fare-thee-well.
[*Exeunt.*

*Bel.* The lowest fall can be but into hell.
It does not move him. I must therefore fly
From this undoing city, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my father's brow.
He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new-born.
A woman honest first, and then turn whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more;
But from a strumpet to turn chaste; that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

*Enter* FUSTIGO, CRAMBO, *and* POLI.

*Fust.* Hold up your hands, gentlemen; here's one, two, three,—nay, I warrant they are sound pistols,[62] and without flaws; I had them of my sister, and I know she uses to put nothing that's crackt,—three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine: By this hand, bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linen-draper's, remember. Stand to't, I beseech you; and play your parts perfectly.

*Cram.* Look you, signior, 'tis not your gold that we weigh.

*Fust.* Nay, nay, weigh it, and spare not; if it lack one grain of corn,
I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

---

[59] *Turn Turk again.*—To turn *Turk*, seems to have been a cant phrase for departing from the rules of chastity. So children born out of wedlock are frequently termed *Pagans*; as in the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 1. Vol. VI. p. 67. edit. 1778,

"Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience; th' other two are *Pagans*."

[60] *Half witches.*—One of the distinguishing qualities of a witch is supposed to have been hair on her chin.

[61] *Codpiece.*—"Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shewn as John of Gaunt's, in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France.—See *Montaigne*, chap. 22. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal wardens of the Tower, till forbidden by authority."—Mr Steevens's Note to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2. S. 7. See also figure 8, in Plate 20, of Strutt's *View of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the Inhabitants of England*, Vol. III.

[62] *Sound pistols,*—I suppose Fustigo means the Spanish coin, *pistoles*. S.

*Cram.* But by your favour, signior, which of the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

*Fust.* Marry, 'tis the head man; you shall taste him by his tongue. A pretty tall, prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

*Poli.* Tuscalonian! very good.

*Fust.* Cods life! I was ne'er so thrumbed since I was a gentleman; my coxcomb was dry-beaten, as if my hair had been hemp.

*Cram.* We'll dry-beat some of them.

*Fust.* Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried murder out very manfully. I have her consent, in a manner, to have him peppered, else I'll not do't to win more than ten cheaters do at a rifling. Break but his pate, or so, only his mazer;[63] because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linen-draper, and may take enough. I could enter my action of battery against him, but we may, perhaps, be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

*Cram.* No more to do, but insconce yourself i'the tavern. Provide no great cheer; a couple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, and orangado-pie, or so.—But how bloody soe'er the day be, sally you not forth.

*Fust.* No, no; nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink. I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in a manger.

*Cram.* Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough; your belly full.

*Fust.* That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst after; blood for blood, bump for bumb, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster, and so farewell. What shall I call your names; because I'll leave word, if any such come to the bar?

*Cram.* My name is corporal Crambo.

*Poli.* And mine, lieutenant Poli.

*Cram.* Poli is as tall a man as ever opened oysters:
I would not be the devil to meet Poli. Farewell.

*Fust.* Nor I, by this light, if Poli be such a Poli. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Candido's *Wife, in her Shop, and the two 'Prentices.*

*Wife.* What's a clock now?

*2 Pren.* 'Tis almost twelve.

*Wife.* That's well.
The senate will leave wording presently:
But is George ready?

*2 'Pren.* Yes, forsooth, he's furbisht.

*Wife.* Now, as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him
With the like awe, as if he were your master;
Let not your looks betray it with a smile,
Or leering glance, to any customer.
Keep a true settled countenance; and beware
You laugh not, whatsoever you hear or see.

*2 'Pren.* I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for keeping our countenance: for, if I list, there is never a fool in all Milan shall make me laugh, let him play the fool never so like an ass; whether it be the fat court-fool, or the lean city-fool.

*Wife.* Enough, then, call down George.

*2 'Pren.* I hear him coming.

*Enter* George.

*Wife.*[64] Be ready with your legs, then let me see
How courtesy would become him.—Gallantly!
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man;
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

*George.* I thank you, mistress; my back's broad enough, now my master's gown's on.

*Wife.* Sure I should think it were the least of sin,
To mistake the master, and to let him in.

*George.* 'Twere a good comedy of errors that, i'faith.

*2 'Pren.*[65] Whist, whist; my master!

*Enter* Candido, *and exit presently.*

*Wife.* You all know your task.—God's my life, what's that he has got upon his back? who can tell?

*George.* That can I, but I will not.

*Wife.* Girt about him like a madman! what, has he lost his cloak too? This is the maddest fashion that e'er I saw. What said he, George, when he passed by thee?

*George.* Troth, mistress, nothing: not so much as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cuckold, he did not ha: neither hum, hem, nor ha; only stared me in the face, past along, and made haste in, as if my looks had worked with him to give him a stool.

*Wife.* Sure he's vext now, this trick has moved his spleen;
He's angered now, because he uttered nothing;
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.

---

[63] *Only his mazer,*—So, in Dekkar's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603: "——thinking the canues had flyen about, cryed, Zoundes! what do you mean to *cracke my mazer?*" The term is even yet in vulgar use, for *the face.*

[64] *Be ready with your legs,*—i. e. with your *bows.* See Note 20 to *The Parson's Wedding.*

[65] *Whist, whist.*—Be silent. See Mr Steevens's Note to *Tempest*, A. 1. S. 2.

May be he'll strive for place, when he comes down;
But, if thou lovest me, George, afford him none.

*George.* Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as long as my mistress warrants me: I am sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorn to give place to any that is inferior in apparel to me; that's an axiom, a principle, and is observed as much as the fashion. Let that persuade you, then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chain will maintain it.

*Wife.* Spoke with the spirit of a master, though with the tongue of a 'prentice.

*Enter* CANDIDO *like a 'Prentice.*

Why, how now, madman? what, in your tricksi-coats?

*Cand.* O, peace, good mistress.

*Enter* CRAMBO *and* POLI.

See what you lack, what is't you buy? pure callicoes, fine hollands, choice cambricks, neat lawns: see, what you buy. Pray come near, my master will use you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

*Wife.* Aye, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.

*Cand.* Pray, see your choice here, gentlemen.

*Wife.* O fine fool! what a madman, a patient madman? who ever heard of the like? Well, sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently: what, cross-points? I'll untie 'em all in a trice, I'll vex you, faith!—Boy, take your cloak; quick, come. [*Exit.*

*Cand.* Be covered, George; this chain, and welted gown,[66]
Bare to this coat? Then the world's upside down.

*George.* Umh, umh, hum.

*Cram.* That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

*Poli.* Aye, but the master is walking in there.

*Cram.* No matter, we'll in.

*Poli.* 'Sblood, dost long to lie in limbo?

*Cram.* And limbo be in hell, I care not.

*Cand.* Look you, gentlemen, your choice; cambricks?

*Cram.* No, sir, some shirting.

*Cand.* You shall.

*Cram.* Have you none of this striped canvass for doublets?

*Cand.* None striped, sir, but plain.

*2 'Pren.* I think there be one piece striped within.

*George.* Step, sirrah, and fetch it; hum, hum, hum.

*Cand.* Look you, gentlemen, I'll make but one spreading; here's a piece of cloth, fine, yet shall wear like iron. 'Tis without fault; take this upon my word; 'tis without fault.

*Cram.* Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.

*Cand.* Aye, and a number more. O that each soul
Were but as spotless as this innocent white,
And had as few breaks in it!

*Cram.* 'Twould have some, then.—There was a fray here last day in this shop.

*Cand.* There was indeed a little flea biting.

*Poli.* A gentleman had his pate broke; call you that but a flea-biting?

*Cand.* He had so.

*Cram.* Zowns, do you stand in't? [*He strikes him.*

*George.* 'Sfoot, clubs, clubs! 'prentices, down with 'em! Ah, you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop?

*Cand.* None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good George.

*Cram.* I beseech you, sir; we mistook our marks; deliver us our weapons.

*George.* Your head bleeds, sir; cry, clubs.

*Cand.* I say, you shall not; pray be patient.
Give them their weapons: Sirs, you'd best be gone;
I tell you, here are boys more tough than bears;
Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

*Both.* We thank you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Cand.* You shall not follow them:
Let them alone, pray, this did me no harm;
Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm:
I thank 'em for't; besides, I had decreed
To have a vein prickt, I did mean to bleed,
So that there's money saved; they are honest men,
Pray use 'em well when they appear again.

*George.* Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

*Cand.* Aye, well said, George; like honest

---

[66] *Welted gown.*—Barret, in his *Alvearie*, voce *gard*, explains the word as synonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. *A welted gown* is, therefore, one ornamented with purfles or fringe. They are often mentioned in ancient writers.

Green's *History of Fryer Bacon*, 1630, Sign. H 3: "I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see; markc you, masters, here's a plain honest man without *welt* or gard."

Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, A. 4. S 7: "Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a *welt* o'the one, and a canonical cloak with sleeves o'the other," &c.

Green's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1592: "Presentlie, loking about for more, comes stalking down an aged grave Sir, in a blacke velvet coat, and a black cloth gowne, *welted* and faced."

Ibid. "I saw five fat fellowes, all in damaske cotes and gownes, *welted* with velvet, verie brave."

Dekkar's *Belman's Night-walkes*, Sign. D 4: "—thou shalt meete rich drunkards under *welted gowns*."

men, though they be arrant knaves; for that's the praise of the city.—Help to lay up these wares.

*Enter his Wife, with Officers.*

*Wife.* Yonder he stands.

*Offi.* What, in a 'prentice coat?

*Wife.* Aye, aye, mad, mad; pray take heed.

*Cand.* How now! what news with them? what make they with my wife? Officers! is she attached? Look to your wares.

*Wife.* He talks to himself! Oh, he's much gone, indeed!

*Offi.* Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful.—
Sirs, heark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

*Wife.* Aye, aye, by degrees, I pray: oh, me! what makes he with the lawn in his hand? he'll tear all the ware in my shop.

*Offi.* Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

*Wife.* O, you had need do so. Pray take heed of your warrant.

*Offi.* I warrant, mistress.—Now, Signior Candido.

*Cand.* Now, sir, what news with you, sir?

*Wife.* What news with you, he says. Oh, he's far gone!

*Offi.* I pray, fear nothing; let's alone with him.—
Signior, you look not like yourself, methinks;
(Steal you at t'other side;) you are changed, you're altered.

*Cand.* Changed, sir? why, true, sir. Is change strange? 'tis not the fashion, unless it alter. Monarchs turn to beggars; beggars creep into the nests of princes; masters serve their 'prentices; ladies their serving-men; men turn to women.

*Offi.* And women turn to men.

*Cand.* Aye, and women turn to men; you say true: ha, ha! a mad world, a mad world!

*Offi.* Have we caught you, sir?

*Cand.* Caught me? well, well, you have caught me.

*Wife.* He laughs in your faces.

*George.* A rescue, 'prentices! my master's catch-poled.

*Offi.* I charge you keep the peace, or have your legs gartered with irons. We have from the duke a warrant strong enough for what we do.

*Cand.* I pray rest quiet; I desire no rescue.

*Wife.* La! he desires no rescue; 'las, poor heart!
He talks against himself.

*Cand.* Well, what's the matter?

*Offi.* Look to that arm;
Pray, make sure work; double the cord.

*Cand.* Why, why?

*Wife.* Look, how his head goes! should he get but loose,
Oh, 'twere as much as all our lives were worth.

*Offi.* Fear not, we'll make sure for our own safety.

*Cand.* Are you at leisure now? well, what's the matter?
Why do I enter into bonds thus? ha?

*Offi.* Because you're mad; put fear upon your wife.

*Wife.* Oh, ay; I went in danger of my life every minute!

*Cand.* What? am I mad say you, and I not know it?

*Offi.* That proves you mad, because you know it not.

*Wife.* Pray talk as little to him as you can;
You see he's too far spent.

*Cand.* Bound with strong cord?
A silver thread, i'faith, had been enough
To lead me any where. Wife, do you long?
You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.

*Geo.* But are you mad, indeed, master?

*Cand.* My wife says so;
And what she says, George, is all truth, you know:
And whither now? to Bethlem monast'ry?—ha! whither?

*Offi.* Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

*Cand.* A God's name: still I feel my patience sound. [*Exeunt.*

*Geo.* Come, we'll see whither he goes. If the master be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps; we'll be mad-caps too. Farewell, mistress; you shall have us all in Bedlam. [*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* I think I ha' fitted now you and your clothes;
If this move not his patience, nothing can;
I'll swear then I have a saint, and not a man. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* DUKE, DOCTOR, FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO.

*Duke.* Give us a little leave.—Doctor, your news.

*Doct.* I sent for him, my lord: at last he came,
And did receive all speech that went from me,
As gilded pills made to prolong his health.
My credit with him wrought it. For some men
Swallow even empty hooks; like fools, that fear
No drowning where 'tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear.
In th'end we sat, and eat: a health I drank
To Infelice's sweet departed soul;
—This train I knew would take.

*Duke.* 'Twas excellent.

*Doct.* He fell with such devotion on his knees,
To pledge the same—

*Duke.* Fond superstitious fool!

*Doct.* That had he been inflamed with zeal of prayer,
He could not pour't out with more reverence.
About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek;
Kissed it, and swore he would adore my lips,
Because they brought forth Infelice's name.

*Duke.* Ha, ha, alack, alack!
*Doct.* The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said,
Here, noble maid! drinks, and was poisoned.
*Duke.* And died?
*Doct.* And died, my lord.
*Duke.* Thou in that word
Hast pieced mine aged hours out with more years
Than thou hast taken from Hipolito.
A noble youth he was; but lesser branches
Hindering the greater's growth, must be lopt off,
And feed the fire. Doctor, w'are now all thine;
And use us so: be bold.
*Doct.* Thanks, gracious lord:
My honoured lord—
*Duke.* Hum.
*Doct.* I do beseech your grace, to bury deep
This bloody act of mine.
*Duke.* Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, look you to't; me it shall not move;
They're curst that ill do, not that ill do love.
*Doct.* You throw an angry forehead on my face;
But be you pleased backward thus for to look,
That for your good this ill I undertook.
*Duke.* Aye, aye, we construe so.
*Doct.* And only for your love.
*Duke.* Confest; 'tis true.
*Doct.* Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence: nor believe
(As princes have quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand;
But that for gold (as what can gold not do?)
I may be hired to work she like on you.
*Duke.* Which to prevent—
*Doct.* 'Tis from my heart as far—
*Duke.* No matter, Doctor; 'cause I'll fearless sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
I banish thee for ever from my court.
This principle is old, but true as fate;
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.
[*Exit.*
*Doct.* Is't so? Nay then, Duke, your stale principle
With one as stale the Doctor thus shall quit;
He falls himself that digs another's pit.
How now? where is he? will he meet me?

*Enter the Doctor's Man.*

*Doctor's Man.* Meet you, sir? He might have met with three fencers in this time, and have received less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physic. Why, sir, he has walk'd under the old Abbey wall yonder this hour, till he's more cold than a citizen's country-house in January. You may smell him behind, sir: la you, yonder he comes!
*Doct.* Leave me.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Doctor's Man.* I'the lurch, if you will. [*Exit.*
*Doct.* O, my most noble friend!
*Hip.* Few but yourself
Could have inticed me thus, to trust the air
With my close sighs. You sent for me, what news?
*Doct.* Come, you must [66] d'off this black; dye that pale cheek
Into his own colour. Go, attire yourself
Fresh as a bridegroom, when he meets his bride.
The duke has done much treason to thy love:
'Tis now reveal'd; 'tis now to be revenged.
Be merry, honour'd friend; thy lady lives.
*Hip.* What lady?
*Doct.* Infelice, she's revived.
Revived! alack, death never had the heart
To take breath from her.
*Hip.* Umh, I thank you, sir:
Physic prolongs life, when it cannot save;
This helps not my hopes; mine are in their grave:
You do some wrong to mock me.
*Doct.* By that love,
Which I have ever borne you, what I speak
Is truth; the maiden lives: that funeral,
Duke's tears, the mourning, was all counterfeit:
A sleepy draught cozen'd the world and you.
I was his minister; and then chamber'd up,
To stop discovery.
*Hip.* O treacherous Duke!
*Doct.* He cannot hope so certainly for bliss,
As he believes that I have poison'd you.
He woo'd me to't; I yielded, and confirm'd him
In his most bloody thoughts.
*Hip.* A very devil!
*Doct.* Her did he closely coach to Bergamo;
And thither——
*Hip.* Will I ride: stood Bergamo
In the low countries of back hell, I'll to her.
*Doct.* You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.
How passion makes you fly beyond yourself!
Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off;
For she by letters hath intelligence
Of your supposed death, her own interment,
And all those plots which that false duke her father
Has wrought against you; and she'll meet you—
*Hip.* O, when?
*Doct.* Nay, see, how covetous are your desires!

---

[66] *Doff*—To *doff*, is *to do off*, to put off. So, in *King John*, A. 3. S. 1:

"Thou wear a lion's hide! *doff* it for shame."

See Mr Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 3.

Early to-morrow morn.
*Hip.* O where, good father?
*Doct.* At Bethlem monastery. Are you pleased now?
*Hip.* At Bethlem monastery! the place well fits;
It is the school where those that lose their wits
Practice again to get them. I am sick
Of that disease; all love is lunatic.
*Doct.* We'll steal away this night in some disguise.
Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,
Expects our coming; before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bonds
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.
*Hip.* This is such happiness,
That to believe it,—'tis impossible.
*Doct.* Let all your joys then die in misbelief;
I will reveal no more.
*Hip.* O yes, good father!
I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope; I believe all.
*Doct.* We'll hence this night; much must be done, much said:
But, if the doctor fail not in his charms,
Your lady shall ere morning fill those arms.
*Hip.* Heavenly physician! far thy fame shall spread,
That makest two lovers speak, when they be dead.
[*Exeunt.*

CANDIDO'S *Wife, and* GEORGE, PIORATTO *meets them.*

*Wife.* O watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes.
*Geo.* Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.
*Wife.* Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?
*Pio.* He's upon coming, mistress. [*Exit.*
*Wife.* I thank you, sir.—George, are there many mad folks where thy master lies?
*Geo.* O, yes; of all countries some, but especially mad Greeks: they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world is alter'd with you; you had not wont to stand thus, with a paper, humbly complaining: but you're well enough served. Provender prickt you, as it does many of our city-wives besides.
*Wife.* Do'st think, George, we shall get him forth?
*Geo.* Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 'tis strange! 'Sfoot, I have known many women that have had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman to long to turn a tame man into a madman—why the devil himself was never used so by his dam.
*Wife.* How does he talk, George? ha, good George, tell me.
*Geo.* Why, you'd best go see.
*Wife.* Alas, I'm afraid!
*Geo.* Afraid! you had more need be ashamed; he may rather be afraid of you.
*Wife.* But, George, he's not stark mad, is he? he does not rave? he's not horn-mad, George, is he?
*Geo.* Nay, I know not that; but he talks like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.
*Wife.* I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him; I shall be sick, till I see him; yet when I do see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.
*Geo.* I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes; that's as true, as to say a man's cloak burns when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress; [67] but what says the painted cloth?

*Trust not a woman when she cries;*
*For she'll pump water from her eyes,*
*With a wet finger; and in faster showers,*
*Than April when he rains down flowers.*

*Wife.* Aye, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying; all women have not tears at will, unless they have good cause.
*Geo.* Aye, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause? and as one of our cheese-trenchers says, very learnedly,

*As out of wormwood bees suck honey;*
*As from poor clients lawyers firk money;*
*As parsley from a roasted coney;*
*So, though the day be ne'er so sunny,*
*If wives will have it rain, down then it drives;*
*The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.*

*Wife.* Tame, George! but I ha' done storming now.
*Geo.* Why, that's well done, good mistress; throw aside this fashion of your humour; be not phantastical in wearing it; storm no more, long no more.—This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the Duke!

*Enter* DUKE, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, SINEZI.

*Wife.* Oh, I beseech you pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant;
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.
*Duke.* Who is her husband?
*Fluel.* Candido, my lord.
*Duke.* Where is he?
*Wife.* He's among the lunatics.

---

67 *But what says the painted cloth?*—This alludes to the fashion in the old tapestry-hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. See Notes by Mr Theobald and Mr Steevens on *As you like it*, A. 3. S. 1. where several instances are given of the use of the words.

He was a man made up without a gall;
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meek blood into fury; yet like a monster,
I often beat at the most constant rock
Of his unshaken patience, and did long
To vex him.

*Duke.* Did you so?

*Wife.* And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your grace to carry him
To Bethlem-monastery; whence they will not free him
Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

*Duke.* You have longed fair; 'tis you are mad, I fear:
It's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there.
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

*Geo.* And please your grace, he's not stark-mad; but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat phantastically; that's all: there's a thousand about your court, city, and country, madder than he.

*Duke.* Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

*Geo.* Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.

[68] *Duke.* Get pen and ink, get pen and ink.

*Enter* CASTRUCHIO.

*Cast.* Where is my lord the duke?

*Duke.* How now? more madmen!

*Cast.* I have strange news, my lord.

*Duke.* Of what? of whom?

*Cast.* Of Infelice, and a marriage.

*Duke.* Ha! where? with whom?

*Cast.* Hipolito.

*Geo.* Here, my lord.

*Duke.* Hence with that woman! void the room!

*Fluel.* Away; the duke's vex'd.

*Geo.* Whoop! come, mistress, the duke's mad too. [*Exeunt.*

*Duke.* Who told me that Hipolito was dead?

*Cast.* He that can make any man dead, the Doctor. But, my lord, he's as full of life as wild-fire, and as quick. Hipolito, the doctor, and one more, rid hence this evening; the inn at which they light is Bethlem-monastery. Infelice comes from Bergamo, and meets them there. Hipolito is mad, for he means this day to be married. The afternoon is the hour, and friar Anselmo is the knitter.

*Duke.* From Bergamo! is't possible? it cannot be,
It cannot be.

*Cast.* I will not swear, my lord;
But this intelligence I took from one
Whose brains work in the plot.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Cast.* Matheo.

*Fluel.* Matheo knows all.

*Pior.* He's Hipolito's bosom.

*Duke.* How far stands Bethlem hence?

*Omnes.* Six or seven miles.

*Duke.* Is't even so?
Not married till the afternoon, you say?
Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention.
How? this is most strange; can none
But madmen serve to dress their wedding-dinner?
All of you get presently to horse,
Disguise yourselves like country gentlemen,
Or riding citizens, or so; and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem monastery, some space of time
Being spent between the arrival each of other,
As if we came to see the lunatics.
To horse! away! be secret on your lives;
Love must be punished, that unjustly thrives.
[*Exeunt.*

*Fluel.* Be secret on your lives! Castruchio,
You're but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord!
Good lady! zounds, their love is just, 'tis good;
And I'll prevent you, though I swim in blood.
[*Exit.*

*Enter Friar* ANSELMO, HIPOLITO, MATHOE, INFELICIA.

*Hip.* Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.

*Ans.* You press me to an act, both full of danger
And full of happiness; for I behold
Your father's frowns, his threats: nay, perhaps death,
To him that dare do this: yet, noble lord,
Such comfortable beams break through these clouds
By this blest marriage, that (your honour'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence) I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

*Hip.* Tush, fear not the duke.

*Ans.* O son, wisely to fear, is to be free from fear.

*Hip.* You have our words, and you shall have our lives
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

*Math.* Aye, aye, chop 'em up and away.

*Ans.* Stay, when is't fit for me, safest for you
To entertain this business?

*Hip.* Not till the evening.

*Ans.* Be't so: there's a chapel stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the Abbey-wall;
Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,
I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice
Can break the sacred bond; yet, lady, here you are most safe.

*Inf.* Father, your love's most dear.

*Math.* Aye, well said; lock us into some little

---

[68] *Duke*—The first edition gives this speech to *Castruchio*.

oom by ourselves, that we may be mad for an hour or two.

*Hip.* O, good Matheo, no; let's make no noise.

*Math.* How! no noise! do you know where you are? 'sfoot, amongst all the mad-caps in Milan: so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, and no man will suspect that we lurk here [68] to steal mutton. The more sober we are, the more scurvy 'tis; and though the friar tells us, that here we are safest, I'm not of his *mind*; for, if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look after them; but here are none but those that have lost their wits; so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come, and my reason is because none goes to be married till he be stark-mad.

*Hip.* Muffle yourselves; yonder's Fluello.

*Enter* Fluello.

*Math.* Zounds!

*Fluel.* O, my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain: the tempest is too great; I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

*Math.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fluel.* What's the matter! you have matter'd it fair: the duke's at hand.

*Omnes.* The duke!

*Fluel.* The very duke.

*Hip.* Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads; and we are blown up with our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how, how comes he? what villain durst betray our being here?

*Fluel.* Castruchio; Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo here told Castruchio.

*Hip.* Would you betray me to Castruchio?

*Math.* 'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell, if he spake on't again.

*Hip.* So did you swear to me; so were you damn'd.

*Math.* Pox on'em! and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe oaths. [69] He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips.

*Hip.* O God, O God!

*Ans.* Son, be not desperate, have patience, you shall trip your enemy down by his own sleights. How far is the duke hence?

*Fluel.* He's but new set out: Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi, come along with him: you have time enough yet to prevent them, if you have but courage.

*Ans.* You shall steal secretly into the chapel,
And presently be married. If the duke
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,
You shall 'scape hence like friars.

*Hip.* O blest disguise! O happy man!

*Ans.* Talk not of happiness, till your closed hand
Have her by the forehead, like the lock of time.
Be not too slow, nor hasty, now you climb
Up to the tower of bliss; only be wary
And patient, that's all. If you like my plot,
Build and dispatch; if not, (farewell) then not.

*Hip.* O, yes, we do applaud it; we'll dispute
No longer, but will hence and execute.
Fluello, you'll stay here; let us be gone.
The ground that freighted lovers tread upon
Is stuck with thorns.

*Ans.* Come, then, away. 'Tis meet,
To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet.

[*Exeunt* Anselmo, Hipolito, *and* Infelicia.

*Math.* No words, I pray, Fluello; for it stands us upon.

*Fluel.* Oh, sir, let that be your lesson.
Alas, poor lovers! on what hopes and fears
Men toss themselves for women! when she's got,
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter the* Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto, *and* Sinezi, *from several Doors, muffled.*

*Duke.* Who's there?

*Cast.* My lord!

*Duke.* Peace, send that lord away;
A lordship will spoil all: let's be all fellows.
What's he?

*Cast.* Fluello; or Sinezi, by his little legs.

*Omnes.* All friends, all friends.

*Duke.* What! met upon the very point of time.
Is this the place?

*Pior.* This is the place, my lord.

*Duke.* Dream you on lordships! come, no more lords, pray.
You have not seen these lovers yet?

*Omnes.* Not yet.

---

[68] *To steal mutton*—i. e. to steal a wench. *Mutton*, in the language of the times, signified a *fille de joye*. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger and Dekkar, A. 2. S. 2: "She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after *mutton*, than catch-poles after prisoners."

Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, A. 5: "I have a *piece of mutton* and a feather-bed for you at all times."

Green's *Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, Sign. H. 1: "the old lecher hath gotten *holy mutton* to him, a nunne, my lord."

Again, Bellafront says in the present Scene: "Baa! lamb, there you lie; for I am *mutton*."

*Laced mutton* is frequently mentioned in Shakespeare and other writers. See the Notes of Mr Theobald, Mr Steevens, and Mr Malone, on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 1. S. 1.

[69] *He took bread and salt*—See Note 41 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 112.

Again, in Barnaby Rich's *Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 29: "I will trust him better, that offereth to sweare *by bread and salt*, then him that offereth to sweare by the Bible."

*Duke.* Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat
Is not till afternoon?
*Cast* So 'tis given out, my lord.
*Duke.* Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must observe their hours:
Lovers watch minutes like astronomers.
How shall the interim hours by us be spent?
*Fluel.* Let's all go see the madmen.
*Omnes.* Mass! content.

*Enter* TOWN, *like a Sweeper.*

[69]*Duke.* Oh, here comes one; question him, question him.
*Fluel.* How now, honest fellow? dost thou belong to the house?
*Town.* Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements; I sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em; and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I was a mad wag myself here once; but I thank father Anselmo, he lashed me into my right mind again.
*Duke.* Anselmo is the friar must marry them; Question him where he is.
*Cast.* And where is father Anselmo, now?
*Town.* Marry, he's gone but e'en now.
*Duke.* Aye, well done; tell me, whither is he gone?
*Town.* Why, to God Almighty.
*Fluel.* Ha, ha, this fellow is a fool, talks idly.
*Pior.* Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan brought hither?
*Town.* How, all? there's a question, indeed! Why, if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the city.
*Duke.* Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?
*Town.* Oh yes, abundance, abundance! lands no sooner fall into their hands, but strait they run out o' their wits. Citizens' sons and heirs are free of the house by their fathers' copy. Farmers' sons come hither like geese, in flocks; and, when they ha' sold all their corn-fields, here they sit and pick the straws.
*Sin.* Methinks you should have women here, as well as men.
*Town.* Oh, aye: a plague on 'em, [70] there's no ho with them; they are madder than March-hares.
*Fluel.* Are there no lawyers here amongst you?
*Town.* Oh no, not one: never any lawyer. We dare not let a lawyer come in; for he'll make 'em mad faster than we can recover 'em.
*Duke.* And how long is't ere you recover any of these?
*Town.* Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's son will be mad a great while, a very great while; especially if his friends left him well. A whore will hardly come to her wits again. A puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple, and hang himself i'the bell-ropes.
*Fluel.* I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.
*Town.* Yes, in truth; we have [71] blocks for all heads; we have good store of wild oats here. For the courtier is mad at the citizen; the citizen is mad at the countryman; the shoemaker is mad at the cobler; the cobler at the carman; the punk is mad, that the merchant's wife is no whore; the merchant's wife is mad, that the punk is so common a whore.—God's-so, here's father Anselmo! Pray say nothing, that I tell tales out of the school. [*Exit.*
*Omnes.* God bless you, father!

*Enter* ANSELMO.

*Ans.* Thank you, gentlemen.
*Cast.* Pray, may we see some of those wretched souls,
That here are in your keeping?
*Ans.* Yes, you shall:
But, gentlemen, I must disarm you then.
There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic, and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others, again, we have, like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies;
And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides
Snatched rapiers suddenly, and done much harm;
Whom, if you'll see, you must be weaponless.
*Omnes.* With all our hearts.
*Ans.* Here, take these weapons in.
Stand off a little, pray; so, so, 'tis well.
I'll shew you here a man, that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy citizen:
Has served a 'prenticeship to this misfortune,
Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.
*Duke.* How fell he from his wits?
*Ans.* By loss at sea.
I'll stand aside, question him you alone;

---

[70] *There's no ho with them*—i. e. there are no bounds or restraints with them. So, in Green's *Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, Sign. G 3: "—for he once loved the fair maid of Fresing field out of *all hoe*." Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "there is *no ho* with him, but once heartened thus, &c"

[71] *Blocks for all heads*;—i. e. hats. See Mr Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 6.
Again, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 51:—"which varietie of chaunging being oftentimes noted of a grave gentleman of Naples, who having bought *a hat of the newest fashion and best blocke* in all Italy, and wearing it but one daie, it was told him that it was stale, &c."

For, if he spy me, he'll not speak a word,
Unless he's thoroughly vext.

[*Discovers an old Man, wrapt in a Net.*

*Fluel.* Alas, poor soul!

*Cast.* A very old man.

*Duke.* God speed, father.

1 *Mad.* God speed the plough: thou shalt not speed me.

*Pior.* We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.

1 *Mad.* True; but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

*Ans.* O, do not vex him, pray.

*Cast.* Are you a fisherman, father?

1 *Mad.* No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.

*Fluel.* What do you with that net, then?

1 *Mad.* Do'st not see, fool! there's a fresh salmon in't. If you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes; for you see I'm over head and ears in the salt water: and if you fall into this whirlpool, where I am, you're drown'd! you're a drown'd rat!—I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught; for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks, and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay: where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you gooscaps, you gudgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! Look there, look there, look there! the wind is always at that door. Hark, how it blows! pooff, pooff, pooff.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

1 *Mad.* Do you laugh at God's creatures? Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this grey beard and head counterfeit, that you cry ha, ha, ha?—Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

*Pior.* Yes, indeed, father.

1 *Mad.* Then th'art a fool: for my eldest son had a [72] polt foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a [73] pear-colour'd beard; I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool.—Sirrah! thou there, hold out thy hand.

*Duke.* My hand? well, here 'tis.

1 *Mad.* Look, look, look, look! has he not ong nails, and short hair?

*Fluel.* Yes, monstrous short hair, and abominable long nails.

1 *Mad.* Ten-penny nails, are they not?

*Fluel.* Yes, tenpenny nails.

1 *Mad.* Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter: and he scraped, and scraped, and scraped, till he got the devil and all; but he scraped thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs; till, at length, a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all, all!—If you love your lives, look to yourselves! see, see, see, see! the Turk's gallies are fighting with my ships! bounce goes the guns: oh! cry the men: romble, romble go the waters. —Alas! there! 'tis sunk,—'tis sunk: I am undone, I am undone! you are the damned pirates have undone me,—you are, by th' Lord! you are! stop 'em; you are!

*Ans.* Why how now, sirrah, must I fall to tame you?

1 *Mad.* Tame me! no: I'll be madder than a roasted cat: see, see! I am burnt with gunpowder! these are our close fights.

*Ans.* I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

1 *Mad.* Whip me! out, you toad! whip me! what justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar!—Alas! I am a poor man; a very poor man: I am starved, and have had no meat, by this light, ever since the great flood: I am a poor man!

*Ans.* Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

1 *Mad.* Aye, aye, pray do; for, look you here be my guts: these are my ribs;—you may look through my ribs; see how my guts come out—these are my red guts, my very guts; oh oh!

*Ans.* Take him in there. [*Old Man is removed*

*Omnes.* A very piteous sight.

*Cast.* Father, I see you have a busy charge.

*Ans.* They must be used like children; pleased with toys,
And anon whipt for their unruliness.
I'll shew you now a pair quite different

---

[72] *A polt foot,—a polt foot* seems to be the same we now call *a splay foot.* So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 4. S. 7.

"What's become of my little punk Venus, and the *poult foot* stinkard her husband? ha!"

*Dedication to Euphues:*

"Vulcan was painted curiously, yet with *a polt foote.*"

Ibid. p. 35.

"Venus was content to take the black-smith with his *powlt foote.*"

Dekkar's *Villainies discovered*, 1620, Sign. C.

"New bootes to hide his *polt foote.*"

[73] *Pear-colour'd beard:*—See Note 211 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, p. 502.

From him that's gone; he was all words: and these,
Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech;
But have their tongues. La, you; this hithermost
Fell from the happy quietness of mind,
About a maiden, that he loved, who died:
He followed her to church, being full of tears,
And, as her body went into the ground,
He fell stark-mad. That is a married man,
Was jealous of a fair, but (as some say)
A very virtuous wife; and that spoiled him.

2 *Mad.* All these are whoremongers, and lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore!

*Fluel.* Observe him.

2 *Mad.* Gaffer shoemaker, you pulled on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles: lie there, lie there!—This was her tailor; you cut out her loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allowed her: lie there, by the shoemakers.—O, master doctor, are you here? you gave me a purgation, and then crept into my wife's chamber, to feel her pulses; and you said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat: doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urinal.—Heigh, come aloft, Jack: this was her schoolmaster, and taught her to play upon the virginals;[74] and still his Jacks leapt up, up: you pricked her out nothing but bawdy lessons; but I'll prick you all! fiddler—doctor—tailor—shoemaker,—shoemaker—fiddler—doctor—tailor—so!—lie with my wife again, now!

*Cast.* See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

2 *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3 *Mad.* I'll give thee none.

2 *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3 *Mad.* I'll not give thee a bit.

2 *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.[75]

3 *Mad.* I'll not give thee a spoonful! thou jest, it's no dragon; 'tis a parrot, that I bought for my sweet-heart, and I'll keep it.

2 *Mad.* Here's an almond for parrot.[76]

3 *Mad.* Hang thyself.

2 *Mad.* Here's a rope for parrot.

3 *Mad.* Eat it, for I'll eat this.

2 *Mad.* I'll shoot at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3 *Mad.* Wo't thou?

2 *Mad.* I'll run a tilt at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3 *Mad.* Wo't thou? do, an' thou dar'st.

2 *Mad.* Bounce.

3 *Mad.* Oh! I am slain!—murder, murder, murder! I am slain; my brains are beaten out.

*Ans.* How now, you villains! bring me whips: I'll whip you.

3 *Mad.* I am dead! I am slain! ring out the bell, for I am dead.

*Duke.* How will you do now, sirrah? you ha' killed him.

2 *Mad.* I'll answer't at sessions. He was eating of almond-butter, and I longed for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not killed him. I'll answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i'th'hand too.

*Ans.* Take 'em in both; bury him, for he's dead.

3 *Mad.* Aye, indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

2 *Mad.* I'll answer't at sessions. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BELLAFRONT *mad.*

*Ans.* How now, huswife, whither gad you?

*Bel.* A nutting, forsooth. How do you, gaffer? how do you, gaffer? there's a French curt'sy for you too.

*Fluel.* 'Tis Bellafront.

*Pior.* 'Tis the punk, by the lord.

*Duke.* Father, what's she, I pray?

*Ans.* As yet I know not:
She came in but this day: talks little idly,
And therefore has the freedom of the house.

*Bel.* Do not you know me? nor you? nor you? nor you?

*Omnes.* No, indeed.

*Bel.* Then you are an ass,—and you are an ass,—and you are an ass; for I know you.

*Ans.* Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

*Bel.* They're fish-wives: will you buy any gudgeons? God's-santy,[77] yonder come friars! I know them too: how do you, friar?

---

[74] *Virginals.*—"A *virginal*," says Mr Steevens, "as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord." See Note on the *Winter's Tale*, A. 1. S. 2. Blount, in his *Glossographia*, says, this musical instrument is called *virginals*, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them.

[75] *Flap-dragon.*—A *flap-dragon*, says Dr Johnson, Note to the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. "is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief." To swallow a *flap-dragon*, or a raw egg, were formerly among the cant proverbs among drunkards. *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 65.

[76] *Here's an almond for parrot.*—The title of a pamphlet, called, *An Almond for a Parrot, or Cuthbert Curry-knaves Almes*. B. L. No date is here alluded to.

[77] *God's-santy.*—See a Note on *The Merchant of Venice*, Vol. III. p. 157. edit. 1778. Perhaps, however, *God's-santy* is only a corruption of *God's sanctity*, or *God's saints*. S.

*Enter* HIPPOLITO, MATHEO, *and* ISFELICE, *disguised in the Habits of Friars.*

*Ans.* Nay, nay, away; you must not trouble friars:
The Duke is here, speak nothing.
*Bel.* Nay, indeed, you shall not go; we'll run at barlibreak [78] first; and you shall be in hell.
*Math.* My punk turned mad whore, as all her fellows are!
*Hip.* Speak nothing; but steal hence, when you spy time.
*Ans.* I'll lock you up, if you're unruly; fie!
*Bel.* Fie! marry, foh! they shall not go, indeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.
*Duke.* Good father, give her leave.
*Bel.* I pray, good father; and I'll give you my blessing.
*Ans.* Well, then, be brief; but, if you are thus unruly,
I'll have you locked up fast.
*Pior.* Come, to their fortunes.
*Bel.* Let me see, one, two, three, and four. I'll begin with the little finger first. Here's a fine hand, indeed! I never saw friar have such a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady! here's your fortune:
You love a friar better than a nun;
Yet long you'll love no friar, nor no friar's son.
Bow a little: the line of life is out; yet, I'm afraid,
For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.
Now to you, friar Tuck. [79]
*Math.* God send me good luck.
*Bel.* You love one, and one loves you;
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew:
Here is a dial, that false ever goes.---
*Math.* O, your wit [80] drops.---
*Bel.* Troth, so does your nose;
Nay, let's shake hands with you too.
Pray open: here's a fine hand.
Ho, friar, ho; God be here!
So he had need; you'll keep good cheer.
Here's a free table, but a frozen breast;
For you'll starve those that love you best:
Yet you have good fortune; for, if I am no liar,
Then you are no friar; nor you, nor you, no friar.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Discovers them.*
*Duke.* Are holy habits cloaks for villainy?
Draw all your weapons.
*Hip.* Do, draw all your weapons.
*Duke.* Where are your weapons? draw.
*Omnes.* The friar has gulled us of 'em.
*Math.* O rare trick!
You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetic.
*Hip.* Why swells your spleen so high? against what bosom
Would you your weapons draw? her's! 'tis your daughter's:
Mine! 'tis your son's.
*Duke.* Son?
*Math.* Son, by yowler sun.
*Hip.* You cannot shed blood here, but 'tis your own:
To spill your own blood, were damnation.
Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw
Myself beneath your feet.
Let it be rugged still, and flinted o'er;
What can come forth but sparkles, that will burn
Yourself and us? she's mine; my claim's most good;
She's mine by marriage, though she's your's by blood.
Ans. [*Kneeling.*] I have a hand, dear lord, deep in this act:
For I foresaw this storm; yet willingly
Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father
Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears;
A son to curse the sword, that struck his father;
Both slain i'the quarrel of your families.
Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you
To seal our pardon. All was to this end;
To turn the ancient hates of your two houses
To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look
Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet;
And your vext souls in peaceful union meet.
Their blood will now be your's, your's will be their's;
And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.
*Fluel.* You see, my lord, there's now no remedy.
*Omnes.* Beseech your lordship.
*Duke.* You beseech fair; you have me in place fit
To bridle me. Rise, friar; you may be glad
You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad.
Since fate hath conquered, I must rest content;
To strive now would but add new punishment:
I yield unto your happiness. Be blest;
Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.
*Omnes.* O happy change!
*Duke.* Your's now is my content;
I throw upon your joys my full consent.
*Bel.* Am not I a good girl, for finding the friar in the well? God's-so, you are a brave man! will not you buy me some sugar-plumbs, because I am so good a fortune-teller?
*Duke.* Would thou had'st wit, thou pretty soul, to ask,
As I have will to give.

---

[78] *We'll run at barlibreak* —See Note on *The Bird in a Cage*, p. 249.
[79] *Now to you, Friar Tuck.*—Friar Tuck is introduced into Heywood's play of *Robert of Huntington*, Part II., as the Chorus.
[80] *Wit.*—So the first edition. All the rest read *wet*.

*Bel.* Pretty soul! a pretty soul is better than a pretty body. Do not you know my pretty soul? I know you: is not your name Matheo?

*Math.* Yes, lamb.

*Bel.* Baa! lamb, there you lie; for I am mutton.[81] Look, fine man! he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once; and he was mad for her once: and were you never mad? yes, I warrant. I had a fine jewel once, a very fine jewel! and that naughty man stole it away from me: a very fine jewel

*Duke.* What jewel, pretty maid?

*Bel.* Maid! nay, that's a lie. O, 'twas a very rich jewel, called a maidenhead; and had not you it, leerer?

*Math.* Out, you mad ass! away.

*Duke.* Had he thy maidenhead? he shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

*Bel.* Shall he?[82] O brave Arthur of Bradly, then!

*Duke.* And, if he bear the mind of a gentleman, I know he will.

*Math.* I think I rifled her of some such paultry jewel.

*Duke.* Did you? then marry her; you see the wrong
Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

*Math.* How! marry her, my lord? 'sfoot, marry a mad woman! let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterwards, do what he can.

*Duke.* Nay, then, Father Anselmo here shall do his best,
To bring her to her wits. And will you, then?

*Math.* I cannot tell; I may chuse.

*Duke.* Nay, then, law shall compel: I tell you, sir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breathe
Under this air, unless you married her.

*Math.* Well, then, when her wits stand in their right place, I'll marry her.

*Bel.* I thank your grace. Matheo, thou art mine.
I am not mad; but put on this disguise
Only for you, my lord; for you can tell
Much wonder of me: but you are gone, farewell!
Matheo, thou did'st first turn my soul black;
Now make it white again. I do protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

*Hip.* I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

*Math.* Coney-catcht! gulled!—Must I sail in your fly-boat,
Because I helped to rear your main-mast first?
Plague found you for't! 'Tis well
The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations;
Some men have horns given them at their creations.
If I be one of those—why, so! it's better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that simpers, and, at first, will scarce
Be tempted forth over the threshold door;
Yet, in one se'ennight, zounds, turns arrant whore.
Come, wench, thou shalt be mine; give me thy golls,[83]
We'll talk of legs hereafter.—See, my lord!
God give us joy!

*Omnes.* God give you joy!

*Enter* CANDIDO'S *Wife and* GEORGE.

*George.* Come, mistress, we are in bedlam now: mass! and see, we come in pudding-time; for here's the duke.

*Wife.* My husband, good my lord!

*Duke.* Have I thy husband?

*Cast.* It's Candido, my lord; he's here among the lunatics.—Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth. [*Exit* ANSELMO.]—This mad woman is his wife; and, though she were not with child, yet did she long, most spitefully, to have her husband mad; and because she would be sure he should turn Jew, she placed him here in Bethlem.—Yonder he comes.

*Enter* CANDIDO *with* ANSELMO.

*Duke.* Come hither, signior. Are you mad?

*Cand.* You are not mad?

*Duke.* Why, I know that.

*Cand.* Then you may know I am not mad, that know
You are not mad, and that you are the duke.
None is mad here, but one.—How do you, wife?
What do you long for, now?—pardon, my lord;
She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out
Pennyworths of lawn; the lawn was yet mine own:
A carpet was my gown; yet 'twas mine own:
I wore my man's coat; yet the cloth mine own:
Had a cracked crown; the crown was yet mine own:
She says for this I'm mad; were her words true,
I should be mad, indeed. O, foolish skill,
Is patience madness? I'll be a madman still.

*Wife.* Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no more.

*Duke.* Come, come, we'll have you friends. Join hearts, join hands.

*Cand.* See, my lord, we are even.
Nay, rise; for ill deeds kneel unto none but heaven.

*Duke.* Signior, methinks, patience has laid on you

---

[81] *I am mutton*—See Note 69, p. 552.

[82] *O brave Arthur of Bradly.*—An allusion to the old Ballad of that name.

[83] *Give me thy golls.*—See Note to *The Mayor of Quinborough.*

Such heavy weight, that you should loath it.
*Cand.* Loath it!
*Duke.* For he, whose breast is tender, blood so cool,
That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool.
What comfort do you find in being so calm?
*Cand.* That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.
Patience, my lord! Why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman, that ever breathed.
The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor;
All it desires it has; what monarch more?
It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyers' and womens' tongues.
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks, and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom;
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
As though he wore it more for state than pain:
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings;
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
O, my dread liege! it is the sap of bliss;
Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss;
And, last of all, to end a household strife,
It is the honey, 'gainst a waspish wife.
*Duke.* Thou givest it lively colours: who dare say
He's mad, whose words march in so good array?
'Twere sin all women should such husbands have;
For every man must then be his *wife's* slave.
Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to shine;
So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine.
Wives, with meek husbands, that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell; else dwell they wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

## EDITIONS.

(1.) The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekkar. London, Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to be solde at his Shop in Paule's Church-yard, 1604, 4to.

(2.) The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekkar. London. Printed by Nicholas Okes for Robert Basse, and are to be sold at his Shop under St Butolphes Church, 1615, 4to.

(3.) The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekkar. London. Printed by Nicholas Okes for Robert Basse, and are to be sold at his Shop under St Butolphes Church, 1616, 4to.

(4.) The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife. Written by Thomas Dekkar. As it hath beene acted by her Majestie's Servants, with great applause. London. Printed by N. Okes, and are to be sold by Richard Collins, at his Shop under St Martin's Church, neere Ludgate, 1635, 4to.

THE

# HONEST WHORE.[1]

## PART THE SECOND.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Duke,*
Hipolito, *Husband to Infelice,*
Orlando Friscobaldo, *Father to Bellafront,*
Matheo, *Husband to Bellafront,*
Candido, *the Patient Man,*
*Lodovico,*
Beraldo,
Carolo,
Fontinell,
Astolfo,
Antonio Georgio, *a Poor Scholar,*
Belcaldo,
Bryan, *the Irish Footman,*

Bots.

Bellafront, *the Honest Whore,*
Infelice,
Candido's *Bride,*
*Mistress* Horseleach, *A Bawd,*
Dorothea Target,
Penelope Whorehound, } *Whores,*
Catharina Bountinall, }

*Vintners, Constable, Masters of Bridewell, Beadles, Prentices, Pages, and Servants.*

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

*Enter at one Door* Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Astolfo, *with Serving-men, or Pages, attending on them; at another Door enter* Lodovico, *meeting them.*

*Lod.* Good day, gallants.
*Omnes.* Good morrow, sweet Lodovico.

*Lod.* How doest thou, Carolo?
*Car.* Faith, as physicians do in a plague, see the world sick, and am well myself.
*Font.* Here's a sweet morning, gentlemen.
*Lod.* Oh, a morning to tempt Jove from his Ningle Ganimed, which is but to give dairy wenches green gowns as they are going a milking; what, is thy lord stirring yet?

[1] Langbaine says, "The passage between the patient man and his impatient wife's going to fight for the breeches, with the happy event, is exprest by Sir John Harrington in verse. See his Epigrams at the end of *Orlando Furioso*, Book I. Epig. 16."

*Ast.* Yes, he will not be horsed this hour, sure.

*Ber.* My lady swears he shall, for she longs to be at court.

*Car.* Oh, we shall ride switch and spur; would we were there once!

*Enter* BRYAN *the Footman.*

*Lod.* How now, is thy lord ready?

*Bryan.* No so crees sa me, my lady will have some little ting in her pelly first.

*Car.* Oh, then they'll to breakfast.

*Lod.* Footman, does my lord ride i'the coach with my lady, or on horseback?

*Bryan.* No foot la, my lady will have me lord sheet wid her, my lord will sheet in de one side, and my lady sheet in de toder side. [*Exit.*

*Lod.* My lady sheet in de toder side! did you ever hear a rascal speak so like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his star, should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so from a Christian?

*Enter* ANTONIO GEORGIO, *a poor Scholar.*

*Ast.* An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! why, the nation have running-heads. [*Exchange-walk.*

*Lod.* Nay, Carolo, this is more strange, I have been in France, there's few of them: marry, England they count a warm chimney-corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house; but, sir, in England I have noted one thing.

*Omnes.* What's that, what's that of England?

*Lod.* Marry this, sir;—what's he yonder?

*Ber.* A poor fellow would speak with my lord.

*Lod.* In England, sir, troth I ever laugh when I think on't: to see a whole nation should be marked i'the forehead, as a man may say, with one iron: why, sir, there all coster-mongers [2] are Irishmen.

*Car.* Oh, that's to shew their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and they take after the mother.

*Omnes.* Good, good, ha, ha.

*Lod.* Why, then, should all your chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? answer that now; come, your wit.

*Car.* Faith, that's soon answered; for St Patrick, [3] you know, keeps purgatory; he makes the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing, if they cannot sweep the chimnies.

*Omnes.* Good again.

*Lod.* Then, sir, have you many of them, (like this fellow) especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others, and the knaves are very faithful where they love; by my faith very proper men many of them, and as active as the clouds, whirr, hah.

*Omnes.* Are they so?

*Lod.* And stout! exceeding stout; why, I warrant, this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkerks.

*Ast.* The women they say are very fair?

*Lod.* No, no, our country bona robaes; oh! are the sugrest delicious rogues!

*Ast.* Oh, look, he has a feeling of them.

*Lod.* Not I, I protest. There's a saying when they commend nations: it goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

*Font.* I faith, they may make swabbers of them.

*Lod.* The Spaniard, let me see, for a little foot, I take it; the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? come walk.

*Ast.* This, Lodovico, is a notable-tongued fellow.

*Font.* Discourses well.

*Ber.* And a very honest gentleman.

*Ast.* Oh! he's well valued by my lord.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT *with a Petition.*

*Font.* How now, how now, what's she?

*Ber.* Let's make towards her.

*Bel.* Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come forth?

*Ast.* Would you speak with my lord?

*Lod.* How now, what's this, a nurse's bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keep it?

*Bel.* No, sir, my business is unto my lord.

*Lod.* He's about his own wife now, he'll hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

*Ast.* No matter what he says, fair lady; he's a knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

*Font.* My lord will pass this way presently.

*Ber.* A pretty plump rogue.

*Ast.* A good lusty bouncing baggage.

*Ber.* Do you know her?

*Lod.* A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my table-book [4] once, I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

*Omnes.* Is this she?

*Lod.* This is the blackamore that by washing was turned white: this is the birding piece new scoured: this is she that, if any of her religion can be saved, was saved by my lord Hipolito.

*Ast.* She has been a goodly creature.

---

[2] *Coster-mongers.*—Sellers of apples.

[3] *St Patrick's purgatory.*—See Note to *The Four P's*, p. 5.

[4] *Table-book.*—See Mr Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. I. S. I.

*Lod.* She has been! that's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the poor gentleman her husband; lord! what fortunes that man has over-reached! She knows not me, yet I have been in her company. I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheek hath, like the moon, suffered strange eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like medlars, no sooner ripe but rotten.

A woman last was made, but is spent first,
Yet man is oft proved in performance worst.

*Omnes.* My lord is come.

*Enter* HIPOLITO, INFELICE, *and two Waiting Women.*

*Hip.* We have wasted half this morning: morrow, Lodovico.

*Lod.* Morrow, madam.

*Hip.* Let's away to horse.

*Omnes,* Aye, aye, to horse, to horse.

*Bel.* I do beseech your lordship, let your eye read o'er this wretched paper.

*Hip.* I'm in haste; pray thee, good woman, take some apter time.

*Inf.* Good woman, do.

*Bel.* Oh 'las! it does concern a poor man's life.

*Hip.* Life! sweet heart? Seat yourself, I'll but read this and come.

*Lod.* What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow,[5] change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.

*Inf.* Oh, sir, that cannot make me jealous.

[*Exeunt.*

*Hip.* Your business, sir, to me?

*Ant.* Yes, my good lord.

*Hip.* Presently, sir.—Are you Matheo's wife?

*Bel.* That most unfortunate woman.

*Hip.* I'm sorry these storms are fallen on him; I love Matheo,
And any good shall do him; he and I
Have sealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, however fortune does him wrong;
He speaks here he's condemned. Is't so?

*Bel.* Too true.

*Hip.* What was he whom he killed? oh, his name's here; old Jacomo, son to the Florentine Jacomo, a dog, that, to meet profit, would to the very eye-lids wade in blood of his own children. Tell Matheo, the duke my father hardly shall deny his signed pardon; 'twas fair fight, yes, if rumour's tongue go true,—so writes he here.
To-morrow morning I return from court,
Pray be you here then. I'll have done, sir, straight:
But in troth say, are you Matheo's wife?
You have forgot me.

*Bel.* No, my lord.

*Hip.* Your turner,
That made you smooth to run an even bias.
You know I loved you when your very soul
Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?

*Bel.* Umph, when I had lost my way to heaven, you shewed it: I was new born that day.

*Enter* LODOVICO.

*Lod.* 'Sfoot, my lord, your lady asks if you have not left your wench yet? When you get in once, you never have done: come, come, come, pay your old score, and send her packing, come.

*Hip.* Ride softly on before, I'll overtake you.

*Lod.* Your lady swears she'll have no riding on before, without ye.

*Hip.* Pr'ythee, good Lodovico.

*Lod.* My lord, pray hasten.

*Hip.* I come:—to-morrow let me see you, fare you well: commend me to Matheo. Pray, one word more: Does not your father live about the court?

*Bel.* I think he does, but such rude spots of shame
Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knows my name.

*Hip.* Orlando Friscobaldo, is't not?

*Bel.* Yes, my lord.

*Hip.* What does he for you?

*Bel.* All he should: when children
From duty start, parents from love may swerve:
He nothing does, for nothing I deserve.

*Hip.* Shall I join him unto you, and restore you to wonted grace?

*Bel.* It is impossible. [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.

*Hip.* It shall be put to trial; fare you well:
The face I would not look on! sure then 'twas rare,
When in despite of grief, 'tis still thus fair.—
Now, sir, your business with me.

*Ant.* I am bold to express my love and duty to your lordship in these few leaves.

*Hip.* A book!

*Ant.* Yes, my good lord.

*Hip.* Are you a scholar?

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, a poor one.

*Hip.* Sir, you honour me.
Kings may be scholars' patrons; but faith tell me,
To how many hands besides hath this bird flown;
How many partners share with me?

*Ant.* Not one in troth, not one: your name I held more dear;
I'm not, my lord, of that low character.

*Hip.* Your name, I pray?

*Ant.* Antonio Georgio.

*Hip.* Of Milan?

*Ant.* Yes, my lord.

---

[5] *If they be not yellow.*—See Note to *The Wits*, A. 4.

*Hip.* I'll borrow leave
To read you o'er, and then we'll talk; till then
Drink up this gold; good wits should love good wine:
This of your loves, the earnest that of mine.—
How now, sir, where's your lady? not gone yet?

*Enter* BRYAN.

*Bryan.* I fait di lady is run away from dee a mighty deal of ground; she sent me back for dine own sweet face; I pray dee come, my lord, away,—wut tow go now?

*Hip.* Is the coach gone?
Saddle my horse, the sorel.

*Bryan.* A pox a de horse's nose, he is a lousy rascally fellow; when I came to gird his belly, his scurvy guts rumbled, di horse farted in my face, and dow knowest an Irishman cannot abide a fart; but I have saddled de hobby-horse, di fine hobby is ready: I pray dee, my good sweet lord, wit tow go now, and I will run to de devil before dee?

*Hip.* Well, sir.—I pray let's see you, master scholar.

*Bryan.* Come, I pray dee, wut come, sweet face? Go. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LODOVICO, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO.

*Lod.* Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?

*Omnes.* What?

*Lod.* Are not we all enjoined as this day, Thursday, is't not? Aye, as that day to be at the linen-draper's house at dinner?

*Car.* Signior Candido, the patient man.

*Ast.* Afore Jove, true, upon this day he's married.

*Ber.* I wonder, that being so stung with a wasp before, he dares venture again to come about the eaves amongst bees.

*Lod.* Oh 'tis rare sucking a sweet honey-comb; pray heaven his old wife be buried deep enough, that she rise not up to call for her dance! The poor fiddlers instruments would crack for it, she'd tickle them: at any hand, lets try what mettle is in his new bride; if there be none, we'll put in some. Troth it's a very noble citizen, I pity he should marry again: I'll walk along, for it is a good old fellow.

*Car.* I warrant, the wives of Millan would give any fellow twenty thousand duckets, that could but have the face to beg of the duke, that all the citizens in Millan might be bound to the peace of patience, as the linen-draper is.

*Lod.* Oh fie upon't, 'twould undo all us that are courtiers; we should have no hoe[6] with the wenches then.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Omnes.* My lord's come.

*Hip.* How now, what news?

*Omnes.* None.

*Lod.* Your lady is with the duke her father.

*Hip.* And we'll to them both presently. Who's that?

*Enter* ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO.

*Omnes.* Signior Friscobaldo.

*Hip.* Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leave me; we two have business.

*Car.* Ho Signior! Signior Friscobaldo.
The lord Hipolito. [*Exeunt.*

*Orl.* My noble lord! my lord Hipolito! the duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband! how does your honour'd lordship? does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as Signior Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando!

*Hip.* Oh, sir, our friends! they ought to be unto us as our jewels, as dearly valued, being locked up, and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all time's sickle hath gone over you, you are Orlando still.

*Orl.* Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and cut down, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?

*Hip.* Scarce can I read the stories on your brow,
Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

*Orl.* I eat snakes, my lord, I eat snakes.
My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry
Hem with a clear voice.

*Hip.* You are the happier man, sir.

*Orl.* Happy man! I'll give you, my lord, the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it; if I have it in the right colours, I'll bestow it on your lordship.

*Hip.* I stay for it.

*Orl.* He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noon-day walks by a prison door,
He that i'the sun is neither beam nor moat,
He that's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor mens' curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes *this* his sea, and *that* his shore,
He that in's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,

---

[6] *Hoe.*—See Note [70] to the First Part of this Play, p. 553.

He that upon his deathbed is a swan,
And dead, no crow, he is a happy man.

*Hip.* It's very well; I thank you for this picture.

*Orl.* After this picture, my lord, do I strive to have my face drawn:
For I am not covetous,
Am not in debt,
Sit neither at the duke's side,
Nor lie at his feet.
Wenching and I have done; no man I wrong,
No man I fear, no man I fee.
I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonders my home.
I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a winding sheet:
But like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me.
I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap now books in my age.
I fill this hand, and empty this; and when the bell shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go singing to my nest, why so:
If a crow! throw me out for carrion, and pick out mine eyes.
May not old Friscobaldo, my lord, be merry now! ha?

*Hip.* You may; would I were partner in your mirth!

*Orl.* I have a little, have all things;
I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child, have no chick, and why should not I be in my jocundare?

*Hip.* Is your wife then departed?

*Orl.* She's an old dweller in those high countries, yet not from me. Here, she's here; but before me, when a knave and a queau are married, they commonly walk like serjeants together; but a good couple are seldom parted.

*Hip.* You had a daughter too, sir, had you not?

*Orl.* Oh, my lord! this old tree had one branch, and but one branch growing out of it: it was young, it was fair, it was straight; I prun'd it daily, drest it carefully, kept it from the wind, help'd it to the sun; yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crabs; I hewed it down;—what's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

*Hip.* Then can I tell you what's become of it; That branch is wither'd.

*Orl.* So 'twas long ago.

*Hip.* Her name, I think, was Bellafront; she's dead.

*Orl.* Ha! dead?

*Hip.* Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping,
Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

*Orl.* Dead! my last and best peace go with her! I see death's a good trencherman, he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the daintiest.

*Hip.* Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely?

*Orl.* O, my lord! a strumpet is one of the devil's vines; all the sins, like so many poles, are stuck upright out of hell, to be her props, that she may spread upon them: And, when she's ripe, every slave has a pull at her, then must she be prest. The young beautiful grape sets the teeth of lust on edge; yet to taste that lickrish wine, is to drink a man's own damnation. Is she dead?

*Hip.* She's turned to earth.

*Orl.* Would she were turned to heaven; umh, is she dead! I am glad the world has lost one of his idols; no whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doors; in her grave sleep all my shame, and her own; and all my sorrows, and all her sins.

*Hip.* I'm glad you are wax, not marble; you are made
Of man's best temper; there are now good hopes
That all these heaps of ice about your heart,
By which a father's love was frozen up,
Are thawed in these sweet showers fetch'd from your eye:
We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
She is not dead, but lives under worse fate,
I think she's poor; and, more to clip her wings,
Her husband at this hour lies in the jail,
For killing of a man; to save his blood,
Join all your force with mine: mine shall be shown;
The getting of his life preserves your own.

*Orl.* In my daughter you will say! does she live then?
I am sorry I wasted tears upon a harlot! but the best is, I have a kandkercher to drink them up, soap can wash them all out again. Is she poor?

*Hip.* Trust me, I think she is.

*Orl.* Then she's a right strumpet. I never knew any of their trade rich two years together; sieves can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up money; they have many vents, too many sluices to let it out; taverns, tailors, bawds, panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves, do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher: she is the gallypot to which these drones fly: not for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

*Hip.* I almost dare pawn my word, her bosom gives warmth to no such snakes; when did you see her?

*Orl.* Not seventeen summers.

*Hip.* Is your hate so old?

*Orl.* Older; it has a white head,
And shall never die till she be buried;
Her wrongs shall be my bed-fellow.

*Hip.* Work yet his life, since in it lives her fame.

*Orl.* No, let him hang, and half her infamy departs out of the world; I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poison; I hate her for herself, because she refused my physic.

*Hip.* Nay, but Friscobaldo.

*Orl.* I detest her, I defy both, she's not mine, she's ——

*Hip.* Hear her but speak.

*Orl.* I love no mermaids, I'll not be caught with a quail-pipe.

*Hip.* You're now beyond all reason.

*Orl.* I am then a beast. Sir, I had rather be a beast, and not dishonour my creation, than be a doting father, and, like time, be the destruction of mine own brood.

*Hip.* Is't dotage to relieve your child being poor?

*Orl.* Is't fit for an old man to keep a whore?

*Hip.* 'Tis charity too.

*Orl.* 'Tis foolery; relieve her!
Were her cold limbs stretcht out upon a bier,
I would not sell this dirt under my nails,
To buy her an hour's breath, nor give this hair,
Unless it were to choke her.

*Hip.* Fare you well, for I'll trouble you nomore. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* And fare you well, sir, go thy ways; we have few lords of thy making, that love wenches for their honesty.—'Las, my girl! art thou poor? poverty dwells next door to despair, there's but a wall between them; despair is one of hell's catch-poles; and lest that Devil arrest her, I'll to her, yet she shall not know me; she shall drink of my wealth, as beggars do of running water, freely, yet never know from what fountain's head it flows. Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones, and can a father see his child starve? that were hard; the pelican [7] does it, and shall not I? Yes, I will victual the camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagem. That knave there her husband will be hanged I fear; I'll keep his neck out of the noose if I can, he shall not know how.

*Enter two Serving-men.*

*Orl.* How now, knaves, whither wander you?

1 *Serving-man.* To seek your worship.

*Orl.* Stay, which of you has my purse? what money have you about you?

2 *Serving-man.* Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

*Orl.* Give it me, I think I have some gold about me; yes, it's well; leave my lodging at court, and get you home. Come, sir, though I never turned any man out of doors, yet I'll be so bold as to pull your coat over your ears.

1 *Serving-man.* What do you mean to do, sir?

*Orl.* Hold thy tongue, knave, take thou my cloak; I hope I play not the paltry merchant in this bartering. Bid the steward of my house sleep with open eyes in my absence, and to look to all things, whatsoever I command by letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it fit well?

2 *Serving-man.* As if it were made for your worship.

*Orl.* You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed to wear blue [8], when your master is one of your fellows; away, do not see me.

*Both.* This is excellent. [*Exeunt.*

*Orl.* I should put on a worse suit too; perhaps I will.
My vizard is on; now to this mask. Say I should shave off this honour of an old man, or tie it up shorter; well, I will spoil a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I look? even like
A winter cuckoo, or unfeathered owl;
Yet better lose this hair, then lose her soul. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CANDIDO, LODOVICO, *and* CAROLO. ASTOLFO, *other Guests, and* BRIDE *with Prentices.*

*Can.* O gentlemen, so late? you're very welcome, pray sit down.

*Lod.* Carolo, did'st ere see such a nest of caps!

*Ast.* Methinks
It's a most civil and most comely sight.

*Lod.* What does he i'the middle look like?

*Ast.* Troth, like a spire-steeple in a country village, over-peering so many thatch't houses.

---

[7] *The pelican does it.*—*The young pelican* is fabled to suck the mother's blood. For that reason, King Lear calls his daughters *pelican daughters.*
Again, Shirley's *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"The *pelican* loves not her young so well,
That digs upon her breast a hundred springs."

See *Shakespeare*, vol. ix. p. 466. edit. 1778.

[8] *To wear blue.*—The habit of servants at the time.
Dekkar's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. H: "But the guest being departed from his Inne to the towne, or into the faire, backe comes this counterfeit *blew coate*, running in all haste for his maister's cloke bag, or portmanteau," &c.
Dekkar's *Bel-man's Night walkes*, Sign. E 3: "—The other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their serving-men, though indeed they be all fellowes."
*The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2. "Not a serving-man dare appeare in a *blue coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but least he should be thought a retainer to their enemy."

*Lod.* It's rather a long pike-staff against so many[9] bucklers without pikes; they sit for all the world like a pair of organs, and he's the tall great roaring pipe in the midst.

*Ast.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Can.* What's that you laugh at, signiors?

*Ast.* Troth, shall I tell you? and aloud I'll tell it:—

We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorn)
Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

*Lod.* Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Millan, and therefore I love it, for the block was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair.

*Can.* Indeed you are good observers, it shews strange.
But, gentlemen, I pray neither contemn,
Nor yet deride a civil ornament;
I could build so much in the round cap's praise,
That love this high roof, I this flat would raise.

*Lod.* Pr'ythee, sweet bridegroom, do't.

*Can.* So all these guests will pardon me, I'll do't.

*Omnes.* With all our hearts.

*Can.* Thus then in the cap's honour;
To every sex and state, both nature, time,
The countries' laws, yea, and the very clime,
Do allot distinct habits; the spruce courtier
[10] Jets up and down in silk; the warrior
Marches in buff, the clown plods on in gray:
But for these upper garments thus I say,
The seaman has his cap, pared without brim,
The gallant's head is feathered, that fits him;
The soldier has his murrion,[11] women have tires;
Beasts have their head-pieces, and men have theirs.

*Lod.* Proceed.

*Can.* Each degree has his fashion; it's fit then,
One should be laid by for the citizen,
And that's the cap which you see swells not high,
For caps are emblems of humility;
It is a citizen's badge, and first was worn
By the Romans;[12] for when any bondman's turn
Came to be made a freeman, thus 'twas said,
He to the cap was called; that is, was made
Of Rome a freeman, but was first close shorn,
And so a citizen's hair is still short worn.

*Lod.* That close shaving made barbers a company,
And now every citizen uses it.

*Can.* Of geometric figures the most rare,
And perfectest, are the circle and the square;
The city and the school much build upon
These figures, for both love proportion.
The city-cap is round, the scholars' square,
To shew that government and learning are
The perfectest limbs i'the body of a state;
For without them, all's disproportionate.
If the cap had no honour, this might rear it,
The reverend Fathers of the law do wear it.
It's light for summer, and in cold it sits
Close to the scull, a warm house for the wits;
It shews the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to look on't were afraid;
Nor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed,
For he's no citizen that hides his head.
Flat caps as proper are to city gowns,
As to armours helmets, or to kings their crowns.
Let then the city-cap by none be scorn'd,
Since with it princes' heads have been adorn'd.
If more the round cap's honour you would know,
How would this long gown with the steeple show?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha; most vile, most ugly.

*Can.* Pray, signior, pardon me, 'twas done in jest.

*Bride.* A cup of claret wine there.

1 *Pren.* Wine; yes forsooth, wine for the bride.

*Car.* You have well set out the cap, sir.

*Lod.* Nay, that's flat.

*Car.* A health.

---

[9] Bucklers *without* pikes.—The ancient *bucklers* had a prominent *spike*, and sometimes a *pistol* in the centre of them. If my memory does not fail me, specimens of both kinds may be seen in the Tower of London.—S.

[10] *Jets up and down.*—See Note 23 to *Edward II.* p. 167.

[11] *Murrion.*—A head piece or cap of steel. So, in *Philaster*, vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1778.

"Thus do we clap our musty *murrions* on,
And trace the streets in terror."

[12] *For when a bondman's turn, &c.*—"The ceremony of manumission was thus performed: the slave was brought before the Consul, and in after times before the Prætor, by his master, who, laying his hand upon his servant's head, said to the Prætor, *Hunc hominem liberum esse volo*, and with that, let him go out of his hand, which they termed *emanu emittere*. Then the Prætor laying a rod upon his head, called *Vindicta*, said, *Dico eum liberum esse more Quiritum*. Hence *Persius*,

"Vindicta postquam meus a Prætore recessi.

After this, the Lictor, taking the rod out of the Prætor's hand, struck the servant several blows on the head, face, and back; and nothing now remained but *pileo donari*, to *receive a cap in token of liberty*, and to have his name entered in the common Roll of Freemen, with the reason of his obtaining that favour." Kennet's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 100. See also Addison's *Dialogues on Ancient Medals*, p. 67. edit. 1765.

*Lod.* Since his cap's round, that shall go round.
Be bare;
For in the cap's praise all of you have share.
[*The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.*
*Lod.* The Bride's at cuffs.
*Can.* Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand,
I spied the error of my servants.
She called for claret, and you filled out sack;
That cup give me, 'tis for an old man's back,
And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken.
Ask all these else.
*Omnes.* No faith, 'twas but mistaken.
*1 Pren.* Nay, she took it right enough.
*Can.* Good Luke, reach her that glass of claret.
Here, Mistress Bride, pledge me there.
*Bride.* Now I'll none. [*Exit Bride.*
*Can.* How now?
*Lod.* Look what your mistress ails.
*1 Pren.* Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glass, a scurvy-trick.
*Can.* I pray you hold your tongue, my servant there
Tells me she is not well.
*Omnes.* Step to her, step to her.
*Lod.* A word with you: do you hear? This wench (your new wife) will take you down in your wedding-shoes, unless you hang her up in her wedding-garters.
*Can.* How, hang her in her garters?
*Lod.* Will you be a tame pigeon still? shall your back be like a tortoise-shell, to let carts go over it, yet not to break? This she-cat will have more lives than your last puss had, and will scratch worse, and mouze you worse; look to't.
*Can.* What would you have me do, sir?
*Lod.* What would I have you do? Swear, swagger, brawl, fling; for fighting it's no matter, we have had knocking pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The moral of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife; be you like an orange to her, let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar; will you be ruled by me?
*Can.* In any thing that's civil, honest, and just.
*Lod.* Have you ever a prentice's suit will fit me?
*Can.* I have the very same which myself wore.
*Lod.* I'll send my man for't within this half hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice; the hen shall not overcrow the cock, I'll sharpen your spurs.
*Can.* It will be but some jest, sir.
*Lod.* Only a jest; farewell. Come, Carolo.
[*Exeunt.*
*Omnes.* We'll take our leaves, sir, too.
*Can.* Pray conceit not ill of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight, sir Lodovico, is deep seen in physic, and he tells me, the disease called the Mother hangs on my wife; it is a vehement heaving and beating of the stomach, and that swelling did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm, that hit his lips, and brake the glass; no harm, it was no harm.
*Omnes.* No, signior, none at all.
*Can.* The streightest arrow may fly wide by chance.
But come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BELLAFRONT *and* MATHEO.

*Bel.* Oh my sweet husband, wert thou in thy grave, and art alive again? O welcome, welcome.
*Math.* Doest know me? my cloak pr'ythee lay it up. Yes faith, my winding sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary; I lackt but the knot here, or here; yet, if I had had it, I should have made a wry mouth at the world like a playse;[13] but, sweetest villain, I am here now, and I will talk with thee soon.
*Bel.* And glad am I thou art here.
*Math.* Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah! my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this, and fly high. Catzo, Catzo.
*Bel.* Matheo?
*Math.* What sayest, what sayest? Oh brave fresh air! a pox on these grates and gingling of keys, and rattling of iron. I'll bear up, I'll fly high, wench, hang tosse.
*Bel.* Matheo, pr'ythee make thy prison thy glass,
And in it view the wrinkles, and the scars,
By which thou wert disfigured; viewing them, mend them.
*Math.* I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys.
*Bel.* Thou dost not hear me?
*Math.* Yes faith do I.
*Bel.* Thou hast been in the hands of misery, and taken strong physic; pr'ythee now be sound.
*Math.* Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now. Oh! when shall I[14] bizle, bizle?

---

[13] *I should have made a wry mouth at the world like a playse*—So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "None won the days in this, but the herring whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le Roy*, God save the King, God save the King, save only the *playse* and the butt, that made *wry mouths at him*, and for their mocking have *wry mouths* ever since."
Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*: "bate one at that stake my *place mouth* yelpers."
[14] *Bizle, bizle.*—Or, as it is sometimes spelt, *bezzle*. He means to say, when shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess. Nash, in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592, describing a Dane, says, "Thus walkes hee up and downe in his Majestie, taking a yard of ground at every step, and stampes on

*Bel.* Nay, see, thou, art thirsty still for poison; come, I will not have thee swagger.

*Math.* Honest ape's face.

*Bel.* 'Tis that sharpened an axe to cut thy throat.
Good love, I would not have thee sell thy substance
And time (worth all) in those damned shops of hell;
Those dicing-houses, that stand never well,
But when they stand most ill; that four-squared sin
Has almost lodged us in the beggar's Inn.
Besides (to speak which even my soul does grieve)
[15] A sort of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
And fed upon thee; good Matheo (if you please)
So base a scorn to spread wing amongst these;
By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shows
Clear amongst them; so crows are fair with crows.
Custom in sin, gives sin a lovely dye:
Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

*Math.* Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope my soul, I will turn over a new leaf; the prison I confess has bit me, the best man that sails in such a ship may be lousy.

*Bel.* One knocks at door.

*Math.* I'll be the porter: they shall see, a jail cannot hold a brave spirit; I'll fly high. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* How wild is his behaviour! oh, I fear
He's spoiled by prison, he's half damned comes there;
But I must sit all storms: when a full sail his
Fortunes spread, he loved me; being now poor,
I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more.

*Enter* MATHEO, *and* ORLANDO *like A Serving-man.*

*Math.* Come in, pray; would you speak with me, sir?

*Orl.* Is your name signior Matheo?

*Math.* My name is Signior Matheo.

*Orl.* Is this gentlewoman your wife, sir?

*Math.* This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

*Orl.* The destinies spin a strong and even thread of both your loves.—The mother's own face, I have not forgot that (*Aside.*) I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water. Gentlewoman, the last man I served was your father.

*Bel.* My father? any tongue that sounds his name
Speaks music to me: welcome, good old man.
How does my father? lives he? has he health?
How does my father? I so much do shame him,
So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

*Orl.* I can speak no more.

*Math.* How now, old lad! what, dost cry?

*Orl.* The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well seasoned, for mine eyes lie in brine; look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

*Math.* What is't, my little white pate?

*Orl.* Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your worship.

*Math.* To serve me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say——

*Orl.* Nay, look you, sir, I know when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetousness does but then lie in her cradle: 'tis not so with me. Letchery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no inn for such a gossip. If a serving-man at my years be not stored with biscuit enough, that has sailed about the world to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East-home, I'll pity but all his days should be fasting days. I care not so much for wages, for I have

---

the earth so terrible, as if he ment to knock up a spirite, when *(foule drunken bezzle)* if an Englishman set his little finger to him, he falls like a hog's-trough that is set on one end."

*Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, Sign. B 2: "— yonders the most hard-favoured newes-walkes the streetes, seaven men goeing to their graves that dyed with *drinking and bisseling*."

Jack Drum's *Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. A 3:

"———'Tis now become
The shewing horne of *Bezelers* discourse."

[15] *A sort of ravens.—A company, a number.* See Note 4 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 102. This word, in the same sense, is used in Waller's *Poems*, 4to. 1729, p. 3:

"As when *a sort* of lusty shepherds try
Their force at football care of victory,
Makes them," &c.

On which Mr Fenton observes, that "Mr Waller useth the word *sort* in the same sense which it often bears in Spencer, to signify *a crowd*: and so we find it employed in that old Version of the Psalms, which is retained in our Liturgy; *Ye shall be slain all the sort of you*, Ps. lxii. 3.

"So afterwards we read in our Author:
As when a *sort* of wolves," &c.
"And in another poem:

"So when *a sort* of lusty shepherds," &c.

But I do not remember to have met with it in any writer since the Restoration, except once in Sir George Etherege's *Sir Fopling Flutter*."

scraped a handful of gold together; I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so much to make it more—

*Math.* No, no, you say well: thou sayest well; but I must tell you:—How much is the money, sayest thou?

*Orl.* About twenty pounds, sir.

*Math.* Twenty pounds? Let me see; that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum, per annum.*

*Orl.* No, no, no, sir, no; I cannot abide to have money ingender; fie upon this silver letchery, fie; if I may have meat to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to snort upon, when I die, the longer liver take all.

*Math.* A good old boy, yfaith! if thou servest me, thou shalt eat as I eat, drink as I drink, lie as I lie, and ride as I ride.

*Orl.* That's if you have money to hire horses.

*Math.* Front, what dost thou think on't? This good old lad here shall serve me.

*Bel.* Alas, Matheo, wilt thou load a back that is already broke?

*Math.* Peace! pox on you, peace! there's a trick in't, I fly high, it shall be so, Front, as I tell you: give me thy hand, thou shall serve me yfaith; welcome: as for your money——

*Orl.* Nay, look you, sir, I have it here.

*Math.* Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then thou'rt sure 'tis safe.

*Orl.* Safe! and 'twere ten thousand ducats, your worship should be my cash-keeper; I have heard what your worship is, an excellent dunghill cock, to scatter all abroad; but I'll venture twenty pounds on's head.

*Math.* And didst thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, Signior Orlando Friscobaldo, that madman once?

*Orl.* I served him so long, till he turned me out of doors.

*Math.* It's a notable chuff, I have not seen him many a day.

*Orl.* No matter and you never see him; it's an arrant grandee, a churl, and as damn'd a cutthroat——

*Bel.* Thou villain, curb thy tongue! thou art a Judas,
To sell thy master's name to slander thus.

*Math.* Away ass, he speaks but truth: thy father is a—

*Bel.* Gentleman.

*Math.* And an old knave; there's more deceit in him than in sixteen poticaries; it's a Devil, thou mayst beg, starve, hang, damn; does he send thee so much as a cheese?

*Orl.* Or so much as a gammon of bacon?
He'll give it his dogs first.

*Math.* A jail, a jail.

*Orl.* A Jew, a Jew, sir.

*Math.* A dog.

*Orl.* An English mastiff, sir.

*Math.* Pox rot out his old stinking garbage!

*Bel.* Art not ashamed to strike an absent man thus?
Art not ashamed to let this vile dog bark,
And bite my father thus? I'll not endure it;
Out of my doors, base slave.

*Math.* Your doors! a vengeance! I shall live to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus.

*Orl.* He shall live to see thee hanged first. [*Aside.*

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Math.* God's-so, my lord, your lordship is most welcome;
I'm proud of this, my lord.

*Hip.* Was bold to see you. Is that your wife!

*Math.* Yes, sir.

*Hip.* I'll borrow her lip.

*Math.* With all my heart, my lord.

*Orl.* Who's this, I pray, sir?

*Math.* My lord Hipolito: what's thy name?

*Orl.* Pacheco.

*Math.* Pacheco! fine name: thou seest, Pacheco, I keep company with no scoundrels, nor base fellows.

*Hip.* Came not my footman to you?

*Bel.* Yes, my lord.

*Hip.* I sent by him a diamond and a letter;
Did you receive them?

*Bel.* Yes, my lord, I did.

*Hip.* Read you the letter?

*Bel.* O'er and o'er 'tis read.

*Hip.* And faith your answer?

*Bel.* Now the time's not fit;
You see, my husband's here.

*Hip.* I'll now then leave you,
And choose mine hour: but ere I part away,
Hark, you remember I must have no nay.—
Matheo, I will leave you.

*Math.* A glass of wine?

*Hip.* Not now; I'll visit you at other times.
You're come off well then?

*Math.* Excellent well, I thank your lordship: I owe you my life, my lord; and will pay my best blood in any service of yours.

*Hip.* I'll take no such dear payment;—hark you, Matheo, I know, the prison is a gulf; if money run low with you, my purse is yours; call for it.

*Math.* Faith, my lord, I thank my stars, they send me down some; I cannot sink, so long as these bladders hold.

*Hip.* I will not see your fortune's ebb, pray try.
To starve in full barns were [16] fond modesty.

*Math.* Open the door, sirrah.

---

[16] *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 74.

"O countrey sweete, perswade obedience heere,
"Reforme *the fond*, and still preserve the wise."

*Hip.* Drink this, and anon I pray thee give thy mistress this. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* O noble spirit! if no worse guests here dwell,
My blue coat sits on my old shoulders well.

*Math.* The only royal fellow; he's bounteous as the Indies; what's that he said to thee, Bellafront?

*Bel.* Nothing.

*Math.* I pr'ythee, good girl?

*Bel.* Why, I tell you nothing.

*Math.* Nothing! it's well: tricks, that I must be beholden to a scald hot-livered goatish gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and vail bonnet, when I have spread as lofty sails as himself; would I had been hanged. Nothing! Pacheco, brush my cloak.

*Orl.* Where is't, sir?

*Math.* Come, we'll fly high.
Nothing! there is a whore still in thine eye:
[*Exit.*

*Orl.* My twenty pounds flies high. O wretched woman!
This varlet's able to make Lucrece common.—
How now, mistress? has my master dyed you
Into this sad colour?

*Bel.* Fellow, be gone, I pray thee; if thy tongue
Itch after talk so much, seek out thy master,
Thou'rt a fit instrument for him.

*Orl.* Zownes, I hope he will not play upon me?

*Bel.* Play on thee! no, you two will fly together,
Because you are roving arrows of one feather.
Would thou would'st leave my house, thou ne'er shalt
Please me; weave thy nets ne'er so high,
Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.
Thou'rt rank with poison; poison temper'd well
Is food for health; but thy black tongue doth swell
With venom, to hurt him that gave thee bread;
To wrong men absent, is to spurn the dead.
And so did'st thou thy master, and my father.

*Orl.* You have small reason to take his part; for I have heard him say five hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as ever stiffened tiffany neckcloths in water-starch upon a Saturday i'the afternoon.

*Bel.* Let him say worse; when for the earth's offence
Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is driven,
Is't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven?

*Orl.* And so if your father call you whore, you'll not call him old knave?—Friscobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down; she's thine own flesh, blood, and bone (*aside*). —Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks that ran from me upon lines against my good old master, your father, were but to try how my young master, your husband, loved such squibs: but it's well known, I love your father as myself; I'll ride for him at mid-night, run for you by owl-light; I'll die for him, drudge for you; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high, (as my master says) to do you good, if you'll forgive me.

*Bel.* I am not made of marble: I forgive thee.

*Orl.* Nay, if you were made of marble, a good stone-cutter might cut you: I hope the twenty pounds I delivered to my master is in a sure hand.

*Bel.* In a sure hand, I warrant thee, for spending.

*Orl.* I see my young master is a madcap, and a *bonus socius*. I love him well, mistress: yet as well as I love him, I'll not play the knave with you; look you, I could cheat you of this purse full of money; but I am an old lad, and I scorn to coney-catch: yet I have been a dog at a coney in my time.

*Bel.* A purse, where hadst it?

*Orl.* The gentleman that went away, whispered in mine ear, and charged me to give it you.

*Bel.* The lord Hipolito?

*Orl.* Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

*Bel.* 'Tis all gold.

*Orl.* 'Tis like so: it may be, he thinks you want money, and therefore bestows his alms bravely, like a lord.

*Bel.* He thinks a silver net can catch the poor;
Here's bait to choke a nun, and turn her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me?

*Orl.* As your nails to your fingers, which I think never deceived you.

*Bel.* Thou to this lord shalt go, commend me to him,
And tell him this;—the town has held out long,
Because (within) 'twas rather true than strong.
To sell it now were base; say 'tis no hold
Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold.
He shall believe thee by this token, or this; if not, by this.

*Orl.* Is this all?

*Bel.* This is all.

*Orl.* Mine own girl still!

---

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 6:

"—— in me makes that proffer,
"Which never fair one was so *fond* to lose."

*Euphues and his England*, p. 9: "he that is young thinketh the olde man *fond*, and the olde knoweth the young man to be a foole."

Ibid. p. 10: "that were as *fond* as not to cut one's meat with that knife that another hath cut his finger."

The word in the same sense is still in use in the northern parts of this kingdom.

*Bel.* A star may shoot, not fall.

[*Exit* Bellafront.

*Ord.* A star! nay, thou art more than the moon, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. Is't possible the lord Hipolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a mutton-monger [17]? A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat wethers (whom he may knock down) to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick flesh for this trick; the cuckoo I see now sings all the year, though every man cannot hear him, but I'll spoil his notes. Can neither love-letters, nor the Devil's common pick-locks (gold), nor precious stones, make my girl draw up her percullis? hold out still, wench,
All are not bawds (I see now) that keep doors,
Nor all good wenches that are markt for whores.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Candido, Lodovico *like a Prentice.*

*Lod.* Come, come, come, what do ye lack, sir? what do ye lack, sir? what is't ye lack, sir? is not my worship well suited? did you ever see a gentleman better disguised?

*Can.* Never, believe me, signior.

*Lod.* Yes: but when he has been drunk, there be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all: pray you, how does my mistress like me?

*Can.* Well: for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

*Lod.* And they that are taken for such, are commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our comedy, come.

*Can.* I shall not act it. Chide, you say, and fret, and grow impatient: I shall never do't.

*Lod.* S'blood! cannot you do as all the world does—counterfeit?

*Can.* Were I a painter, that should live by drawing nothing but pictures of an angry man, I should not earn my colours; I cannot do't.

*Lod.* Remember you're a linen-draper, and that if you give your wife a yard, she'll take an ell: give her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nail.

*Can.* Say I should turn to ice, and nip her love now 'tis but in the bud.

*Lod.* Well, say she's nipt.

*Can.* It will so overcharge her heart with grief,
That like a cannon, when her sighs go off,
She in her duty either will recoil,
Or break in pieces, and so die: her death,
By my unkindness might be counted murther.

*Lod.* Die! never, never; I do not bid you beat her, nor give her black eyes, nor pinch her sides: but cross her humours. Are not bakers' arms the scales of justice? yet is not their bread light? and may not you, I pray, bridle her with a sharp bit, yet ride her gently?

*Can.* Well, I will try your pills: do you your faithful service, and be ready still at a pinch to help me in this part, or else I shall be out clean.

*Lod.* Come, come, I'll prompt you.

*Can.* I'll call her forth now, shall I?

*Lod.* Do, do, bravely.

*Can.* Luke, I pray bid your mistress to come hither.

*Lod.* Luke, I pray bid your mistress to come hither.

*Can.* Sirrah, bid my wife come to me: why, when?

*Luke.* Presently, sir, she comes.——*within*—

*Lod.* La you, there's the echo, she comes.

*Enter* Bride.

*Bride.* What is your pleasure with me?

*Can.* Marry, wife,
I have intent, and (you see) this stripling here,
He bears good will and liking to my trade,
And means to deal in linen.

*Lod.* Yes, indeed, sir, I would deal in linen, if my mistress like me so well as I like her.

*Can.* I hope to find him honest. Pray, good wife,
Look that his bed and chamber be made ready.

*Bride.* You're best to let him hire me for his maid.
I look to his bed! look to't yourself.

*Can.* Even so
I swear to you a great oath.

*Lod.* Swear, cry Zounds!

*Can.* I will not, go to wife, I will not.

*Lod.* That your great oath?

*Can.* Swallow these gudgeons.

*Lod.* Well said.

*Can.* Then fast, then you may choose.
You know at table what tricks you played,
Swaggered, broke glasses! Fie, fie, fie, fie;
And now before my prentice here you make
An ass of me; thou what shall I call thee?—

*Bride.* Even what you will.

*Lod.* Call her arrant whore.

*Can.* Oh fie, by no means, then she'll call me cuckold. Sirrah, go look to the shop: how does this show?

*Lod.* Excellent well, I'll go look to the shop, sir. Fine cambricks, lawns, what do you lack?

[*Exit* Lodovico.

*Can.* A curst cow's milk I have drunk once before,

---

17 *Mutton-monger*—See Note 68 to the First Part of *The Honest Whore*, p. 552.

And 'twas so rank in taste, I'll drink no more.
Wife, I'll tame you.
*Bride.* You may, sir, if you can;
But at a wrestling I have seen a fellow,
Limbed like an ox, thrown by a little man.
*Can.* And so you'll throw me. Reach me, knaves, a yard.
*Lod.* A yard for my master.
1 *Pren.* My master is grown valiant.
*Can.* I'll teach you fencing tricks.
*Omnes.* Rare! rare! a prize!
*Lod.* What will you do, sir?
*Can.* Marry, my good prentice, nothing but breathe my wife.
*Bride.* Breathe me with your yard?
*Lod.* No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.
*Bride.* Since you'll needs fence, handle your weapon well,
For if you take a yard, I'll take an ell.
Reach me an ell.
*Lod.* An ell for my mistress.
Keep the laws of the noble science, sir, and measure weapons with her; your yard is a plain heathenish weapon; 'tis too short, she may give you a handful, and yet you'll not reach her.
*Can.* Yet I have the longer arm; come fall to't roundly,
And spare not me, wife, for I'll lay't on soundly.
If o'er husbands their wives will needs be masters,
We men will have a law to win't at wasters. [18]
*Lod.* 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?
*Can.* For the breeches.
*Bride.* Husband, I am for you, I'll not strike in jest.
*Can.* Nor I.
*Bride.* But will you sign to one request?
*Can.* What's that?
*Bride.* Let me give the first blow.
*Can.* The first blow, wife, shall I?
*Lod.* Let her ha't.
If she strike hard, in to her, and break her pate.
*Can.* A bargain. Strike.
*Bride.* Then guard you from this blow,
For I play all at legs, but 'tis thus low.
[*She kneels.*
Behold, I am such a cunning fencer grown,
I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown
With the least blow you give me; I disdain
The wife that is her husband's sovereign.
She that upon your pillow first did rest,
They say, the breeches wore, which I detest:
The tax which she imposed upon you, I abate you,
If me you make your master, I shall hate you.
The world shall judge who offers fairest play;
You win the breeches, but I win the day.
*Can.* Thou win'st the day indeed; give me thy hand,
I'll challenge thee no more: my patient breast
Played thus the rebel, only for a jest:
Here's the rank rider that breaks colts, 'tis he
Can tame the mad folks, and curst wives.
*Bride.* Who, your man?
*Can.* My man! my master, though his head be bare;
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.
*Lod.* Nay, if your service be so hot, a man cannot keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer.
*Bride.* Is this your schoolmaster?
*Lod.* Yes faith, wench, I taught him to take thee down: I hope thou canst take him down without teaching; you have got the conquest, and you both are friends.
*Can.* Bear witness else:
*Lod.* My prenticeship then ends.
*Can.* For the good service you to me have done,
I give you all your years.
*Lod.* I thank you, master.
I'll kiss my mistress now, that she may say,
My man was bound and free all in one day.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ORLANDO, *and* INFELICE.

*Inf.* From whom, sayst thou?
*Orl.* From a poor gentlewoman, madam, whom I serve.
*Inf.* And what's your business?
*Orl.* This, madam: my poor mistress has a waste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother; there's a lord now that goes about, not to take it clean from her, but to inclose it to himself, and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.
*Inf.* What would she have me do in this?
*Orl.* No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such a case. My honourable lord, your husband, would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself into your hands, because you, a woman, may do more with the duke your father.

---

[18] *Wasters*—Wasters are *cudgels*; as in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 84: "—and sodainely a stout, taule cobber will lay down *the waster*, and yeelde to him that hath more practise and skill in the weapon than himselfe."

*Philaster*, A. 4: "Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at *wasters*."

Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, as Mr Theobald observes, has given a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *Wasters*, because in playing and beating bouts with them, *they waste and fitter*. In opposition to this conjecture, Mr Theobald offers the following: "We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westm. (50 Edwardi tertii, Cap. 14.) was made against night-walkers and suspected persons, called Roberdesmer *Wastours* and draw latches. These *wastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *wasters*, i. e. destroyers."

*Inf.* Where lies this land?

*Orl.* Within a stone's cast of this place. My mistress, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn, so my master would yield too: but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her lifetime.

*Inf.* Is she then married? why stirs not her husband in it?

*Orl.* Her husband stirs in it under hand; but because the other is a great rich man, my master is loth to be seen in it too much.

*Inf.* Let her in writing draw the cause at large:
And I will move the duke.

*Orl.* 'Tis set down, madam, here in black and white already: work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any other; and she bestows *this* purse of gold on your ladyship.

*Inf.* Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no fees:
Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood;
I'll touch no gold, till I have done her good.

*Orl.* I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind, I should law more amongst them than I do then; here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every meadow, pasture, plough-land, cony-borough, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, that stands in it.

*Inf.* My husband's name, and hand and seal at arms, to a love-letter? where hadst thou this writing?

*Orl.* From the foresaid party, madam, that would keep the *foresaid* land out of the foresaid lord's fingers.

*Inf.* My lord turned ranger now?

*Orl.* You're a good huntress, lady; you have found your game already; your lord would fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park, if you'll not do't for love, then do't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or else she prays you to [19] ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures.

*Inf.* This very purse was woven with mine own hands;
This diamond, on that very night when he
Untied my virgin girdle, gave I him:
And must a common harlot share in mine?
Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold.

*Orl.* Not I, madam, old servingmen want no money.

*Inf.* Cupid himself was sure his secretary;
These lines are even the arrows love let flies,
The very ink dropt out of Venus' eyes.

*Orl.* I do not think, madam, but he fetcht off some poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous hawkes to flie at wenches.

*Inf.* Here's honied poison! to me he ne'er thus writ,
But lust can set a double edge on wit.

*Orl.* Nay, that's true, madam; a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

*Inf.* Oaths, promises, preferments, jewels, gold,
What snares should break, if all these cannot hold?
What creature is thy mistress?

*Orl.* One of those creatures that are contrary to man, a woman.

*Inf.* What manner of woman?

*Orl.* A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as ever unlaced a petticoat: these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord your husband.

*Inf.* They are delivered better: why should she send back these things?

*Orl.* Ware, ware, there's knavery.

*Inf.* Strumpets, like cheating gamesters, will not win
At first: these are but baits to draw him in.
How might I learn his hunting hours?

*Orl.* The Irish foootman can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the doe he would strike; that [20] Irish shackatory beats the bush for him, and knows all; he brought that letter, and that ring; he is the carrier.

*Inf.* Know'st thou what other gifts have past between them?

*Orl.* Little S. Patrick knows all.

*Inf.* Him I'll examine presently.

*Orl.* Not whilst I am here, sweet madam.

*Inf.* Begone then, and what lies in me command. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

*Enter* BRYAN.

*Inf.* Come hither, sirrah; how much cost those satins, and cloth of silver, which my husband sent by you to a low gentlewoman yonder?

*Bryan.* Faat sattins? faat silvers, faat low gentlefolkes? dow pratest dow knowest not what, yfaat la.

*Inf.* She there, to whom you carried letters.

*Bryan.* By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did so, oh how? I know not a letter a de book, yfaat la.

*Inf.* Did your lord never send you with a ring, sir, set with a diamond?

*Bryan.* Never sa crees sa me, never; he may run at a towsand rings yfaat, and I never hold his stirrup, till he leap into de saddle. By S. Patrick, madam, I never touch my lord's diamond,

---

[19] *Ring him*—To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils.

[20] *Irish shackatory*—Irish hound. So in *The Wandering Jew*, Sign. F: "—for time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no *shackatory* comes neere him; if hee once get the start, hee's gone, and you gone too."

nor ever had to do, yfaat la, with any of his precious stones.

*Enter* HIPOLITO.

*Inf.* Are you so close, you bawd, you pandring slave?

*Hip.* How now? why Infelice? what's your quarrel?

*Inf.* Out of my sight! base varlet! get thee gone,

*Hip* Away, you rogue.

*Bryan.* Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ah marragh frofat boddah breen.* [*Exit.*

*Hip.* What, grown a fighter? pr'ythee what's the matter?

*Inf.* If you'll needs know, it was about the clock: how works the day, my lord, pray, by your watch?

*Hip.* Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently: I am near two.

*Inf.* How, two? I am scarce at one.

*Hip.* One of us then goes false.

*Inf.* Then sure 'tis you;
Mine goes by heaven's dial, the sun, and it goes true.

*Hip.* I think, indeed, mine runs somewhat too fast.

*Inf.* Set it to mine, at one, then.

*Hip.* One? 'tis past:
'Tis past one by the sun.

*Inf* Faith, then, belike,
Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike;
And, since it is uncertain which goes true,
Better be false at one than false at two.

*Hip.* You're very pleasant, madam.

*Inf.* Yet not merry.

*Hip.* Why, Infelice, what should make you sad?

*Inf.* Nothing, my lord, but my false watch: Pray tell me,
You see, my clock or yours is out of frame,
Must we upon the workmen lay the blame,
Or on ourselves that keep them?

*Hip.* Faith, on both.
He may, by knavery, spoil them; we, by sloth.—
But why talk you all riddle thus? I read
Strange comments in those margins of your looks:
Your cheeks of late are (like bad printed books)
So dimly charactered, I scarce can spell
One line of love in them. Sure all's not well.

*Inf.* All is not well, indeed, my dearest lord:
Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speak may enter.

*Hip.* What means this?

*Inf.* Or if my own tongue must myself betray,
Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away,
And think me not thy wife. [*She kneels.*

*Hip.* Why do you kneel?

*Inf.* Earth is sin's cushion; when the sick soul feels herself growing poor, then she turns beggar, cries and kneels for help. Hipolito (for husband I dare not call thee) I have stolen that jewel of my chaste honour, (which was only thine,) and given it to a slave.

*Hip.* Ha!

*Inf.* On thy pillow adultery and lust have slept, the groom
Hath climbed the unlawful tree, and pluckt the sweets;
A villain hath usurped a husband's sheets.

*Hip.* 'Sdeath, who?—a cuckold!—who?

*Inf.* This Irish footman.

*Hip.* Worse than damnation! a wild kerne, a frog, a dog, whom I'll scarce spurn! Longed you for shamrock?[21] Were it my father's father, heart! I'll kill him, although I take him on his death-bed, gasping 'twixt heaven and hell! a shag-haired cur![22] Bold strumpet, why hangest thou on me? think'st I'll be a bawd to a whore, because she's noble?

*Inf.* I beg but this,
Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye;
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) soar high,
So it be in darkened clouds.

*Hip.* Darkened! my horns
Cannot be darkened, nor shall my revenge.
A harlot to my slave? the act is base,
Common, but foul; so shall thy disgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite? Oh, women!
You were created angels, pure and fair;
But, since the first fell, tempting devils you are:
You should be men's bliss, but you prove their rods;
Were there no women, men might live like gods.
You have been too much down already, rise;
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed;
I'll with no strumpet's breath be poisoned.
As for your Irish Lubrican, that spirit
Whom by preposterous charms thy lust hath raised
In a wrong circle, him I'll damn more black
Than any tyrant's soul.

*Inf.* Hipolito!

*Hip.* Tell me, didst thou bait hawks to draw him to thee, or did he bewitch thee?

*Inf.* The slave did *woo* me.

*Hip.* Two wooes in that screech-owl's language! Oh, who would trust your cork-heeled sex? I

---

[21] *Shamrock.*—The quarto reads *shamock*, a weed which the Irish wear in their hats on some particular festival. A collection of Hibernian Poetry, published not many years ago, is entitled, *The Shamrock.* S.
In the Dedication to Dericke's *Image of Irelande*, 1581: "My harte abhorreth their dealynges, and my soule dooth detest their wilde *shamrocke* manners."

[22] *A shag-haired cur.*—Shakespeare bestows the same epithet on a Kerne of Ireland, in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* edit. 1778, p. 357.

think to sate your lust! you would love a horse, a bear, a croaking toad, so your hot itching veins might have their bound. Then the wild Irish dart was thrown: come, how? the manner of this fight?

*Inf.* 'Twas thus; he gave me this battery first. Oh, I
Mistake, believe me, all this in beaten gold:
Yet I held out, but at length this was charmed.

*Hip.* What? change your diamond, wench! the act is base,
Common, but foul; so shall not your disgrace.
Could not I feed your appetite?

*Inf.* Oh, men!
You were created angels, pure and fair;
But, since the first fell, worse than devils you are.
You should our shields be, but you prove our rods,
Were there no men, women might live like gods.
Guilty, my lord?

*Hip.* Yes, guilty, my good lady.

*Inf.* Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my bed,
With no whore's leavings I'll be poisoned.

[*Exit.*

*Hip.* O'er-reached so finely! 'Tis the very diamond
And letter which I sent; this villainy
Some spider closely weaves, whose poisoned bulk[23]
I must let forth.—Who's there without?

Serv. [*within.*] My lord calls.

*Hip.* Send me the footman.

*Serv.* Call the footman to my lord. Bryan! Bryan!

*Enter* BRYAN.

*Hip.* It can be no man else; that Irish Judas,
[24] Bred in a country where no venom prospers,

---

[23] *Bulk*—i. e. *body*. So, in *David and Bethsabe*, by G. Peele:

"Bury his *bulk* beneath a heap of stones."

Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, A. 5:

"Their *bulks* and souls are bound on fortune's wheel."

*Volpone*, A. 2. S. 3:

"Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your *bulks* will have."

[24] *Bred in a country where no venom prospers.*—That Ireland is free from all venomous or poisonous creatures, is a fact which is asserted by almost every one who hath written concerning that country. Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. C 2, says:

"Within the compasse of this land,
no poysonyng beast doeth live;
To adder, snake, nor crocadile,
no respitte doeth it give:
Whereby the same repast maie take
to feede his appetite:
But with a deadly percyng blowe,
eche vermine it doeth smite.
As sone as they doe touche the grounde,
even by and by they dye;
And hope, of longer life to live,
from every one doeth flye.
For where tyme past it did possesse
eche hurtfull wicked beast;
The hissing serpent with her mate,
and worme of poyson least;
Yet now no such it will retaine,
it voucheth not to see;
The frogge, the tode, nor viper vile,
within her bounds to bee."

The same author says, that the country was exempted from these poisonous creatures by the means of St Patrick. He likewise adds,

"No beast that noyeth mortall man
is procreated theare;
It brynges forthe no lion feare,
nor yet the ravnyng beare.
No beast (I saie) which do possesse
one jote of crewell kinde;
Excepte the wolfe, that nosome is,
*in Irishe soile I finde.*"

But in the nation's blood, hath thus betrayed me.
Slave, get you from your service.

*Bryan.* Faat meanest thou by this now?

*Hip.* Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villain:
Could'st thou turn all the mountains in the land
To hills of gold, and to give me, here thou stayest not.

*Bryan.* I faat, I care not.

*Hip.* Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

*Bryan.* I, do predy, I had rather have thee make a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to dee I faat, I will never see dyne own sweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra*, fare dee well, fare dee well! I will go steal cows again in Ireland. [*Exit.*

*Hip.* He's damned that raised this whirlwind, which hath blown
Into her eyes this jealousy! Yet I'll on,
I'll on, stood armed devils staring in my face;
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race:
Shall my blood-streams by a wife's lust be bar'd!
Fond woman, no! iron grows by strokes more hard.
Lawless desires are sens scorning all bounds;
Or sulphur, which, being rammed up, more confounds:
Struggling with madmen, madness nothing tames;
Winds wrestling with great fires incense the flames. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BELLAFRONT *and* ORLANDO.

*Bel.* How now, what ails your master?

*Orl.* He's taken a younger brother's purge, forsooth, and that works with him.

*Bel.* Where is his cloak and rapier?

*Orl.* He has given up his cloak, and his rapier is bound to the peace; if you look a little higher, you may see that another hath entered into hatband for him too. Six and four have put him into this sweat.

*Bel.* Where's all his money?

*Orl.* 'Tis put over by exchange. His doublet was going to be translated, but for me: if any man would have lent but half a ducat on his beard, the hair of it had stuft a pair of breeches by this time. I had but one poor penny, and that I was glad to niggle out, and buy a holly wand to grace him through the street. As hap was, his boots were on; and them I dustied, to make people think he had been riding, and I had run by him.

*Bel.* Oh me, how does my sweet Matheo!

*Enter* MATHEO.

*Math.* Oh, rogue, of what devilish stuff are these dice made of? of the parings of the devil's corns of his toes, that they run thus damnably?

*Bel.* I pr'ythee vex not.

*Math.* If any handicraft's-man was ever suffered to keep shop in hell, it will be a dice-maker; he's able to undo more souls than the devil. I played with mine own dice, yet lost.—Have you any money?

*Bel.* 'Las, I have none.

*Math.* Must have money, must have some; must have a cloak, and rapier, and things. Will you go set your lime-twigs, and get me some birds, some money?

*Bel.* What lime-twigs should I set?

*Math.* You will not, then? Must have cash and pictures: Do you hear, frailty, shall I walk in a Plymouth cloak,[25] that's to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgel in my hand, and you swim in your satins? Must have money, come.

*Orl.* Is't bed-time, master, that you undo my mistress?

---

Barnaby Rych, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 44. says, "I will not contend whether it were Saint Patricke who, by his praiers, hath thus purged Ireland from toads, from snakes, from adders, and from other like venomous wormes; but there are other, as well beasts as birds, as the roebuck, the moule, the pianet, the nytingale, that are meer strangers in Ireland, as the other; and I cannot thinke but that it was one man's worke to expell all these together, and all at one time. But if it were Saint Patrick, or whosoever otherwise, that was so severe against the nytingale, the sweete querrister of the wood, whose delectable harmony is pleasing to every eare, I would he had been as strict in justice against that foulmouthed bird the cuckow, whose notes were never yet pleasing to any man's eare, that was jealous of his wife."

[25] *Plymouth cloak*—"That is," says Ray, in his *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 238. "a *cane*, a *staff*; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of sorts, is unable for the present time and place to recruit himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper's shop, where a staff cut out serves them for a covering. For we use, when we walk in *cuerpo*, to carry a staff in our hands, but none when in a cloak."

*A Plymouth cloak* is mentioned in *The Wandering Jew*, Sign. D: "But let fortune snatch her wheel from you, a poor ale-house is your inn, an old freeze jerkin, in summer, your Sonday suit, and a *Plimouth cloake* your caster."

*Bel.* Undo me? Yes, yes, at these riflings
I have been too often.
*Math.* Help to flea, Pacheco.
*Orl.* Fleaing call you it?
*Math.* I'll pawn you, by the Lord, to your very eye-brows.
*Bel.* With all my heart; since heaven will have me poor,
As good be drowned at sea, as drowned at shore.
*Orl.* Why hear you, sir? i'faith, do not make away her gown.
*Math.* Oh, it's summer, it's summer; your only fashion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.
*Orl.* Why, pray, sir, employ some of that money you have of mine.
*Math.* Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first: when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers ends rot.
*Orl.* So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my twenty pounds fly high.
*Math.* Knowest thou never a damned broker about the city?
*Orl.* Damned broker? yes, five hundred.
*Math.* The gown stood me in above twenty ducats, borrow ten of it; cannot live without silver.
*Orl.* I'll make what I can of it, sir; I'll be your broker,
But not your damned broker.—Oh, thou scurvy knave!
What makes a wife turn whore, but such a slave? [*Exit.*
*Math.* How now, little chick, what ailest? weeping, for a handful of tailors' shreds? Pox on them, are there not silks enow at mercers?
*Bel.* I care not for gay feathers, I.
*Math.* What doest care for then? why doest grieve?
*Bel.* Why do I grieve? a thousand sorrows strike
At one poor heart, and yet it lives. Matheo,
Thou art a gamester, pr'ythee throw at all,
Set all upon one cast! we kneel and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, spill all, sell all,
And when thou hast sold all, spend it; but, I beseech thee,
Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more;
To get it, would'st thou have me play the whore?
*Math.* 'Twas your profession before I married you.
*Bel.* Umh? it was indeed: if all men should be branded
For sins long since laid up, who could be saved?
The quarter-day's at hand, how will you do
To pay the rent, Matheo?
*Math.* Why, do as all of our occupation do against quarter-days; break up house, remove, shift your lodgings: Pox a your quarters!

*Enter* LODOVICO.

*Lod.* Where's this gallant?
*Math.* Signior Lodovico! How does my little mirror of knighthood? this is kindly done, i'faith: welcome, by my troth.
*Lod.* And how dost, frolic? save you, fair lady. Thou lookest smug and bravely, noble Matheo.
*Math.* Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm.
*Lod.* Is this thy wife?
*Math.* A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make use of a-nights.
*Lod.* Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady.
*Math.* Borrow some shells of him; some wine, sweetheart.
*Lod.* I'll send for't then, i'faith.
*Math.* You send for't? Some wine, I pr'ythee.
*Bel.* I have no money.
*Math.* 'Sblood, nor I: What wine love you, signior?
*Lod.* Here, or I'll not stay, I protest; trouble the gentlewoman too much? [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.] And what news flies abroad, Matheo?
*Math.* Troth none. Oh, signior, we have been merry in our days.
*Lod.* And no doubt shall again.
The divine powers never shoot darts at men
Mortal, to kill them.
*Math.* You say true.
*Lod.* Why should we grieve at want?
Say the world made thee her minion, that
Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danced thee
On her wanton knee, she could but give thee a whole
World; that's all, and that all's nothing: the world's
Greatest part cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.
Say, the three corners were all filled, alas!
Of what art thou possessed? a thin blown glass:
Such as by boys is puffed into the air.
Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care;
Thou could'st not sleep the better, nor live longer;
Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.
If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,
No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.
*Math.* I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left-handed priest christened me, I am so unlucky; I am never out of one puddle or another, still falling.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT *and* ORLANDO.

*Math.* Fill out wine to my little finger.
With my heart, i'faith.
*Lod.* Thanks, good Matheo.
To your own sweet self.
*Orl.* All the brokers' hearts, sir, are made of flint. I can, with all my knocking, strike but six sparks of fire out of them; here's six ducats, if you'll take them.
*Math.* Give me them: an evil conscience gnaw them all! moths and plagues hang upon their lousie wardrobes!
*Lod.* Is this your man, Matheo? an old serving-man.

*Orl.* You may give me t'other half too, sir; That's the beggar.

*Lod.* What hast there, gold?

*Math.* A sort of rascals are in my debt, God knows what! and they feed me with bits, with crums; a pox choke them!

*Lod.* A word, Matheo: be not angry with me;
Believe it that I know the touch of tin,
And can part copper, though it be gilded o'er,
From the true gold: the sails which thou dost spread,
Would shew well, if they were not borrowed.
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I give myself unto thee, pr'ythee use me;
I will bestow on you a suit of sattin,
And all things else to fit a gentleman,
Because I love you.

*Math.* Thanks, good noble knight.

*Lod.* Call on me when you please;
Till then, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Math.* Hast angled? hast cut up this fresh salmon?

*Bel.* Would'st have me be so base?

*Math.* Its base to steal, its base to be a whore;
Thou'lt be more base, I'll make thee keep a door. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* I hope he will not sneak away with all the money, will he?

*Bel.* Thou seest he does.

*Orl.* Nay, then, its well. I set my brains upon an upright last; though my wits be old, yet they are like a withered pippin, wholesome. Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six ducats of the (knave) broker; but I had eight, and kept these two for you.

*Bel.* Thou should'st have given him all.

*Orl.* What, to fly high?

*Bel.* Like waves, my misery drives on misery. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* Sell his wife's clothes from her back? Does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive? He riots all abroad, wants all at home; he dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, borrows, pawns: I'll give him hook and line a little more for all this.
Yet sure i'the end he'll delude all my hopes,
And shew me a French trick danced on the ropes. [*Exit.*

*Enter at one Door* LODOVICO *and* CAROLO; *at another* BOTS *and Mistress* HORSELEACH; CANDIDO *and his Wife appear in the Shop.*

*Lod.* Hist, hist, lieutenant Bots, how dost, man?

*Car.* Whither are you ambling, Madam Horseleach?

*Horse.* About worldly profit, sir: how do your worships?

*Bots.* We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish the trade; they wear out day and night, they wear out till no mettle be left in their back; we hear of two or three new wenches are come up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here is flying at them.

*Lod.* And faith, what flesh have you at home?

*Horse.* Ordinary dishes, by my troth, sweet men; there's few good i'the city; I am as well furnisht as any, and though I say it, as well customed.

*Bots.* We have meats of all sorts of dressing; we have stewed meat for your Frenchmen, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted for Don Spaniardo.

*Lod.* A pox on't.

*Bots.* We have poulterers' ware for your sweet bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, woodcock, and so forth: and butcher's meat for the citizen: yet muttons fall very bad this year.

*Lod.* Stay, is not that my patient linen-draper yonder, and my fine young smug mistress, his wife?

*Car.* Sirrah Grannam, I'll give thee for thy fee twenty crowns, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

*Horse.* You'd wear another thing besides the cap. You're a wag.

*Bots.* Twenty crowns? we'll share, and I'll be your pully to draw her on.

*Lod.* Do't presently, we'll have some sport.

*Horse.* Wheel you about, sweet men: do you see, I'll cheapen wares of the man, whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

*Lod.* To't; if we come into the shop to do you grace, we'll call you madam.

*Bots.* Pox a your old face, give it the badge of all scurvy faces, a masque.

*Can.* What is't you lack, gentlewoman? cambrick or lawns, or fine hollands? pray draw near, I can sell you a penny-worth.

*Bots.* Some cambrick for my old lady.

*Can.* Cambrick? you shall, the purest thread in Millan.

*Lod. and Car.* Save you, Signior Candido.

*Lod.* How does my noble master? how my fair mistress?

*Can.* My worshipful good servant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and even.

*Car.* Cry you mercy, madam, though mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray, Signior, shew her the best, for she commonly deals for good ware.

*Can.* Then this shall fit her, this is for your ladyship.

*Bots.* A word, I pray, there is a waiting gentlewoman of my lady's, her name is Ruyna, says she's your kinswoman, and that you should be one of her aunts.

*Wife.* One of her aunts? troth, sir, I know her not.

*Bots.* If it please you to bestow the poor labour of your legs at any time, I will be your convoy thither?

*Wife.* I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my house, if't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

*Bots.* Do you hear? the naked troth is: my lady hath a young knight, her son, who loves you; you're made, if you lay hold upon't: this jewel he sends you.

*Wife.* Sir, I return his love and jewel with scorn; let go my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant knave. [*Exit.*

*Lod.* What, *will* she do?

*Bots.* Do? they shall all do if Bots sets upon them once; she was as if she had profest the trade, squeamish at first, at last I shewed her this jewel, said, a knight sent it her.

*Lod.* Is't gold, and right stones?

*Bots.* Copper, copper, I go a fishing with these baits. She nibbled, but would not swallow the hook, because the cunger-head her husband was by: but she bids the gentleman name any afternoon, and she'll meet him at her garden-house, which I know.

*Lod.* Is this no lie now?

*Bots.* Damn me if—

*Lod.* Oh pr'ythee stay there.

*Bots.* The twenty crowns, sir.

*Lod.* Before he has his work done? but on my knightly word, he shall pay't thee.

*Enter* ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, *and* BRYAN.

*Ast.* I thought thou had'st been gone into thine own country.

*Bryan.* No faat la, I cannot go dis four or tree dayes.

*Ber.* Look thee, yonder's the shop, and that's the man himself.

*Fonti.* Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we told thee, to put a jest upon him, to abuse his patience.

*Bryan.* I faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but sa crees sa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any linen-draper in hell come preddy.

*Omnes.* Save you, gallants.

*Lod and Car.* Oh, well met!

*Can.* You'll give no more you say? I cannot take it.

*Horse.* Truly I'll give no more.

*Can.* It must not fetch it. What wo'd you have, sweet gentlemen?

*Ast.* Nay, here's the customer.

[*Exeunt* BOTS *and* HORSELEACH.

*Lod.* The garden-house you say? we'll bolt out your roguery.

*Can.* I will but lay these parcels by—My men are all at Customhouse unloading wares; if cambrick you wo'd deal in, there's the best, all Millan cannot sample it.

*Lod.* Do you hear? one, two, three: S'foot, there came in four gallants; sure your wife is slipt up, and the fourth man I hold my life is grafting your wardentree.[26]

*Can.* Ha, ha, ha: you gentlemen are full of jest. If she be up, she's gone some wares to show, I have above as good wares as below.

*Lod.* Have you so? nay then—

*Can.* Now, gentlemen, is't cambricks?

*Bryan.* I predee now let me have de best wares.

*Can.* What's that he says, pray, gentlemen?

*Lod.* Marry, he says we are like to have the best wares.

*Can.* The best wares! all are bad, yet wares do good,
And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms blood.

*Bryan.* Faat a devil pratest tow so, a pox on dee, I preddee let me see some hollen, to make linen shirts, for fear my body be lousy.

*Can.* Indeed I understand no word he speaks.

*Car.* Marry, he says, that at the siege in Holland there was much bawdry used among the soldiers, though they were lousy.

*Can.* It may be so, that's likely, true indeed,
In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

*Bryan.* Pox on de gardens, and de weeds, and de fooles cap dere, and de cloutes; hear, dost make a hobby-horse of me?

*Omnes.* Oh, fie, he has torn the cambrick.

*Can.* 'Tis no matter.

*Ast.* It frets me to the soul.

*Can.* So does not me.
My customers do oft for remnants call,
These are two remnants now, no loss at all:
But let me tell you, were my servants here,
It would have cost more.—Thank you, gentlemen,
I use you well, pray know my shop again.
[*Exit.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha; come, come, let's go, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MATHEO (*brave*[27]) *and* BELLAFRONT.

*Math.* How, am I suited, Front? am I not gallant, ha?

---

[26] *Warden-tree*—A pear tree. "*Volemum.* Plin. Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita dicta, quod impleant volam." Barret's *Alvearie*. The French call this pear *poire de garde*. See Mr Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

[27] *Brave*—i. e. *fine, gaudily dressed.* As, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 67: "—another layeth all his living upon his backe, judging that women are wedded to *braverie*."

*The Picture*, by Massinger, A. 3. S. 6:

"And to how many several women you are
"Beholding for your *bravery*."

*The Emperor of the East*, A. 2. S. 1:

"—her *bravery*
"So alters her, I had forgot her face."

*Bel.* Yes, sir, you are suited well.

*Math.* Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

*Bel.* The tailor has played his part with you.

*Math.* And I have played a gentleman's part with my tailor, for I owe him for the making of it.

*Bel.* And why did you so, sir?

*Math.* To keep the fashion: It's your only fashion now of your best rank of gallants, to make their tailors wait for their money; neither were it wisdom indeed to pay them upon the first edition of a new suit; for commonly the suit is owing for, when the linings are worn out, and there's no reason then that the tailor should be paid before the mercer.

*Bel.* Is this the suit the knight bestowed upon you?

*Math.* This is the suit, and I need not shame to wear it; for better men than I would be glad to have suits bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but—pox on him—we, whose pericranions are the very limbecks and stillitories of good wit, and fly high, must drive liquor out of stale gaping oysters. Shallow knight! poor Squire Tinacheo: I'll make a wild Cataian [28] of forty such: hang him, he's an ass, he's always sober.

*Bel.* This is your fault to wound your friends still.

*Math.* No faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble Slavonian: it's more rare to see him in a woman's company, than for a Spaniard to go into England, and to challenge the English fencers there.—One knocks,—See—*La, fa, sol, la, fa, la,* rustle in silks and sattins: there's music in this, and a taffety petticoat, it makes both fly high,—Catzo.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT, *after her* ORLANDO *like himself, with four Men after him.*

*Bel.* Matheo? 'tis my father.

*Math.* Ha, father? it's no matter, he finds no tattered prodigals here.

*Orl.* Is not the door good enough to hold your blue coats? away, knaves. Wear not your clothes thread-bare at knees for me; beg heaven's blessing, not mine. Oh, cry your worship mercy, sir; was somewhat bold to talk to this gentlewoman, your wife here.

*Math.* A poor gentlewoman, sir.

*Orl.* Stand not, sir, bare to me; I have read oft
That serpents, who creep low, belch ranker poison
Than winged dragons do, that fly aloft.

*Math.* If it offend you, sir? 'tis for my pleasure.

*Orl.* Your pleasure be't, sir? umh, is this your palace?

*Bel.* Yes, and our kingdom, for 'tis our content.

*Orl.* Its a very poor kingdom then; what, are all your subjects gone a sheep-shearing? not a maid? not a man? not so much as a cat? you keep a good house belike, just like one of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half-headed bed to vault upon, as all your bawdy-houses are. Pray, who are your upholsters? Oh, the spiders, I see; they bestow hangings upon you.

*Math.* Bawdy-house! Zounds! sir——

*Bel.* Oh, sweet Matheo, peace. Upon my knees
I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me
For sins, which heaven, I hope, long since hath pardoned.
Those flames, like lightning flashes, are so spent,
The heat no more remains, than where ships went,
Or where birds cut the air, the print remains.

*Math.* Pox on him, kneel to a dog!

*Bel.* She that's a whore
Lives gallant, fares well, is not, like me, poor;
I have now as small acquaintance with that sin,
As if I had never known it; that, never been.

*Orl.* No acquaintance with it! what maintains thee then? how dost live then? has thy husband any lands? any rents coming in, any stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? hast thou any wares to turn, so much as to get a single penny by? yes, thou hast ware to sell, knaves are thy chapmen, and thy shop is hell.

*Math.* Do you hear, sir?

*Orl.* So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than you dream I do.

*Math.* You fly a little too high, sir.

*Orl.* Why, sir, too high?

*Math.* I have suffered your tongue, like [29] a bard cater tra, to run all this while, and have not stopt it.

---

Ibid. A. 4. S. 1:

"I've built no palaces to face the Court,
"Nor do my follower's *bravery* shame his train."

[28] *A wild* Cataian *of forty such*:—i. e. forty such shallow knights, &c. would go to the composition of a *dexterous thief.* See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last edition, p. 265.

[29] *A bard cater tra*—The following passage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. 4to. 1612, Sign. C 4, will sufficiently explain the terms above used; "First you must know a langret, which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often seene to their cost; and this is a well-favoured die, and seemeth good and square, yet it is forged longer upon *the cater and trea* than any other way; and therefore it is called a langret. Such be also called *bard cater treas*, because commonly the longer end will of his owne sway drawe downewards, and turne up to the eie sice sincke deuce or ace. The principal use of

*Orl.* Well, sir, you talk like a gamester.

*Math.* If you come to bark at her, because she's a poor rogue; look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there the door.

*Bel.* Matheo?

*Math.* Your blue coats stay for you, sir. I love a good honest roaring boy, and so—

*Orl.* That's the devil.

*Math.* Sir, sir, I'll have no Joves in my house to thunder avaunt: she shall live and be maintained; when you, like a keg of musty sturgeon, shall stink. Where? in your coffin. How? be a *musty fellow*, and lousy.

*Orl.* I know she shall be maintained, but how? she like a quean, thou like a knave; she like a whore, thou like a thief.

*Math.* Thief! zounds, thief!

*Bel.* Good dearest Matheo.—Father!

*Math.* Pox on you both, I'll not be braved: new sattin scorns to be put down with bare bawdy velvet. Thief!

*Orl.* Aye, thief; thou'rt a murtherer, a cheater, a whore-monger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a beggar—

*Bel.* Dear father—

*Math.* An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chuff, an usurer, a villain, a moth, a mangy mule with an old velvet foot-cloth on his back, sir.

*Bel.* Oh me!

*Orl.* Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.

*Math.* Ha, ha, alas.

*Orl.* Thou keepest a man of mine here, under my nose.

*Math.* Under thy beard.

*Orl.* As arrant a smell-smock, for an old mutton-monger, as thyself.

*Math.* No as yourself.

*Orl.* As arrant a purse-taker as ever cried, stand; yet a good fellow, I confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to the gallows; you both have robbed of late two poor country pedlars.

*Math.* How's this? how's this? dost thou fly high? rob pedlars? bear witness, Front, rob pedlars? my man and I a thief.

*Bel.* Oh, sir, no more.

*Orl.* Aye, knave, two pedlars, hue and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a ladder.

*Math.* And come down again as well as a bricklayer, or a tyler. How the vengeance knows he this? if I be hanged, I'll tell the people I married old Friscobaldo's daughter, I'll frisco you, and your old carcase.

*Orl.* Tell what thou canst; if I stay here longer, I shall be hanged too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leave you.

*Math.* Kneel, and get money of him.

*Orl.* A knave and a quean, a thief, and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of baggages.

*Math.* Hang upon him. Aye, aye, sir, fare you well; we are so: follow close—we are beggars—in sattin—to him.

*Bel.* Is this your comfort, when so many years
You have left me frozen to death?

*Orl.* Freeze still, starve still.

*Bel.* Yes, so I shall; I must, I must and will.
If as you say I'm poor, relieve me then,
Let me not sell my body to base men.
You call me strumpet, heaven knows I am none;
Your cruelty may drive me to be one:
Let not that sin be yours; let not the shame
Of common whore live longer than my name.
That cunning bawd, Necessity, night and day
Plots to undo me; drive that hag away,
Lest being at lowest ebb, as now I am,
I sink for ever.

*Orl.* Lowest ebb, what ebb?

*Bel.* So poor, that, though to tell it be my shame,
I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.

*Orl.* It's not seen by your cheeks.

*Math.* I think she has read an homily to tickle too the old rogue.

*Orl.* Want bread? there's sattin: bake that.

*Math.* S'blood, make pasties of my clothes?

*Orl.* A fair new cloke, stew that; an excellent gilt rapier.

*Math.* Will you eat that, sir?

*Orl.* I could feast ten good fellows with those hangers.

*Math.* The pox you shall.

*Orl.* I shall not, till thou beggest, think thou art poor;
And when thou beggest, I'll feed thee at my door,
As I feed dogs, with bones; till then beg,
Borrow, pawn, steal, and hang, turn bawd,
When thou'rt no whore:—my heart-strings sure
Would crack, were they strained more. [*Exit.*

*Math.* This is your father, your damned—confusion light upon all the generation of you! he can come bragging hither with four white herrings at's tail, in blue coats without roes in their bellies, but I may starve ere he give me so much as a cob. [30]

*Bel.* What tell you me of this? alas.

*Math.* Go trot after your dad, do you capitu-

---

them is at Novum; for so longe a paire of *bard cater treas* be walking on the bourd, so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unles it be by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or some other stoppe, force them to stay, and run against their kinde: for without *cater or trea* ye know that five or nine can never come." Monsieur D'Olive, 1606, the *stop cater tre* is mentioned; and again, *The London Prodigal.*

[30] *A cob*—A herring is called *a cob.* See Nash's *Lenten Stuff.* This is, however, a quibble here, for I think *a cob in Ireland* signifies a coin, or piece of money.

late, I'll pawn not for you, I'll not steal to be hanged for such an hypocritical close common harlot; away, you dog—Brave yfaith! Udsfoot! give me some meat.

*Bel.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Math.* Goodman slave, my man, too, is galloped to the devil a'the t'other side. Pacheco, I'll checo you: Is this your dad's day? England, they say, is the only hell for horses, and only Paradise for women; pray, get you to that Paradise, because you're called an *Honest Whore*. There they live none but honest whores, with a pox! Marry, here, in our city, all our sex are but footcloth nags; the master no sooner lights, but the man leaps into the saddle.

*Enter* BELLAFRONT, *with Meat.*

*Bel.* Will you sit down, I pray, sir?

*Math.* I could tear, by the Lord! his flesh, and eat his midriff in salt, as I eat this.—Must I choke.—My father Friscobaldo! I shall make a pitiful hog-louse of you, Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers.—Here's the savouriest meat; I have got a stomach with chafing. What rogue should tell him of those two pedlers? A plague choke him, and gnaw him to the bare bones!—Come, fill.

*Bel.* Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet: Vex not; 'las 'tis no fault of mine.

*Math.* Where didst buy this mutton? I never felt better ribs.

*Bel.* A neighbour sent it me.

*Enter* ORLANDO.

*Math.* Hah, neighbour? foh, my mouth stinks! You whore, do you beg victuals for me? Is this sattin doublet to be bombasted[31] with broken meat? [*Takes up the Stool.*

*Orl.* What will you do, sir?

*Math.* Beat out the brains of a beggarly——

[*Exit* BELLAFRONT.

*Orl.* Beat out an ass's head of your own:—Away, mistress!—Zounds! do but touch one hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coxcomb shall ache the worse these seven years for't: Does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

*Math.* Ha, ha! Go out of my doors, you rogue, away! Four marks, trudge.

*Orl.* Four marks? no, sir, my twenty pounds that you have made fly high, and I am gone.

*Math.* Must I be fed with chippings? you're best get a clap-dish,[32] and say you're proctor to some Spittal-house. Where hast thou been, Pacheco? Come hither, my little turkey-cock.

*Orl.* I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wronged; not I.

*Math.* Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day.

*Orl.* Pish, then you're full of crowns.

*Math.* Hang him, he would have thrust crowns upon me, to have fallen in again, but I scorn cast clothes, or any man's gold.

*Orl.* But mine; how did he brook that, sir?

*Math.* Oh, swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers; at last, growing foul in words, he and four of his men drew upon me, sir.

*Orl.* In your house? would I had been by.

*Math.* I made no more ado, but fell to my old lock, and so thrashed my blue coats, and old crabtree-face my father-in-law, and then walked like a lion in my grate.

*Orl.* Oh, noble master!

*Math.* Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing the two pedlers, and that warrants are out for us both.

---

[31] *Bombasted*—i. e. stuffed out. So, in Gascoigne's *Fable of Jeronimi*, p. 232:

"Thy bodies bolstred out
With *bumbast* and with bagges,
Thy roales, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes,
Thy jerkins, and thy jagges."

*To bombast* was, in general, to stuff with cotton. See Mr Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

[32] *Clapdish.*—"The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to show that the vessel was empty." See Mr Steevens's Note on *Measure for Measure*, A. 3. S. 2.

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 143:

"Where I was wont, the golden chaines to wear,
A payre of beads about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne, that trailed on the ground,
*A dish that clapt*, and gave a heavy sound,
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bear about, as witnesse of my fall."

*Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1: "An he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' [illegible]ds, the counters, he has got the wrong sow by the ear i'faith, and *claps his dish* at the wrong

*Orl.* Good sir, I like not those crackers.
*Math.* Crackhalter, wo't set thy foot to mine?
*Orl.* How, sir, at drinking?
*Math.* We'll pull that old crow, my father: rob thy master. I know the house, thou the servants; the purchase[33] is rich, the plot to get it easy: the dog will not part from a bone.
*Orl.* Pluck't out of his throat, then: I'll snarl for one, if this can bite.
*Math.* Say no more, say no more, old cole; meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwreck.
*Orl.* Yes, sir.
*Math.* And dost hear, man?—the Shipwreck.
[*Exit.*
*Orl.* Thou'rt at the Shipwreck now, and like a swimmer
Bold, but unexpert, with those waves dost play,
Whose dalliance, whore-like, is to cast thee away.

*Enter* HIPOLITO *and* BELLAFRONT.

And here's another vessel, better fraught,
But as ill-manned, her sinking will be wrought,
If rescue come not; like a man of war
I'll therefore bravely out; somewhat I'll do,
And either save them both, or perish too.
[*Exit.*
*Hip.* It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.
*Bel.* Fate? your folly.
Why should my face thus mad you? 'las, those colours
Are wound up long ago, which beauty spread;
The flowers that once grew here, are withered.
You turned my black soul white, made it look new,
And should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.
*Hip.* Your hand, I'll offer you fair play. When first
We met i'the lists together, you remember
You were a common rebel; with one parley
I won you to come in.
*Bel.* You did.
*Hip.* I'll try
If now I can beat down this chastity
With the same ordnance. Will you yield this fort,
If with the power of argument now, as then,
I get of you the conquest: as before
I turned you honest, now to turn you whore,
By force of strong persuasion?
*Bel.* If you can,
I yield.
*Hip.* The alarm's struck up: I'm your man.
*Bel.* A woman gives defiance.
*Hip.* Sit.
*Bel.* Begin;
'Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.
*Hip.* You men that are to fight in the same war
To which I'm prest, and plead at the same bar,
To win a woman, if you would have me speed,
Send all your wishes.
*Bel.* No doubt you're heard, proceed.
*Hip.* To be a harlot,—that you stand upon,—
The very name's a charm to make you one.
Harlot was a dame of so divine
And ravishing touch, that she was concubine[34]
To an English king: her sweet bewitching eye,
Did the king's heart-strings in such love-knots tie,
That even the coyest was proud when she could hear
Men say, Behold, another harlot there.
And, after her, all women that were fair
Were harlots called, as to this day some are:
Besides, her dalliance she so well does mix,
That she's in Latin called the *Meretrix.*
Thus for the name; for the profession, *this;*
Who lives in bondage, lives laced; *the chief* bliss
This world below can *yield*, is *liberty*;
And who, than whores, with looser wings dare fly?
As Juno's *proud bird* spreads the fairest tail,
So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail.
She's no man's slave, men are her slaves; her eye
Moves not on wheels screwed up with jealousy.
She, horsed or coached, does merry journies make,
Free as the sun in his gilt zodiac;
As bravely does she shine, as fast she's driven,
But stays not long in any house of heaven;

---

[33] *The purchase is rich.*—*Purchase* was anciently a cant word for stolen goods. As, in *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 4: "All the purses and *purchase* I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Urs'la's presently."

*The Alchemist*, A. 4. S. 7:

"————I'the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and *purchase*,
That we can carry i'the two trunks."

See also Mr Whalley's Note on the last passage, and Mr Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1.

[34] ——*concubine*

*To an English king.*—*Arlotta* (from whence the word *harlot* is fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an English monarch, but mistress to Robert, one of the dukes of Normandy, and father to William the Conqueror. S.

But shifts from sign to sign her amorous prizes,
More rich being when she's down, than when she rises.
In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight for them,
Few men but know them, few or none abhor them;
Thus, for sport sake, speak I, as to a woman,
Whom, as the worst ground, I would turn to common:
But you I would enclose for mine own bed.
*Bel.* So should a husband be dishonoured.
*Hip.* Dishonoured! not a whit: to fall to one,
Besides your husband, is to fall to none,
For one no number is.
*Bel.* Faith, should you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make?
'Tis time you sound retreat.
*Hip.* Say, have I won;
Is the day ours?
*Bel.* The battle's but half done,
None but yourself have yet sounded alarms,
Let us strike too, else you dishonour arms.
*Hip.* If you can win the day,
The glory's yours.
*Bel.* To prove a woman should not be a whore,
When she was made, she had one man, and no more;
Yet she was tied to laws then; for, even then,
'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t'increase earth's brood, the law was varied,
Men should take many wives; and though they married
According to that act, yet 'tis not known,
But that those wives were only tied to one.
New parliaments were since; for now one woman
Is shared between three hundred, nay she's common;
Common as spotted leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for't.
So spread they nets of gold, and tune their calls,
To enchant silly women to take falls;
Swearing they are angels, which that they may win,
They'll hire the devil to come with false dice in.
Oh sirens subtle tunes! yourselves you flatter,
And our weak sex betray; so men love water;
It serves to wash their hands, but, being once foul,
The water down is poured, cast out of doors,
And even of such base use do men make whores.
A harlot, like a hen, more sweetness reaps,
To pick men one by one up, than in heaps;
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste me,
I serve but for the time, and when the day
Of war is done, am cashiered out of pay;
If like lame soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's lust's rendezvous, an hospital.
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's woman?
She's half-starved the first day that feeds in common.
*Hip.* You should not feed so, but with me alone.
*Bel.* If I drink poison by stealth, is't not all one?
Is't not rank poison still with you alone!
Nay, say you spied a courtezan, whose soft side
To touch, you'd sell your birth-right for one kiss,
Be racked; she's won, you're sated; what follows this?
Oh, then, you curse that bawd that told you in,
(The night) you curse your lust, you loath the sin,
You loath her very sight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when you're stolen away.
Even then, when you are drunk with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets.
Women, whom lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like dancers upon ropes, once seen are stale.
*Hip.* If all the threads of harlots' lives are spun
So coarse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long loved the trade?
*Bel.* If all the threads
Of harlots' lives be fine as you would make them,
Why do not you persuade your wife turn whore,
And all dames else to fall before that sin?
Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, followed I that game.
Oh, when the work of lust had earned my bread,
To taste it, how I trembled, lest each bit,
Ere it went down, should choke me, chewing it!
My bed seemed like a cabin hung in hell;
The bawd, hell's porter; and the liquorish wine
The pander fetched, was like an easy fine,
For which, methought, I leased away my soul;
And oftentimes, even in my quaffing bowl,
Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much confusion more.
*Hip.* It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
Two of one trade never love; no more do you.
Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once profest?
*Bel.* Why doat you on that, which you did once detest?
I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff,
Set colours on a harlot base enough.
Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loath them more than this: when in the street
A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
She seemed to all a dove, when I passed by,
And I to all a raven; every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance;
At me, each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they vail;
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail.
She, crown'd with reverend praises, passed by them;
I, though with face maskt, could not scape the hem;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on whores,
Because they should be pointing stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtezan
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.
Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear;
For men account them good but for one year;
And then like almanacks, whose dates are gone,
They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.

Who'll therefore backward fall, who will launch forth
In seas so foul, for ventures no more worth?
Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this cross,
Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home with loss.
What, shall I sound retreat? the battle's done:
Let the world judge which of us two have won.
*Hip.* I!
*Bel.* You? nay, then, as cowards do in fight,
What by blows cannot, shall be saved by flight.
[*Exit.*
*Hip.* Fly to earth's fixed centre: to the caves
Of everlasting horror, I'll pursue thee,
Though loaden with sins, even to hell's brazen doors.
Thus wisest men turn fools, doating on whores.
[*Exit.*

*Enter the Duke,* LODOVICO, *and* ORLANDO: *after them* INFELICE, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL.

*Orl.* I beseech your grace, though your eye be so piercing, as under a poor blue coat to cull out an honest father from an old serving-man; yet, good my lord, discover not the plot to any, but only this gentleman that is now to be an actor in our ensuing comedy.

*Duke.* Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass unknown,
Sforsa shall only go along with thee,
To see that warrant served upon thy son.

*Lod.* To attach him upon felony, for two pedlars: is't not so?

*Orl.* Right, my noble knight; those pedlars were two knaves of mine; he fleeced the men before, and now he purposes to flea the master. He will rob me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this shall hang him by the gills, till I pull him on shore.

*Duke.* Away; ply you the business.

*Orl.* Thanks to your grace; but, my good lord, for my daughter.

*Duke.* You know what I have said.

*Orl.* And remember what I have sworn; she's more honest, on my soul, than one of the Turk's wenches, watched by a hundred eunuchs.

*Lod.* So she had need, for the Turks make them whores.

*Orl.* He's a Turk that makes any woman a whore, he's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your grace.

*Duke.* Infelice.

*Inf.* Here, sir.

*Lod.* Signior Friscobaldo.

*Orl.* Frisking again? Pacheco.

*Lod.* Uds so, Pacheco? we'll have some sport with this warrant; 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house; besides, there's one Bots a pander, and one Madam Horseleach a bawd, that have abused my friend, those two conies will we ferret into the pursenet.[35]

*Orl.* Let me alone for dabbing them o'the neck: come, come.

*Lod.* Do ye hear, gallants? meet me anon at Matheo's.

*Omnes.* Enough.

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO *and* ORLANDO.

*Duke.* The old fellow sings that note thou didst before,
Only his tunes are, that she is no whore,
But that she sent his letters and his gifts,
Out of a noble triumph o'er his lust,
To shew she trampled his assaults in dust.

*Inf.* 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

*Duke.* I doubt no less.

*Inf.* And it may be my husband;
Because when once this woman was unmaskt,
He level'd all her thoughts, and made them fit;
Now he'd mar all again, to try his wit.

*Duke.* It may be so too; for to turn a harlot
Honest, it must be by strong antidotes;
'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots.
And when she's once a star fixed, and shines bright,
Though 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Because we see such tapers seldom burn;
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing star again,
And it may be Hipolito does no more.
It cannot be, but you're acquainted all
With that same madness of our son-in-law,
That dotes so on a courtezan.

*Omnes.* Yes, my lord.

*Car.* All the city thinks he's a whoremonger.

*Ast.* Yet I warrant, he'll swear, no man marks him.

*Ber.* 'Tis like so; for when a man goes a wenching, it is as if he had a strong stinking breath, every one smells him out, yet he feels it not, though it be ranker then the sweat of sixteen bearwarders.

*Duke.* I doubt then you have all those stinking breaths,
You might be all smelt out.

*Car.* Troth, my lord, I think we are all as you have been in your youth when you went a maying, we all love to hear the cuckoo sing upon other men's trees.

*Duke.* It's well yet you confess; but, girl, thy bed

---

35 *Pursenet*—"A net of which the mouth is drawn together by a string."
"*Conies* are taken by pursenets in their burrows." *Mortimer.*
*Johnson's Dictionary.*

Shall not be parted with a courtezan—'tis strange,
No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady,
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of honour, heaven or hell, no not that name
Of common strumpet, can affright, or woo
Him to abandon her; the harlot does undo him,
She has betwitched him, robb'd him of his shape,
Turn'd him *into* a beast, his reason's lost;
You see he *looks* wild, does he not?

*Car.* I have noted new moons
In's *face*, my lord, all full of change.

*Duke.* He's no more like unto Hipolito,
Than dead men are *to living*—never sleeps,
Or if he do, its dreams; and in those dreams
His arms work,—and then cries—sweet—
What's her name, what's the drab's name?

*Ast.* In troth, my lord, I know not;
I know no drabs, not I.

*Duke.* Oh, Bellafront!
And catching her fast, cries, my Bellafront.

*Car.* A drench that's able to kill a horse cannot kill this disease of smock-smelling, my lord, if it have once eaten deep.

*Duke.* I'll try all physic, and this med'cine first;
I have directed warrants strong and peremptory,
To purge our city Millan, and to cure the outward
Parts, the suburbs, for the attaching
Of all those women, who, like gold, want weight,
Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight.

*Car.* No, my lord, and light wenches are no idle freight;
*But what's your grace's reach in this?*

*Duke.* This, Carolo. If she whom my son doats on,
Be in that master-book enroll'd, he'll shame
Ever t'approach one of such noted name.

*Car.* But say she be not?

*Duke.* Yet on harlots' heads
New laws shall fall so heavy, and such blows shall
Give to those that haunt them, that Hipolito,
If not for fear of law, for love to her,
If he love truly, shall her bed forbear.

*Car.* Attach all the light heels i'the city, and clap 'em up!—Why, my lord, you dive into a well unsearchable, all the whores within the walls, and without the walls. I would not be he should meddle with them for ten such dukedoms; the army that you speak on is able to fill all the prisons within this city, and to leave not a drinking room in any tavern besides.

*Duke.* Those only shall be caught that are of note,
Harlots in each street flow;
The fish being thus i'the net, ourself will sit,
And with eye most severe dispose of it.—Come, girl. [*Exeunt Duke and* INFELICE.

*Car.* Arraign the poor whores!

*Ast.* I'll not miss that sessions.

*Font.* Nor I.

*Ber.* Nor I,
Though I hold up my hand there myself.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MATHEO, ORLANDO, *and* LODOVICO.

*Math.* Let who will come, my noble chevalier, I can but play the kind host, and bid 'em welcome.

*Lod.* We'll trouble your house, Matheo, but as Dutchmen do in taverns, drink, be merry, and be gone.

*Orl.* Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall to drinking, you must be gone.

*Math.* The worst is, my wife is not at home; but we'll fly high, my generous knight, for all that; there's no music when a woman is in the concert.

*Orl.* No, for she's [36] like a pair of virginals,
Always with jacks at her tail.

*Enter* ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, FONTINELL.

*Lod.* See, the covey is sprung.

*Omnes.* Save you, gallants.

*Math.* Happily encountered, sweet bloods.

*Lod.* Gentlemen, you all know Signior Candido, the linen-draper, he that's more *patient than* a brown baker, upon the day when he heats his oven, and has forty scolds about him.

*Omnes.* Yes, we know him all, what of him?

*Lod.* Would it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on the tenters, [37] till the threads of his own natural humour crack, by making him

---

[36] *Like a pair of virginals,*
*Always with jacks at her tail*—So, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Like *virginal jacks?*"

Again, Bacon: "In *a virginal*, as soon as ever the jack falleth, and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth." S.

See note 74 to the First Part of this play, p. 555.

[37] *Stretch him on the tenters*—i. e. the tenter-hooks, on which cloth after dyeing is hung to dry. The quarto reads *tainters*. S.

[38] drink healths, tobacco, dance, sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we think good to cast him?

*Car.* 'Twere a morris-dance worth the seeing.

*Ast.* But the old fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt him out of his den.

*Math.* To that train I have given fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certain pieces of lawn, which I told him I have to sell, and indeed have *such*: Fetch them down, Pacheco.

*Ort.* Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will fetch any thing; but I'll fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turn your stomach, and that's a constable. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BOTS, *ushering Mistress* HORSELEACH.

*Omnes.* How now, how now?

*Car.* What gally-foist[39] is this?

*Lod.* Peace; two dishes of stewed prunes,[40] a bawd and a pander. My worthy Lieutenant Bots, why, now I see thou'rt a man of thy word, welcome; welcome, Mistress Horseleach. Pray, gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

*Horse.* Thanks to all your worships.

*Lod.* I bade a drawer send in wine too: Did none come along with thee, grannam, but the lieutenant?

*Horse.* None came along with me but Bots, if it like your worship.

*Bots.* Who the pox should come along with you but Bots?

*Enter two Vintners, with Wine.*

*Omnes.* Oh, brave! march fair.

*Lod.* Are you come? that's well.

*Math.* Here's ordnance able to sack a city.[41]

*Lod.* Come, repeat, read this inventory.

1 *Vint. Imprimis*, a pottle of Greek wine; a pottle of Peter sa meene;[42] a pottle of Charnico; and a pottle of Ziattica.

*Lod.* You're paid?

2 *Vint.* Yes, sir. [*Exeunt Vintners.*

*Math.* So shall some of us be anon, I fear.

*Bots.* Here's a hot day towards: but, zounds! this is the life out of which a soldier sucks sweetness; when this artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground, cannon, demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk!

*Lod.* Give fire, lieutenant.

*Bots.* So, so; must I venture first upon the breach?—To you all, gallants; Bots sets upon you all.

*Omnes.* Its hard, Bots, if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper us.

---

[38] *Drink healths*, tobacco, &c.—To drink tobacco was a common phrase for smoking it.

*The Miseries of enforced Marriage*, A. 1. "*I* tell *thee*, Wentloe, *thou canst not live on this* side of the world, *feed well, drink tobacco*," &c.

Again, A. 3:

"*Do*; and we'll stay here and *drink tobacco*."

Again, in the Interlude of *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, contending for Superiority*, Tobacco says,

"What, do ye stand at gaze?
*Tobacco is a drink*, too.
Beer. *A drink?*
*Tobacco.* Wine, you, and I, come both out of a pipe."

*The Country Captaine*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 22.: "I doe not thinke but thou wilt leave thy law, and exercise thy taking in compassing some treatises against *longe hayre, and drinkinge* that most unchristian weede yclept tobacco."

[39] *Gally-foist*—See Note 8 to *The Parson's Wedding*.

[40] *Stewed prunes*—See Notes of Mr Steevens and Dr Farmer to the First Part of *Henry IV*. A. 3. S. 3.

[41] *Here's ordnance able to sack a city*—So Falstaff, on the same occasion, in the First Part of *Henry IV.* says, "there's that will *sack a city*." S.

[42] *Peter sa meene, Charnico*—These wines are mentioned likewise in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615. Aragoosa, or *Peter see me*, or *Charnico*. S.

They appear to have been Spanish wines, being enumerated in the following manner in *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 48.: "From the Spaniard all kinds of Sacks, as Malligo, *Charnio*, Sherry, Canary, Leatica, Palerno, Frontiniack, *Peeter see mee*, Vino deriba davia, Vino dita Frontina, Vino blanco, Moscatell perarsivina callis, Callongallo, Paracomer," &c.

*The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, 1612, Sign. A 3: "I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in severall roomes, some drinking the neate wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Burdeaux, there wanted neither Sherry sack, nor *Charnoco, Maligo*, nor *Peter Seemine*, Amber coloured Candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown Bastard, fat Aligant, nor any quick spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devill by immagination."

Dr Warburton says, as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of turpentine-tree, he imagines the growth of *Charnico* was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name *from* a certain flavour resembling it.

See Notes by Dr Warburton, Mr Hawkins, Mr Steevens, and Dr Percy, on the Second Part of *Henry IV*. A. 2. S. 3.

*Enter* CANDIDO.

*Lod.* My noble linen-draper! Some wine; welcome, old lad!

*Math.* You're welcome, Signior.

*Can.* These lawns, sir?

*Math.* Presently; my man is gone for them. We have rigged a fleet, you see, here, to sail about the world.

*Can.* A dangerous voyage, sailing in such ships.

*Bots.* There's no casting overboard yet.

*Lod.* Because you're an *old* lady, I will have you be acquainted with this grave citizen: Pray bestow your lips upon him, and bid him welcome.

*Horse.* Any citizen shall be most welcome to me.—I have used to buy ware at your shop.

*Can.* It may be so, good madam.

*Horse.* Your 'prentices know my dealings well. I trust your good wife be in good case; if it please you, bear her a token from my lips by word of mouth.

*Can.* I pray no more, forsooth; 'tis very well; indeed I love no sweetmeats.—She's a breath stinks worse than fifty pole-cats!—Sir, a word; is she a lady?

*Lod.* A woman of a good house, and an ancient; she's a bawd.

*Can.* A bawd! Sir, I'll steal hence, and see your lawns some other time.

*Math.* Steal out of such company? Pacheco, my man, is but gone for 'em. Lieutenant Bots, drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to fly high.

*Omnes.* Swagger; and make him do't on his knees.

*Can.* How, Bots? now, bless me, what do I with Bots?—No wine, in sooth, no wine, good master Bots.

*Bots.* Grey-beard, goat's-pizzle, 'tis a health! Have this in your guts, or this; there. I will sing a bawdy song, sir, because your verjuice face is melancholy, to make liquor go down glib: Will you fall on your marrow-bones, and pledge this health; 'tis to my mistress, a whore?

*Can.* Here's ratsbane upon ratsbane!—Master Bots, I pray, sir, pardon me; you are a soldier, press me not to this service, I am old, and shoot not in such pot-guns.

*Bots.* Cap, I'll teach you.

*Can.* To drink healths, is to drink sickness:—Gentlemen, pray rescue me.

*Bots.* Zounds! who dare?

*Omnes.* We shall have stabbing, then.

*Can.* I have reckonings to cast up, good master Bots.

*Bots.* This will make you cast 'em up better.

*Lod.* Why does your hand shake so?

*Can.* The palsy, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

*Bots.* Pipe, with a pox, sir, then; or I'll make your blood dance!

*Can.* Hold, hold, good master Bots; I drink.

*Omnes.* To whom?

*Can.* To the old countess there.

*Horse.* To me, old boy? this is he that never drank wine; once again to't.

*Can.* With much ado the poison is got down,
Though I can scarce get up; never before
Drank I a whore's health, nor will never more.

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with Lawns.*

*Math.* Hast been at gallows?

*Orl.* Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer today.

*Math.* Look, Signior, here's the commodity.

*Can.* Your price?

*Math.* Thus.

*Can.* No, too dear; thus.

*Math.* No: O fie! you must fly higher: Yet take them home, trifles shall not make us quarrel; we'll agree, you shall have them, and a penny-worth; I'll fetch money at your shop.

*Can.* Be it so, good Signior, send me going.

*Math.* Going? a deep bowl of wine for Signior Candido.

*Orl.* He would be going.

*Can.* I'll rather stay, than go so; stop your bowl.

*Enter Constable and Billmen.*

*Lod.* How now?

*Bots.* [43] Is't Shrove-Tuesday, that these ghosts walk?

*Math.* What's your business, sir?

*Con.* From the Duke: You are the man we look for, Signior; I have warrant here from the Duke to apprehend you upon felony, for robbing two pedlars: I charge you, i'the Duke's name, go quickly.

*Math.* Is the wind turned? well; this is that old wolf, my father-in-law. Seek out your mistress, sirrah.

*Orl.* Yes, sir: as shafts by piecing are made strong,
So shall thy life be straightened by this wrong.
[*Exit.*

*Omnes.* In troth we are sorry.

*Math.* Brave men must be crost; pish, it's but fortune's dice roving against me. Come, sir, pray

---

[43] *Is't* Shrove-Tuesday, *that these ghosts walk?*—From this passage, I apprehend, it was formerly a custom for the peace-officers to make search after women of ill fame on that day, and to confine them during the season of Lent. So *Sensuality* says, in *Microcosmus*, A. 5: "But now welcome a cart, or a *Shrove-Tuesday's* tragedy."

use me like a gentleman, let me not be carried through the streets like a pageant.

*Con.* If these gentlemen please, you shall go along with them.

*Omnes.* Be't so; come.

*Con.* What are you, sir?

*Bots.* I, sir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cypher, as the state has occasion to cast up her accounts: I'm a soldier.

*Con.* Your name is Bots, is't not?

*Bots.* Bots is my name: Bots is known to this company.

*Con.* I know you are, sir: what's she?

*Bots.* A gentlewoman, my mother.

*Con.* Take them both along.

*Bots.* Me, sir?

*Billmen.* And, sir.

*Con.* If he swagger, raise the street.

*Bots.* Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither will you drag us?

*Lod.* To the garden-house. Bots, are we even with you?

*Con.* To Bridewell with them.

*Bots.* You will answer this. [*Exeunt.*

*Con.* Better than a challenge; I have warrant for my work, sir.

*Lod.* We'll go before. [*Exeunt.*

*Con.* Pray do.
Who, Signior Candido? a citizen of your degree
Consorted thus, and revelling in such a house?

*Can.* Why, sir? what house, I pray?

*Con.* Lewd, and defamed.

*Can.* Is't so? thanks, sir; I'm gone.

*Con.* What have you there?

*Can.* Lawns which I bought, sir, of the gentleman that keeps the house.

*Con.* And I have warrant here, to search for such stolen ware. These lawns are stolen.

*Can.* Indeed!

*Con.* So he's the thief, you the receiver: I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

*Can.* Me, sir, for what?

*Con.* These goods are found upon you, and you must answer't.

*Can.* Must I so?

*Con.* Most certain.

*Can.* I'll send for bail.

*Con.* I dare not; yet because you are a citizen of worth, you shall not be made a pointing stock, but without guard pass only with myself.

*Can.* To Bridewell too?

*Con.* No remedy.

*Can.* Yes, patience; being not mad, they had me once to Bedlam.
Now I'm drawn to Bridewell, loving no whores:

*Con.* You will buy lawn?— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter at one door* HIPOLITO; *at another,* LODOVICO, ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, FONTINELL.

*Lod.* Yonder's the lord Hipolito, by any means leave him and me together; now will I turn him to a madman.

*Omnes.* Save you, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

*Lod.* I have strange news to tell you.

*Hip.* What are they?

*Lod.* Your mare's in the pound.

*Hip.* How's this?

*Lod.* Your nightingale is in a lime bush.

*Hip.* Ha!

*Lod.* Your puritanical *Honest Whore*[44] sits in a blue gown.

*Hip.* Blue gown!

*Lod.* She'll chalk out your way to her now: she beats chalk.

*Hip.* Where, who dares?

*Lod.* Do you know the brick house of castigation, by the river side that runs by Millan; the school where they[45] pronounce no letter well but O?

*Hip.* I know it not.

*Lod.* Any man that has born office of constable, or any woman that has fallen from a horse load to a cart-load, or like an old hen that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, can direct you to her; there you shall see your punk amongst her back friends, there you may have her at your will, for there she beats chalk, or grinds in the mill,[46] with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle; ah, little monkey.

*Hip.* What rogue durst serve that warrant, knowing I loved her?

*Lod.* Some worshipful rascal, I lay my life.

*Hip.* I'll beat the lodgings down about their ears
That are her keepers.

*Lod.* So you may bring an old house over her head.

*Hip.* I'll to her——

---

[44] *Sits in* a blue gown.—It appears from a passage in *Promos and Cassandra*, that a *blue gown* was the habit in which a strumpet did penance. So too, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633: "—All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel, &c." The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this comedy. S.

[45] *Pronounce no letter well but O?*— See Mr Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

[46] *Beats chalk, or grinds in the mill.*—To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting rogues and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore.* Printed by Hugh Singleton.

I'll to her, stood armed friends to guard the doors. [*Exit.*

*Lod.* Oh me! what monsters are men made by whores!

If this false fire do kindle him, there's one faggot
More to the bonfire; now to my Bridewell-birds,
What song will they sing? [*Exit.*

*Enter Duke,* CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, *three or four Masters of Bridewell;* INFELICE.

*Duke.* [47] Your Bridewell? that the name? for beauty, strength,
Capacity, and form of ancient building,
Besides the river's neighbourhood, few houses
Wherein we keep our court can better it.

1 *Mast.* Hither from foreign courts have princes come,
And with our Duke did acts of state commence,
Here that great cardinal had first audience,
The grave Campayne; that Duke dead, his son,
That famous prince, gave free possession
Of this his palace, to the citizens,
To be the poor man's ware-house; and endowed it
With lands to the value of seven hundred marks,
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper,
As the lands then were, to an hospital
Belonging to a duke of Savoy. Thus
Fortune can toss the world; a prince's court
Is thus a prison now.

*Duke.* 'Tis fortune's sport;
These changes common are; the wheel of fate
Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred marks by the year
Employed in this your work-house?

1 *Mast.* War and peace
Feed both upon those lands: when the iron doors
Of wars burst open, from this house are sent
Men furnish'd in all martial complement.
The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to the head,
Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since sixteen hundred soldiers went abroad:
Here providence and charity play such parts,
The house is like a very school of arts;
For when our soldiers, like ships driven from sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tatter'd sides,
Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs
How often do we cover? that, like men,
They may be sent to their own homes again.
All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive.
The sturdy beggar, and the lazy lown,
Gets here hard hands, or laced correction.
The vagabond grows stay'd, and learns t'obey,
The drone is beaten well, and sent away;
As other prisons are, some for the thief,
Some, by which undone credit gets relief
From bridled debtors, others for the poor,
So this is for the bawd, the rogue, and whore.

*Car.* An excellent team of horse.

1 *Mast.* Nor is it seen,
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the spleen
Of any rugged bencher; nor does offence
Feel smart, or spiteful, or rash evidence;
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere justice leave them in the beadle's hand;
As iron, on the anvil are they laid,
Not to take blows alone, but to be made
And fashioned to some charitable use.

*Duke.* Thus wholsomest laws spring from the worst abuse.

*Enter* ORLANDO *before* BELLAFRONT.

*Bel.* Let mercy touch your heart-strings, gracious lord,
That it may sound like music in the ear
Of a man desperate, being in the hands of law.

*Duke.* His name?

*Bel.* Matheo.

*Duke.* For a robbery? where is he?

*Bel.* In this house.

[*Exeunt* BELLAFRONT, *and one of the Masters of Bridewell.*

*Duke.* Fetch you him hither——
Is this the party?

*Orl.* This is the hen, my lord, that the cock, with the lordly comb, your son-in-law would crow over, and tread.

---

[47] *Your Bridewell,* &c.—We have here a curious specimen of the licence which ancient writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Every thing here said of Bridewell is applicable to the house of correction which goes by that name in London.—Changing the names of the duke and his son to those of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same. In the time of Henry the Eighth, princes were lodged there; part of it being built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles the Fifth, whose nobles resided in it. In 1528, Cardinal Campieus had his first audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward the Sixth, in the seventh year of his reign, 1552, gave to the Citizens of London this his palace for the purposes abovementioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a year, with all the bedding and furniture of that hospital. See Stowe's *Survey,* Strype's edit. 1721, vol. I. p. 264. There is also the like anachronism in the First Part of this Play concerning Bethlem Hospital. I cannot discover that there is any place for the reception of lunatics, in the city of Milan, distinguished by that name.

*Duke.* Are your two servants ready?

*Orl.* My two pedlars are pack'd together, my good lord.

*Duke.* 'Tis well; this day in judgement shall be spent,
Vice, like a wound lanced, *mends my* punishment.

*Inf.* Let me be gone, my lord, or stand unseen;
'Tis rare when a judge strikes, and that none die,
And 'tis unfit then women should be by.

1 *Mast.* We'll place you, lady, in some private room.

*Inf.* Pray do so. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* Thus nice dames swear, it is unfit their eyes
Should view men carved up for anatomies;
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand unseen,
Many women sure will sin behind a skreen.

*Enter* LODOVICO.

*Lod.* Your son, the lord Hipolito, is entered.

*Duke.* Tell him we wish his presence. A word, Sforsa;
On what wings flew he hither?

*Lod.* These—I told him his lark whom he loved was a Bridewell-bird; he's mad that this cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

*Duke.* 'Tis excellent: away go call him hither. [*Exit* LODOVICO.

*Enter one of the Governors of the House,* BELLAFRONT *after him with* MATHEO, *after him the Constable. Enter at another door* LODOVICO *and* HIPOLITO: ORLANDO *steps forth, and brings in two Pedlars.*

*Duke.* You are to us a stranger, worthy lord,
'Tis strange to see you here.

*Hip.* It is most fit,
That where the sun goes, Attomyes follow it.

*Duke.* Attomyes neither shape nor honour bear;
Be you yourself a sunbeam to shine clear.
Is this the gentleman? stand forth and hear your accusation.

*Math.* I'll hear none: I fly high in that: rather than kites should seize upon me, and pick out mine eyes to my face, I'll strike my talons through mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs; I am here for shriving those two fools of their sinful pack; when those jack daws have caw'd over me, then must I cry guilty, or not guilty; the law has work enough already, and therefore I'll put no work of mine into his hands, the hangman shall ha't first, I did pluck those ganders, did rob them.

*Duke.* 'Tis well done to confess.

*Math.* Confess and be hanged, and then I fly high; is't not so? that for that; a gallows is the worst rub that a good bowler can meet with; I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had played the part of a true son in these days, undone my father-in-law, with him would I have run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neck for't: but the poor salmon-trout is now in the net.

*Hip.* And now the law must teach you to fly high.

*Math.* Right, my lord, and then may you fly low; no more words; a mouse, mum, you are stopped.

*Bel.* Be good to my poor husband, dear my lords.

*Math.* Ass, why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another?

*Duke.* Did any hand work in this theft but yours?

*Math.* O yes, my lord, yes:—the hangman has never one son at a birth, his children always come by couples; though I cannot give the old dog, my father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choak-pear.—Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine pedlars, and that was my wife.

*Bel.* Alas, I?

*Orl.* O everlasting, supernatural superlative villain!

*Omnes.* Your wife, Matheo?

*Hip.* Sure it cannot be.

*Math.* Oh, sir, you love no quarters of mutton that hang up, you love none but whole mutton; she set the robbery, I performed it; she spurred me on, I gallop'd away.

*Orl.* My lords——

*Bel.* My lords, (fellow give me speech) if my poor life
May ransom thine, I yield it to the law.
Thou hurt'st thy soul, yet wipest off no offence,
By casting blots upon my innocence;
Let not these spare me, but tell truth; no, see
Who slips his neck out of the misery,
Though not out of the mischief; let thy servant,
That shared in this base act, accuse me here,—
Why should my husband perish, he got clear?

*Orl.* A good child, hang thine own father.

*Duke.* Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

*Orl.* My hand was in the pye, my lord, I confess it; my mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I'll not leave her so: I had rather hang in a woman's company, than in a man's; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be let in, for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them; as I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

*Duke.* What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

*Math.* Its my humour, sir; 'tis a foolish bagpipe that I make myself merry with; why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteen-pence half-penny ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter?

*Duke.* Is she a whore?

*Math.* A six-penny mutton pasty, for any to cut up.

*Orl.* Ah, toad, toad, toad.

*Math.* [48] A barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon; that lord, your son, knows it.

*Hip.* I, sir; am I her bawd then?

*Math.* No, sir, but she's your whore then.

*Orl.* Yea spider, dost catch at great flies?

*Hip.* My whore?

*Math.* I cannot talk, sir, and tell of your rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and devices; but, my lord, I found them like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me, I took them in bed, was ready to kill them, was up to stab her—

*Hip.* Close thy rank jaws: pardon me, I am vexed,
Thou art a villain, a malicious devil,
Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou lyest;
Since I am thus far got into this storm,
I'll through, and thou shalt see I'll through untouched,
When thou shalt perish in it.

*Enter* INFELICE.

*Inf.* 'Tis my cue
To enter now; room! let my prize be play'd,
I have lurk'd in clouds, yet heard what all have said;
What jury more can prove she has wrong'd my bed
Than her own husband, she must be punished;
I challenge law, my lord, letters, and gold, and jewels,
From my lord that woman took.

*Hip.* Against that black-mouthed devil, against letters, and gold,
And against a jealous wife I do uphold,
Thus far her reputation; I could sooner
Shake the Appenine, and crumble rocks to dust,
Than, though Jove's shower rained down, tempt her to lust. [49]

*Bel.* What shall I say?

Orl. [*He discovers himself.*] Say thou art not a whore, and that's more than fifteen women amongst five hundred dare swear without lying: this shalt thou say, no let me say't for thee; thy husband's a knave, this lord's an honest man; thou art no punk, this lady's a right lady. Pacheco is a thief as his master is, but old Orlando is as true a man as thy father is: I have seen you fly high, sir, and I have seen you fly low, sir; and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a blue coat have I worn, and a thief did I turn; mine own men are the pedlars, my twenty pound did fly high, sir, your wife's gown did fly low, sir: whither fly you now, sir? you have scaped the gallows, to the devil you fly next, sir. Am I right, my liege?

*Duke.* Your father has the true physician played.

*Math.* And I am now his patient.

*Hip.* And be so still,
'Tis a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill.

*Con.* The linen-draper, Signior Candido,
He whom the city terms the patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those lawns
The pedlars lost.

*Inf.* Alas, good Candido. [*Exit Constable.*

*Duke.* Fetch him; and when these payments up are cast,
Weigh out your light gold, but let's have them last.

*Enter* CANDIDO, *and Constable.*

*Duke.* In Bridewell, Candido?

*Can.* Yes, my good lord.

*Duke.* What make you here?

*Can.* My lord, what make you here?

*Duke.* I'm here to save right, and to drive wrong hence.

*Can.* And I to bear wrong here with patience.

*Duke.* You have bought stolen goods.

*Can.* So they do say, my lord,
Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word;
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be thieves, but no thieves gentlemen.

*Hip.* Your credit's crack'd being here.

*Can.* No more than gold
Being crack'd, which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?
They made me pledge whores' healths, but am I bad,
Because I'm with bad people?

*Duke.* Well, stand by,
If you take wrong, we'll cure the injury.

*Enter Constable, after them* BOTS, *after him two Beadles, one with hemp, the other with a beetle.* [49]

*Duke.* Stay, stay, what's he? a prisoner?

*Con.* Yes, my lord.

*Hip.* He seems a soldier?

*Bots.* I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's bastards, a soldier, and a gentleman, and am brought in here with master Constable's band of Billmen, because they face me down that I live, like those that keep bowling-alleys, by the sins of the people, in being [50] a squire of the body.

*Hip.* Oh, an apple-squire.

*Bots.* Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires, and that I am maintained by the best part that

---

[48] *A barber's cittern.*—See Note 13 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, A. 3. S. 3.
Again, in *More Fools yet*, by Roger Sharpe. 4to, 1610:

"Here comes old Spunge the *barber with his lute.*"

[49] *A beetle.*—A mallet. *Malleus ligneus.* Barret's *Alvearie.*

[50] *A squire of the body.*—A squire of the body, says Mr Steevens, (Note on the First Part of *Henry IV*, vol. V. p. 260. edit. 1778,) signified originally the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It afterwards became a cant term for a *pimp*, and is so used here.
Again, in *The Witty fair one*, by Shirley, 1633: For a procuress; here comes the *squire* of her mistress body.

is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts, but I am known to all this company.

*Lod.* My lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis lieutenant Bots.

*Duke.* Bots, and where have you served, Bots?

*Bots.* In most of your hottest services in the Low Countries; at the Groyne I was wounded in this thigh, and halted upon't, but 'tis now sound. In Cleveland I mist but little, having the bridge of my nose broken down with two great stones, as I was scaling a fort: I have been tried, sir, too, in Gelderland, and scaped hardly there from being blown up at a breach: I was fired, and lay i'the surgeon's hands for't till the fall of the leaf following.

*Hip.* All this may be, and yet you no soldier.

*Bots.* No soldier, sir? I hope these are services that your proudest commanders do venture upon, and never come off sometimes.

*Duke.* Well, sir, because you say you are a soldier,
I'll use you like a gentleman; make room there,
Plant him amongst you, we shall have anon
Strange hawks fly here before us; if none light on you,
You shall with freedom take your flight;
But if you prove a bird of baser wing,
We'll use you like such birds, here you shall sing.

*Bots.* I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

*Duke.* Why, is he furnish'd with those implements?

1 *Mast.* The pandar is more dangerous to a state,
Than is the common thief; and though our laws
Lie heavier on the thief, yet that the pandar
May know the hangman's ruff should fit him too,
Therefore he's set to beat hemp.

*Duke.* This does savour
Of justice; basest slaves to basest labour.
Now pray, set open hell, and let us see
The she-devils that are here.

*Inf.* Methinks this place
Should make even Lais honest.

1 *Mast.* Some it turns good;
But, as some men whose hands are once in blood,
Do in a pride spill more, so some going hence,
Are, by being here, lost in more impudence;
Let it not to them, when they come, appear,
That any one does as their judge sit here;
But that as gentlemen you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more free.

*Duke.* Let them be marshal'd in; be covered all,
Fellows, now to make the scene more comical.

*Car.* Will not you be smelt out Bots?

*Bots.* No, your bravest whores have the worst noses.

*Enter two of the Masters; a Constable after them, then* DOROTHEA TARGET, *brave; after her two Beadles, the one with a wheel,* [51] *the other with a blue gown.*

*Lod.* Are not you a bride, forsooth?

*Dor.* Say ye?

*Car.* He wo'd know if these be not your Bridemen.

*Dor.* Vuh, yes, sir; and look ye, do you see the bridelaces that I give at my wedding will serve to tie rosemary to both your coffins when you come from hanging—Scab!

*Orl.* Fie, Punk, fie, fie, fie.

*Dor.* Out, you stale stinking head of garlic, foh, at my heels.

*Orl.* My head's cloven.

*Hip.* O, let the gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

*Ast.* Nay, to do penance.

*Car.* Ay, ay, go, Punk, go to the cross and be whipt.

*Dor.* Marry mew, marry muff, marry hang you goodman dog: whipt? do ye take me for a base spittle whore? in troth, gentlemen, you wear the clothes of gentlemen, but you carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse a gentlewoman of my fashion.

*Lod.* Fashion! pox a your fashions, art not a whore?

*Dor.* Goodman slave.

*Duke.* O fie, abuse her not, let us two talk; What mought I call your name, pray?

*Dor.* I'm not ashamed of my name, sir, my name is Mistress Doll Target, a western gentlewoman.

*Lod.* Her target against any pike in Millan.

*Duke.* Why is this white borne after her?

1 *Mast.* She must spin.

*Dor.* A course thread it shall be, as all threads are.

*Ast.* If you spin then you'll earn money here too?

*Dor.* I had rather get half-a-crown abroad, then ten crowns here.

*Orl.* Abroad? I think so.

*Inf.* Doest thou not weep now thou art here?

*Dor.* Say ye? weep? yes forsooth, as you did when you lost your maidenhead; do you not hear how I weep? [*Sings.*

*Lod.* Farewell, Doll.

*Dor.* Farewell, dog. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Past shame; past penitence, why is that blue gown?

1 *Mast.* Being stript out of her wanton loose attire,
That garment she puts on, base to the eye,
Only to clothe her in humility.

*Duke.* Are all the rest like this?

---

[51] *A wheel.*—See Note 44, p. 588.

1 *Mast.* No, my good lord.
You see, this drab swells with a wanton rein,
The next that enters has a different strain.
*Duke.* Variety is good, let's see the rest.
[*Exit Master.*
*Bots.* Your grace sees I'm sound yet, and no bullets hit me.
*Duke.* Come off so, and 'tis well.
*Omnes.* Here's the second mess.

*Enter the two Masters, after them the Constable, after him* PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, *like a Citizen's wife; after her two Beadles, one with a blue gown, another with chalk and a mallet.*

*Pen.* I have worn many a costly gown, but I was never thus guarded with blue coats, and beadles, and constables, and ——
*Car.* Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your eyes.
*Pen.* Oh, sweet sir, I fear the spoiling of other places about me that are dearer than my eyes; if you be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came of a woman, pity my case, stand to me, stick to me,—good sir, you are an old man.
*Orl.* Hang not on me I pr'ythee, old trees bear no such fruit.
*Pen.* Will you bail me, gentlemen?
*Lod.* Bail thee, art in for debt?
*Pen.* No; God is my judge, sir, I am in for no debts: I paid my tailor for this gown, the last five shillings a week that was behind, yesterday.
*Duke.* What is your name, I pray?
*Pen.* Penelope Whorehound, I come of the Whorehounds.
How does lieutenant Bots?
*Omnes.* A ha, Bots!
*Bots.* A very honest [illegible] as I'm a soldier, a pox Bots ye.
*Pen.* I was never in this pickle before; and yet, if I go among citizens' wives they jeer at me; if I go among the [52] loose-bodied gowns, they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their hands: good lieutenant Bots, speak to these captains to bail me.
1 *Mast.* Begging for bail still? you are a trim gossip, go give her the blue gown, [53] set her to her chare; work huswife for your bread, away.
*Pen.* Out you dog, a pox on you all, women are born to curse thee, but I shall live to see twenty such flat-caps shaking dice for a penny-worth of pippins: out, you blue-eyed rogue.
[*Exit.*
*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.
*Duke.* Even now she wept, and prayed, now does she curse?
1 *Mast.* Seeing me: if still she had staid, this had been worse.
*Hip.* Was she ever here before?
1 *Mast.* Five times at least;
And thus if men come to her, have her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bail.
*Omnes.* Bots, you know her?
*Bots.* Is there any gentleman here, that knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse for that?
*Duke.* Is she a city-dame, she's so attired?
1 *Mast.* No, my good lord, that's only but the vail
To her loose body; I have seen her here
In gayer masking suits: as several sauces
Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits
In whores is a bewitching art; to-day she's all in
Colours to besot gallants, then in modest black,
To catch the citizen, and this from their examinations
Drawn; now shall you see a monster both in shape
And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plain ramping bear,
Many such whales are cast upon this shore.
*Omnes.* Let's see her.
1 *Mast.* Then behold a swaggering whore.
[*Exit.*
*Orl.* Keep your ground, Bots.
*Bots.* I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.

*Enter two Masters first, after them the Constable, after them a Beadle beating a Bason,* [54] *then* CATHERINA BOUNTINALL, *with* Mrs HORSELEACH, *after them another Beadle with a blue Head, guarded with yellow.*

*Cath.* Sirrah, when I cry hold your hands, hold,

---

[52] *Loose-bodied gowns.*—From several passages in contemporary writers, a *loose-bodied gown* appears to have been the habit of a courtezan. So in *More Fooles yet*, by Roger Sharpe, 4to, 1610:

"Briscus will turne good husband, marry fye,
What wench is't tush *loose-bodied* Margery,
Good husband now, that nere was good in's life,
The better husband, sir, the worser wife."

[53] *Set her to her* chare.—i. e. Her task-work. So in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

——commanded
By such poor passions as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest *chares*. S.

[54] *A beadle beating a bason.*—In Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, A. 4. S. 3., Latimer says,—"And let her footman *beat the bason* afore her." On which Mr Whalley observes, that it alludes "to the custom of old

you rogue-catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French chilblains in your heels, that you can come no faster? are not you, bawd, a whore's ancient,[55] and must not I follow my colours?

*Horse.* O, mistress Catherine, you do me wrong to accuse me here as you do, before the right worshipful: I am known for a motherly honest woman, and no bawd.

*Cath.* Marry foh, honest! burnt at fourteen, seven times whipt, six times carted, nine times ducked, searched by some hundred and fifty constables, and yet you are honest? Honest mistress Horselcach! is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? How many times hast thou given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelve-penny fees, nay, two shilling fees, nay, when any ambassadors have been here, how many half-crown fees, hast thou taken? how many carriers hast thou bribed for country wenches? how often have I rinced your lungs in *aqua vitæ*,[56] and yet you are honest?

*Duke.* And what were you the whilest?

*Cath.* Marry hang you, master slave, who made you an examiner?

*Lod.* Well said, belike this devil spares no man.

*Cath.* What art thou, pr'ythee?

*Bots.* Nay, what art thou, pr'ythee.

*Cath.* A whore; art thou a thief?

*Bots.* A thief, no; I defy the calling, I am a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been in many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound.

*Cath.* Sound with a pox to ye, ye abominable rogue! you a soldier! you in skirmishes! where? amongst pottle-pots in a bawdy-house? Look, look here, you madam wormeaten, do not you know him?

*Horse.* Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

*Bots. Old bawd, do not discredit* me, seem not to know me.

*Horse.* Not to know ye, master Bots? as long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.

*Duke.* Why, do you know him? he says he is a soldier.

*Cath.* He a soldier? a pander, a dog that will lick up sixpence: do ye hear, you master Swine's snout, how long is't since you held the door for me, and cried to't again, nobody comes, ye rogue you?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, you're smelt out again, Bots.

*Bots.* Pox ruin her nose for't; and I be not revenged for this—um ye bitch.

*Lod.* D'ye hear ye, madam? why does your ladyship swagger thus? you're very brave, methinks.

*Cath.* Not at your cost, master Cod's-head;
Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave?

*Ast.* Yes, I am,
Because good clothes upon a whore's back
Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

*Cath.* Marry muff, master Whoremaster, you come upon me with sentences.

*Ber.* By this light, h'as small sense for't.

*Lod.* O fie, fie, do not vex her.
And yet methinks a creature of more scurvy conditions
Should not know what a good petticoat were.

*Cath.* Marry come out,
You're so busy about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket, and ye could but attain the honour; but and the outsides offend your roguehips, look o'the lining, 'tis silk.

*Duke.* Is't silk 'tis lined with then?

*Cath.* Silk? aye silk, master Slave, you would be glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come among a company of cods-heads that know not how to use a gentlewoman.

*Duke.* Tell her the duke is here.

1 *Mast.* Be modest, Kate, the duke is here.

*Cath.* If the devil were here, I care not: set forward, ye rogues, and give attendance according to your places; let bawds and whores be sad, for I'll sing and the devil were a-dying. [*Exeunt.*

*Duke.* Why before her does the bason ring?

1 *Mast.* It is an emblem of their revelling,
The whips we use lets forth their wanton blood,
Making them calm, and more to calm their pride,
Instead of coaches they in carts do ride.
Will your grace see more of this bad ware?

*Duke.* No, shut up shop, we'll now break up the fair,
Yet ere we part—you, sir, that take upon ye
The name of soldier, that true name of worth,
Which action, not vain boasting, best sets forth,
To let you know how far a soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you see,
Soldiers must not be wronged where princes be:
This be your sentence.

*Omnes.* Defend yourself, Bots.

*Duke.* First, all the private sufferance that the house
Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest,
Shall undergo it double, after which
You shall be whipt, sir, round about the city,
Then banished from the land.

---

when bawds and other infamous persons were carted. A mob of people used to precede them *beating basons*, and other utensils of the same kind, to make the noise and tumult the bigger. Thus Stowe describes the punishment of a priest who was taken in criminal conversation with another man's wife: 'The first day he rode in a carry; the second on a horse, his face to the horse-tail; the third, led be-'twixt twaine, and every day *rung with basons*.' This explains a passage in *The Silent Woman*, where Morose, amongst other execrations on the barber Cut-beard, says,—'Let there be no bawd carted that 'year to employ a bason of his."—A. 3. S. 5.

[55] *Ancient.*—An ensign.

[56] *Aqua vitæ.*—Formerly the general name for spirits.

*Bots.* Beseech your grace.

*Duke.* Away with him, see it done: panders and whores
Are city-plagues, which being kept alive,
Nothing that looks like goodness ere can thrive.
Now, good Orlando, what say you to your bad son-in-law?

*Orl.* Marry this, my lord, he is my son-in-law, and in law will I be his father: for if law can pepper him, he shall be so parboiled, that he shall stink no more i'the nose of the commonwealth.

*Bel.* Be yet more kind and merciful, good father.

*Orl.* Dost thou beg for him, thou precious man's meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod on thee, and dost thou fawn on him like his spaniel? has he not pawned thee to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust, yet would'st have me save him?

*Bel.* Oh yes, good sir, women shall learn of me,
To love their husbands in greatest misery;
Then shew him pity, or you wreck myself.

*Orl.* Have ye eaten pigeons that you're so kind-hearted to your mate? Nay, you're a couple of wild bears; I'll have ye both baited at one stake: but as for this knave, the gallows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have; I'll have justice of the duke, the law shall have thy life. What, dost thou hold him? let go his hand; if thou dost not forsake him, a father's everlasting blessing fall upon both your heads:—away, go kiss out of my sight; play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief again;—my house shall be thine, my meat shall be thine, and so shall my wine, but my money shall be mine; and yet when I die, so thou dost not fly high, take all; yet, good Matheo, mend.
Thus for joy weeps Orlando, and doth end.

*Duke.* Then hear, Matheo: all your woes are stayed
By your good father-in-law; all your ills
Are clear purged from you by his working pills.
Come, Signior Candido, these green young wits,
We see by circumstance, this plot hath laid,
Still to provoke thy patience, which they find
A wall of brass, no armour's like the mind;
Thou hast taught the city patience, now our court
Shall be thy sphere, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth unto the world shall sing,
A patient man's a pattern for a king.

[*Exeunt.*

## EDITION.

The Second Part of the Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife; the Honest Whore perswaded, by strong Arguments, to turne Curtizan again; her brave refuting those Arguments; and, lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scene ends. Written by Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by Elizabeth All-de for Nathaniel Butter, An. Dom. 1630, 4to.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

00047603

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015